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THE DISSTON CRUCIBLE

January

1919



NEW YORK: THE DISSTON COMPANY

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DISSTON SAWS

THE DISSTON CRUCIBLE

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THIS PICTURE OF A FAMOUS POPLAR TREE WAS FURNISHED BY
JOS. ECHSTEIN LUMBER CO., OF JASPER, INDIANA. SEE PAGE 182

THE DISSTON CRUCIBLE

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLMAN

VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1919

No. 12

EDITORIAL CHAT

RECONSTRUCTION

DESPITE the great calamity and wide destruction caused by the long, ruthless war, the world moves on. The devastated areas must be rebuilt, and the requirements of humanity supplied.

To the farseeing and thoughtful, who broadly view and consider conditions, past, present and looking to the future, there can be but one conclusion—the demand for material and supplies will be greater than ever.

Quoting from an article by Mr. Dudley Bartlett, of the Commercial Museums: “Knowing the energy and industry of the people as we do, we cannot doubt that out of all this desolation will rise new factories, that roads will be repaired and buildings, both public and private, re-erected. The demands for iron and steel, cement, lumber, machinery, tools and all kinds of equipment will be enormous, even if they be much less than many prophesy. Pennsylvania, outranking all other States in the production of the great essentials—ought to be able to supply a large proportion of the raw material and manufactured and semi-manufactured products that will be used in replacing old and, possibly, in the inauguration of new industries.

“Building materials of all kinds, looms for textile mills, machine tools for the iron and steel working plants, factory equipment of every nature, agricultural implements and machinery for the cultivation of the land, coal mining machinery, road-building machinery, foods in great variety, builders’ hardware, textiles, leather, wearing apparel—in fact, nearly everything that a civilized community needs—Pennsylvania can supply.

“No State in the Union has such diversified industries and no country in the world can, upon demand, supply such a varied assortment of manufactures. It is not a question of the State’s ability to supply—but rather one of the nature of the demand that will be made upon it and the alertness of its manufacturers in ascertaining and meeting those demands—or better still—in forseeing and providing for the demand when it shall come. This is, after all, the crux of the situation.”

*Quality
Sells*

Four Sins Soldiers Say They Hate

You may be surprised when you find out what they are

By FRED B. SMITH in the *American Magazine*

[CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER ISSUE]

AS I see it, immorality, drunkenness and gambling cannot live side by side with courage, unselfishness, generosity and humility. The more you study this set of standards your boys have placed before them, the more you will be amazed by the unerring way in which they have picked out the great essentials of character. War strips the veneer from life. And just because they are soldiers, these young men have instinctively left the surface things go, and have found the influences beneath which mould that surface.

I don't claim that every man in the American Army has these standards. The draft is a great net which has drawn together more than two million men of all classes, all degrees of education. They are not angels! Some of them are far from it. But the code which is here given does express the prevailing sentiment in that human mass which makes up our army in France.

What they hate most is cowardice. To show a streak of yellow is the thing they despise and cannot excuse. Before they have had the chance to prove themselves, many of them secretly wonder whether THEY are going to be "yellow," whether they are going to stand the test. To be a coward is the lowest depth to which they can sink. But this is because cowardice in a soldier is *complete failure*; because it is being false to himself and his fellowmen. It is being a traitor to every obligation. That is what cowardice means to a soldier, and if you put the same analysis to work in your life, or in mine, you will admit that "To be a traitor to every obligation" is pretty comprehensive. It is, indeed, the worst sin of which anyone can be guilty.

Here is one experience which seems to me a striking example of the way the soldiers feel about cowardice. One evening I arrived at a place close behind the fighting line, and found the whole camp in the greatest excitement. It was plain even to a new arrival that something extraordinary had happened. The men were talking in little groups, the officers looked concerned, and the place was fairly electric with some undercurrent, which I couldn't understand until I found out that one of the companies had mutinied! A very serious matter, and one which, knowing our men and the conditions in our army, I found almost incredible.

But here is the explanation: Not long before this company had been ordered into the front line, and a junior officer, who was in command, had requested his superiors for a delay. As a result, the company was not sent in. The men knew nothing of this at the time. But they found out about it later, and they interpreted the officer's action to mean that *he was afraid*.

Now it is possible that he had some other reason for making this request. But, however that may be, the men decided that he was scared, that when the time came for him to go into danger—and it *was* dangerous where they would have gone—he had turned yellow. So when they received the order to go in this next time they simply refused to do it with that man as their leader. They wouldn't fight under a coward—a man they suspected, whether rightly or wrongly, of being afraid. They themselves were perfectly willing to go anywhere—but not with a man who was yellow. To their belief, he had been guilty of the worst sin of which a soldier is capable. That man could never again command those soldiers. He was transferred, as I happen to know, and another officer placed in command.

FOUR SINS SOLDIERS SAY THEY HATE

Examples of cowardice, or even of suspected cowardice, are rare. Stories of courage and of the men's respect for it are common. It is almost their fetish.

Then také the second sin on the list: selfishness. The night we gave the cards to the fifty men just back from fighting, one of them stood up, after I had explained what we wanted them to do, and said:

"I know who is the best man in my regiment!"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted him, "this isn't going to be a talking affair. Not just yet, at any rate. We want you to write the things on the cards."

"Oh," the other men called out, "let him say what he's got to say."

So I told him to go ahead.

"Well," he said, "when we were going in the other night, on our way to the trenches, I forgot my blanket. It was darned cold, too. You fellows know that. And it looked to me like I was going to freeze out there. But when my pal found out the fix I was in, instead of guying me for being such a fool as to forget my stuff, he took out his knife and cut his own blanket in two and gave me half of it. I don't know whether that's what the preachers would call being good—but it's good enough for me!"

That boy wanted to put unselfishness at the top of the list. And all of them, without exception, have come to appreciate it as they never did before. There is more unselfishness along the battle line in France than anywhere else in the world. The way they help one another to endure discomfort, loneliness, suffering, danger is a splendid and beautiful thing. They have learned—and we are learning from them—not only the duty of one human being to help another, but also the joy and satisfaction that come with doing it.

Then comes "Generosity" and its opposite, "Stinginess." They may seem much the same, respectively, as unselfishness and selfishness, but they are really very different. Generosity is the giving of material things without involving special sacrifice; whereas unselfishness may not cost anything in money or material things, but be paid for in discomfort, or in suffering of body or spirit. The boys quite rightly put unselfishness higher than mere generosity; but they have a whole-souled dislike for a "tightwad," a chap that won't divide his "chow" with a comrade, that won't share his smokes, that tries to grab the best of everything, and to hang on to everything he has. And they are perfectly right. There is something fundamentally wrong with a stingy man, and they know it.

When I found that they had put "modesty" fourth in the list, I was genuinely amazed. I think that surprised me more than anything else. But I soon found out that the soldiers hate a braggart; they can't stand a "blow-hard." I had a personal experience with a case of that sort which made a great impression on me: When I went to France I had a book full of names of boys whose parents or friends on this side had asked me to look them up if I had the chance. Among them was the name of a certain young man I had known very well over here; so when I found myself one evening at the point where his regiment was stationed, I hunted him up, as I did dozens of others.

I found him alone in his billet; and the moment I went in I saw that something was decidedly wrong with him, for he was sitting there, staring straight before him, with so strained and abnormal a look in his eyes that I was simply shocked.

I tried to find out what was the matter, but couldn't get anything out of him. Even when he found that I had seen his folks just before I left America, he did not rouse from his brooding and depression. So I finally went out and hunted up a friend of his whom I also knew.

FOUR SINS SOLDIERS SAY THEY HATE

"What's the matter with ——?" I asked.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. Just a little down in the mouth."

And that was all the satisfaction I could get from him. A few minutes later I met the captain of their company, and I asked him the same question.

"Well," he said, "I wish you'd tell me! I can't make out what's wrong. He has been doing good work. His record is fine. He hasn't been up for a reprimand or anything of that sort. I don't know what to think about him, but I do know that he is in a very morbid state, and I'm worried about him."

Well, I was, too! I couldn't get him out of my mind. I was afraid he would do something desperate. So I hunted up his friend again and said:

"See here! You know what's wrong with that boy, and you've got to tell me. I know him and I know his folks back home. He's in trouble of some sort and I want to find out what it is. Now, out with it!"

"Well——" he hesitated; then he blurted out, "it's just this: the fellows are down on him. They don't like him and they won't have anything to do with him."

"But why?" I demanded.

"Oh, they think he is a blow-hard. He's done some good work, you see, and he's kind of gone around bragging a bit; and—well, the fellows won't stand for that."

I'm glad to say that we got the boy out with the crowd that night—he had been brooding by himself until he was almost desperate—and the next morning I had the satisfaction of getting a cheery "good-by" and a parting wave from him as he left with his company. But it was a revelation to me of the iron hand with which those soldiers punish vanity and boastfulness. However, I have seen also the wonderful way in which they react to simplicity and unaffectedness. They admire courage and heroism. But when it is coupled with modesty and simplicity they really adore the man who shows these qualities. (*To be Continued*)

A BIG POPLAR

THE frontispiece shows a famous poplar tree, which was located within three miles of Jasper, Indiana, where is located the Jos. Echstein Lumber Company by whom it was cut down and sawed.

Some idea of the size of this tree will be gained from the information given us by Mr. J. B. Keith, whom we quote as follows:

"This tree made six fourteen feet logs, five of which were clear. The top of butt log measured forty-one inches in diameter. The tree made forty-five hundred feet of lumber.

"Jos. Echstein Lumber Company is operating a six foot Band Mill, Band Rip, also Circular Rip and Cut Off Saws, and make a specialty of manufacturing Indiana Timber.

"Mr. Echstein is manager of the mill and Mr. Edward Schuler is filer. Most of the saws in the mill are DISSTON SAWS, and Mr. Schuler states he has always had very satisfactory results from DISSTON SAWS."

AN IDEAL PLACE

This description was given by a lecturer on the "Seeing San Francisco" wagon, and was repeated to us by one of our representatives:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Presidio Terrace. There is more wealth to the square inch in this little hillside street than in any other place in the whole world. The blades of grass have green backs; the birds in the air have bills; every flower here has a scent, and each tree has its roots in a bank. The people use diamond tires on their cars. Yet every summer they go away to get a little change."

A Well-Known Combination of Names
OTIS—MAHOGANY

TO say "mahogany" without thinking of the Otis Manufacturing Company, of New Orleans, would be difficult for those interested in the mahogany business, because the Otis Manufacturing Company has been for over fifty years a prime factor in the manufacture of mahogany lumber.

Once before in these pages we illustrated this plant, but we have some recent pictures of the operation which will undoubtedly be as interesting to our readers as they are to us, because this is and always has been a most interesting and unique sawing plant, cutting as they do over three and one-half million feet per month, or approximately fifty million feet a year, with an output probably exceeding in value that of any other lumber manufacturing plant under one roof in the world.

This remarkable business is under the direction of Mr. Frank G. Otis, President and General Manager, and Mr. Clem Barthe, Superintendent, both of whom give all of their very intelligent attention to perfecting this plant, which grows in efficiency from month to month, and is of constantly increasing interest to the visitor.

Four to six steamers are employed to bring logs, mostly from British Honduras, each steamer load being kept separately in their log boom in the Mississippi River. This boom rarely contains less than a million dollars' worth of mahogany logs.

Approximately 95 per cent. of their cuttings at present consists of 1-inch mahogany boards of Government stock. The British Admiralty buys very largely from this mill in "The City that Care Forgot."

A glance at the illustrations will give you an idea of the character of mahogany logs cut, of the band-sawing machines which are cutting these logs, and of the method of piling the lumber in the yards, each of these piles being valued at from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars.

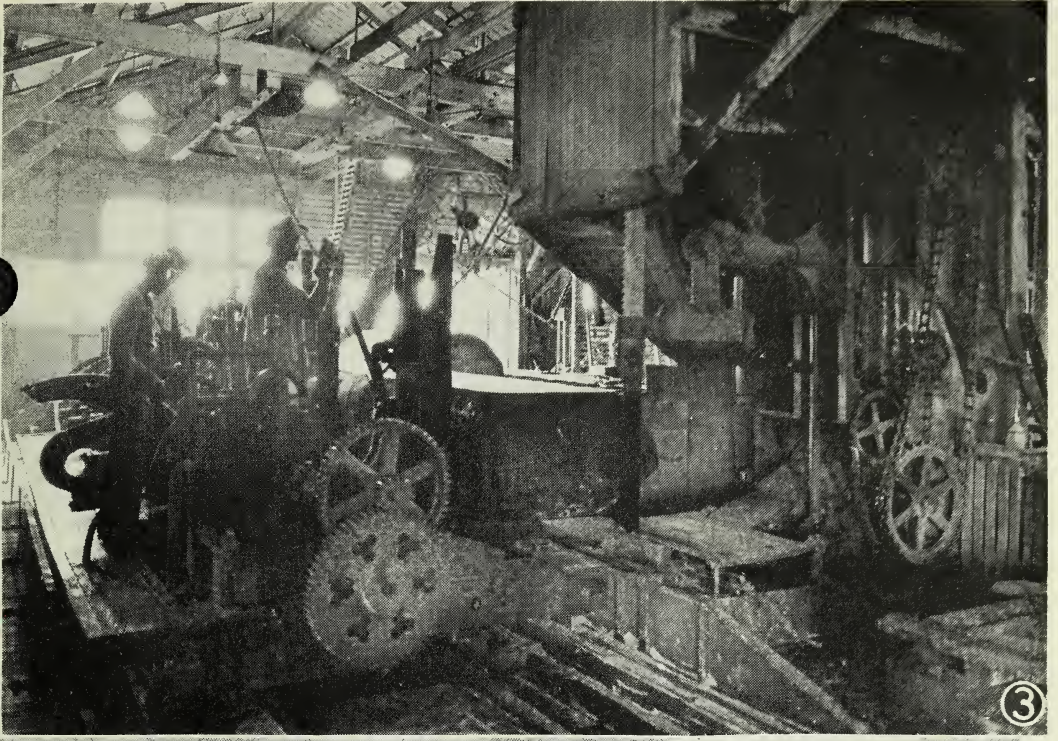
The value of a mahogany log will be better appreciated when one realizes that it takes at least one hundred years to grow a mahogany tree that is fit to cut at all, and then they rarely find more than one tree on an acre of ground.

Besides the two band mills shown in the illustration there are two smaller band mills of an unusual type. The two larger mills first "break down" the logs with 10-inch band saws 16 gauge, then pass "cants" to the smaller specially designed mills, which are equipped with veneer carriages to gain accuracy in sawing. The saws on the smaller mills are 10-inch wide 19 gauge, thus saving valuable stock, which otherwise would go into sawdust.

Instead of using circular saws on the "edger table," as is customary in most mills, the edgers in this mill are band saws, and after each board



SCENES AT THE MILL OF THE OTIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY



NG CO., NEW ORLEANS, LA. SEE PAGES 183-186

A WELL-KNOWN COMBINATION OF NAMES

is cut it passes to the hands of an expert grader, who lays out each particular board for the edger and trimmer, exactly the same as a tailor would lay out the cloth for a suit of clothes.

This is a very important item in the successful operation of a mahogany mill, because a miss of one-sixteenth of an inch on edging these boards would cost the mill at least thirty thousand dollars a year.

One of these illustrations also contains a view of the Band Saw Log Deck Cut-Off Machine. A circular saw in this position would waste more lumber than the Otis Manufacturing Company would care to pay for, and the introduction of this band saw cutting-off machine has been quite an acquisition to the mill.

In the Filing Room four expert filers are employed. There are fifty-two band saws required a day of twenty-four hours' work for this mill, and each saw has to be put into the very "pink of condition," because no mis-cuts are tolerated.

Under the able management of Mr. Clem Barthe this mill runs all the time, and it ACTUALLY RUNS, for in two and a half years it has only lost eighteen minutes' time on account of engine trouble or other breakdowns. This is what might safely be termed "100 per cent. efficiency."

The engine operating this plant has a regular factory rating of two hundred and eighty-eight horsepower, but through improvements placed on it by Mr. Barthe it is developing five hundred horsepower. In view of the fact that so little time has been lost through engine trouble in the last two and a half years, it is certain that these changes substantially increased the efficiency of the engine.

The main floor, as well as the lower floor of the mill, is of solid mahogany, an extraordinary thing for sawmill floors.

Mr. Frank G. Otis's private office is built of solid mahogany, and the wood was taken from one log of a very beautiful pattern. It is indeed one of the handsomest offices the writer has ever had the pleasure of visiting. The mahogany in it is dark, rich in color and is, of course, often used as an example to demonstrate what effects may be obtained by the use of good mahogany in an office or a living-room.

The firm has very little trouble with employees. They have a system of payment that seems to keep the five hundred employees happy, and they have a lunch-room connected with the establishment at which they furnish meals at less than cost. When other people during the war time were howling for labor, this mill was able to run on steadily, and this again speaks of the efficiency of the management.

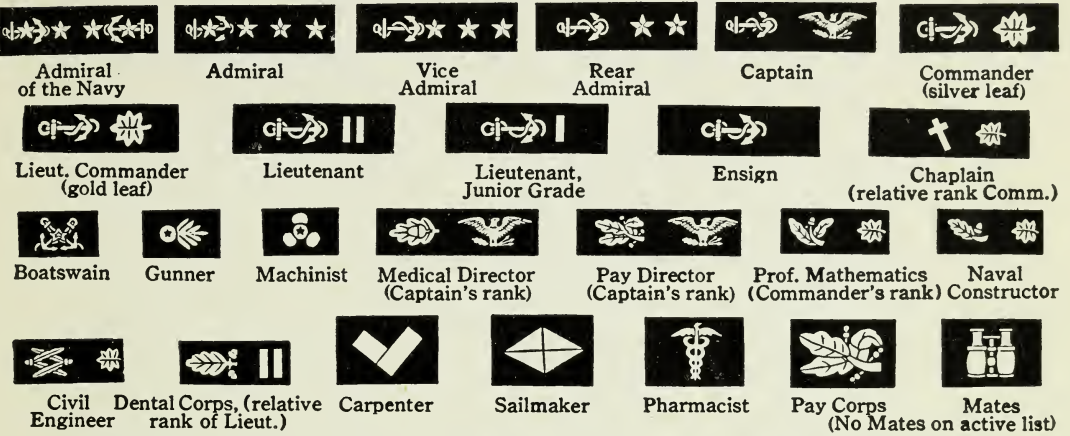
We offer our congratulations to the Otis Manufacturing Company for what they have done, and it pleases us greatly to be able to say that in this mill of such high efficiency DISSTON SAWS are used almost exclusively.

*Quality
Sells*

DISTINGUISHING MARKS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY

[CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER ISSUE]

Officers' Collar (Silver) Devices—Worn on Blue Service Blouses



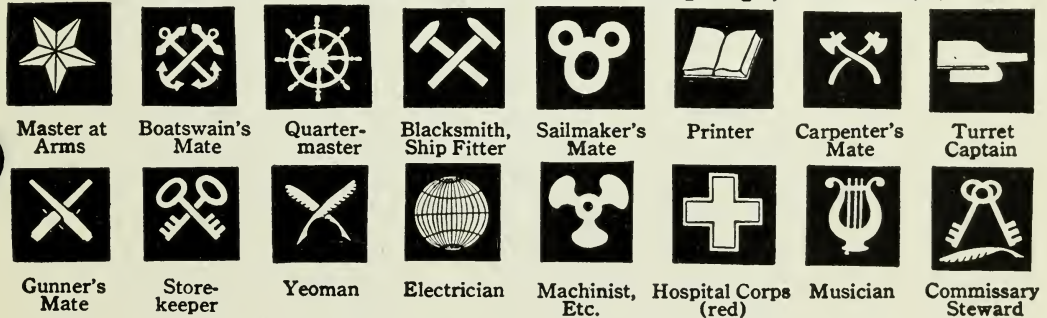
Officers' Sleeve (Gold) Devices—Worn on Blue Service Blouses

Following branches wear colors between gold braid on shoulder marks and sleeves: Medical, maroon; Pay C., white; Prof. Mathematics, green; Naval Constructor, violet; Civil Engineer, blue; Dental C., orange. Chaplains wear black braid.



Petty Officers' Distinguishing Sleeve Marks

These Marks take their places above chevron bars in Rating Badges, as shown below.



COURTESY OF UNITED CIGAR STORES CO. OF AMERICA

TAKE HIM WITH YOU

Take him with you when you go,
Let the little fellow know
Proper sports and proper joys,
Be a comrade of the boy's.
Take him swimming, now and then,
Let him learn the ways of men;
Take your Sunday walk with him,
Seriously talk with him,
Teach him how to be a man,
Take him with you when you can.
Never days were quite so glad
As the bygone days I had
Chumming with the Father, kind,
In the years that stretch behind.
Even now in dreams I see
Happy hours he promised me;
Eagerly I'd wait the day
Hand-in-hand we'd walk away;
Even at his office grim,
I was proud to be with him.
More than pleasure fine, it meant,
When somewhere with him I went;
Little things I couldn't see
Father pointed out to me;
Showed me men erect and true,
And sometimes the false ones, too.
And the while we walked along,
Talked with me of right and wrong,
And for all the years to be
Opened wide his soul with me.
Take him with you when you go,
Teach him what you'd have him know,
Let him have the joys you knew
When you owned a Father, too;
Walk with him and let him find
What is hidden in your mind.
Talk with him of men and things,
He will need your counselings.
Take him with you when you can,
Teach him how to be a man. —*Edgar A. Guest.*

SECRETARY McADOO ON WAR INSURANCE

FROM AMERICANIZATION BULLETIN, DECEMBER 1, 1918

THE following statement has been officially issued by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo with respect to War Insurance to men in the Army and Navy:

I desire to remind all America's soldiers and sailors that it is their opportunity and their privilege to keep up their insurance with the United States Government after the war has officially terminated and even after they have returned to civil life.

More than 4,000,000 officers and men of the army and navy are now insured with the United States Government through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department. The grand total of insurance is more than \$36,000,000,000.

ANNUAL TERM INSURANCE

In its present form this insurance is annual renewable term insurance at net peace rates, issued against death and total permanent disability. Under the provisions of the war-risk insurance act every person holding this insurance may keep it up in this form even after he leaves the service for a period of five years. All that is necessary is the regular payment of premiums.

Moreover, the law provides that not later than five years after the termination of the war, as declared by Presidential proclamation, the term insurance shall be converted, without medical examination, into such form or forms of insurance as may be prescribed by regulations and as the insured may request.

CONVERSION OF FORM

In accordance with the provisions of the law, these regulations will provide for the right to convert into ordinary life, 20-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and into other usual forms of insurance. This insurance will continue to be Government insurance. The various forms of policies which the Bureau of War Risk Insurance will write are now being prepared.

Every person in the military or naval service owes it to himself and to his family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest and cheapest life insurance ever written. Just as this insurance relieved our soldiers and sailors of anxiety and misgivings for the welfare of their loved ones and protected them against the hazards of war, so it will continue to protect them through the days of readjustment and reconstruction and in time of peace.

ADVANTAGES ARE EMPHASIZED

The advantages of keeping this insurance in force cannot be emphasized too strongly. The right to continue it is a valuable right given by the Government to our fighting part of the men as compensation for their services. If this right is lost by allowing insurance to lapse it can never be regained. When Government insurance is allowed to lapse the holder cannot again obtain insurance except from private companies at a considerable increase in cost. Moreover, many of the men may have become uninsurable as a result of the war through physical impairment, and if these allow their insurance to lapse they will lose the last opportunity for their families to have the protection of life insurance.

(Continued on page 191)

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S CREED

I Believe in myself, in my power to live and think and do for myself, my loved ones, my community, state and country.

I Believe in my neighbors, who are children of the same God, citizens of the same country, and with me equally responsible to both.

I Believe in the community in which I live. Our interests are one; therefore our efforts should be united to make conditions better—moral, social, industrial and civic.

I Believe in my state as a part of our common country; in doing my bit toward cleansing its politics, improving its moral and social conditions, developing its natural resources and its industries, and in making it an effective factor in our national life.

I Believe in my country; in her heroic birth and history; in the far-seeing statesmanship of her founders and the lofty patriotism of her defenders; in her manifest destiny as a leader among the nations of the world in Liberty, Intellectuality, Morality, Religion, Industry, Science and Art, and as the exponent of the highest and truest type of Civilization the world has ever seen.

I Believe in the Old Flag and in all that it symbolizes—the most beautiful, the strongest, the broadest and most comprehensive national emblem ever flung to the free air of Heaven.

I Pledge, without reservation, my intellect, my affections, my ambitions, my strength and my very life, to uphold my Country and my Flag; to sustain their noble traditions, and to do my best to help my fellow-citizens to be true to these high ideals.

“The Great Divide,” Denver

WAR LESSONS IN FOREST MANAGEMENT

WAR has its lessons in forestry as in other domains. These lessons are very numerous, but it is here desired to call attention to only two main features.

First, we note that war brings out the extreme need which exists for wood, both for war needs at the front and civil populations at home. It is said about 60,000 feet B. M. of lumber are required per mile of trench, or fifteen billion for the French front, besides the large needs for shelters, artillery screens, etc., which sundries consume from \$500 to \$1,200 worth of wood apiece. Behind the front mining cannot go on nor transportation facilities be maintained without vast supplies of wood. Thus supplies of wood are essential in successful warfare. They are no less essential in peace, but the need is less accentuated because of the second factor.

This second factor brought out in war is that wood, being bulky, cannot be transported long distances when transportation systems are overburdened. Thus England has had to embargo wood imports and practically strip such small areas of forest growth as she had. Even the United States, far from the scene of war, has had difficulties in railroad transport of wood material. France and Germany have been able to maintain their place in the war because they long ago began handling their forests on a continuous production policy. Instead of securing the results we shall secure unless we change soon from a policy of forest destruction wherever we cut the virgin forests, they have in the past provided the stands which have grown to present maturity. This forest policy has always been profitable to countries in peace time, but in war it is an absolute condition of success. Even with well-distributed forests the transport problem has been difficult enough in France.

The lesson is plain. National safety in peace and war demands that a sufficient portion of the forest land in each locality where any forest land occurs should be kept producing forests to insure local supplies of timber. Where timber must be transported to a distance the transport cost is too large to permit liberal use of timber in peace time. In war time transport may be impossible and national defense be imperiled by lack of foresight in handling the country's forests.—*B. P. K., in Forest Club Annual.*

Are we giving our best efforts to the country, or do we think that because the war is over we can take life easy? Prosperity is up to us! Keep the wheels turning!—*U. S. Department of Labor, Wm. B. Wilson, Secretary.*

WAR INSURANCE

(Continued from page 189)

The economic value of life insurance to society is so well recognized as to need no argument. The Government now has in force upon the lives of 4,000,000 American citizens who have fought its battles a life insurance group larger than all other combined. Therefore, it is manifestly of the highest importance, not only to the fighting men and their dependents, but to all the people, that the largest possible percentage of this insurance shall be continued in force after its holders shall be returned to civil life.



SAW DUST

HIRAM KNEW

HIRAM and his wife were paying their first visit to the Museum of Natural History. They were in the Egyptian section looking at the mummies. Miranda said: "Hiram, what does 'B. C. 97' on that man mean?"

Hiram replied: "Why, Miranda, don't show your ignorance; that is the license number of the automobile that killed the poor fellow."—*Exchange.*

THEN HE STOPPED LAUGHING

FIVE young men went into a store to buy a hat each. Seeing they were in a joking mood, the clerk said: "Are you married?"

They each said, "Yes."

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over a hat," said one of the party. "I've won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily whilst telling his wife the joke, but suddenly pulled up when she said: "I say, John, how was it you didn't bring one?"—*Exchange.*

SAFETY FIRST

WHY," asked a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," says another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—*Exchange.*

HIS CHANCES

WHAT are your chances of winning that rich young girl?" "Fine, I've got her mother and father and all her uncles and aunts knocking me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE proofreader on a small Middle Western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking: "Which is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply: "The end the son sets on, of course."—*Safety Bulletin.*

HIS RECORD

GUEST.—"How much did you ever get out of your car?"

Owner.—"Well, I think seven times in one mile is my record."

REGRET

HE was the typical office boy, freckle-faced, red-headed and keen as a trap. He had been employed by a well-known firm of lawyers for three months. There wasn't any question about his ability. He was a smart boy; but he reached the point where he got entirely too smart, and the big boss decided to decorate him with the Order of the Can.

After he had been paid off a week in advance and told to vamp while the vamping was good, George paused at the desk of the junior partner of the firm, for whom he had always shown a distinct preference.

"Well, so long, Mr. Blank," said the irrepresible one.

"Why, where to, George?"

"Oh, I'm done! 'Sall over. The old man just give me de pink slip and I'm off."

"Well, that's too bad, George. You've been with us three months and I'd hoped we'd make a lawyer out of you."

"'Sall right, Mr. Blank; I should worry," piped the optimistic George. "Tell ye de truth, I'm sorry I learned de damn business."—*The Hoskinsman.*

UNITED WE SIT—DIVIDED WE STAND

EX-President Taft is alleged to have bought two seats for himself for a football game at New Haven last autumn, being warmly in favor of preparedness no less than devoted to "safety first." The trouble was, however, that—as he discovered on arriving at the field—the seats were on opposite sides of an aisle.—*Brass Scrap.*

ANTI-AIR GUN

THE new night watchman at the college had noticed someone using the big telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Begorra," said the watchman, "that felly sure is a crack shot."—*Strackleton News.*

NO HOPE FOR HIM

HE.—"Can you give me no hope?"
She.—"None whatever, I'm going to marry you."—*Sheet of Brass.*

A LINE ON MAX

YOU can always tell where Maximilian Harden is. If you hear him, he is out again. If you don't hear him, he is in again.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE CRIME OF THE DAY

WIVES are sold in the Fiji Islands for \$5 each."

"Ugh."

"Shame, isn't it?"

"Yep," growled the grouchy bachelor, "more profiteering."—*Kansas City Journal.*

The Giant of the Forest

THE biggest thing in the woods—the most conspicuous landmark to the lumberman's eye—is the DISSTON CROSS-CUT SAW.

If he changes jobs, it is the first thing he sees when he strikes the new camp.

The lumberman who wants to turn out the best work with the least expenditure of labor prefers a DISSTON. His judgment is confirmed as he goes from camp to camp and always sees that the preference is given to

DISSTON Cross-Cut Saws

THEY are ground a true taper all the way from cutting edge to an *extra thin back*. Being ground on lines that conform exactly to the breast of the saw, the blade is absolutely uniform in thickness throughout the entire length of the cutting edge. This special method of grinding gives the maximum amount of clearance with the minimum amount of set, without sacrificing elasticity and stiffness.

THE DISSTON CRUCIBLE STEEL that is used in their making combines the hardness and toughness which produce the unexcelled edge and set-holding qualities found only in DISSTON SAWS.

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