

The Gillette Blade

NOVEMBER 1918



TRADE MARK
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

GIL

United War Work Campaign

November 11 to 18, Inclusive

BEGINNING November 11, a combined drive for a War Fund of \$170,500,000 is being made in behalf of the war activities of the following organizations, and for the amounts set opposite each name, which have already been allocated:

National War Work Council Y. M. C. A.	\$100,000,000
War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A.	15,000,000
National Catholic War Council (K. of C.)	30,000,000
Jewish Welfare Board	3,500,000
War Camp Community Service	15,000,000
American Library Association	3,500,000
Salvation Army	3,500,000

All are expected to contribute as generously as possible to this fund. This is not philanthropy. It is not charity. It is duty,—a duty to our country, to our brave and gallant fighting men, yes, a duty to ourselves and families.

The admirable work which all of these organizations have been doing from the beginning needs no words of commendation from us to impress upon the people of our Commonwealth how necessary it is that all should subscribe most liberally in order that the work of these organizations may be not only continued, but, in addition, extended. Much as they have been able to do for our brave boys, more can and will be done as we may contribute the necessary cash with which to do it. There is no

danger of too large a fund; for large as the amount in figures asked for may look, a much larger amount could with benefit to us all be expended most wisely by these organizations. Let us all remember that what we may appear to be doing for our boys, in reality we are doing as well for ourselves and for our own protection,—the protection of our families and our homes; in that as our gallant lads' welfare is looked after, just so much the better are they fitted to fight our fight.

Then let us all contribute most handsomely and quickly, remembering all the while that the bigger the fund we give these organizations the bigger the work they can do—*for us, and for our Country.*



Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

The Making of a Soldier

LIEUT. E. FRANK WARD

WHEN I was Private Ward last Fall and commenced duty at Camp Devens I felt that I had left the best of employers and friends to become part of something that was, at best, uncertain and entirely foreign to my general line.

My first few weeks in camp I would rather forget.

Since I was sworn in I have kept a daily diary and I cannot help but read back sometimes, and many a good laugh I enjoy. Of course, I was the greenest of rookies.

The personnel of good old Company "D" of the 301st Regiment, "Boston's Own," was nearly complete when I arrived, but, luckily for me, I became part of it.

You may remember that when I was talking over with you my probable induction I was undecided as to whether I would enjoy life as a private, having all my thinking done for me like any good horse, or

whether I would work hard and endeavor to secure one of the plums that were bound to grow out of such a new organization as the National Army. True to your prophecy, after two weeks I was among the hard workers.

As I never spent much time at a summer camp, or worked on railroad construction, or, in fact, any place where a large crowd of men lived together under the same roof, my feelings during the first

of my stay in camp were a mixture of interest and disgust. Though the barracks were afterwards steam heated, when I arrived there was absolutely no artificial heat, and that alone was enough to break a rookie dough-boy.

My first night in the barracks I shall never forget. In the evening I was given an iron cot, a poncho, two blankets and a bed sack that I was instructed to fill out at the hay stack. Naturally, I knew a great

Dear Mr. Thompson:—

I am going to do as you suggested some time ago and write a few reminiscences of my service in the army during the past year.

If the Editor of the "Blade" thinks them, or any part of them, interesting reading for the Gillette employees, I shall be glad to repay a little for the enjoyment and good reading I have found in the pages of the "Blade" since its maiden copy was published.

As I often remarked to you, it is only when one gets outside of the organization, after being part of it for so long, that one fully appreciates the wonderful institution the Gillette has become in the few short years of its existence.

E. Frank Ward.



many of the boys and they were glad to help me get acclimated. They told me how to fold the blankets double in order to get the greatest amount of warmth, and gave me many helpful hints.

It goes without saying that I did not eat the first meal and at bed time I was chilled for the want of nourishment. My bunk was near the orderly room and I just listened to the click of typewriters and hub-bub of voices until about midnight. There were stacks of clerical work at that time,—qualification cards, insurance, allotments and the physical examination records of 250 men,—all to be taken care of by the “one-grade above the rookies.” Incidentally, I never did get warm that night and could not sleep as it seemed that there was more crammed into my head that day than any other I could remember. I had listened attentively to talk of reveille, fatigue, battalion drill, special details, the manual of arms, K. P., mess, recall, retreat,—and Oh! so many things that it seemed I was in a foreign country. When the orderly-room noise ceased, it seemed lonely, even though there were an occasional snore. My toes were encased in a heavy pair of socks, but even though I doubled them under me and wrapped the blanket around them I could not relieve the numbness. I’ll say that Ayer was well named. My life’s history was rehearsed that night if never before, and if I were asked to compare the feeling, I might say, “Listen to a sentenced man tell of his last night in the death chamber.”

The morning did come at last with several shrieks of a whistle from the First Sergeant and the switching on of the lights, the commands of the

Corporals to their squads to hurry and get a move on so that their reports at Reveille would be “all present.” Ninety per cent of the men rolled out of bed with a cigarette in their lips and this alone was only one of the habits of soldiering that I was to acquire.

Everyone nowadays knows what the awkward squad is, so I will not explain it. Into this squad I was placed and I tried to imitate my bunkies as well as I could. Even at that time there was a difference in the men as to quickness in adapting themselves to the new life, so the Company was divided into “Regulars” and “Rookies.” I did not join the “Regulars” but was taken by a newly-made Sergeant, who, a few weeks before, had fired on the Boston & Maine road. He taught the school of the soldier and squad. Believe me, I respected him as he knew his job, and he was quite a formidable looking chap anyway.

When I had finished with my inoculations and vaccination my poor disgusted stomach became more settled, and as the drill work was pretty strenuous I soon picked up my appetite again and ate heartily at every meal.

Naturally, at the start a great many unpleasant tasks were thrust upon me. I say unpleasant, because that was what I thought them then, but now, after a year, I see them in a different light and know that there is always something harder to do.

One of my first fatigues was on the “Honey Wagon,” or garbage cart. Though it was not like working in a candy factory, it really was not so bad, and was a job much sought after by all buck privates. Reason: laziness,—for with fast work it only



took two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon to collect the garbage. The remainder of the day was spent at "Bunk fatigue." The toughest detail I ever had was pulling the pits in the boiler plant. That is a nigger's job if there ever was one, and incidentally shortly after I had my first crack at it, the commanding officer decided that prisoners would thereafter do the pulling. Six others and I were supplied with a long hoe, a shovel and a wheelbarrow. All day long we just pulled, shoveled and unloaded, about ten feet from the plant. Yes, I did have a lame back and every other muscle in my body ached.

Our old First Sergeant, a Southerner whom I afterwards relieved on account of his being court-martialed for a slight offence, would say "This place got to be made to look like someone lived here."

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for December

No doubt you know the ground at Camp Devens is not suitable for farming as the soil is a hard clay with an abundance of rock and small stones and more roots than I ever knew could exist in the soil. The pick and I soon became good friends but undoubtedly I will get harder work before the Hun is licked, so why explain my experience in handling that old American anchor. Scrub-boy at the Officer's mess, assistant to the stable Sergeant, "wash woman" in the barracks, dish washer, unloading coal from freight cars and many more minor duties comprised my first training, but the experience and physical development I gained could not be purchased from me now.

Needless to say, my military training was continuing with my fatigue labors so that in a short time I was among the "Regulars."

Two Letters Received at the London Office

*One of the Old Bills,
Somewhere in France,
Friday, October 4, 1918.*

SIR:

I am taking the liberty of writing and asking if you have a Buckshee Safety Razor you could send an old Bill, as someone souvenired mine whilst up the line, after having it for four years. They knew a good old Gillette was the goods.

Have to borrow my pal's, as I don't want to spoil my face by using the Army Issue, as we use it for cutting wood for the old Brazien.

Hope you can favor me with same. Am betting the boys in our tent 2 to 1 I get it.

Thanking you,
395659 PTE. S. SMITH,
M. T., A. S. C., 103rd Auxiliary Petrol Coy.,
B. E. F., France.

*The Victoria Station Hotel,
Nottingham,
4th October, 1918.*

DEAR OLD GILLETTE:

Don't be so d— silly. I love your holder, but I miss your blades.

For two days I've canvassed every likely shop here, and devil a blade can I get. My better half is scouring Surrey with a like purpose.

The *promise* of a wonderful blade "to beat the Gillette," made by divers shopkeepers does not interest me a scrap. I want my *Gillette* like one wants a six-shooter occasionally, i. e., "Devilish bad and devilish quick!"

Your admirer,

G. H. READ.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED — IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

MY weighing machine affairs progressed rapidly. With a few associates I organized a company which was incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine and in which I held a controlling interest; at least for a while. By the latter part of 1895 a coffee weighing plant had been developed and installed in Boston in the well-known establishment of Chase & Sanborn, and had been reduced to practical operating shape. This plant comprised much more than the weighing machines themselves, for automatic loading tables, can chutes and conveyors were also provided to reduce the labor of handling as much as possible. So far the enterprise was an unqualified success from the mechanical side. Unfortunately for me, however, there were other sides to the business whose outcome was not so favorable to me personally.

The cut shows one view of a part of the Chase & Sanborn coffee weighing plant. It will be noted that empty cans are coming down chutes from the floor above. At the ends of the chutes they enter arms on automatic tables. The tables present the cans to the weighing machines, and as each can is filled the table turns and presents the following can, finally delivering the filled cans to a belt conveyor which takes them to the labeling tables, not shown in the cut. There are three sets of weighing apparatus; one for ground coffee and two for whole coffee in two sizes. This installation highly pleased the

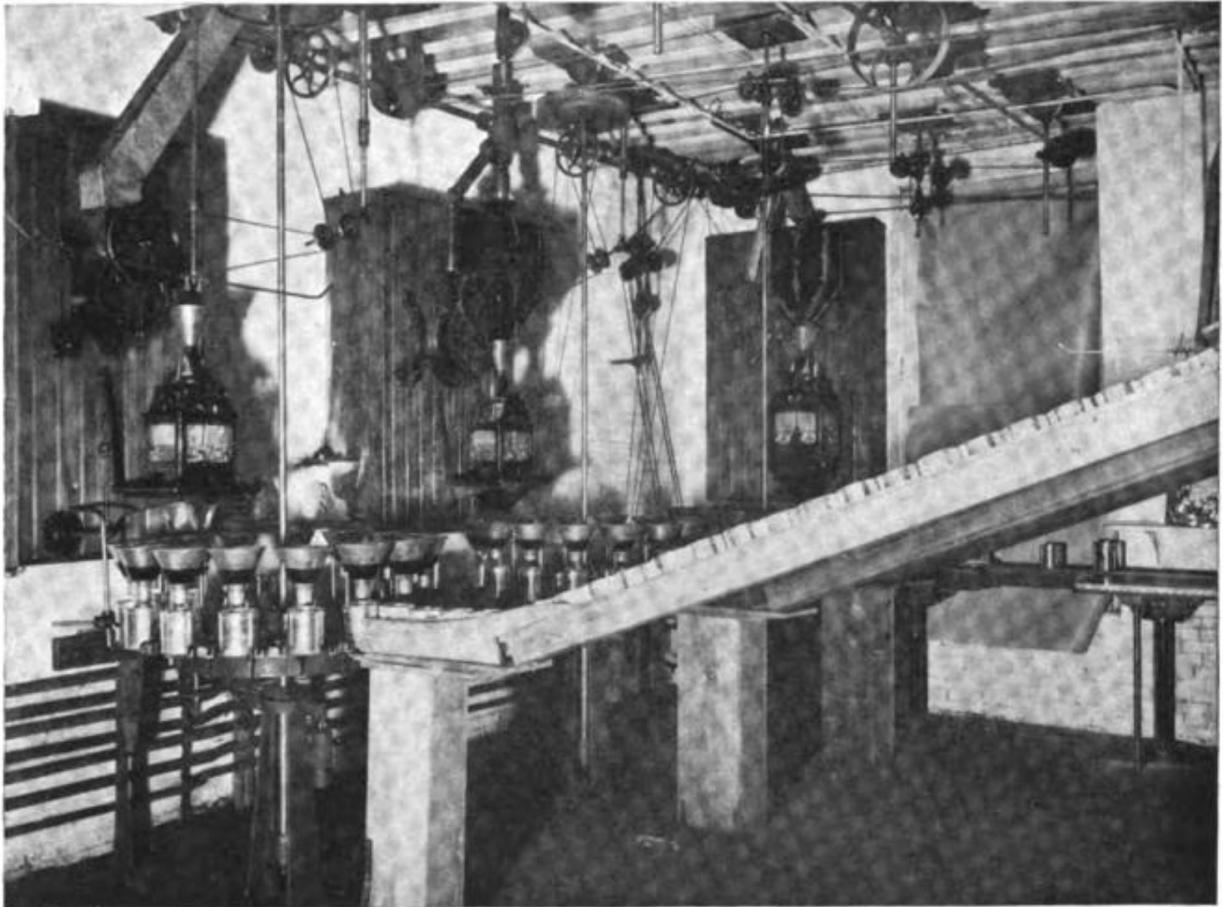
purchasers, as will be evident from their letter, of which a reduced facsimile is shown herewith. They shortly afterward purchased outfits for their branch houses in Chicago and other cities. So far as I know, these installations for automatic weighing were about the only ones of such magnitude in use, with the possible exception of privately owned apparatus used by Arbuckle Bros., in New York.

So far, so good. The machinery was all right, but these were newly designed machines, and were necessarily rather elaborate. It took considerable money to get patterns, castings and other material, to pay wages and rents, and for a thousand and one other things. To have started such an enterprise comfortably there should have been ten, or better, twenty times as much money in the company's bank account as I had, for, to tell the truth, I was at this time furnishing either out of pocket or by my personal credit about all the financial backing the company was getting. As a matter of course, the first installation at Chase & Sanborn's cost more than we got for it, and further, I did not have the courage to ask of them the price they should have paid, as I felt the machines must go in there at any price.

I have found by more than one experience that it is very unsatisfactory to occupy a position where you must do business regardless of price. Whenever the reader finds



The Gillette Blade



COFFEE WEIGHING PLANT AT CHASE & SANBORN'S, 1896

himself in this position he may make up his mind that he is headed for trouble; that is unless he is a much shrewder trader than I am. But I was so absorbed in planning and building the weighing apparatus and in thinking what great possibilities, or rather probabilities, it had before it, that I hardly paused to consider where my current ratio of expenses and profits was leading. It was like trying to catch a large shark on a hook. I had the shark hooked but did not have the strength to pull him in without help. If I asked help the helper would demand the liver before he would pull an ounce and the liver is the only valuable part of the shark, the rest being only fit for fertilizer.

What I mean by the above illustration is that I wanted to keep a

controlling interest in the stock of the company. If I did, however, it would become bankrupt. On the

Chase & Sanborn
 Importers & Jobbers
 Sole Distributors of Standard Java
 87 & 87 Broad St. & 6 & 8 Hamilton St.
 Cable Address "Star" Boston.
 Boston, Feb. 1, 1896.

TEAS
CHICAGO
 102 N. WABASH
 PHOENIX
 412 1/2 First St.

COFFEES
Calcutta
 100 Park St.
 Bombay
 100 Park St.
 Madras
 100 Park St.

Mr. Wm. E. Pimberon,
 12 Pearl St. Boston.

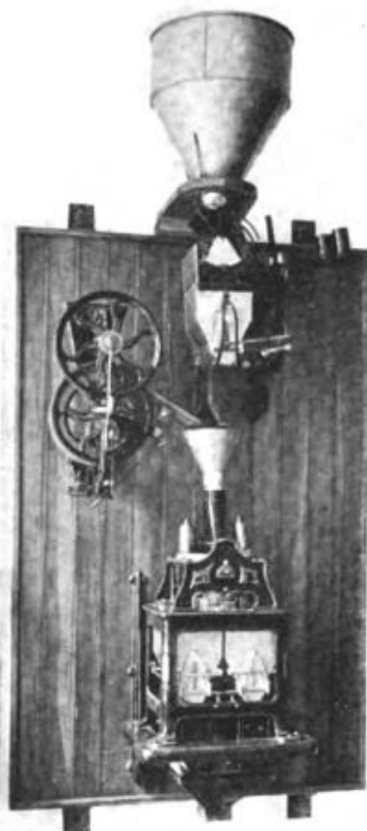
Dear Sir:--

In reply to your inquiry as to how we are pleased with the operation of the three sets of the New England Weighing Machine Co's apparatus which we are using in our Boston manufactory, and as to what we shall equip our Chicago and Montreal establishments with similar outfits, we have pleasure in saying that we are highly pleased, and desire to do all our weighing, wherever possible, with these machines.

We consider the accuracy of their work very remarkable, and that there is a substantial saving both in labor and material. We have tried many weighing machines in the last ten years; in fact about all that have been presented to us, but have never before found any to be at all satisfactory, for we are very particular about the accuracy of our weights.

We feel fully justified in recommending them to the attention of all manufacturers who weigh out large numbers of packages.

Yours very truly,
Wm. E. Pimberon

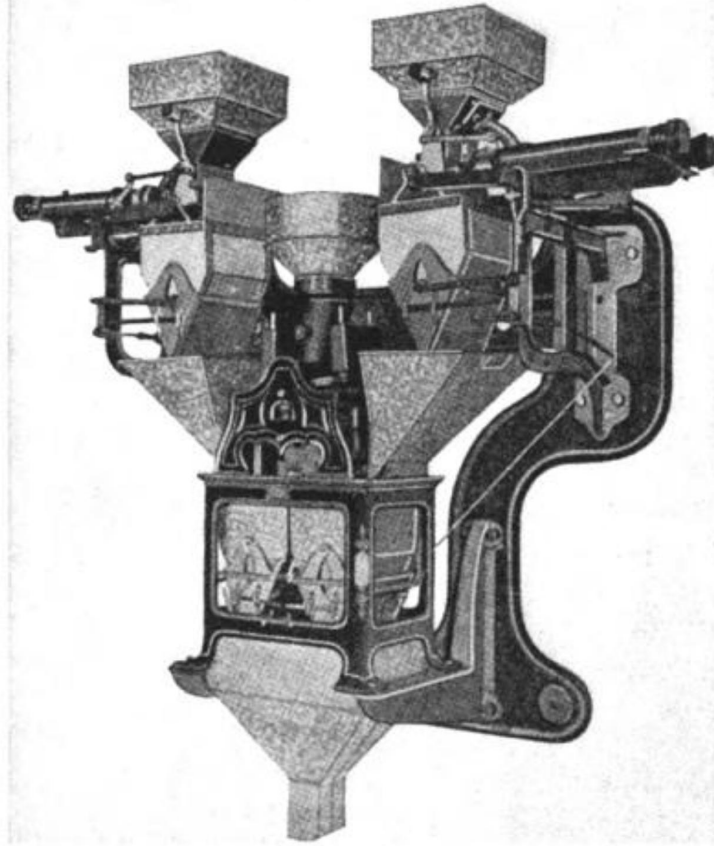


ORIGINAL COMPOUND WEIGHING MACHINE

other hand if I parted with it I knew I should soon be set aside as a controlling factor and my destiny be at the disposal of others who naturally would be quite alive to their own interests, so I was in some respects like the tipsy man holding on to a lamp post. If he let go of the post he could not stand up and if he held on to it he would never get home. I was soon obliged to let go of the post and dispose of a considerable part of my stock holdings in order to put some money in the treasury of the company. Of course the other interested parties also contributed stock to the common purpose, but the fact remained that my control was broken and I was thereafter the servant of the company instead of its master and received a servant's compensation when the company became more prosperous.

Shortly before I had parted with my stock control my principal partner, who was also an intimate friend, had found a purchaser for the bulk of his stock interest and had sold out for a fairly good price. This money, however, naturally went to his private account and in no way relieved my embarrassment but rather added to it. At the time I wanted him to let me have the use of some of it, but he said he could not afford to do it and there was for a while a cool feeling between us. I afterward admitted to myself that he was right and our cordial feelings were wholly restored.

Now came forward a man who after looking into our business somewhat carefully came to the conclusion that it was a good thing and desired to become interested. He thought money could be made in it and he wished to assume the business management. He was a trader and had a firm conviction that the only proper policy was to buy at the lowest possible price and to ask for all you could possibly get. He offered a moderate sum (I think about twenty-five hundred dollars) for a fairly large block of stock and for several other concessions. The stock was to be contributed by the stockholders pro rata. When it came to actually carrying out the deal, he insisted that the existing obligations of the company, some seven or eight hundred dollars, should be liquidated before he came in. The burden of this fell upon me personally and I arranged the matter. Then he hesitated again and presented a paper for me to sign which pledged me to personally buy back his stock at the price he had paid if at any time he made the demand upon me. I read



SUGAR WEIGHING MACHINE

over the paper and noticed that he had fixed no date for the time for which the obligation should hold good. I felt sure that such an obligation was legally invalid and incapable of enforcement. I was in a tight place now for he had kept me on the anxious seat for some time and I signed the paper. I was never asked to buy back.

When my friend before mentioned sold his stock it passed to a wealthy New York woman who had a penchant for buying interests in inventions. She was a connection of the famous Vanderbilt family and had a superstition that she was destined to amass greater wealth through "wheels and keels" in imitation of the original and illustrious Commodore Vanderbilt who was so successful with railroads and steamboats. She was an elderly lady and has long

since passed to her reward. She was eccentric in many ways but was very kind hearted and generous. I became very well acquainted with her during the course of the business and on several occasions she extended a helping hand to pull me out of my embarrassments. I have always felt deeply grateful for her kindness to me personally and she was one of the very few people I have ever met who were willing to help me in my business struggles in a substantial way.

Having now disposed of about one half of my stock interest in the New England Weighing Machine Co., for such was the name I had given it, its general management passed into other hands. Possibly that was well for the company and certainly it relieved me of a part of the load which I had to carry. Nevertheless I had



plenty of work to do, for nearly every new customer we secured required something different in the matter of the weighing machine itself or in the accessory apparatus. Special outfits had to be devised for rolled oats, for baking powder, for sugar, for flour, for spice, for salt, for lard and so on without end. Fate had never been kind enough to allow me to invent something that I could complete and then stand back and watch it go. All my ventures had voracious appetites for more contrivances and then more. Automatic weighing to meet market demands proved a difficult problem and one full of vexations. Often when an installed plant was doing well the users would want to change the style of the package or would make some change in the mechanical character of the material and then changes would have to be made in the apparatus. So between getting up new things and re-adapting old ones there was no rest for the weary. The business got on my nerves at times. On one occasion while I was having a tough time in Minneapolis with some flour weighing and bagging machinery the manager of our company wrote me complaining that I did not write him often enough nor with enough fullness for him to know how the work was progressing. I answered him as follows and was more or less justified in so doing.

Minneapolis, Sept. 9th, 1897.

Mr. X.—

SIR:—

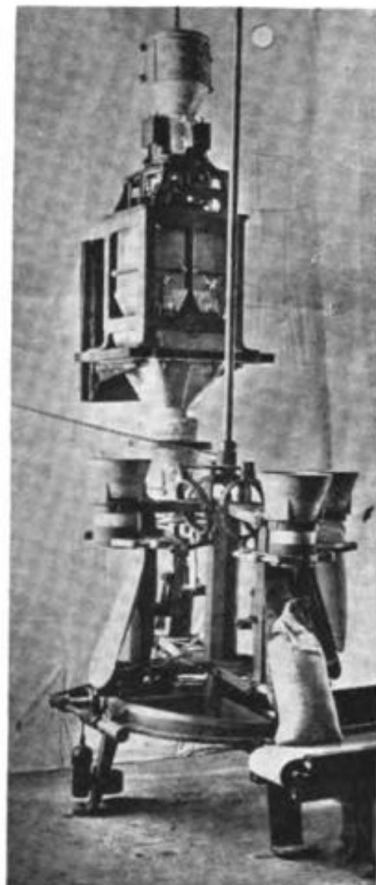
Yours of the 7th calling me to account for not writing you every day, is at hand. I have written you twice at least and I think three times to C— since I have been here. Is it not enough that I have had to work every day in a flour mill with the thermometer at 90° and over, and to con-

tend with the perplexities met in weighing flour and in dealing with mill men, while you are at the sea shore, without having to sit up all night to satisfy your curiosity by daily accounts which would accomplish nothing. What have you been doing for the company while I have been here? Anything great? Do you think I am responsible to you? Do you think I don't know enough to attend to my part of the business? I did not give you 300 shares of stock to have you nagging me and I won't stand it. If I can't be allowed to work in peace I won't work at all and will let the whole business go to the dogs, where it will go if I drop it. You need not keep this letter a secret. The machine made a good run this afternoon. I expect to leave tomorrow evening unless something new turns up.

(Signed) W. E. N.

This letter plainly indicates that my life in those days was no long sweet dream. However I managed to live through it all and came out not so very much the worse for the wear.

The development and installations of machines and apparatus went on



FLOUR WEIGHING MACHINE

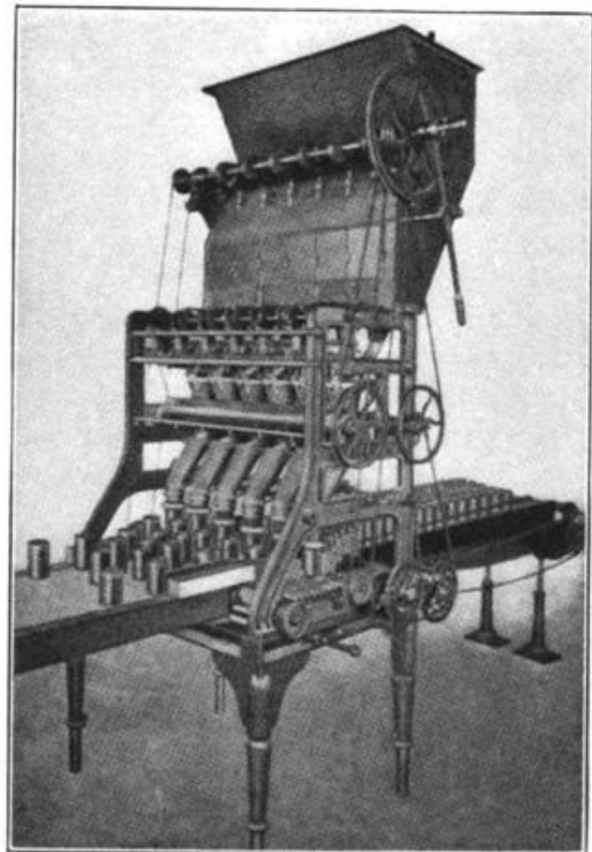


uninterruptedly until the year 1900. Installations were made at the following plants: Quaker Oats, Akron, O.; Royal Baking Powder, Brooklyn and Chicago; American Sugar, Brooklyn and Boston; Lion Coffee, Brooklyn; the Pillsbury and the Washburn Crosby Mills, Minneapolis, and very many others. This kept me travelling about the country setting up machines and straightening out troubles when I was not at home designing new machines. The strain was heavy and the cut of myself, a home-made snap shot taken in 1899, shows a very marked aging over the last one shown, which was taken in 1891.

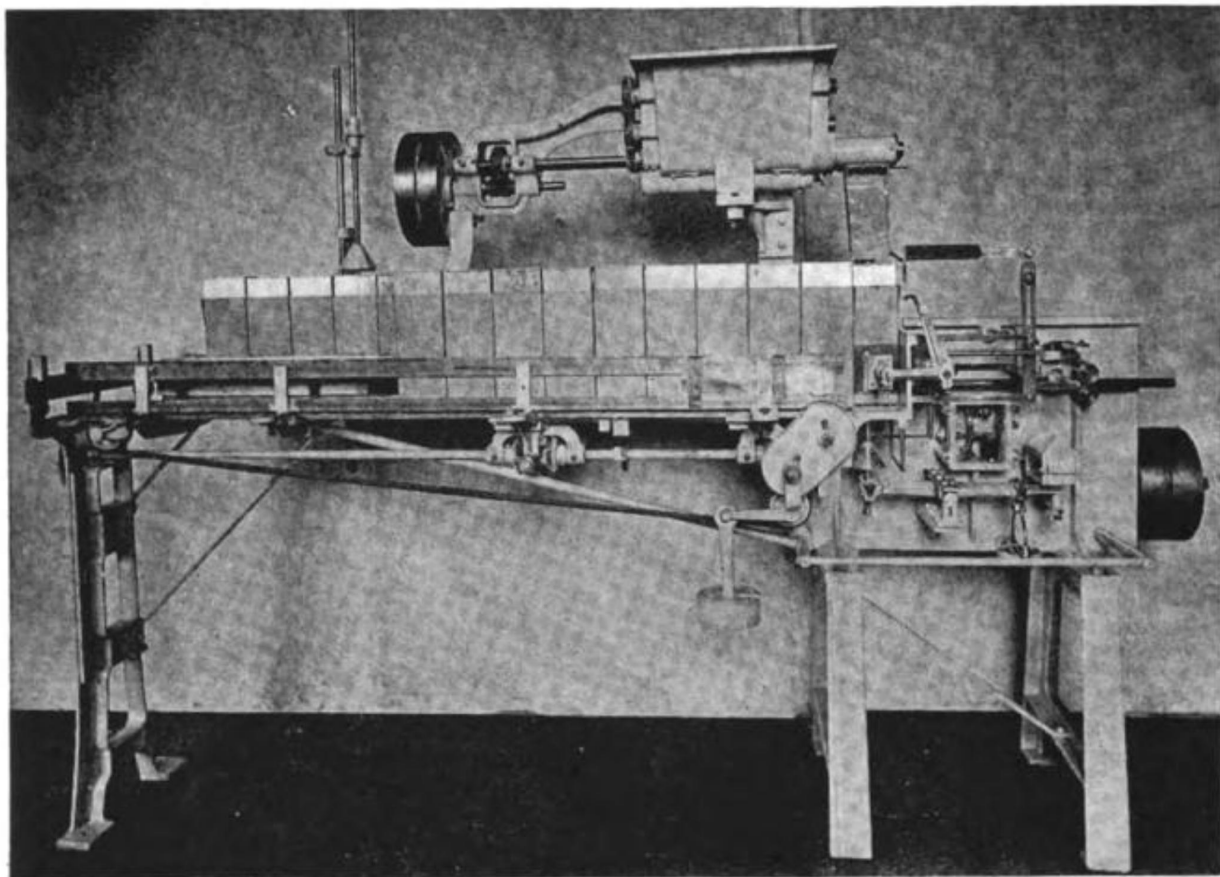
In 1897 and 1898 the Pratt and Whitney Co., of Hartford, Conn., who had a department for the manufacture and sale of weighing machines of a heavy type for bulk grain weighing and registering, were at law with us on account of a patent, which I had written myself, on a new type of compound weighing machine. Although they had very able lawyers they were unable to shake my vital claims. It was during this suit that I first became acquainted with Mr. E. D. Chadwick, the patent attorney of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Mr. Chadwick has done all of my patent work since that day and you may take my word for it that he has no superior either here or elsewhere.

In 1900 our company absorbed the weighing machine interests of the Pratt and Whitney Co., and reorganized, a half dozen prominent New York and Boston business men coming into the game. Not long after this it was decided to move the business over to Jersey City as the new president and vice-president of the

company were New York men. By this time I had become a pretty small toad in our puddle. I would not move to New York, that was flat. The new managers thought there might be something more to be got out of me and so we made an arrangement. They were to pay me \$2500 per year and I was to spend every Thursday at their Jersey City plant. This arrangement continued until the summer of 1904 when they proposed that I be paid some fixed amount any time they might need me. As the Gillette Safety Razor Company was then getting on its feet, I said goodbye to the weighing machine company forever and shed no tears about it. But I had put a vast amount of thought and hard work into this same weighing machine company and given them their entire mechanical foundation. What they have added to their outfit in the



BAKING POWDER MACHINE



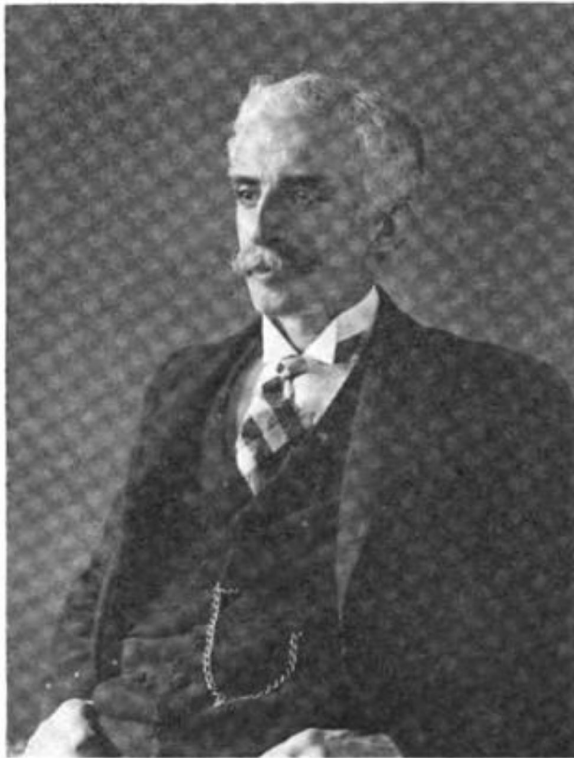
ELECTRIC WEIGHING MACHINE

fourteen years since I left them, or they fired me, as the case may be, I do not know. They are still doing business but I believe pay no dividends. I know some reasons why they have not paid dividends but I do not need to state them here, except to say that the fact that I am not with them is not one of the reasons. After the removal to Jersey City they changed the name of the company, eliminating the "New England" and called themselves the "Automatic Weighing Machine Co."

One of the inventions in which I took especial pride was a machine which weighed tare weight; that is, balanced the receptacle on the scale first and then put the net weight of the material in it. I believe this had never been done before in any form. I have shown cuts of a number of the more important machines which I

designed for the weighing machine company but these show by no means all, or even one-half, of the work that was done. To have done that would require all the pages in the GILLETTE BLADE. During the last few years of the weighing machine company's stay in Boston our shop was at 275 Congress Street. At the time the company moved to Jersey City, Oscar Sorensen of the Gillette Screw Machine Department was elevator boy in the building in which our shop was located. The Gillette Company was no sooner in need of general help in 1903 than Oscar applied for a job and has been with us practically ever since.

On the final reorganization of the company the amount of stock which fell to me was not very large, as the various shifts and divisions which had taken place had kept on paring



WILLIAM E. NICKERSON, 1899

my holdings down toward the vanishing point. When the removal to Jersey City occurred I disposed, in a way, of what I had left for \$2,000, which was about all I ever got back from the business except the meagre salary I had drawn, and was very much less than I had planted in it at the beginning. I cannot charge anyone with having frozen me out of the weighing machine company, or of having wished to do so, but the result was the same, nevertheless. Had I been deliberately squeezed out it would have been an unintentional favor to me, for the business offered me hard work and vexation and little else and it was well for me that I did not stay in it. There was better and

more profitable work in the world that I could do, as subsequent events proved. None of the various enterprises into which I had thrown my energy up to 1901, had possessed very great possibilities, but they were the ones that came to hand and I did my best in them. I can only think that the principal value of my work thus far lay in the fact that I was accumulating knowledge and experience to make the solution of the Gillette problem possible. After the problem was solved it did not look so difficult but at the start it was quite otherwise.

I have now covered my life in these articles up to the time of taking up the Gillette problem. I have by no means covered it thoroughly but have touched a few of the high spots, so to speak. I think my readers will agree that my business career has had some variety, some trials and disappointments and perhaps a few successes and satisfactions. I think they will also agree that if I had a little success that I have in some measure earned it. Doubtless some of my readers have found my articles wearisome and have wished I would hurry up and get to the razor part. In fact, one of my readers told me as much the other day. But I forgave him on the spot because he is a good friend of mine. But it is all over now, I have had my say and next month I shall tell you something about the start of the razor business.

(To be continued in the GILLETTE BLADE for December)

As we go to press the Kaiser is speedily on his way to other parts accompanied by the Clown Quince.



September 27, 1918



October 4, 1918



October 20, 1918

PROGRESS OF NEW FACTORY BUILDING



The Gillette Hospital

A. M. FINNERTY, R. N.

THE Standard Dictionary gives hospital as an institution for the reception, cure and medical treatment of the sick and wounded.

The Gillette hospital goes a step farther in its ministrations than the definition implies. Here advice is given as to how to keep healthy while well, which is as essential as bringing the sick back to health. Such advice is necessarily along preventive rather than curative lines.

Here all the ills to which human flesh is heir are given attention, cuts and burns and bruises, aches of all kinds are cured, each different ache having its own beneficial treatment. Here, too, have requests been made for "something to make me stop laughing" to "something for a cold." It matters not what one's ailment is, a cure is to be found on the well stocked shelves of the hospital's drug store.

The hospital originated early in the history of the Gillette Safety Razor Company—1905. Its particular sphere of work at that time was very limited, and was supervised by Dr. Thomas E. Chandler who made three visits weekly and who responded promptly to "emergency" calls at any time. As time wore on, and as the manufacturing and other problems presented themselves, so the hospital advanced step by step.

In 1906, it was decided there should be some capable person in daily attendance. Such person need have tact, patience and a knowledge of bandaging, etc. Miss Annie McFarland was chosen as the first Gillette hospital attendant, and remained until 1908.

Miss Edith Cousins, the first graduate nurse in charge of our hospital, succeeded Miss McFarland, remaining for three years.

In 1911 "the welfare worker," as Mrs. Johnson is known by the Boston City Hospital, was selected to look after the hospital. The excellent work done by Mrs. Johnson speaks for itself and needs no comment. It was with the appointment of Mrs. Johnson that statistics became available. There were, at that time, about five hundred employees in the Factory. There were accidents then

probably more in proportion to the number of employees, than today.

With the advent of safety devices and the attaching of same to every machine about which there was the slightest doubt as to its catching the fingers or the clothing of an employee, and the words of caution given by the management, accidents decreased considerably.

This is the more appreciated when I say that 98% of the treatments of the fifty odd daily visitors to the hospital at this time are of a minor character. And the loss of time going to the hospital for treatment and return to station is almost negligible, so well does everyone co-operate. By maintaining the hospital and two full-

time nurses the employee has stayed "on the job" and production has not been diminished.

In July of the present year the writer came and found a hospital that was replete with all the necessary equipment to take care of any minor accident or illness that might befall our workers.

The customary Gillette foresight has considered your safety, and in our new building it is planned to have a new hospital, more commodious than the present, with new and additional equipment, and its functions will probably be along broader lines. The new hospital, while it is to be larger, is not to convey the idea that accidents will be more numerous, hence the need for more space, but that the hospital shall be prepared for the handling of emergencies when they arise, in a better, more efficient manner if that is possible, than before.



MRS. G. A. JOHNSON, MISS A. M. FINNERTY

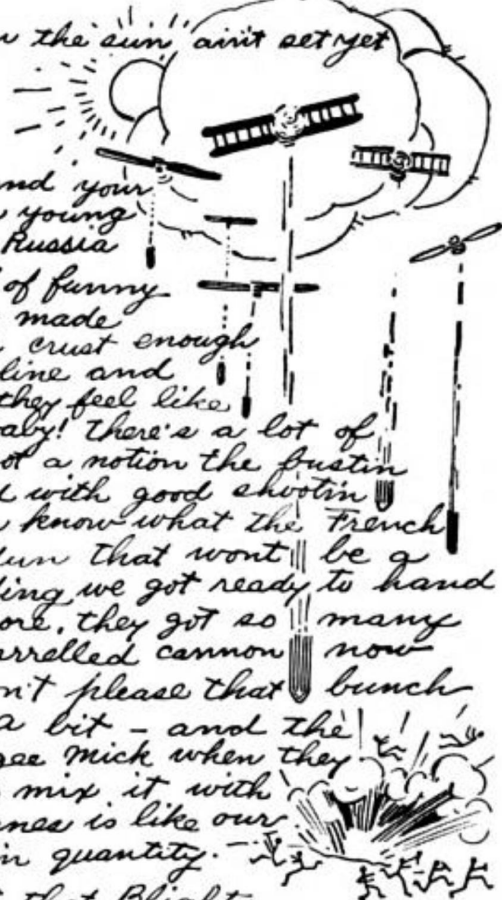
Sing a song of Thrift Stamps,
A pocket full of dough;
Lend it to your country
And make the war fund grow.
When five years are over
The U. S. Government
Will give you back your capital
Enriched by four per cent!
*Contributed by ANNA MULHONE,
Leather Goods Dept.*



Somewhere when the sun ain't set yet

Dear Mick

Things is warming up and your going to miss the time of your young life pretty soon. Back from Russia comes a lot more Huns full of funny ideas. Them ginks Mick has made themselves believe, and have crust enough to think they can bust our line and ramble around just where they feel like going. Watch em, bust! Oh baby! There's a lot of guys around here that's got a notion the bustin process is going to be filled with good shootin and Hun Casualties. You know what the French done to that gang at Verdun that wont be a circumstance to the straffing we got ready to hand them. Our artillery is sore, they got so many shells they want double barrelled cannon now shootin one at a time don't please that bunch of first class murderers a bit - and the bird men are immense gee Mick when they want some fun they got to mix it with Fritzes infantry for his planes is like our rum - impossible to find in quantity.



Maybe this trip I'll get that Blighty that's due me. I suppose I couldnt loll around a hospital, drink tea and shoot the bull just as well as you did? - not that you aint good at it, but I'm some goer myself and the "angle of Mons" is a picnic to what I've seen after a few shots of Vin Ordinaire



Say all the money in the world must be in Canada and the U.S.A. Every time I try for 10 extra francs the paymaster balls me out with "Don't you know there's a war on" I come back at him last time and says "that's true but that don't get me safety razor blades." show me your razor" Says he and I yanked that little old Gillette Service Set out of my tunic pocket Bingo! right off the bat he takes one look and says "Will you sell it?" but private Joe wasnt having any at any price. "Twenty five francs for it." says he. I weakened but when I thought how well I was off for comfort in the shaving line, I says "No" "Well" says he "lose it some day and tell me where it dropped" "Not while I'm conscious" says I and we quit arguing - but I got the 10 for blades. Well old scout here we finish one more. Behave and vote for larger back yards yours Joe

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



GILLETTE BLADE REPORTERS, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER

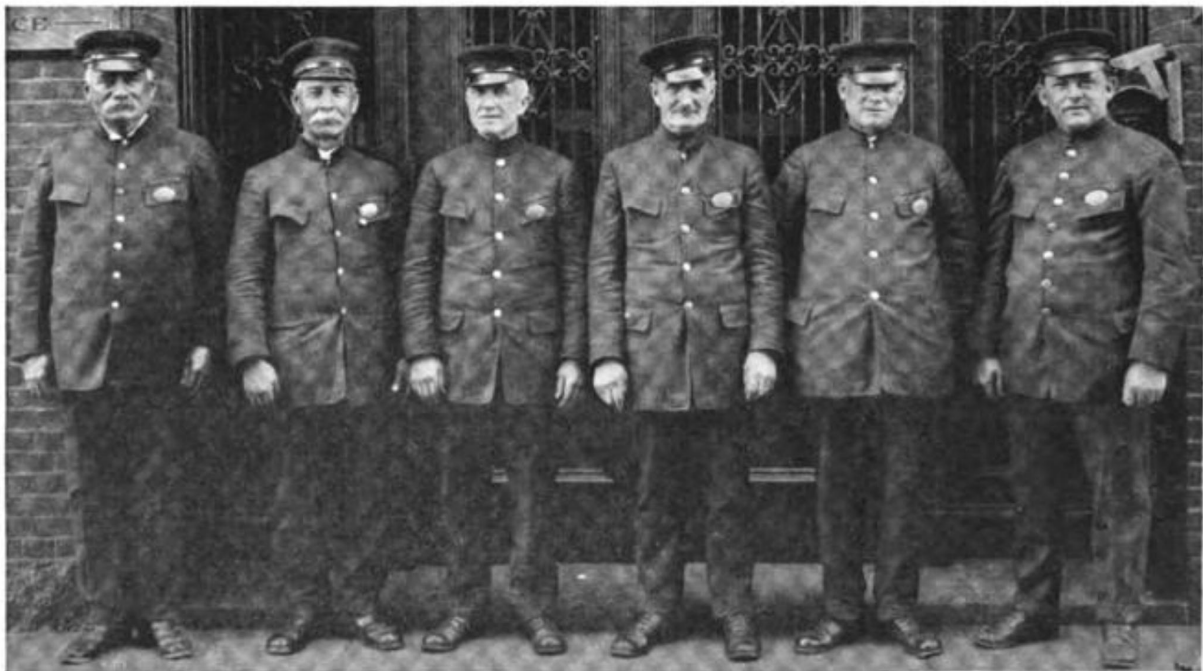
Back row, left to right :— Caroline Jones, Gladys Stevens, Mary Henigan, Margaret Mills, Edward F. Ferry, John F. McAvoy, Leo F. Caldwell, Thomas P. Kelley, Edward T. Creighton, Kathryn J. Traverse, Agnes Donahue, Alice Brusard, Mary Hall.

Front Row :—Grace E. Logan, Bessie Major, Alvina Oster, Alice E. Burke, Helen Crowley.

Missing :—Joseph Sullivan, B. J. O'Donnell, Michael A. O'Donnell.

The reporters for THE BLADE for September, October and November carried out their duties so well that the Factory Notes Department has become an exceptionally interesting department.

They have set a mark for future reporters—one which it will not be easy to overcome. This is an incentive for the December, January and February reporters whose names will appear in the December issue.



GILLETTE POLICE FORCE

Left to right :—Henry M. Nash, Edward Boushell, Jeremiah McCarthy, Frank O. Ripley
John H. Horrigan, Frederic B. Montgomery



The First Annual Picnic of the Canadian "Gillette Social Club"

G. P. SHORTREDE

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

THE Gillette Social Club (affiliated with The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited) held their first annual picnic and games at Lavaltrie, Que., on September 7th, and a most enjoyable day's outing was spent by the members, fellow-employees and invited guests.

The Steamer "Three Rivers" was chartered by the Club for the day and we left Victoria Pier, Montreal, at 9 a. m. After a most enjoyable three-hours' sail down the beautiful St. Lawrence River, we arrived at Lavaltrie at 12 m.

Owing to the Canadian Government Food Conservation restrictions most of the party brought their own lunches, so upon arrival of the boat we all adjourned to the Pine Grove where ample provision had been made by the committee in charge for our convenience and reception.

After luncheon the Sports Committee commenced their program of athletic sports which consisted of foot races for children and adults of all ages. Also novelty races such as sack race, human wheelbarrow race, egg and spoon race, thread the needle race, and cigarette and carry race. The latter caused much amusement as the gentleman after having had his cigarette lighted by a lady, who

had to sprint 50 yards to reach him, was obliged to take the lady up in his arms and carry her back to the starting point (50 yards). This race was won by our Purchasing Agent, Mr. J. A. Aird, who had for his partner Miss R. D. Clark of the general office staff.

The tug of war between teams representing the Handle Department, Steam Fitters, etc., vs. the Rest was strenuously contested and resulted in the "Rest" finally winning out by a very slight margin.

Possibly the most popular event on the program was the Departmental relay race for a very handsome silver cup presented by the Executive and Staff of the General Office. Teams for this event were made up of two ladies and two gentlemen running in relays of a quarter of a mile each. On the first lap the office team had an advantage until Mrs. Emerson slipped and fell about 200 yards out. The other competitors were pretty evenly bunched, but owing to good individual work by each runner Mr. C. Morrison's team consisting of Mr. H. Moore, Miss P. Young, Mr. V. Mulhearn and Miss V. Smith (all of the Honing Department) were the winners.

On the return trip home Mr. N. P. Petersen (General Superintend-



Gillette Social Club

ANNUAL PIC-NIC

TO

Lavaltrie

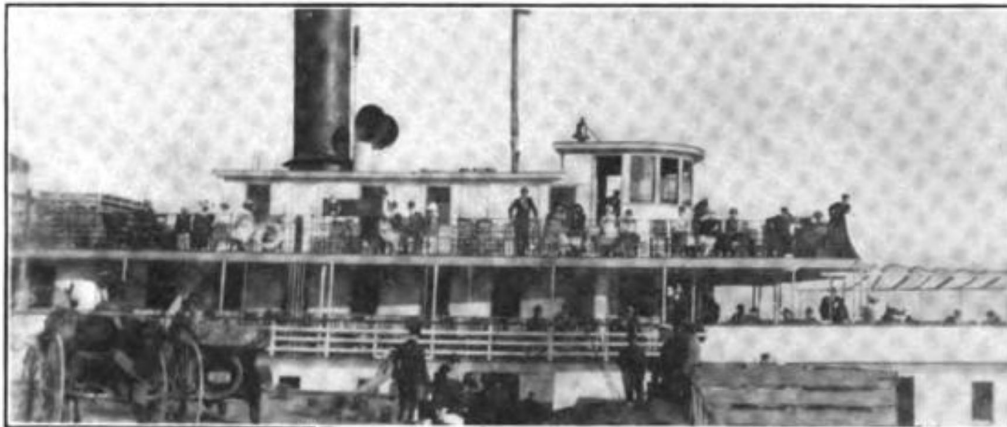
BY

S.S. Three Rivers

ON

Sat. Sept. 7th, 1918

MEMBER



EMBARKING
AT VICTORIA
PIER

WINNERS
GILLETTE
PERPETUAL
TROPHY



ent) assisted by the President of the Social Club and other members of the Executive distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, after which the dancing competition took place for which Mr. Shea and Miss M. E. Cunningham kindly officiated as judges.

The contests were exceptionally close and the judges had to have several competitors dance a second time before the final decision could be given.

A very interesting competition was to guess how many razor blades there were in a large sealed glass bottle. This was won by Mr. Poole (Chemist) whose guess of 4,750 was the closest to the actual count of 4,746. Several other very interesting raffles, etc., took place during the trip, and before the steamer re-docked at the Victoria Pier the orchestra rendered the following respective Na-

tional Anthems: "God Save the King," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Marseillaise," and others.

The boat docked on schedule time at 9 p. m. and all agreed that the first annual picnic and games of the "Gillette Social Club" had been a great success and very much enjoyed by everybody.

Owing to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bittues were out of town (in Boston) on important business we were deprived of the honor of their company, but our ever-thoughtful "Commander-in-Chief" wired us his and Mrs. Bittues' regrets at not being able to be present and sent their best wishes for the success of our picnic.

Many prizes were kindly donated by some of the local wholesale houses with whom our company do business, which plainly shows the esteem in which the firm is held and the good-



FINISH OF
LADIES'
75 YARD
RACE

TRAINING
FOR THE
CONTESTS



will and fellowship towards us of those we come in contact with commercially. Unfortunately space does not permit of our publishing their names and donations.

Many additional prizes were purchased by the committee (out of the cash donations) amongst which were electric lamp for living room, ladies' sterling silver vanity case, dolls, boxes of candy, silver mounted briar pipes, watches, work baskets, sewing sets, etc. A very handsome gold mounted umbrella was raffled for the benefit of the Club funds and was won by Mr. Stanley Mavor (foreman Stropping Department). These prizes were sorted out by the committee and allotted for the most suitable events.

Program of athletic events:

50 yards, boys under 7 years, handicap, employees' children—1st, Master S. Delaney; 2nd, A. Hogg.

50 yards, girls under 7 years, handicap, employees' children—1st, Miss G. Bellec; 2nd, Miss E. May Walker.

100 yards, boys 15 years and under, hand-

icap, employees' children—1st, Master David Lamb; 2nd, Master Arthur Aird.

100 yards, girls, 16 years and under, handicap, employees' children—1st, Miss E. Jackson; 2nd, Miss G. Major.

75 yards, boys, 12 years and under, handicap, open—1st, Master A. Aird; 2nd, Master Chas. Bellec.

75 yards, girls, 12 years and under, handicap, open—1st, Miss R. Walker, 2nd, Miss Q. Bray.

100 yards, single men's, handicap, employees—1st, M. Paquette; 2nd, W. G. Marks.

75 yards, single ladies, employees—1st, Miss R. Bennie; 2nd, Miss L. Forsythe.

75 yards, ladies, open—1st, Miss E. Carmady; 2nd, Miss R. Stewart.

50 yards, married ladies, open—1st, Mrs. A. E. O'Hara; 2nd, Mrs. H. Giles.

220 yards, men's (scratch) open—1st, M. Paquette; 2nd, W. F. Shaver.

75 yards dash, married men's, employees—1st, H. Moore; 2nd, Jas. Bolton.

Three-legged race (men's) 75 yards, employees—1st, Messrs. E. Lacaille and J. Vincent; 2nd, Messrs. S. Mavor and P. Lacaille.

Ladies' thread-the-needle race, 50 yards (scratch), employees—1st, Miss M. McMahon; 2nd, Ruth Murray.

Cigarette and carry, novelty race, 50 yards, open—1st, Miss Clark and Mr. Aird; 2nd, Miss Campbell and Mr. A. E. O'Hara.

Tug of War, 1st Floor vs. Rest—C. J. Morrison (captain). Individual prizes to



winning team.—M. Ciktor, J. Victor, J. H. Webb, W. J. Goslin, E. Lacaille, S. Paquette.

Fat Men's Race (over 170 lbs.) 75 yards, employees.—Cancelled.

Egg and Spoon Race for ladies, (open)—1st, Miss R. Stewart; 2nd, Miss D. Levesque.

Human Wheelbarrow (Men).—Open.—1st, Master D. Lamb and J. A. Aird; 2nd, Messrs. C. Wight and J. Bolton.

Foreladies' Race, 50 yards—1st, Miss O'Donnell; 2nd, Miss F. Hone.

Foremen's Race, 75 yards—1st, P. Lacaille; 2nd, S. Mavor.

Sack Race (Employees)—1st, P. Lacaille; 2nd, E. J. Smith.

440 yards (open)—1st, W. Lawrence; 2nd, H. Moore.

Departmental Relay Race (Teams 4 persons each). Prize, Perpetual Cup, donated by the Executive Staff of the Gillette S. R. Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Mr. H. Moore, Miss P. Young, Mr. V. Mulhearn, Miss V. Smith.

75 yards dash—Ladies Office Staff—1st, Mrs. Emerson; 2nd, Miss Murray.

75 yards dash—Gents Office Staff—1st, W. F. Shaver; 2nd, W. G. Marks.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dancing

One Step Competition (Open)—1st, Miss A. Rennie and Miss Grangel; 2nd, Mr. J. Bolton and Miss Campbell.

Waltz Competition (Open)—1st, Mr. Delahanty and Mrs. A. E. O'Hara; 2nd, Mr. Bolton and Miss Rennie.

Fox Trot Competition (Open)—1st, Mr. Bolton and Miss G. Cheney; 2nd, Mr. A. Rennie and Miss A. Durkin.

Blade Guessing Competition (Open)—Mr. Poole. 4,746 blades.

Orchestra—"God Save the King," "The Marseillaise," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," "Good Night, Ladies."

REMARKS AND NOTES

The sail down the beautiful St. Lawrence River gave all an opportunity to view a section of the farming country of this Province from an unusual position—and the habitants were seen at their daily duties of attending to their crops, cattle, etc., in their usual peaceful manner.

Many beautiful summer residences are built on the river banks somewhat similar to those between New York and Albany on the Hudson River.

The distance from Montreal city to Lavaltrie is 30 miles.

Mrs. M. R. Bittues acted as chaperone to a number of the young ladies who came



THE GILLETTE CHALLENGE CUP

unaccompanied and her loving and motherly disposition was always in evidence.

At the Pine Grove, Lavaltrie, where the party luncheoned, the habitants had erected large "gypsy pots" out of which they supplied the visitors with boiling water for five cents per gallon.

The farmers also delivered fresh milk to the picnics for a nominal sum.

A few members of the party engaged one of the country conveyances to drive them from the boat to the picnic grounds, a distance of a few hundred yards, and experienced quite a little fun with the "cocher" and "cheval" respectively—the cheval having not been given his usual noon-day ration of hay refused to draw the load until a guarantee had been given that his meal would be forthcoming at the end of the drive. After the promise had been accepted "Mon cheval" with the assistance of the occupants (who had to get out and push) reached his destination quite safely and got his meal—and probably a good licking later from Pere Narcisse for his bad behavior before strangers.

Judging by the picnic baskets there was no "food shortage" at Lavaltrie on September 7th.

The habitant village was "en fête" for the day and we had quite a large crowd of spectators at our "sports," etc.



Nothing in the commissariat line had been overlooked—even the bottle of milk for Mr. W. G. Marks' mid-day meal was supplied!

The sale of the badges and programs, the raffle of the umbrella and the blade-guessing competition were all bright ideas and brought in nearly one hundred dollars to the club's funds.

Dancing to the beautiful music supplied by Mr. Shea's orchestra was much enjoyed by all.

Amongst our guests were many blue-blooded Americans whom we were careful to make feel at home, and judging by their remarks they "had a good time."

The little girl (three years old) who picked out the winning ticket for the umbrella raffle was presented with a beautiful doll which delighted her beyond description and she joyfully kissed Mr. Shortrede as a token of her delight.

A professional photographer had been engaged for the day but was unable to come. We are therefore very much indebted to Mr. Poole (our chemist) for the snapshots used in connection with this article.

The unsolicited cash donations amounted to over one hundred dollars.

The result of the human wheelbarrow race was a great surprise. Mr. Aird and "David" (one of our office boys) teamed up splendidly and were easily "the best of the field."

Mrs. O'Hara showed good "foot work" both on the grass track and on the dancing platform. Congratulations, Mrs. O'Hara.

Paul Lacaille showed himself to be quite a good all round athlete by winning several events against "classy" fields.

Eddie Smith was carefully "marked" by his fellow competitors. Very good, Eddie!

Didn't we all feel sorry for the "wee tots" when they fell in their races and let up a bawl; but some of them showed remarkable knowledge and speed for their age.

Messrs. P. T. Flanagan and T. E. Charlebois were of great assistance to the committee and kindly took charge of the cash receipts on the trip.

A New York American promised us, if we held our picnic on the 4th of July next year, he would fill the boat.

Will the gentlemen who took Mr. Eddie Young's "life preserver" in mistake (?) kindly return it to 73 St. Alexander Street?



WE doubt if ever a more timely and appealing poster has graced the boards than our Christmas "Santa Claus" poster. To the vast army of people interested in our soldiers—and that means every person in the country—this poster will be of keen interest. It has human appeal in the highest degree—couples up Gillette with the soldiers in a masterful way—and will go far to cement the good will of the buying public.



With the Gillette Boys



"SUNNY" FRANCE A MISNOMER—
PASSING AROUND THE
GILLETTE BLADE

*Somewhere in France,
August 7, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I will now try and write you a few lines as it was some time ago since I wrote before.

Everything is pretty fair, considering what we just went through. You may see for yourself just what happened by the daily papers and about the little happenings that have befallen any of the boys from the shop. If they received any injuries they were only minor ones and not serious enough to cause alarm.

I suppose by now that Frank Ward is somewhere over here or is he still stationed down at the Southern Depot.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I want to say a word about THE BLADE. I used to be a constant reader of THE BLADE, but up to the present time I have not received the June or July issues. If they were sent to me I never received them and probably they got lost enroute. I found THE BLADE very interesting and when I get through reading it I always pass it to the next man. When he finishes with it he also passes it on, so in that way every man in the Company has a chance to read the Gillette news. One fellow here has a sister working in the plant and he also takes great interest in reading it.

I am writing this chiefly to let you know how I miss THE BLADE and also to let you know that I have not been receiving it in case you have been forwarding each issue to me. With patience I will await your answer as to the above.

Now for a word about France. I, like a great many more of the boys, do not know where they got the name of "Sunny France." All we are having for the past two weeks is rain, rain, rain and it does make it very hard sledding. Back home we wouldn't see this much rain all sum-

mer. It constantly rains from morn until night.

I suppose by now that the new building is already occupied and there is a great rush of business around there.

I suppose you are watching the papers for the outcome which may take place here day by day. I see where the Gillette people over-subscribed in a little fund that they were raising.

Is Fred Curran still around or has he joined some branch of the service? Please remember me to him.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I must bring this letter to a close as I have quite a few more letters to write yet while I have the chance. Hoping to hear from you in the near future and that this letter finds you in good health, I remain,

Yours truly,

Private JAMES H. WALLACE,
Company D, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

NAVY LIFE IS GREAT—A COS-
MOPOLITAN CROWD BUT
EVERY ONE A MAN

August 17, 1918.

DEAR UNCLE:—

At last I am in the Navy where I wanted to be; last time I failed but not this time, and believe me it is great. I like this life immensely. We get up at 5.30 A. M. and go to bed at 9.30. We sleep in tents out in the open air. I never felt better in all my life. The food is good and wholesome, nothing fancy you know.

We drill an hour in the A. M. and an hour in the P. M. We get instructions for an hour each P. M., drill thirty minutes before breakfast and smoke cigars (when we have them or the price of them) and cigarettes the rest of the day.

In my tent there are two other fellows; one a Jew, the other a Swede, but we get along nicely.

I see quite a few Gillette books in the Y. M. C. A. about the Army and Navy and



they are very interesting. Three cheers for K. C. Gillette.

Well, Uncle, I hope everything is well with you and I will write again later. I will not be home for three weeks yet.

Your Nephew,

ARTHUR H. GREINER,
Sec. E, 25 U. S. N. S., Hingham, Mass.

JOHNNIE HURLEY OF THE 26TH
DIVISION PUTS HUNS
TO ROUT

*Somewhere in France,
August 28th, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received your most welcome letter and was sure glad to hear from you. I am in the best of health and so are all the boys. We are now resting after the big drive and all are enjoying themselves. The weather is good and warm, so every day we go in swimming and play ball, football and other sports.

I suppose the papers are full of news about the 26th Division work in the big drive. All the boys worked hard and drove the Hun back quite a distance. The Huns do not know what to make of the boys from the U. S., as they fight different from the other Allied troops. The boys took some prisoners, but most of the Germans they saw as they passed were either dead or wounded, as the rest of them beat it away. By the way the Allies are driving them at the present time I think they will quit soon, as we have quite a few divisions over here now and all are ready to do "their bit."

I had a letter from Frank Ward and was glad to hear he has been made a lieutenant and I hope to see him when he gets over here. When I received your letter I also got one from Arthur Olsen and he says the factory is very busy, working night and day. I am glad to hear that and hope it keeps up. Almost every soldier over here is now shaving with the Gillette, so you see how popular it is getting to be. In my opinion when the war is over everyone will be using the Gillette, as it is giving satisfaction to all who use it.

I had a letter from George Anderson of the 103rd and he says he is in good health and having a good time. I only saw him once since we came to France but hope to see him soon again. All the boys were glad to hear of George Evans' promotion and hope he will go higher. Every day I see Al Page, Herbie Ryan, Owen McAteer, George McDonald and the rest of the boys



WILLIAM CROWLEY

are all O. K. At the present time Mattie Mullen is in the hospital, having been slightly wounded, but is almost well now, so we expect him back soon.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I would like to tell you some things about the big drive, but the censor is always on the job, so I will have to tell you some other time. I will close and will write soon again. Hoping this finds you and everybody in the best of health, I am

Yours truly,

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

WALTER KENNEY SAYS THE
A. E. F. WILL BE IN GERMANY
SOON

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. GALE:—

Received the poem entitled "There's a Reason" and I think it is the truth about the Huns worrying. They certainly have cause to worry. The prisoners that are now coming in are young boys and old men. They are licked and they know it.

I received the BLADE and will read it right through as soon as I get a chance.

I hope you are well and the same to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Goodsell. Give them all my regards.

We are awfully busy following up the drives and will be in Germany pretty soon.

Hoping to hear from Mr. Thompson and yourself soon, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Private WALTER KENNEY,
Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.



HAGOP KOCHADORION

PRIV. ALLEN ON A TRUCK TRAIN
WHICH KEEPS HIM
VERY BUSY

*Somewhere in France,
September 2, 1918.*

DEAR SIR:—

I guess you all will think I have forgotten to write, but here goes.

I am on detached duty from my Company on a truck train, and on the road most of the time. I have very little time to write and receive letters only once in a while.

I have seen quite a lot of the country, but there is a lot more I have not seen. I hope I can get a chance to look around more after they have this thing all settled.

Give my regards to everyone, and hope

you are in good health. I am feeling fine all the time and certainly will be glad when I get back to the States.

Cannot think of any more so will close. With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

Private IRWYN F. ALLEN,
Co. C, U. S. Eng., A. E. F., A. P. O. 713.

*Paris, France,
October 5th, 1918.*

MR. LOUIS GALE,
Gillette War Committee,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

MY DEAR MR. GALE:—

I am in receipt of your letter of September 9th, with enclosure of 33 cards giving personal statistics of Gillette men now serving in various branches of our forces.

It will give me great pleasure to serve these men in any way possible and will advise you as they reach Paris.

Up to this writing I have entertained the following men:

Harold DeCourcy
George F. Evans
James L. Glasheen
Arthur H. Mahoney
William J. McCarthy
Albert W. Page
Samuel T. Wright

Thanking you for this opportunity of being of service, I am

Yours very truly,

W. H. BARRY.

Additions to Gillette Roll of Honor

Herman J. Schorle, Draughting Dept.
Frank Sykora, Store Room 2 "C"
Edward A. Welch, Handle Press Dept.
John Henry Daunt, Machine Shop
Charles Johnson, Purchasing Dept.
Henry Collins, Paint Shop
Edwin L. Shedd, Draughting Dept.
A. J. Wesnesky, Machine Shop

George Spiers, Grinding Dept.
John H. Murray, Store Room 2 "C"
Joseph Sullivan, Store Room 2 "C"
Patrick J. Gorham, Store Room 2 "C"
George R. Duggan, Buffing Dept.
John A. Fleming, Buffing Dept.
Samuel Gould, Buffing Dept.
Andrew J. Keefe, Buffing Dept.

Leroy H. Crosby, Machine Shop



\$140,000—Employees' Subscription to the Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan Company Subscribes \$600,000

GILLETTE co-workers have an inspiring record to look back upon, not only for their accomplishments during the war, but for every thing they have undertaken.



MR. THOMPSON

Our Superintendent, Mr. Thompson, refused to give us his picture for publication in "The Blade." To an editor a refusal means absolutely nothing, so we simply stole this photo.

The latest, and probably the greatest record, is the wonderful manner in which they have put across the Fourth Liberty Loan.

With approximately two thousand employees in our Boston factory, \$140,000.00 was subscribed. This is an average of \$70.00 for every Gillette co-worker!

There is no worth to false modesty. Every man and woman in this organization should be justly proud of this imposing record. The newspapers of Boston considered it a remarkable occurrence—and gave it wide publicity.

The Gillette spirit always wins.

The influenza epidemic, and the German peace proposals, considered by many as propaganda to discourage the Fourth Liberty Loan, at one time in the campaign caused a feeling that the success of the Loan would be seriously impaired.

This Company had subscribed \$300,000.00 during the first of the campaign, but when failure seemed imminent, immediately doubled their

subscription, making a grand total of \$600,000.00 subscribed to the Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan.

In addition, the Company used full page advertisements in several publications, donated space on illuminated signs, and used all other means at their disposal to make the loan successful.

Thousands of organizations are as patriotic as the Gillette Safety Razor Co., thousands of organizations do as much as this Company, but we pride ourselves that no other company is more patriotic or does more to back up our boys than the Gillette Safety Razor Co.



MR. ROCK

There are very few in the organization who are unacquainted with Mr. Rock, our Assistant Superintendent, but for those few, if any, the above reproduction. If it were not so undignified we would say something about the C---y K-d.

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE

Contributed by
C. E. Rock

Be big-hearted and open-handed in entertaining your soldier—he deserves anything you can do for him, BUT—! Don't let him suffer for your loving-kindness.

A. W. O. L. (absent-without-leave) means that a soldier has failed to report *on time*, and may prevent his rejoining his regiment bound for France.

Loving friends and kinfolks of a soldier, who through a mistaken sense of hospitality, urge him to overstay his pass are unwittingly hurting their soldier-man and helping the Kaiser.

Don't put temptation in a soldier's way. "Send him away with a Smile" before it is too late, to catch that last train to camp.



Factory Notes



MRS. MARGARET DALY

(Nee Miss Smith)

For the first thing in the Factory Notes Department, we can't think of anything better than a picture of Mrs. Daly. Mrs. Daly is the first person to greet a visitor to our organization and the last to see him go.

won 191-112. Where did Benny Frank and Boudreau get the impression that they were card players?

Why shouldn't the Grinding Room win, with Eva Yagman coaching from the side lines and Clinton keeping score?

We are all very much pleased to know Mr. J. S. Kennedy received the assignment in Washington, D. C., and we are all wondering if the walls in Washington are any softer than the ones in Boston. We all know how well he likes to run his motor cycle into something solid.

Mr. Ripley, the Special Officer at Information, will have more time to practice on his harmonica when the new clock system is arranged on each floor.

Miss H. Daly, formerly of the Credit Department, is now stenographer in the Shipping Department.

The Handle Inspection Department 4 D, has already commenced to receive donations for the coming Red Cross Bazaar. "Pop Bateman" started the ball rolling by securing six donations from some friends in Somerville. He says he does not want to have all the honors to himself,—“Nuff Sed.”

Mr. R. E. Thompson, our General Superintendent, is getting to be a wonderful cook. When it comes to mashed potatoes and pop-overs, he is willing to compete with anybody. “How about it, Mr. Thompson?”

In the recent game of Bid Whist between the Grinding Room vs. Tool Breakers, the grinders

A shipment consisting of sixty-six pairs of socks has been shipped to France. These were sent direct to Mr. William H. Barry, Manager of our Paris Office, who has kindly consented to distribute two pairs of these socks to each of the thirty-three Gillette boys now in France.

Don't forget the “Gillette Red Cross Bazaar.” We want everyone to do his or her bit towards making it a great success. Those who have never taken chances before in their life will have many opportunities of doing so here. We are planning on having a social time with dancing, refreshments, etc., as well as a business time, and we hope everyone will do their best for the “Red Cross” as it is to help “Our Boys” over here and across.

If Florence of the Fifth Floor “C” will come to the Shipping Department we will gladly show her one of the new “Navy Sets.” Royal may like one for Christmas.

Show no quarter to the enemy; invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.



MR. READ

Mr. Read didn't intend to stick his tongue out at the photographer. He was simply thinking that it was Luncheon Day at Young's and was anticipating the pleasure.

The Committee in charge of the Red Cross Bazaar in the Handle Press Department urgently requests all employees in the department to get together and bring the department “Over the Top” in the coming bazaar. The department has been going over quite often lately but we want to go over bigger than ever this time and have a lot of room to spare when we get over.

Come on now, wake up, boost the bazaar and put the Handle Press Department in the lead. We are up there, we belong there, and we are going to stay there.



Miss Della Flaherty of the Handle Press Department 2 "D" recently appeared in action attired in overalls. "Jimmy," as she is called in the department, is now looking after the riveting and threading machines. At present her principal tool consists of an oil can. She says as long as she can oil up the machines, she might as well look after the shafting.

A short time ago one of the belts looked a little shaky, and Della looking up at the belt remarked, "If that belt will stay on until I get my overalls, I'll get up and fix it." You got them now, Della, go to it. It has been rumored that she has purchased a step-ladder and is now practicing going up and down the ladder without falling off. Now we are all waiting to see her fix the shafting.

Miss Edith Kennison's familiar "How are you now" is known all over the 3rd Floor Building "C," but the name of Jack Curtis will soon be as popular.

A certain young lady who operates a Guard Saw on the Third Floor, Building "C," has been trying on about every ring she can find. We would suggest that about the easiest way to get the size of a ring is to take a piece of string and bring it around the finger till the ends meet, then send it to him. It is a long distance from Colorado to Boston.



MR. GALE

Every Gillette boy in the Service, to say nothing of the rest of us, thinks a whole lot of Mr. Gale. As Secretary of the War Committee, he has put forth strenuous efforts to make things easier for Gillette boys.

John Gately of 3 "C" is seriously thinking of joining the Service as an expert on gas and chemicals. John is now engaged in tending the soda kettle and says that the steam would kill the whole German army.

Miss Margaret Lee, 2 "D," now spends her noon hour learning to do crocheting. We can guess the rest.

Miss Gertrude McCarthy, 2 "D," is beginning



MR. BLANK

Last month you read Mr. Chas. Schwab's letter to Mr. Gillette. The razor set Mr. Schwab acknowledged was engraved by Mr. Blank. It isn't necessary to add that "Gillette" engraving is on a par with Gillette razors.



MISS FLORENCE BRADY

Some of the good things you've read in "The Blade" were the inspirations of Miss Brady. A demure smile like that would get by any editor's desk.

The Machine Shop Quartet, which will be organized in the near future, will comprise Joe Cotey, Martin Gaygin, Jelley and Quinn. For a director, George Hardwick will be unanimously elected.

Gertrude Murphy of 4 "D" went roller skating the other evening at the Arena. She must have made a clean sweep, judging by the bright looking floor the next morning. However, this is the fall season, Gertrude.

Get together, everybody, and bend every effort to assist the Gillette Red Cross Unit to make the coming Bazaar and Dance in Macallen Hall a success. Possibly on the success of this affair may depend the coming of an elaborate program that will bring all the employees to a closer social atmosphere.

So get together, everybody, and make this affair one grand round of pleasure for such a worthy cause as the Red Cross is, the grandest charitable institution in the world.

Matty Ryan of the Printing Department is just dying to get in the Army so his girl will send him cigarettes and candy.

to get thin. What's the matter, Gertie—have the jelly rolls gone up?

Records are short-lived in the Handle Press Department 3 "C." In the last issue of the BLADE it was stated that C. Clancy had made a new record for forming Guards or Caps, by forming 46,000 P. E. Guards in nine hours. This record has been put in the shade by Paul Broussard who formed 48,000 P. E. Guards.

His name is Paul, He may be kind of small; He is not very tall, But he makes the guards fall.



MISS DRISCOLL

"The Blade" has been wanting for a long time to obtain a good picture of Miss Driscoll, of the Leather Goods Department. Every two or three days something good comes from Miss Driscoll for "The Blade"—and now we are trying to reciprocate.



Say to the world "Good morning,"
 And don't be afraid to smile;
 Face it and all it brings you
 With faith in the afterwhile.
 For the noon and the night shall follow
 And both have tried you then,
 To see if your heart is hollow
 Or strong with the strength of men.
 Say to the world "Good morning,"
 And take your task with a thrill,
 With a heart for the work before you,
 And a dauntless will.

Submitted by ANNA M. FINERTY.

Captain Fred Montgomery of the "Gillette Police Force" has been taking "piano lessons" of Brother Rivers of the Loft.

John Horrigan, our popular police officer, has become an accomplished milliner and is going to join the November Class Millinery Club at the "Wells Memorial." Show a little "Pep," John.



MISS ROYCROFT

When a man buys a Gillette he finds it encased in a cardboard carton. Miss Roycroft is Forewoman of the department that makes these cartons. Miss Roycroft is a "Blade" contributor.

The girls of the Blade Packing Department are "Hooverizing" on luncheons since they started working for the "Red Cross Bazaar."

Christine Neagle of the Stock Department was tendered a Surprise Party at her home Sunday, October 27th, 1918, and was presented with a very handsome wrist watch by her friends.

A diamond on the left hand of Esther Molway of the Hardening Dept. reveals a little secret, which seems to tell us that Esther will soon be cooking lots of goodies; but we pity Sam's indigestion.

Officer Montgomery is carrying a new burden (?) these days on his upper lip. "Cheer up, Monty," the use of a Gillette Razor before retiring at night will bring instant relief.

"Gasolene Joe" made a trip to North Reading recently and got the body for the new truck.

Ask Isaac Raskin why he didn't keep the date with the girl to see the Follies? Reason—he was afraid of losing a bet of five dollars.



Mr. Leo F. Caldwell, formerly Assistant Foreman of the Shipping Department, has been promoted to Traffic Manager.

Mrs. Martha Ford, who for the past year worked in the Stopping Department, passed away at her home after suffering a few days with Spanish Influenza.

Tom Leonard and Lawrence McCarthy have organized a new club. There has been donated a baby grand piano and pool table. Tom has already started vocal lessons and Lawrence is getting to be quite a pool player. This club is for only talented young men,—a good place to spend your evenings during the winter.

A new addition to the Gillette forces. Arthur La Porte, who has just reached his 15th birthday, entered the employ of the Gillette Safety Razor Company October 9th in the Mailing Department.

Miss Vivienne Francis of the Gillette Pay Roll Department left October 19th to be married to Mr. Benjamin Phillips on October 24th. After an extended wedding trip through New York State Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will reside at 36 Lynfells Parkway, Melrose, Mass. Miss Francis was presented with a very beautiful dinner set by her office associates.

"Johnny Fitz" would have cause for envy if he heard Fred Pierce, our genial night watchman's rendition of "Sweet Adeline" assisted by "Phil" Kenyon and "Cockey" Velmure of Department 4 D. Fred says: "They can't pitch the key too high for him, the sky is the limit." They will gladly sing free at the Kaiser's funeral.

Frank Glassette says "that the girls of today fall for anything in pants." You're right, Frank. It was not so long ago that you marched up the aisle with slow music.

William F. Boushell has been transferred from Camp Upton, New York, to Fort Williams, Me.

Edward Sommerville from Roxbury and Raymond Detry from the South End have recently joined the Shipping force.



We are all glad to have Miss Inez Boudreau and Miss Jane Penney back with us again.

"Eddie Caron" wants to join the Aviation Corps. Eddie hopes to be an angel sometime and is anxious to learn how to fly while he is young.

I wonder why John "Pat" Blake of Dept. 4 "D," the Billiard Expert, has decided to launder his own shirts and collars? John says "there is 2-in-1 polish, 3-in-1 oil, and 4-in-1 cell out in Station 17."

The sympathy of all is extended to Miss Mary R. Sullivan of the Legal Department in the loss of her mother who passed away at her home Saturday, October 26th, 1918.

They say that oxygen beautifies the complexion. If this is so, then the air in 4 "D" must be overloaded with it judging by the pink and white complexions on some of the fair ones. Oh! Piffle—why rub it in.

Annie and Lily are buying a lot of peanuts these days. "The shells make good gas masks for our boys over there."

Since Uncle Sam has called W. Walsh to the colors, "F. G. Brady" has a lot of evenings to embroider for the Red Cross Bazaar.

Mary O'Neil of the Handle Inspection Department was bridesmaid for her sister, Katherine O'Neil, a former employee of the 2nd floor office, who was married to Mitchell Barber October 23rd, 1918. We are all admiring Mary's diamond pendant. Keep the good work up, Mary.

I wonder why Paul McCann of the Machine Shop always leaves the elevator at 4 D these days. There is a reason you *May* be sure. Incidentally Paul has become one of "Joe the Fruit Man's" best customers.

Lawrence Foubister of Stock Department D, soon will be sailing across the sea. He went to Camp Devens to learn to run, and soon he expects to be chasing the Hun.

Since the ban in the quarantine has been lifted at Camp Devens, H. O'N wears a smile every Monday morning. Tom is responsible for it.

Roy Pickering of the Electrical Department has been going down to Hingham every Saturday fishing for smelts—so anybody who wishes to buy some may give him their order and he will see that they are fresh when you get them. He claims he has been getting from ten to twelve pounds

every Saturday and Sunday, but we boys of the Electrical Dept. have not seen any as yet.

Louis Cody of 4 "D" says that Gillette employees should make successful farmers, because they make the best razors (raisers). Now we know Louis sits up late thinking. String beans and "spuds" are Louis' specialty.

Jack Goquen of the Electrical Dept. spent his vacation at his mother's home at Canobie Lake, N. H. While there he committed a crime of murder, by drowning a black cat which was sickly. A few days later he was shipwrecked while out in his motor boat "Tipsquintia" with a friend; he ran on a rock and sprang a leak in the boat along with the tipping over and got a ducking, so that is the luck the black cat brought him. Any of his friends who go up there next year will have the pleasure of riding in the motor boat as it has been repaired.

The Information Desk has opened a Lost and Found Department so persons finding or losing articles are requested to report same at the Information Desk.

Say, girls, have you noticed the pleased expression Jerry Miller has since Celia came back?

The following article appeared in the October BLADE: "Will someone on the Fifth Floor 'C' explain why a certain young man looks out the Second Street window of the Shipping Department each afternoon at five-fifteen and Saturdays at twelve-thirty?" This young man now has regular office hours and waits at the corner from five until five-fifteen.

In working for the Red Cross you are helping a good cause, so everybody "Do Your Bit" and make the Gillette Red Cross Bazaar a success.

Was it a high wind they had in Montreal the other day, or just Jack Kelly blowing into town and swinging jauntily down St. James Street, bag and all?

Soco Samourian of the Handle Inspection Department says that if he is taken in the draft he hopes Uncle Sam will let him take his "buzz wagon" to France to use as a tank. He has tried it on several fences and stone walls in Somerville with good results. If he can't take it he will sell it for the first good offer. Make a note of this you Junk Dealers.



Bing! Bang! Smash! Come early and bring your small change with you for there are going to be lots of real genuine bargains at our "Red Cross Bazaar," and Miss Hayes of the Hardening Dept. says at her booth, she is going to have such dainty gifts, that she'll have Vorenberg's skun a mile.

"Gosh! those darn Germans simply insist on giving us peace."—Sounds like Benny Frank again.

Sergeant "Bill" Daunt paid us a friendly visit a few days ago and we were glad to know that he recovered from the influenza. "Bill" formerly worked here as a toolmaker. His brother John Henry, a machinist, was also with us up to a few days ago when he left to join the Aviation.

Svea Gilbert's friends of the Leather Goods Dept. will be glad to hear she is recovering from an operation.

I think Inspector 3 should be warned to be careful about getting too near to beards, as they are germ carriers.

A SUGGESTION FOR STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS

EDITH B. CURLEY, *Advertising Dept.*

It has been customary for the stenographers and typists of our company, when writing letters, to make an original copy on a Gillette letterhead and two carbon copies on yellow second sheets.

The first carbon copy pinned to the customer's letters, were placed in the files, and the second carbon copy was collected each morning and passed to the heads of the various departments for perusal.

The executives of this company, wishing to comply with the request of our Government to conserve paper as much as possible, immediately saw there could be a great saving of paper in our letter writing.

Accordingly, the stenographers and typists were instructed to discontinue making a second carbon copy of each letter. This meant a great saving of paper as there are several hundred letters sent out each day.

Wishing to conserve still further, our executives decided to have us make the one carbon copy of our letter on the back of the customer's letter. In that way we have both communications together, thereby saving not only paper, but file space as well.

Some of the girls, myself included, have made the remark that in doing this it is necessary to write down the name and address of the party to whom the letter is to be written, as the paper on which this ap-

pears is in the typewriter and is almost impossible to see without twisting the papers about.

I have a suggestion to offer which I believe will alleviate this difficulty.

When placing the carbon paper over the back of the customer's letter, turn the customer's letter upside down and have the Gillette letterhead in the correct position. In this way you will be able to read the name and address without difficulty.

OFFICE STAFF AND HEADS OF PRODUCTION DEPARTMENTS OF "THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED" ATTEND THEATRE AS GUESTS OF THEIR CHIEF

Owing to the splendid showing made by the Company for the month of September and efforts put forth by the Staff, our Managing Director (Mr. A. A. Bittues) extended invitations to the Executive Office Staff, the Heads of the respective Production and Shipping Departments, to be his guests at the "Allen Theatre" on Friday evening, October 4th, to witness Mr. D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, "Hearts of the World," with the well known screen artists, Lillian and Dorothy Gish playing the leading roles. Our party numbered about seventy (70) in all, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bittues, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Flanagan, and other members of the Executive and Production Staffs.

During the intermission between acts 1 and 2, Mrs. A. A. Bittues was presented with a bouquet of American Beauty roses, "Walter" making the presentation in his usual polite manner.

FOOTLIGHTS

Between Acts 1 and 2 "Gillette" slides were thrown on the screen—so we got a little advertising on the s(l)ide.

This special invitation party must not be mistaken for a regular "Gillette Theatre Night." That will be arranged for later on, and be conducted on a larger scale altogether.

The young ladies who "raided" the Ice Cream Parlor at the corner of Green Avenue had another little party "all on their own."

Owing to the milk supply having run out, Mr. Marks had to be content with a "Banana Split."

Our Superintendent got delayed on the way home owing to the mechanism of his "Rolls Royce" (?) misbehaving itself.



TO WILLIAM F. BOUSHELL

By FRANK GLASSETT, 4 "D"

You'll be doing a real man's work Bill,
Go do it with all your might,
Help drive from the face of the earth Bill,
The rule that might makes right.

We know you'll be on the job Bill,
Be you fighting the Hun or Turk,
Like the millions of boys there now Bill,
You will never lay down or shirk.

So go with your Uncle Sam, Bill,
And with the help of Him, up there,
You'll come back to home and friend Bill,
Wearing the Croix de Guerre.

U. S. & CO.

Gillette's are all the go
Gillette's are in the draft,
Gillette's are in the front line
Also in the last.

Gillette's are the little shaver
That we do not have to strop,
And many thousands of them
Our Uncle Sam has bought.

He bought them for his soldiers
That they may be on the spot
To fight the pirates gas-filled shells
And keep the Huns on the trot.

Gillette's they are being made
From sunrise until sunset
And many busy hands are working
Hard, for Uncle Sam you bet.

But our workers do not murmur
And say it can't be done,
They know their Uncle needs them
And needs them every one.

But they work all the harder,
And know it to be true
That they can help him win the war
With a Thrift Stamp or two.

They come from all directions
In the morning's early light
To work in Gillette factories
And help U. S. win the fight.

And when their work is over
They all join in and say
That the country that says never
Is the dear old U. S. A.

Now will there ever be a spot
Where the Stars and Stripes can't fly?
Not while there are millions
For their flag they'd give their lives.

You can travel this world over
Yes, travel on forever
But you'll always find the Stars and Stripes
And the Gillette together.

Contributed by E. R. W.,
Handle Press Dept.

EVERYONE'S DUTY IN THE WAR

JOHN F. McAVOY, *Electrical Dept.*

When you look at our Service Flag, which you have doubtless done many times, do you realize what all those stars stand for, or do you simply get the impression that one hundred and twenty-three boys have put on Khaki or joined the Navy.

Just close your eyes and let your thoughts wander "Overseas" and you will see the word sacrifice written across that flag, with each of those stars shining through the letters like diamonds.

During some of the extremely hot days of the past summer when it would have been much more comfortable to have remained away from work, Gillette co-workers unselfishly stuck to their tasks that the necessary razors could be shipped across to our boys.

In an effort to alleviate the conditions, the Company purchased one hundred and fifty electric fans which were installed throughout the buildings.

They have also installed eight large Exhaust Fans on the top floor of "A" and "B" Buildings, and two large Exhaust Fans in the Buffing Room, which are driven by a 35 H. P. Motor, two small ones on the fifth floor Building "D," and four small ones on the fifth floor Building "B." These fans draw all the bad air out and keep the air freshly circulated in these rooms.



Mr. Garbarino is the proud father of a young son. Sunday, November 3rd. Charles Andrew.

One of our reporters—C. J.—is wearing a wrist watch. She had a birthday last week. How about it, "Mac"?

We hope that the Bazaar and Dance to be held for the Gillette Unit of the Red Cross will be a great success. The Buffing Department's booth will be one of the big features.

Why does Joe Boyle like to pass through the Set Packing Room? "Nuff sed, Joe." How about it, Elma?

Everyone was glad to see Lieut. E. F. Ward, who was here on a short stay from Pennsylvania.

Charles Brickley has nothing on Anna Donovan when it comes to making a mad rush for Government cases.

Everyone in the Stropping Department is busy for the Red Cross Bazaar to be held early in December. They seem very much interested, and, by all reports now, it is going to be a great success.

Don't forget the Red Cross Bazaar on December 7th, 1918. Remember that money given to that noble cause is money given to our own boys "over there," and "God loveth a cheerful giver." We all know that the American Red Cross is the greatest mother to our boys. So let us go over the top, as with them.

A GOOD REPUTATION

They're telling a good one on Thomas W. Pelham, general counsel and sales-manager for the Gillette razor people. It seems Mr. Pelham had gone in heavily on Liberty Bonds during the recent drive. He had subscribed several times in Hull, his summer residence, and likewise in Brookline, his winter home. He had "come in" to help bring his company up to the 100 per cent. mark, and last, but not least, had "come in" several times at gatherings of men where the slogan was, "I'll take so many bonds, if ten others will." Day after drive was over he sat down to breakfast in one of the uptown hotels. The waiter stood by him, while Mr. Pelham bent over the card in deep thought. Finally, waiter said, "Well, sir, what is it to be this morning?" As though wakening from a trance, Mr. Pelham replied rather absent-mindedly, "I'll take ham and eggs if ten others will."

—*Boston Traveler*, Oct. 30, 1918.

Mr. J. T. Ashbrooke, Advertising Manager, and Mr. J. Frank Rebeck, Assistant Sales Manager, have returned from a month's trip, during which time they met the entire force of Gillette salesmen and interviewed the jobbing trade east of the Rocky Mountains.

The members of the Grinding Department are looking forward with great interest to the coming Red Cross Bazaar. One and all they are co-operating and working with great zeal to make it a complete success. With such unity they will enable their friends to spend an enjoyable evening. At their booth will be found various useful articles from which anyone would be pleased to choose their Christmas gifts.

For the past week the girls of the Grinding Room have been wearing the new uniform adopted by the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Being of a very neat type, it has added marked improvement to the appearances of the room.

Save the crumb
And you save the loaf,
And you save the wheat.
Save the wheat
And you save the ships.
Save the ships
And you save the men.
Save the men
On land and sea, and then
You save your country.





Salesman's Department



MRS. TRAVELLING MAN,
Anywhere.

DEAR MADAM:—

The travelling man is in a peculiar position.

He has no home life, merely spending week ends, if fortunate enough, with his family.

His days are spent among strangers, the friends he has on the road being business friends only.



MR. PROUTY

This picture of Mr. Prouty was taken on a cold day in Boston. He is blessed with a territory similar to Mr. Crawford's and can route himself according to the suit he happens to put on in the morning. Mr. Prouty is the star contributor to the Salesmen's Department of "The Blade."

Now orders are what he is after. On the number of them and their size depends his salary. And on the size of the orders depends the company's ability to pay his salary.

The salary no doubt interests you. A prominent writer on business matters said in a recent article "that any travelling man's wife could make or break him." True of any man but especially travelling men.

Therefore, I make bold to offer some suggestions to the wives of our front "trench" men as to how they can help.

See that he goes to bed early the night before he has to catch the early morning train. He needs a wide-awake brain to secure the orders he is going after. He will

have to be up early—see that he has a hot breakfast before he goes.

Greek restaurants and station lunch rooms give a man indigestion. And diet is not good for him either. Bid him a cheerful good-bye and wish him good luck. You may not feel like it at that time in the morning, but take Hamlet's advice to his mother and "assume a virtue if you have it not."

Write to him frequently. When he comes down to breakfast in the morning facing the usual greasy, sloppy food of the average hotel and finds a cheerful, chatty, gossipy letter from home, he can begin the day better.

Tell him anything that is cheerful. That the baby has a new tooth or how you are going to fix that new dress, or anything you would have told when you were courting.

Do not write him about your troubles. If you need him at home wire him, but do not worry him about the little things. He has troubles of his own.

Encourage him to stay out until the trip is finished.

Rejoice with him when he is mopping up and sympathize with him when he has had a poor trip. He gets no sympathy on the road.

This is absolutely impersonal, merely some suggestions that will help.

Increased sales mean increased profits. They mean increased income for you. We are equally interested.

Respectfully submitted,
C. I. PROUTY.

PLUCKY

Contributed by

LESLIE J. FAHEY, *Sales Department*

Soldiers as a rule are plucky fellows when wounded. This story is told of one:

He came in on a stretcher—face all



MR. CRAWFORD

At three cents a mile, to say nothing of Pullman sleepers, it would take a whole week's salary to visit Mr. Crawford. Winter does not bother him at all. In cold weather he can travel down around the bathing girls' territory at Venice—and when it's hot he simply switches his route to the snow-clad peaks of Oregon.



MR. DRISCOLL

When Mr. Driscoll of New York meets his fellow salesmen at the convention he'll be able to tell a story about the installation of a cutlery department in one of New York's most exclusive stores, which resulted in a \$1,600 Gillette order.

sentence to a barber shop is right—a Gillette would be too good for Kaiser Bill:—

When peace has been declared it will not be complete unless Bill Hohenzollern has been sentenced to a barber shop and suffers the removal of those mustachios. Those upturned soup-strainers more than anything else typify the spirit of Prussianism. Remove those nasal wind-chimes and it will be as if a chip had been removed from his shoulder.

CHEER UP!

Contributed by
J. W. STEWART

You have two chances, one of being drafted and one of not;

And if you are drafted, you have two chances,

One of going to France, and one of not going to France;

And if you go to France, you have two chances,

One of being shot and one of not being shot.

And if you are shot you have two chances,

One of dying and one of not dying,

And if you die you still have two chances.



MR. WILLIAMS

They make more automobiles in Mr. Williams' territory than in any other section of the world. They are almost as numerous as the Gillette razors Mr. Williams has sold.

bruised and swollen, eyes protruding, all full of mud and bits of stone. There wasn't an inch of his body without its own bruise or cut.

He'd been standing in a muddy place and a big obus had plumped into the ground just in front of him, and then, from a couple of feet down, had gone off and up. As he opened his eyes the doctor said to him: "You must have had a pretty rough passage."

He replied: "Nothing in it, sir—nuthing in it. I'll be all right after I've had a shave."

Detroit Free Press

CAN THE FOLIAGE

Mr. Stewart sends in the following item with the suggestion that a

SHAVINGS AND SAVINGS

In an effort to boom the sale of thrift stamps, the War Savings Society *Bulletin* of the Prudential Insurance Co., has this to say about the Gillette Razor:

"Just putting the finishing touches on a head-barber shave with our trusty Gillette this morning we got figuring up how much we had saved in the fifteen years since we first wielded a safety razor. At fifteen cents a trip, plus a ten-cent gratuity, 360 times a year (generally wake up too late the other five days per annum) the sum total is \$1,350.

"Don't ask us where it is; we couldn't show even the price of last week's tonsorial trimming. But, after this, watch us pay ourselves spot cash for the 'once over,' drop the quarter in the W. S. S. slot and eventually have enough big stamps to paper a small room. OH, WHY DIDN'T THEY INVENT W. S. S. SOONER?"

A PREFERRED INVESTMENT

Mr. William S. D'Arcy, 155 Cleveland Avenue, Trenton, N. J., a confirmed Gillette booster, considers a Gillette Razor a big investment. Mr. D'Arcy sends in the following figures to back up his claims:

Sept. 14th, 1907—Cost of Gillette Razor \$5.00—52 weeks in a year, shaving 3 times a week—156 shaves. Total of shaves in 11 years' use of the Gillette, 1,716 shaves, averaging 20 cents each, cost would be \$343.20.

Try this yourself and invest in W. S. S.

GOLF

Contributed by HARRY OKUN, 4 "D"
"Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look, he knows us—ain't he queer?"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child."
"He's my father? No such thing.
Father died away last spring."
"Father didn't die, you dub,
Father joined a golfing club.
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him—he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."



MR. GREFE

Over in little old New York, Mr. Grefe holds sway. Mr. Grefe hasn't written anything for the Salesmen's Department of "The Blade" as yet, but this picture is published against the time when he does.



Sharp Edges



The manager of any part of a big business is an important citizen, if he only knows it, and *only if he does not know it too well.*

The man who depends on "grand-stand" plays or "four-flushes" is bound to be "called" sooner or later.

Executive ability of the effective kind comes from actual experience, *plus* qualifications, and the lack of neither the qualifications nor the experience may be made up for by any sort of theorizing, nor by the study of rules and "systems."

One of the first rules by which to test an executive is to find out how much supervision he requires in his own work.

The manager who does not make much of his department is usually the one who "plumes and preens" himself whenever some small success is scored; but who, when he fails, is prone to look around for excuses, and, like every other failure, to put the blame anywhere except where it belongs—on himself.

Many men seem to think that the way to get rid of an undesirable place is to fill it so poorly that they will be transferred to something better. What poor logic. Fill your place so absolutely well that your employer will know that you would fill a bigger job equally as well.

I once recommended an exceptionally capable man to a large organization. The executive, impressed with the man's knowledge, ability and experience, indicated that an important position would be given him. Nothing, however, resulted. "We checked him up carefully," the executive later explained to me, "and found that he is a hard man to get along with. We can use only teamworkers here."

Business never meant more than it does today. It never needed more men of sterling character. There is room in it for the best brains, skill and moral worth of the country.

He who would take all and give none, he who cannot rise to the give-and-take level, can never hope to become a genuine teamworker.

The man who treats his trade as mere opportunity of making money, without taking into account the service of that trade to men or its relation to the totality of social activities, is as truly anti-social in his spirit and methods as an anarchist. Such a man breaks society into selfish fragments, and turns commerce into vulgar bartering.
—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

If you will always hunt for a man's merits you'll be surprised how few faults you find in him.

Pull may get an opportunity, but only Push can keep it.

Successful men make mistakes, but unsuccessful men repeat them.

You might as well strike out for yourself and have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried, than to have some pinch-hitter strike out for you.

The first step in the accomplishment of a task is the beginning thereof.

The woman who cannot go "over there" can send a good substitute out of her flour barrel.

A good husband is only a good son grown up.

No matter how long an account has been running, do not let it stand long.

No cold-cream cosmetic will keep away wrinkles so successfully as the milk of human kindness.

So conduct yourself that when the greater opportunity knocks you shall be alert and ready to respond, knowing that you shall have the good wishes and confidence of those who have known you as employee, fellow-worker or salesman.



SELECTIONS IN
PROSE and POETRY
for
GILLETTE READERS



EDITED BY A
FRIEND of all
GILLETTE WORKERS

YOU CAN'T CHANGE A CENT

Sometimes a guilty man escapes because he is so small that he goes right through the net.

NO USE

"Why are you so bitter against Uncle Nebuchadnezzar?"

"He lost his money shortly after we named the baby for him."

UNKNOWN

She (with a languorous look): "Have you ever known what it is to love?"

He: "I have loved, but I have never known what it is."

DREADFUL

Her: "Great Heavens! My worst fears are realized!"

Him: "What on earth's the matter?"

Her: "I've got a telegram—"

Him: "Yes—yes! What does it say?"

Her: "I don't know. I haven't dared to open it yet!"

LAWYER'S TROUBLES

"Why are you trying to get a jury of blondes?"

"Hardly know myself. First case I ever tried before a jury of women. My client, as you see, is a yellow-haired dame, and she seems to think that brunettes have a grudge against blondes."

METHOD

"What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts?" asked the man who was being shaved. "I've said 'yes' three times and it hasn't made any difference."

"No," answered the barber, "I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em wants honing."

IGNORANT

Smith (at the club): "Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything!"

The Scotch Member: "Young man, did ye ever have the D. T.'s?"

Smith: "D. T.'s! Great Scot, no!"

The Scotch Member: "Then, ye've seen nowt."

HER FATE

Belle: "I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Nellie: "Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet."

BAD LUCK

Motionless Mike: "Arry, d'yer see that 'ere purse?"

Immovable Arry: "Yus."

Motionless Mike: "Ain't it just our luck ter 'ave our 'ands in our pockets?"

TOLD HER

"Daughter, do you think that young fellow is the man for you?"

"Oh, I know it, papa."

"How do you know it?"

"He told me so himself."

THE MAIDEN'S PURSE

She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jewelled hand,
And hurled a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, bold brigand;
And when the Copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there.

A pencilled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A hairpin (bent),
A copper cent,
A buttonhook
With a broken crook,
A safety pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet bag.

These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the Copper sneeze
She thanked him and with sprightly ease
Tripped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.



NOSE TOO

Wife: "Our new maid has sharp ears."
 Hub: "I notice that the doors are all scratched up around the keyholes."

HE KNEW 'EM

Henderson: "Some men claim to understand women."
 Henpeck: "They are mostly single fellows."

ADVANTAGE

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?"
 "You bet! I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value."

WHAT HE WANTED

Clerk: "Do you want a narrow man's comb?"
 Customer (gravely): "No; I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

AWFUL

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the light, I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"

THEY MIGHT BE SNARKS

Old Man: "What are you fishing for, Sonny?"
 Sonny: "Snigs."
 Old Man: "What are snigs?"
 Sonny: "I don't know, I ain't never caught any yet."

THE SECRET OF THE KEELY MOTOR

The *New York World* has had an interview with Keely, the mysterious motor man. The inventor very frankly told the reporter the whole modus operandi of his wonderful discovery. Here is the pith of the whole matter as divulged by Mr. Keely himself:

"There is a triple sympathetic order of vibration diverting the positive and negative currents to one general polarized centre; this rotary action is continuous when sympathetically associated with the polar stream."

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Keely is his plain, blunt way of saying a thing, so that any gump can understand it. We see no reason why any man cannot make a motor that will mote as well as Keely's.

Note.—The above is twenty-five or more years old. History often repeats itself and it may be that Mr. Borglum's expenseless source of power might be accounted for in a similar manner.—W. E. N.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

To live content with small means;
 To seek elegance rather than luxury,
 Refinement rather than fashion;
 To be worthy, not simply respectable;
 And wealthy, not simply rich;
 To study hard, think quietly,
 Talk gently, act frankly;
 To listen with open heart to birds and stars,
 To babes and sages;
 To bear all cheerfully; do all bravely;
 Await occasions, never hurry,—
 In a word, to let the spiritual life
 Grow up through and above the common,—
 This is The Symphony of Life.

WORTHY OF A THOUGHT

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies;—
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

TENNYSON

Note.—These lines contain a far-reaching truth. If we knew all about the plant, the nature of its life, its substances and its processes of growth, not only in themselves but in their relationships to all else, we should then hold the key to all knowledge. It is a beautiful and poetical expression of a deep thought.

—W. E. N.

SIGNIFICANT IN THESE TIMES

Note.—Although the letter of President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby has appeared many times in public print, it is such a masterpiece of expression, so characteristic of the tender hearted writer and also in keeping with much of the world's thought at the present time, that it is here presented.—W. E. N.

Washington, Nov. 21st, 1865.

MRS. BIXBY,

Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM:—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming.

But I cannot refrain from tending you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN

Note.—In Shakespeare's play of "Measure for Measure," Claudio has been condemned by the judge to death. The ruler of the realm is investigating the affairs of the country in the disguise of a monk. He visits Claudio in prison, questions him and then endeavors to console him and fortify him against his approaching end. There is much food for thought in his disquisition.—W. E. N.

Act III, Scene I.

CLAUDIO. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyeey influences
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Thou hast nor youth nor
age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Gillette Red Cross Unit No. 112

BAZAAR AND DANCE

Saturday
Dec. 7th



Afternoon
and
Evening

Macallen Building, Dorchester Ave.

Useful and pretty articles suitable for
Christmas gifts on sale at the booths.

Gypsy Fortune-Tellers will reveal
your past, present and future.

Ice Cream and Cake.

Dancing, 9 to 12.

Many other interesting features.

Proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of
material needed in the making of surgical
dressings by the Gillette Red Cross Unit.

Come one! Come all!