

The Gimlet



The gimlet is a small instrument
with a point

December, 1915

Damages 5 Cents a Copy or 25 Cents a Year.
We need the money. There may be more
numbers. That all depends. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
This is real second class stuff that pays
first class postage. No post offices entered.

SAY, BROTHER! What's th' matter with your mouth? Th' corners of it might just as well point up as down.

☞ Smile a bit oftener,—grin if that's all y' c'n do—forget a few of y'r troubles—look cheerful even if y' ain't. Folks 'll be a deal gladder t' meet you an' mebbe they'll enjoy dealin' with y' more.

Mike Kinney
Teamster and Editor.

SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1843

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

WE WISH YOU
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR



PRESENT BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Prosperity in every known industry is the situation today. Steel plants all over the country are overcrowded with orders and cannot make prompt deliveries.

The cost of material and labor is increasing. The market is getting stronger every day.

Now is the Time to Buy All Spring Lines

Times like these jobber's "Complete Stocks and Friendship" is most appreciated by "his friends," the retail dealers.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

STERNO COOKERS

For Home or Camp

An inexpensive but desirable utility Cooker. Can be used in the home as a Chafing Dish.

No camping outfit complete without one of these Cookers. Handsome in appearance and economical in operation. Burns Sterno Canned Heat, which is non-explosive. Does not leak. Cannot spill and keeps in all climates.

Complete with boiler, stand, tray and one can of Sterno Heat.

No. 4000—Per Doz...\$16.00

EXTRA FUEL FOR No. 4000
COOKER

No. 4006—5-oz. Cans. Per Doz...\$1.90

Usual Trade Discount



NO DOROTHY—

I never have tasted Lobster a la Newburg,—but once in my young days I was beguiled into partaking rather freely of a fine young Welsh Rabbit.

That was a long time ago, but oft in the stillly night I wake and ponder on the mighty kick this breed of rabbits has.

'Course this ain't a regular chafe, but I reckon it'll chafe a plenty even at that.

Try it.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

BUNGALOW FRONT DOOR SETS

¶ In every town they are now building bungalows. They require a 'tistic builders' hardware to match this style of architecture.

¶ You should prepare your stock for this demand. Our Builders' Hardware Department is at your service to give estimates, help you suggest suitable patterns and assist you in every way possible.

THE HUDSON

No. SKA49227—Brass plates, sand blast finish. Per Set \$23.00

Usual Trade Discount

¶ We have other patterns suitable for this purpose. Write us or see our catalog.



NAMIN' LOCK SET DESIGNS

is a very literary pastime an' as y' may have noticed, th' names are ofttimes fragrant with historic int'rest.

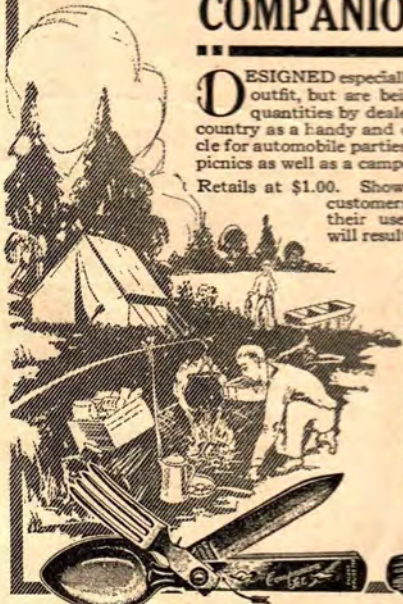
Take this one f'r instance—Hudson, the famous dwarf whom Queen Henrietta Maria chose as her page, was one of the characters in one of Sir Walter Scott's romances.

Y' might do worse than to refresh y'r jaded mem'ry by glancin' over th' **Peveril of the Peak**,—'twould serve at least t' reassure you that if y' have a Hudson lock on th' front door of y'r bungalow, there'll be no peekin' there, —'I'll warrant y' that.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

COMPANION SET



DESIGNED especially for a camper's outfit, but are being sold in large quantities by dealers all over the country as a handy and convenient article for automobile parties, lunch sets and picnics as well as a camper's set.

Retails at \$1.00. Show them to your customers and suggest their use. Many sales will result.

Send us your trial order for half dozen. We will furnish you newspaper electro for advertising purposes if desired.

No. 1915—Set consists of Knife, Fork and Spoon; nickel plated and polished. Per Dozen... \$15.00

USUAL TRADE DISCOUNT

NO. ALPHONSO—THESE SETS

are not f'r one-armed folks, but f'r two-fisted guys like you an' me.

Carry one of 'em in y'r pocket an' y're always ready f'r eats, whether y're campin' out, automobilin' or just picnicin'.

An' another thing, Alphonse,—these bein' strictly individual are awfully sanitary;—by usin' 'em y'll never catch any contagious diseases like th' waggin' tongue, th' mealy mouth or th' arid throat!

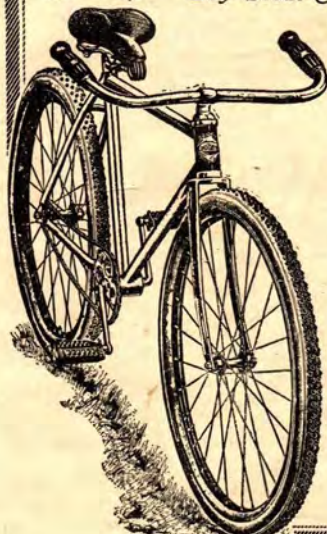
Fact!

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

RUGBY BICYCLES

-:- Boy Scout Model -:-



This attractive model will attract the attention of the boy because of its special Boy Scout equipment, not found on other bicycles.

The moderate price will appeal to the parent.

The service, profit and numerous sales are pleasing to the dealer.

The Rugby is specially equipped with **GOOD SERVICE TIRES, CORBIN DUPLEX COASTER BRAKE, Motorcycle Pedals, Rubber Handle Bar Grips and Easy Riding Saddle.**

No. 307—With **CORBIN COASTER BRAKE**, Each \$38.50

Usual Trade Discount

The Rugby is a sturdy steed.
Strong of build and full of speed,
And when my husky ten-year-old
Becomes a hardy boy scout bold,—
A Rugby steed I'll buy for him
For always of the Rugby trim
A Corbin Duplex Brake's a part;—
(So he can stop as well as start).
And then, all smiles, I'll watch the lad
Cut capers on his wheel for Dad.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

SHAVING SOAP FREE



Our celebrated *Diamond Edge* hand-forged, Hamburg ground crucible cast steel Razor—best and highest quality Razor that retails at \$2.50—fully guaranteed. With every order for one dozen of these Razors, we are including one dozen Norleigh Diamond Shaving Stick. This soap is recognized as the best article on the market for the purpose.

Take advantage of this special offer. You can give the Shaving Soap free with each Razor, thereby increasing your Razor sales, or sell it outright and make \$3.00 additional profit.

No. DE17/300—One Dozen *Diamond Edge* Razors and One Dozen Norleigh Diamond Shaving Stick \$30.00

Usual Trade Discount



A FRENCH PROVERB SAYS

"A good lather is half a shave"—which being true, and it is, 'twould be a fine thing if all who shave themselves knew the rare merits of Norleigh Diamond Shaving Soap—it makes a perfect lather.

And these new *Diamond Edge* razors with their deeply 'concealed' rigid blades,—ah! they're the perfect shavers! no pull,—no chattering,—they work as smooth as oil.

And here's a combination offer you should grasp at once,—both for the price of one, it may never come again.

F. M. O. S.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

MIKE KINNEY HORSE COLLARS

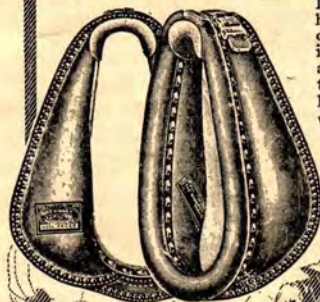
In the Mike Kinney Horse Collars we have embodied all the essential features to make the highest grade collar possible.

Special pains are taken to produce correct shapes.

Our Half Sweeney Collars are made to relieve the pressure on the Shoulder Blades and prevent galling.

Dealers handling this line have repeat demands, demonstrating their quality. The prices are low and not in keeping with the steady advances in leather.

Write us, or see our Catalog.



HAVIN' WORKED OFF HERBERT COREY'S ONLY

haberdashery store elsewhere in this issue, I'll give y' a small one right from th' front.

Haggerty dropped into Boyd's haberdashery at noon one day an' havin' located th' neckwear counter, laid a coin on th' show case an' sez,—“Gimme a couple av eighteen inch Half Sweeney Collars sor.”

Th' clerk looked at 'im in astonishment—“Half Sweeney?” he asked, bewildered like.

“That's it,” sez Haggerty, “Ol'm goin' t' a wake t' nought an' av coarse Ol got t' doll up a bit, but durn'd if Ol want t' git sore shoulders!”

An' th' clerk savvy'd an' passed 'im a pair of underslung lay downs.

Some salesman, that!

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Armor Clad Whips

Retail for \$1.00 each

The best Whips made at any price. The genuine Hippopotamus Hide center (better than rawhide) covered with split Reed and then closely and tightly wound with brass wire.

No better Whip can be produced. Our line of Whips is very complete.

Wesell you Whips in quantities to suit your convenience.

Buy your Whips from us. Your investment will be less, trade increased and profits better.

Send Us Your Order

No. AC6—Length, 6 ft. Per Doz. \$12.00

USUAL TRADE DISCOUNT



I HAVE A MULE THAT SOMETIMES BALKS.

One day I run across Casey larrupin' th' stuffin' out of him with an Armor Clad Whip an' eussin' him like a steamboat mate.

"Casey! Casey!" sez I, reproachful like, "why can't y' drive my team without such terrible profanity?"

"Mike," sez he, wipin' his persprlin' brow, "it ain't no use t' explict this mule t' onderstand p'lite lingo at his toime av loife!" an' resumin' his whip he went at him again.

I had this one consolation however an' that is that y' can't hurt this kind of whips.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

DIAMOND EDGE KNIVES AND FORKS

Put up in a silk lined, lithographed metal container, making a permanent display case.

The Knife Blades are ground thin and are flexible, with a fancy double hollow bolster. Made of solid steel, quadruple silver plated.

The Forks have four tines, exceedingly strong and graceful. The tines are nicely tapered, rounded, well finished and made of the highest grade nickel silver metal.

We recommend the DIAMOND EDGE Knives and Forks as a high grade article and one that will give extreme satisfaction.

No. 18—Medium Knives and Forks Per Set ----- \$7.20

Usual Trade Discount



NOTHING SO ADDS THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY

to a well set table as good silver,—nor serves so well the hungry diner.

These Diamond Edge quadruple silver-plated knives and forks have quickly won the favor of the trade;—not particularly that they're moresightly to the eye, but because, wonderful to say, these knives are edged so sharp that they'll actually cut!—wherein they differ from all other silver ones.

Once let your customers discover you can furnish them and you'll find yourself well advertised—such knives are modern miracles.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



IT'S CERTAINLY VERY APPROPRIATE

t' advertise **Sand Paper** at this particular season of th' year when most everybody's thinkin' of reformin'.

Consider a moment, my dear Gimleteer, an' perhaps, like me, y'll realize that there's numerous spots in y'r moral an' mental development where a vigorous application of say Number 2 Sand Paper 'd do a lot of good.

I won't go into details,—you can do that best f'r yourself,—but, my dear Brother, when y' tackle th' job, be sure y' use **Diamond Edge Sand Paper**,—it has plenty of grit an' it sure takes grit t' do th' trick! M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Norleigh Diamond SPARK PLUGS

For efficiency, reliability and heat of Spark, they have no equal.

The Norleigh Diamond is the result of years of practical tests. They have proven themselves to be the best plugs made.

A satisfaction to the consumer and a profit-maker for the dealer.

Give them a trial and increase your Spark Plug business.

Each **70c**
Usual Trade Discount
Special quotation for quantities



'TIS SIMPLY WONDERFUL HOW MANY SPARK PLUGS it takes nowadays to keep the wheels of civilization whirling.

There's many sorts and kinds,—but, it occurs t' me that if some wizard should rise up an' invent a **matrimonial spark plug**, he'd be hailed as th' true benefactor of th' race,—by old maids at least, an' many a slow match 'd burst into th' brilliant flame of wedlock.

Think it over Brother,—you may be th' wiz we're waitin' for.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

GLASS KNOB DOOR SETS

Our complete and up-to-date stock of Builders' Hardware contains the very latest styles and patterns of high grade Lock Sets.

Glass Knob Sets are carried in genuine cut and pressed glass that will meet your needs.

No. EA12429 — Pressed glass; wrought bronze trim, dull brass finish. Per Dozen Sets — \$40.00

USUAL
TRADE DISCOUNT



LIVIN' IN A GLASS HOUSE

Must be awful distressin'! My mind pictures th' embarrassment of havin' y'r neighbors—but never mind that,—I notice that this ad only recommends glass knobs an' they ain't so bad.

Glass Knobs give even th' humblest dwellin' that *distingue* appearance which us plutocrats, th' common people is tryin' our durn'dest to acquire an' keep on straight. Whilst y' really ought t' have th' whole outfit,—locks an' all,—if y' can't, why by all means put glass knobs on y'r domicile an' get into th' push—everybody's doin' it!

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

GOOD SERVICE Auto Inner Tubes

For service, reliability and profit sell your customers **Good Service** Auto Inner Tubes.

Good Service Tubes are not an experiment. Thousands are now giving entire satisfaction.

Made of pure Up-River fine para stock. They are strong, tough and pliable. Write us for prices and circulars describing this line.



HOW LIKE INNER TUBES

are so many of the New Year's resolutions we'll all be making now. Pumped full of th' wind of self-confidence, sealed with th' valve of self-approval, they start bravely out, plump and well rounded.

But alas! how soon they begin t' seep an' weaken! And when they strike a real bump, or th' sharp nail of temptation touches 'em, how quick they deflate!

Listen, Brother.—When you make yours, be sure that like **Good Service** Tubes, they're made of th' pure stuff that grows stronger with every test.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

GOOD SERVICE Non Skid BICYCLE TIRES

"ORIGINATED BY US"

FULLY GUARANTEED
— AGAINST OIL —

✓ EVERY highest quality materials employed in construction of these Tires.

¶ The side walls and interlocking Red Tread are unusually tough and wear-resisting.

¶ Cover—Made of the highest quality Pure Up-River Para Gum; 1/4 inch thick on the tread.

¶ Tube—Best quality pure rubber; 1/4 inch thick on walls; extra heavy reinforcing strip on rim side.

¶ Fabric—Compound five ply, consisting of best Sea Island Fabric and Friction Cloth. Impossible to pull apart.

	Per Pair
No. 7028 1/2—Size, 28x1 1/2	\$9.00
No. 7028 3/4—Size, 28x1 3/4	9.00



Usual Trade Discount

THIS AD'S ALL RIGHT AS FAR AS IT GOES, BUT—
it leaves out one vital point, viz.—Safety first.

See them little hollow diamonds right down th' center of th' tread? They're it. No matter how slick th' pave, these little indentations provide th' suction that hold th' tire from slippin' an' skiddin' an' safety herself can ask nothin' more.

With this one small amendment, I'll cheerfully support every statement the ad man's made—and more,—I'll urge you to specify them on your 1916 Rubys, they'll help you get more profit.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



Conqueror Roofing

For Quality

Made of an unusually soft, porous and long fibered wool felt with genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt saturation and coating which is the densest, toughest, least volatile and longest lived asphalt known to science. No inferior product of any kind is used. Made in smooth and sanded surfaces.

The celebrated KANT-LEAK-KLEETS furnished with Conqueror Roofing are the greatest fastening ever invented, completely doing away with cement, large head nails and caps.

If you have not tried Conqueror Roofing, write us for samples of Roofing and Kleet.

It will pay you to do so.



IT STRIKES ME IT'S DURN LUCKY F'R TH' TINNER that somebody ain't invented a way t' make downspoutin', gutterin' an' gargoyles out of this genuine Trinidad Lake stuff!

Why I c'n remember when th' tinner was th' only man who could lay a roof—but that's long ago. Now any man that c'n carry a pencil behind his ear an' drive fourpenny nails through these mis-pelt Kleets can do it;—mebbe that's why this roofin's called Conqueror.

But at that, th' tinner sort of evens up by puttin' on th' trimmin's like I've had t' do since th' railroads are shootin' so many cars right into our warehouses.

M. K.

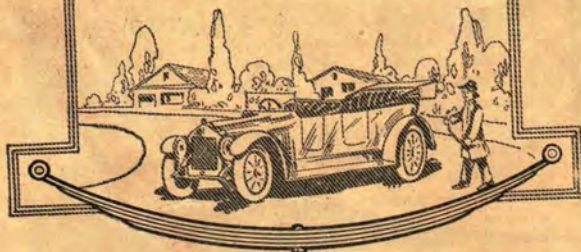
"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Norleigh Diamond Auto Springs

Every dealer should carry Auto Springs that will fit the most popular cars made. On other sizes, send us your orders. We carry the stock to fill them.

Made of high quality spring steel, manufactured especially for automobile springs and tempered under a secret process that insures every spring being of the proper temper.

See Our Catalog for a
Complete List of Sizes



* * * * * "as sun and showers,
There had made a lasting spring."
Only Shakespeare, with his pencil,
And his think tank so prehensile
Ever has,—up to the minute
When our N. D. Springs came in it,—
Made a spring you could call lasting
Thereby pleasantly contrasting
With the common run of springs
Made for autos and such things.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

DIAMONDEDGE HAMMERS

They are tempered to withstand the most severe usage. The heads do not break or roll. The claws are made to pull the smallest nails.

DIAMOND EDGE Hammers are designed for expert mechanics who want the best. We guarantee them to give satisfaction.

Our numerous patterns and large stock contains the assortment from which you can select to suit your needs.

See Our Catalog



I WAS HAVIN' A HOSS SHOD AT MONIHAN'S
blacksmith shop.

Monihan's a good shoer, all right, but he's a turrible stutterer an' his helper Larry is worse.

Monihan pulled a red hot shoe out of th' forge, laid it on th' anvil an' sez t' Larry,

"Here, l-l-l-larry b-b-bhoy, s-s-s-stroke hard, r-r-r-roight there! quick l-l-lad!"

"W-w-w-w-w-where?" sez Larry.

"N-n-n-never m-m-m-mind n-n-n-now!" sez Monihan, "th' d-d-d-durn'd thing's c-c-c-cold a'ready!"

D. E. Hammers don't mind hard usage, but sometimes I reckon they get tired of waitin', don't you?

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Diamond Edge Cross-cut Saws

Their light running qualities, caused by scientific taper grinding, has made them the woodman's choice.

Diamond Edge Saws are ground five gauges thinner at center of back than at cutting edge, and three gauges thinner than where handles are attached.

This reduces friction and prevents the Saw from binding in the logs.

See our catalog for full line of patterns, lengths and prices.



ESAU SAWYER OF SAWYERSVILLE, ARKANSAS, when he first saw a fellow sawyer sawing with a **Diamond Edge** Saw, saw that it could saw faster than any saw he ever saw saw.

And after Esau saw this saw saw, he saw that his old saw would never saw as he now saw a saw should saw.

So Esau Sawyer went to Sawyersville and bought a **D. E. Saw** and when his neighbors saw Esau saw with his new saw, they saw that Esau could now saw faster than the Arkansas sawyer whom Esau first saw saw with a **Diamond Edge** Saw.

I never saw Esau saw, but I saw his saw before he saw it.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

FLASH LIGHTS Norleigh Diamond

There are numerous flash lights on the market but none can compare with the Norleigh Diamond Line.

All Norleigh Diamond Flash Lights have insulated contacts on the inside which prevent light burning when brought into contact with any metal substance on the outside.

New style bullseye bulb, powerful reflectors, up-to-date patterns and fresh live batteries are the features of Norleigh Diamond Flash Lights.

Complete with Tungsten Filament Bulb and Powerful Reflectors, but without batteries.

A great variety of patterns and styles from which to select.

Write us for booklet or see our catalog.



A FAIRY LAMP THIS SEEMS TO BE,—

Uncanny, bright with mystery! It flashes out so prettily, when darkness hides all things from me. Last night our cat walled piteously from two o'clock till half past three. He wanted out 'twas plain to see, so up I got and angrily went down to set that feline free. I skinned two shins and barked one knee on chairs the kids had laid for me;—fell down the stairs so awkwardly, because you see I couldn't see,—I'd started down forgetfully and left my flash light carelessly. Oh! friend, I prithee list to me!—When urgent duty calls to thee and darkness makes it hard to see, your Norleigh Diamond then will be a shin protector unto thee.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

SLICKER CLOTHING

EVERY hardware and general store can sell a quantity of this clothing because of its being particularly adapted to trade that frequent this class of business houses.

¶ Farmers, cattlemen, automobilists, teamsters, miners, fishermen, lumbermen and laborers—they all wear slicker clothing.

¶ All Norleigh Diamond Slickers are made from sheets woven expressly for our use.

Treated with a special compound which renders them thoroughly waterproof, giving them a soft, smooth finish which will not crack, peel off or become sticky.

¶ If you are interested in this line, write us.



SLICKER CLOTHING, LIKE BOW LEGS an' settin' hens, is made f'r use not beauty.

I notice that th' ad man includes teamsters amongst them that wears this kind an' he's right—I wear it myself, showin' yellow every time it rains.

But, there's many a man that wears sleek tallorin' an' yet shows yellow whether it rains or shines:—them's th' sort t' look out f'r; yellow slicker clothes hurt no man, 'tis th' yellow streak that crimps our faith in humans.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Bluebelle Oil Stoves

Dealers handling Bluebelle Oil Stoves have been successful.

Their sales have increased. Their profit is larger and their customers are satisfied. That is the result of careful building, attractive finishing and our agency sales plan.

Write us for detailed description and prices if you want the agency for the best oil stove made. They are the result of years of experiments and tests and will secure the business for you.

"The Bluebelle is King of All"



MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION IS MADE—

I'll speak unkindly of no man!

Therefore, even if our ad man dubs th' Bluebelle Oil Stove th' "KING OF ALL," I'll make no protest, tho' 'twixt you an' me I don't believe a word of it! Why?

Th' kitchen ain't no place f'r Kings. Be Gorry! If anny King or Emp'r or was t' butt into Missus Kinney's snug kitchen, I'm a thinkin' she'd show him th' door so sudden he'd be after spillin' his crown, he would!

No! not King, but QUEEN OF ALL—that's better, an' every word true! Take a look at th' stove,—that'll convince y'.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ENAMELED WARE

MADE IN U. S. A.



Your Enameled Ware sales and profits depend upon the attractiveness of designs, durability of the Ware and prices that are popular.

We have built the largest Enameled Ware business in America along these lines.



*We Can Assist You to
Larger Results*

Write us for catalogs showing the most beautiful lines manufactured at prices that will make your store the Enameled Ware center of your town.

TO THEM THAT LOVE THEIR COFFEE BOILED—

and multitudes there are that do,—I with equal sincerity commend these beautiful Porcelain Enameled Pots. They have no metal surfaces to impart the slightest acridness of taste to the Ambrosian fluid.

And they're so easily cleaned!—When the inside's coffee-stained just fill the pot say two-thirds full of water, put in a couple of teaspoonfuls of common baking soda and boil about ten minutes—that removes it all, leaving the pot as white and clean as new.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ENAMELED COFFEE PERCOLATORS

We can furnish Percolators in any of our Enameled Wares.

If you are now handling one of our Enameled Ware lines, this item should be added to your stock.

Popular Priced

Seamless body, enameled covered, glass top, spun knob, round hollow handle, aluminum cup and spreader plate.

THISTLE, SHAMROCK, BLUEBELLE
AND BLUE DIAMOND

No. J6—Any of above wares.....	PER DOZEN	\$16.80
No. J6R—Garland Ware.....		19.20

*Actual Capacity
2 Quarts*

*Usual Trade
Discount*



TO THEM THAT LOVE PERCOLATED COFFEE,

I earnestly recommend these simplest of all Percolators. None do their cunning work better and these Porcelain Enameled bodies are easiest of all to clean.

And now my dear Gimleteer you'll observe that we have them,—finished in all our dainty colors,—at prices but little above those of plain coffee pots.

If we would be served, we must first serve—your patrons expect to find these in your stock—don't disappoint them.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

TRIUMPH RIM LOCKS

A high grade ornamental Rim Lock that will give satisfaction. Can be sold at a popular price.

Cast iron case; antique copper face and polished ornamental raised parts; oxidized dead black background. Each set packed in a box—a handy retailer's package.

Stock the Triumph Locks for Spring requirements.

See our catalog for prices.



ONE OF MY WEALTHY FRIENDS

has just moved into his new Louie th' 18th or 19th mansion. It's a peach! His hobby is fine wood work an' into this feature went many a hard earned simoleon.

But alas! some amateur builder's hardware man sent out locks with cases so thick that th' wood butcher who put 'em in fair ruined his beautiful doors.

'Twas his misfortune that this A. B. H. man's only a tyro an' that th' alleged carpenter's only a rim lock setter.

I advised him, next time, (if there's any) t' pick out rim locks t' begin with.—Triumph f'r instance, they cost less and are a darn'd sight better 'n what he got.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ROME PERCOLATORS



Make a display of these goods; place them where they will attract the eye of the purchaser—and watch their sales. Rome goods sell on reputation; they have the quality and make dealers the profit.

We specialize on Rome goods and guarantee them to give satisfactory service. All Rome goods are recognized as the standard and best made, and will please your customers.

Write us today.



"MOIKE," SEZ CASEY, "PHAT'S FAMILY PLATE?"

"What d' you know about fam'ly plate?" sez I.

"Me daughter Aggie's been readin' to me out av a thrillin' book be th' name av Th' Anguish av Lady Muldowney where th' villyun sthole her fam'ly plate whilst th' maid was doin' her hair.

"I see," sez I, "that high brow stuff's too deep f'r y'."

"Well, Casey, fam'ly plate, sez I, "is th' cookin' things that every wealthy fam'ly prizes beyant everything savin' honor an' newspaper notices.

"Now, f'r instance, if some galoot was t' steal y'r Rome Percolator, that'd be your fam'ly plate. D'y' savvy?"

"O! do," sez he, "Aint it awful!"

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Hunters' Axes

The **DIAMOND EDGE** was originally designed as a sportsman's tool, but has become recognized as a handy tool about the house. They serve the purpose of hatchet or hammer as well as a small axe.

The only hunter's axe made that has a thin, Mayora steel bit ground to a sharp cutting edge. Because of the thin taper grinding they are more easily sharpened than any axe made. We also carry the Boy Scout and Claw types of axes.

Show them to your customers asking for a hatchet or hammer; suggest their use.

No. **DEXO**—3 inch cut; 14 inch handle.

Per Doz...\$11.20

Usual Trade
Discount



DOWN TO HAGGERTY'S LAST SUNDAY,

they had th' doctor t' see his mother-in-law—she was awful sick.

"Th' doctor looked her over an' with a pained look in his face sez, 'Haggerty, medicine won't help her, you must send her to some hot climate quick, not just a warm one but hot, do you understand.'"

Haggerty staggered to his feet an' went out. In a couple of minutes he come back, bringin' a **Diamond Edge Hunter's Axe**.

"Here Doc," sez he, handin' him th' axe, "you do it, durn'd if I kin!" Handy thing t' have around th' house, it sure is. M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



The Gimlet

NAME REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE



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Old Memories

LAST night I was sitting alone in my snug little den, smoking my pipe and once in awhile writing a line or two to slip into the *Gimlet*.

Th' Missus an' th' little Kinneys were all fast asleep,—wonderful how good th' childer c'n be along about Christmas, ain't it?

Well, as I was sayin', I was sittin' alone, puffin' away at my old black dudeen, scribblin' a bit of nonsense now an' then, when I fell to rememberin'.

Ain't it curious what pranks a fellow's memory 'll play whilst he's smoking a little black dudeen? Mebbe it's th' nicotine—or th' curlin' ringlets of fragrant blue smoke—I don't know—but anyway,

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there's somethin' about it that unlocks th' secret chambers of that mysterious faculty—

*"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."*

an' that's th' truth.



Anyway an' howsoever, I fell to rememberin' an' leanin' back in my old armchair, I surrendered myself to the delicious influence.

And somehow, my memories centered on a certain time in my boyhood life, a time always passing dear to me, and though it has been many, many years ago, it came back to me as clear as though 'twere but yesterday.

As you may have surmised, th' Dad of me an' his good wife were bred an' born on th' Ould Sod. An' when they sailed th' seas an' settled down in this busy city beside th' Father of Waters, they naturally located in Kerry Patch, amongst their kith an' kin.

And, as is ever the way of the Irish, they were soon very much at home, on good terms with their neighbors and 'tended the wakes, church-meetings and larks as faithful as any.

If I do say it myself, that Dad of mine had a way with him that brought him a lot of friends, but of them all there was a small circle of cronies in which real fellowship flourished most.

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Night after night, these few used to gather after the day's work was done an' supper over, and spend an hour or so together.

In winter they'd stop at Finnegan's Public House, an' each with his pipe an' mug of ale, would sit at the old black walnut table and chip in his full share of the conversation.

In summer, they'd sit out on th' commons by th' big sycamore and smoke and talk.

But no matter where, the talk always led them back to the dear home of their youth, across the seas, and once on that subject, every one of them was an orator and an oracle.

It was the memory of one of these choice summer evening gatherings out by the big sycamore, that come to me last night, one of the few times I was ever privileged to sit a listener to their talk, for they were always unwilling that any but they should share this pleasure.

On this particular evening however, my Dad took me along as he said to keep me out of mischief, for, my mother being away, no good could come of having me run wild with the gang. Having explained my presence in this way, I was admitted to the circle an', proud of the honor, I held my tongue, as is always become in boys of ten, an' listened.



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They chatted a bit of the weather and the like and then my Dad asked Shanahan if his bay mule was well of th' colic.

"As well as he'll iver be, Oi'm a thinkin'," sez he; "if 'twas Oire and instid of Missouri we was livin' in, Oi'd be after belavin' that mule is bewitched b' th' Pooka!"

"Arrah!" sez Hogarty, "'tis long since Oi've heard anny man speak of th' Pooka, but Oi' moind a lad b' th' name of Pat Kennedy that wance tould me a tale of th' Kildare Pooka, do anny of yez moind it?"

"We do not," sez they, "tell us."



"Oi'm willin'" sez he, "though Oi'm a sorry story teller," an' so, layin' down his short pipe, he began.

"'Twas not far from Dublin, nor so very long ago, they was a man that because of a sliought diff'rence wid the goverment, had t' lave his home an' stop awhile in th' back country.

"Whilst he was gone, his folks kep' th' house as best they could. All went pretty wel exceptin' that of nights, they was scart mighty nigh stiff wid th' rattlin' of kittles an' dishes in th' kitchen.

"Wan night bein' too scart ayther to go to bed or stay up, they set around th' kitchen foire tellin' stories about ghosts, lepracauns and th' loike until very late. Th' chore boy, a lad of th' age of Moike here, that slept in th' loft over th' horses, curled up on th' floor in a dark corner an' listened 'til he wint fast asleep.

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"At last they fell drowsy an' went off to bed, lavin' th' poor lad forgot in his corner. After things quieted down, th' lad was woke up wid th' door openin', an' peekin' out of the corner of his eye, he seen a big donkey walk in an' set down on his haunches before th' fire.

"Th' donkey looked around awhile, scratched his self an' sez, 'well, I'd better get done wid it!'

"Yez c'n imagine th' jolt it giv' th' lad t' hear th' beast a talkin' to his self, but there was nothin' to do but kape still, an' still he kep'.

"But th' donkey, or Pooka rather, ayther didn't spy him or paid no 'tention to him, f'r he got up, stretched his self, fixed th' fire, went an' fetched a pail of water an' put on th' big pot t' boil.

"Th' lad, scarce belavin' his eyes, squeezed his self back into his dark corner an' watched, bitin' his tongue t' kape his chatterin' teeth from betrayin' him.

"Wid th' pot over th' fire, th' donkey lay down before th' fire until he heard th' noise of th' boiling; then he jumped up an' gatherin' all th' dishes, pots, kittles an' pans, he give them a grand scourin'. This done, he dries them every one an' puts them back in cupboard an' shelf, grabs th' broom an' sweeps th' floor as if th' Old Harry his self was after him.



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"When he comes to the lad, he lets down one ear, winks one eye at him an' gives him a grin that'd drive y' dippy an' it did near finish th' poor frightened chore boy. But, without harmin' a hair of his head, th' donkey fixed th' fire again an' walked out, slammin' th' door behind him wid a most turrible bang.

"Next mornin' there was a great to do when th' lad told what'd happened th' night. Such a buzzin' among wimmen folks, y' never heard; all day they talked of nothin' but it an' among themselves they agreed that if th' Pooka was a mind t' clean up every night, why should they soil their hands wid dish water or blister their fingers wid brooms? An' so, that night they left dishes, pots, pans an' floor to th' tender mercies of th' Pooka, themselves goin' t' bed wid th' chickens.

"An' sure enough in th' mornin' they found things spick an' span, an' so it went f'r a long time 'til at last th' lad's curiosity got th' better of him an' he concluded t' set up an' have a talk wid th' Pooka.

"So, when th' door flung open an' in walked th' Pooka, th' lad made bold to speak to him an' asked him to be so good as to tell him how it happened he was so kind as to do all th' work f'r th' wimmen folks, leavin' them nothin' at all t' do but enjoy themselves.

"'Sure an' I will,' sez th' Pooka; an' then he told th' lad how he used t' be one of th' servants of th' old man's father, an' sez he, so lazy that besides eatin' an' sleepin' an' wearing good clothes, he never did so much as a lick to repay his master f'r what he enjoyed.

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"But when he entered th' other world, he was condemned t' be punished by bein' turned into a Pooka an' do all this work every night an' then go stand out in th' cold 'til break of day. This was all well enough, he said, in warm weather, but that he suffered tortures, these long winter nights.

"The laddie was so grieved at this that he asked if they couldn't do something to help make him comfortable, whereupon, th' donkey, wid tears rollin' down his nose, told th' lad he knew of nothin' unless it would be a nice warm coat t' kape him from sufferin'.

"'Very well,' sez th' lad, 'it's sorry folks we'd be if we couldn't do as much as that!'

"An' so next day, th' wimmen folks nigh worked their heads off a makin' a thick warm coat wid long sleeves an' plenty of buttons an' that night, when th' Pooka come, who should he find but the lad a waitin' f'r him wid th' new coat.

"They had a great time gettin' it on but at last it was all buttoned down snug an' th' Pooka was that pleased he strutted up an' down before th' glass, smilin' an' talkin' to his self.

"Then he made a fine bow t' th' lad an' sez, 'tell th' wimmen folks I thank them a thousand times; they have made me very happy,—an' good night to you an' them!'—an' he opened the door to go.



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"'But wait!' cried th' lad, 'sure you're not after forgettin' th' dishes an' th' sweepin'?"

"'Not I!' sez th' Pooka, 'you see my punishment only lasted 'til I should earn kind words an' some recompense f'r my faithfulness, an' now, havin' won both, 'tis done an' 'tis y'rself an' th' wimmen folks that'll have th' work t' do, f'r I'll never come back!'—an' he didn't.

"An' next mornin' when th' lad told his tale, he got a fine beatin' f'r his pains an' th' wimmen had t' do th' work ever after."



Whilst Hogarty was lightin' his pipe after th' yarn, up spoke Tim Flynn, th' assessor.

"'You began by sayin' you're a sorry story teller an' I ain't so sure but you've proved it, but did y' ever hear th' tale of Pat Diver th' tinker, that couldn't spin a yarn?"

"I have not," sez Hogarty.

"Well, 'twas a braw lass of th' name Maclintock as told it to me, something like this:

"Pat was a tinker an' a wanderer: he went from place to place, tinkerin' sometimes, eatin' when he could, an' sleepin' when he would.

"One day, he mended many kettles, earned a tidy bit an' then he set off f'r Culdaff.

"When night come on, he was atrudgin' along a lonesome road an' sez he t' his self, 'wid siller in me pocket, I'll not be wantin' f'r a bed!' but at one hut after another, he was turned away, his money notwithstanding'.

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"Scoldin' within his self, he trudged on 'til he come to another thatched cottage; through th' casement he saw an old man an' old woman settin' by th' fire, so he knocked at th' door an' when th' old man opened, he sez polite like, that he wished a night's lodgin' f'r pay.

"'Can y' tell us a story?' asked th' old man.

"'Faith' sez Pat, 'I'm afeared not,—I'm a sorry story teller.'

"'Then,' sez the old man, 'y'll go further, f'r I have no room f'r any but story tellers.'

"So Pat picked up his kit an' turned away, mutterin' curses on such triflin' folks.

"However, spyin' a stable not far away, he made f'r it an' by th' light of th' moon, found a pile of clean straw an' crawlin' into it was soon fast asleep.

"But 'twas not long he'd slept when he was roused by a noise an' lookin' out through th' straw, he saw four enormous big men come trampin' into th' barn, draggin' a dead body after 'em.

"They lit a fire in the middle of th' room an' wid a rope slung over a beam, hung th' body over th' fire whilst one of them turned it slow as if to roast it.



"'Here!' sez this one to th' biggest of th' four, 'I'm tired, you take your turn now.'

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"'Not me!' he growled, 'there's Pat Diver in th' straw; why shouldn't he take his turn?'"

"'An' as one man, they went after poor Pat an' dragged him out. 'Now,' sez they, 'you turn th' body, but mind y' if you let him burn y'll be hung up an' roasted in his place!'"

"Shaking wid fear, Pat went at it an' th' four went out: but in a little while th' rope burnt through an' th' dead body tumbled in a heap on th' fire, whilst poor Pat dashed through th' door an' ran as if a banshee was after him.

"'After he'd run 'til th' breath was out of him, Pat saw a deep ditch, covered over wid thick bushes an' into it he jumped, hopin' he'd be safe 'til daylight.

"'But hardly had he caught his breath when th' four come trampin' up an' laid th' dead body on th' bank of th' ditch.

"'Wurra! but I'm tired,' sez one to another; 'it's your turn to carry him now.'"

"'I'll not!' sez he, 'there's Pat Diver in th' ditch, why shouldn't he come out an' carry him?' an' all together they shouted to Pat to come out an' Pat, seein' no escape, come out tremblin' from head to foot.



"'They loaded th' body onto him an' made him carry it 'til they come to an old deserted graveyard where they stopped an' layin' th' body down, begun diggin' a grave.

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"'Whilst they were at it, Pat shinned up a convenient tree an' hid amongst th' leaves.

"'Wurra! but I'm tired,' sez the man wid th' spade to th' big one, 'it's your turn now.'"

"'Not mine!' sez th' big felly, 'there's Pat Diver in th' tree yonder, why shouldn't he come down an' take his turn?'"



"'An' hopeless, Pat come down an' went to work. But soon th' cocks in a nearby farm yard began to crow an' th' four stopped him.

"'Tis well f'r you, Pat Diver,' th' big felly sez, 'that th' cocks is crowin', f'r if they wasn't we'd have tumbled you into th' grave along wid th' body!' an' wid that they disappeared.

"'A long time after, Pat happened at th' fair at Raphoe an' as he mingled wid th' crowd, a big man bent over him an' sez 'Top o' th' mornin' to yez, Pat Diver!'"

"'Pat looked up at him an' wid a lump in his throat, sez, 'I'm afeard I don't know y'.'"

"'Oho! so y' don't know me is it? Well listen, Pat, next time y' seek lodgin's on th' Culdaff road, I'm a thinkin' y'll have a story t' tell.'"

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This put th' laugh on Hogarty, but 'twas good natured an' when 'twas over, Maddigan laid down his pipe.

"Tim Flynn," sez he, "bein' th' assessor, I reckon y've heard of th' wager betwixt th' devil an' th' hearth money collector of Bantry."

"I have not," sez Tim.



"Then you shall," sez Maddigan; "Pat Kennedy told me it.

"You see they two made a bet as to which could gather th' best load in a day, neither of 'em takin' anything but what was offered freely an' with th' good will of the giver.

"An' so they started out, soon in th' mornin', goin' slow an' kapin' their ears wide open. As they was passin' a cabin, th' shrill voice of a woman rang out,—'twas a poor worrit mother a scoldin' of her daughter. 'Oh Musha!' she cried, 'th' divil take y' f'r a lazy good f'r nothin'! an' will yez lay abed th' long day?"

"'There,' sez th' tax man, 'she's a callin' f'r y' now.' 'No, no,' sez th' evil one, 't'iz not sincere, we'll go on.'

"Passin' another hut, they heard a woman shriekin' at her husband, 'Bad luck t' y' f'r always puttin' off y'r bounden duty! y've niver rung thim pigs an' now there they are, a rootin' up all th' praties!—divil take the lot of 'em!"

"Th' tax man laughed. 'There now' sez he 'that's a bag full f'r y', but th' sly old fox only shrugged his shoulders an' on they trudged.

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"All day they went an' many were th' words they heard, sendin' this an' that t' th' devil, but never a one he took. A farmer lad, playin' ball when he should have been swingin' his hoe; a cobbler's 'prentice, dreamin' when he should have been drivin' pegs; a bad boy, torturin' a puppy; a tipsy lout, with his poor wife a scoldin' of him; an' so on, but never a thing was offered th' tax man.

"Just as th' red sun was slippin' away f'r th' night they come by a cabin where an old woman was mendin' a shirt on th' stoop. Chancin' to look up an' seein' th' two of 'em, she called to her old man, 'wurra! Pat, here's th' tax man! may th' divil run off wid 'im!"

"'Aha!' sez Old Nick, 'at last I've a gift!"

"'No! no! no! no!' exclaimed th' tax man, 'tis not from her heart!' 'Deed an' it is!' sez th' devil, 'from th' very bottom of it!' an' openin' his ugly black bag, he chucked th' unlucky hearth money collector in an' drewed th' string an' nobody ever after laid eyes onto him!"



"'Speakin' of th' devil,' sez old man Mullarky, layin' down his pipe, "'I wonder if any of y' mind th' time when sly Teig Madden of county Limerick got th' best of th' old rogue?"

"'I have not,' sez each of them.

"'Very well,' sez Mullarky, "'seein' that we're on th' subject, I'll tell it to y' if y' wish."

"'Go on,' sez they, an' so, Mullarky, takin' his knee in his hands, cleared his throat an' begun:

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"Teig Madden was a thrifty farmer who'd lived many years in a small cabin not far from th' ancient castle of Carrigogunniel, which 'twas said old Brian Boru his self had built long before.

"Teig was a hard workin' man an' 'twas all he could do to make a bare livin' out of th' wee bit of land he called his own, but early an' late, Teig was always at it, doin' th' best he could.

"Well, one winter's mornin' whilst Teig was feedin' his few pigs, who should come up but the devil his self,—horns, hoofs, tail an' all.

"'Teig Madden,' sez he, ' 'tis high time y' was vacatin' my land,' he sez; 'y've had it too long already!'

"'Your land?' sez Teig, 'niver a bit of it! 'tis my own, undisputed these twinty years!'

"'But,' sez Old Nick, 'tis myself that disputes it—an' I'll prove that y're wrong.' An' wid that they fell to disputin' long and loud an' after a great argument they finally agreed t' divide th' crops.

"'Very well,' sez Teig, 'which 'll y' take f'r your share, tops or bottoms?' 'Bottoms' sez old Nick, an' Teig, he was willin'.

"So, when plantin' time come around, he up an' sows wheat an' at harvest th' devil calls again f'r his share.



"An' sly Teig sez, sez he, 'very well, y'r honor, I've gathered mine, now you gather yours.' An' th' devil goes out an' finds that Teig had took all th' tops, leavin' only th' stubble f'r th' Old Boy's share, an' he was so beat that he made off without a word.

"But next spring, back he comes t' renew his claim to a share. 'All right,' sez Teig, 'an' which'll it be—tops or bottoms?'

"This time th' crafty old rogue sez, sez he, 'Teig, I'll take the tops.' 'Very well,' sez Teig, an' when planting time comes, what does sly Teig do but put th' whole of it down in praties!

"Quick enough, th' harvest rolls around an' before Teig had begun to gather his praties, th' devil shows up, demandin' his share.

"'Help yourself,' sez Teig, 'all th' tops is yours,' an' strollin' out wid him, easy like, sly Teig showed Old Nick th' wonderfulest pratie patch ever seen.

"But Old Nick, wearyin' of sly Teig's tricks, bantered him to a mowin' match t' decide which should have th' land. 'I'll do it,' sez Teig, 'which half'll y' mow,—east or west?' an' th' old rogue chose west, an' set sun up next day as th' time t' begin.

"'Now I'll warn y'!' sez Teig, 'that mowin' pratie vines is hard work, an' besides, I been pestered wid docks which is harder; so y'll be doin' y'self a kindness t' bring a sharp scythe.' But th' devil sez he knew all about them an' that Teig'd have a plenty t' do t' mind his own half.

"No sooner had the devil disappeared than sly Teig hastened off t' th' neighborin' smithy an' borried a big

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wagon load of old iron scraps which he took home, an' in every third hill of praties in th' west half, he drove an iron stake.

"Prompt at sun up, there they was, each wid his scythe, an' accordin' to custom, they agreed that when one whetted, th' other should too; so they pitched in.

"Sly Teig, he worked fast an' his pratie vines laid in thick rows, but Old Nick, he kep' strikin' his scythe forninst them new-fangled docks an' he made small headway.



"'Turrible tough dock!' sez he, never suspectin', I never seen th' likes of 'em!' but he worked away 'til his scythe was that dulled it wouldn't cut a thing.

"'Let's whet,' he shout-ed t' Teig.

"'Whet?' yelled sly Teig, 'not a whet 'til noon! Let's mow or we'll never be done!'

"Old Nick, he tried it again, but his scythe was so dull 'twould cut nothin' at all, at all, an' seein' he was clean beat, he sez, sez he, 'Teig, you win, I've lost my claim,' an' wid that he disappeared, leavin' sly Teig in full possession an' never after was he troubled."

These are but samples of the tales those cronies spun that summer evening, out by the big sycamore; it would take me long, even if I remembered them all, to relate them, and anyway, some if not all are written in books,

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where you may read them, if indeed you have not already done so.

But, my dear Gimleteer, not any book nor the pen of any writer can ever begin to convey the quaint brogue, or the expressive inflections and gestures wh ch memory brings down through the long years, as I think of that glorious evening, out on the commons in dear old Kerry Patch.

And with such memories, do you wonder that I sat forgetful of time, Gimlet and all the other trifles of the present? It was another world come to me, a world such as exists only in the Fair Emerald Isle, far, far away. A world peopled with fanciful folk such as this too practical country of ours knows nothing of.

We have wealth our forbears never dreamed of; we have fairly conquered Earth, Air and Water, but in our mad haste, we've left out much, if not all, that made Old Ireland what she is, the home of the sweetest romances, the cunningest myths and lore of any on the green earth.

Maybe we're too young to have a Tuatha da Danann though some future generation may discover a mine of mystic wealth, revealing in our Mound Builders and their predecessors, the Aztecs, an ample substitute.

In our wooded hills may dwell, unknown to us, a race of elfin folk akin to the Lepracauns, the Dullaghans, the Clobber-ceanns, the Gean-can-achs, Far Darrings, Pookas, Banshees and who knows what all?

And so, I sat in the quiet of my little den, communing with these motley folk who came trooping through the

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door of memory, which, perhaps my short black pipe unlocked. I made them welcome, bade them each unfold their strangest tales. How choice my guests! How rich was I, the host of these!

But alas, mortal man, as Aleck Pope so truly said,

"Never is, but always to be blest."

an' right in th' midst of my happiness, came ringin' in my ears th' startled tones of th' good wife of my bosom, exclaimin' "Why, Mike Kinney!



d'ye know it's nigh onto two o'clock in th' mornin' an' you a settin' up yet! I never heard of th' likes of y' in all me loife! an' yez c'n just put out that light an' t'

bed wid yez!—bad luck t' y'r poipe an' y'r book!"

An' even as she spoke, th' Goblin folk faded away into th' dim corners of my den an' I saw them no more, whed I, dutiful man that I am, doused my glim an' went t' bed.

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.

"To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the other."

—Diogenes.

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At seventy-two, after a long and honorable life, our friend and co-worker,

CALVIN W. FITCH

passed suddenly away, his death being due to heart disease.

His widow, one daughter and three sons survive him.

Mr. Fitch connected himself with the A. F. Shapleigh Hardware Company a score or more of years ago. A tireless worker, he continued at his duties up to the time of his summons.

Being a veteran of the Civil War and an active member of Ransom Post G. A. R., his remains were laid away at Jefferson Barracks, his old comrades officiating.

To his family we tender our sincere condolences.

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CONGRATULATIONS

So this is where our love has led at last—
A fast shut door that makes us twain again.
Without, through endless hours, I can but pray,
And, praying, almost doubt my God will hear,
While she, within, goes down to hell alone—
My little wife, whose braver heart has throbbed
Against my own and soothed an hundred hurts—
My perfect playmate! . . . Was that I who sobbed?

Strange women come and go; an unctuous priest
With pious phrases patters in and out.
I may not enter yet; they barred the way
When, at her bravely stifled moan, I tried.
She knows not fear; for hours ago she strove
To comfort me before my exile came,
And when I bent to kiss her lips again,
She smiled! Dear Heaven! the little woman smiled!

The black-cowled celibate has found me here
Prostrate and spent, a broken, craven thing;
His very smile is maddening! He speaks:
"Arise, my son, rejoice! for God is good"—
Some mumbled mummery, and then—"The child"—
No more I hear from his full, fleshly lips,
But weep a flood—I knew not I could weep—
And laugh . . . God given? So there is yet a God?
—*Angie Ousley.*

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CHRISTMAS EVE

THE home of Diamond Edge is a busy place.
Two hundred and ninety-six days out of
the year, we arrive as the bell rings in the
morning,—unless the car happens to be late,—
(no one ever misses a car, or at least, admits it)
and depart at even when the bell rings, (unless,
as often happens, we have night work).

The getaway is prompt,—excepting on Christmas Eve
and New Year's Eve—then, everyone lingers a while and,
as is our time-honored custom, exchanges greetings and
good wishes with everyone else.



The fine democracy of the institution is
exquisitely expressed in these holiday greetings;
all meet on a footing of perfect equality: a hearty
hand grasp, a smile, a friendly wish,—that's all.

But as one mingles with the throng of comrades in the
aisles and shares these exchanges of good will, the sphynx-
like mask of business falls aside and reveals the fact that
sentiment occupies a large place in this busy institution.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

Sentiment is of the heart, that unruly organ to which even the hardest head must sometimes give heed.

Sentiment accounts for enthusiasm or the lack of it.

Sentiment rules the will.

Sentiment makes service good or bad.

Sentiment is the secret spring whence flows the silent force which the French define as "esprit de corps."

Sentiment enlists the emotions.

Sentiment is the fine spirit which dignifies the humblest task and makes the individual soul akin to every other soul.

And so, amidst the hurly burly of business, sentiment cements us all in bonds of sincere purpose.

How time flies!

January First, 1916, is the seventy-second New Years Day of the House of Shapleigh!

It is the time of inventory, the time when as good business men we take stock.

In common with the great fraternity of business, we strike a balance. Merchandise, furniture and fixtures, accounts payable and accounts receivable, all pass in review.

Prodigious as is the task, willing hands and perfect team work speedily encompass its accomplishment and the annual balance sheet is spread, replete with figures, upon the President's table.

To his trained eye its story is quickly told: his smile betrays the satisfaction that he justly feels.

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The Gimlet

Then, he leans back in his stout chair, the figures fade—and instead, he sees a noble company gathering round.



The walls of his cozy office grow hazy and stand aside, to make way for his visioned guests,—the shades of other years.

How pleasantly they come, bringing their smiling memories of the long gone past! How eagerly they scan the balance sheet and with what exultation they rejoice with him in this new mark of excellence.

And friendly faces from the encircling gloom of time, come forth to add their meed of praise and congratulation;—faces of those who in their day, strove earnestly and faithfully in the building of the House, and, labors finished, gave their working tools to others—and passed on.

Mutely but eloquently they speak from out the past. They tell of times that tried men's souls; of pioneer days, thick with adversities such as we know not; of war and strife; of panic; of long stretches of peace and prosperity; of hard fought battles with fierce competition; and of the patient building of the Pledge we seek to keep.

They pass—and in their places stand the sturdy workers of to-day who, having caught the spirit of the House, are building on and on.

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Virile and strong, we of to-day, accept the task that's handed down to us;—for it is ours to keep the Pledge of Quality and in our turns give better things to those who follow us.

What is the House? Not masonry of stone and brick and steel! These have their p'ace, 'tis true; but all the merchandise they hold, serves as but pawns upon the checker board of business life. The Game is played 'twixt you and me, and we would play it fair.

Our friends and patrons! Are not you as well, the builders of the House? In truth you are! And as we labor, one for all, we realize the more how strangely fate has hinged your growth and betterment and ours upon each other.

So, as the shadows of the old year lengthen and it fades away, let us set our faces to the new which comes to meet it.

And may it bring to you and yours and us and ours, a truer better fellowship; a broader sense of mutual consideration and withal, a new degree of earnest co-operation which shall find its best expression in the unfeigned good will with which each strives for the other's welfare,—

"In honor preferring one another."

And may the blessings of Heaven rest upon all good Gimleteers!

So mote it be!

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

FELLOWSHIP

He has not lived in vain.
If men can say
When he has passed away:
"He labored not for gain."

If one can truly say:
"I loved him for his smile,
He walked with me a mile,
And cheered my weary way."

If only one shall stand
And sadly murmur this:
"My friend, my friend I'll miss
The pressure of your hand."

If only this remain:
One heart that he has cheered;
His monument is reared,
He has not lived in vain.

—Edgar A. Guest, in *Detroit Free Press*.



"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell.
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high.
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

FAMILIAR SPIRITS

DID you ever hear of the Independent Order
of Familiar Spirits?

Probably not.

We of the craft called Hardware are so eternally and infernally busy dustin' out our Warren Shelvin', washin' our shop windows an' polishin' th' southern exposure of our nether garments b' th' aid of sundry cane wove or three-ply, perforated chair seats that we mostly confine our mental recreations to such conservative diversions as inventin' puzzles f'r th' question box of th' next hardware convention, meditatin' upon the shameful injustice of havin' t' pay bills when due or discoursin' upon th' shallow reprehensibilities of our fellow citizens as manifested in th' growin' an' unseemly habit of tradin' with those disgustingly energetic merchants who advertise even when business is dull an' thereby make it duller with us an' brisker with them.

An' so, most of us bein' shockingly ignorant of th' ramifications of this pestiferous outfit, I deem it my patriotic duty t' bring it t' your attention.

Th' Independent Order of Familiar Spirits is a society not yet organized, but which has been in existence ever since Noah tied up his deep sea-goin' house boat at th' municipal wharves of Ararat.

It has neither officers not privates,—indeed few of its members are conscious of th' fact that they are such.

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The meeting places are legion.

A quorum consists of two or more.

The ritual is unwritten.

One man or one woman, seizes another by a protruding button or a too prominent buttonhole, assumes a quizzical expression and remarks, "I heard a new one yesterday," last night, or any other old time for that matter, and a called meetin' is in session.



Th' man who begins it is by some called "th' offender," by others "a bore;" still others call him "th' interlocutor" an' then there are those, (masculine, of course), who simply call him "a d—— nuisance."

Sometimes he begins by saying, "As you know, I make it a rule never to tell an improper story, but I heard one the other day,"—etc., etc., etc.

Know him? I thought so!

But barrin' this kind, there's plenty that ain't so bad.

Eli Perkins was a Familiar Spirit. Here's a specimen of what he worked off on his unsuspectin' acquaintances an' on several opery house audiences:—

"Last summer I was aboard a night train' that was wrecked. The sleeper I was in was derailed and lay gently resting at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

"Everything was alarm and confusion; everyone was struggling to escape and in the melee our various ward-

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robes became sadly mixed. Before retiring, I had worn a pair of white duck trousers, but in my hurried search they were nowhere to be found. At length, I did find a pair which I hastily put on but you may judge my chagrin when I discovered that I could never permit myself to be seen in them! You see, they were not men's trousers—"

Eli's significant pause was the signal that here we laugh, and when we did he would gaze mournfully at us and continue—

"They were *boy's* trousers!"

* * * *

You may be surprised to learn that Herbert Corey was a Familiar Spirit before he became a war correspondent, but the following sample of his wares is convincing:—

"A certain New York traveling man, very fastidious, was sent to close a deal with a wealthy merchant in Richmond, Va. His train would not arrive until two. The day was miserably hot and sticky and through the open car windows a large pulverized portion of the New South blew in and settled indiscriminately all over the perspiring passengers.

When he reached Richmond in the heat of the day, he called one of those celebrated Richmond hacks and remembering that he carried no personal grip, ordered the old negro driver to take him to a haberdashery.

"Yassuh," said the driver and the lone horse started off at a little stiff-legged trot. After going a few blocks, he pulled up his horse and turning to his passenger said,

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The Gimlet

"'Scuse me, suh, but wheah did you all want to go?"

"To a haberdashery," answered the traveling man.

"Oh, yassuh!" exclaimed the negro, "To be suah, Giddap!"



They rattled along a little way and then the driver stopped, got down and leaning up against the hack door said, "Ah reckon ah didn't git dat name jus' right, won't you all say it agin?"

"And once more the soiled traveler told him he wanted to go to a haberdashery.

"The old negro shook his gray wool and looked grieved. 'Boss,' said he, 'Ah'm a ole man; you all kin sho' trus' me. Wheah is it you all really wants to go? Ah won't nebber tell!"

* * * *

Sherman Clark, too, is a Familiar Spirit. His specialty lies in pointing a moral, as witness this specimen of his confidential communications:—

One day in a country store I saw a sweet four year old girl come toddling in and buy a nickel's worth of stick candy. A little kitten rubbed against her leg and purred. She laid her candy down on a box to play with the pretty kitten.

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When tired of play, she went to get her candy again. But it was gone. Someone had stolen it. Her little face became sad. Something seemed to choke her. Big tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her rosy cheeks. Poor little thing! I felt so sorry for her that I gave half a stick of it back to her!



* * * *

There were also Familiar Spirits among the ancient Greeks. One of them told a certain story with such gusto and frequency that after many warnings, his seven wives packed their seven trunks and went home by taxi to their seven respective mothers. After having read it you may be tempted to do likewise, but here it is:—

There was once a man who lived near the river Hellada in Phthiotis had a wife whose disposition was not a whit less obstinate and quarrelsome than that of Xantippe. And it happened one day when the river was at flood that his neighbors came running to tell him that his good wife had fallen into it. Dropping his work he rushed off up stream to rescue her.



"Fool!" they cried, "the current will carry her down stream, not up!"

"Ah!" answered he, "but you don't know my wife!"

* * * *

It was a Spanish member of the Independent Order of Familiar Spirits, Juan de Timonda by

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name, who was reputed to have related the following to some five hundred defenceless persons before a just fate overtook him and made him one of the chief punishers of Purgatory, which post he is said still to occupy:—

An impertinent courtier chanced to meet a pretty maiden driving a donkey before her, called out to her asking where she lived.



"At Getafe, sir," she said.

"And pray, do you know the inn-keeper's daughter at Getafe?"

"Quite well, sir," she answered.

"And will you be so good as to take her a kiss from me?"

"Indeed I will," said the maiden, "just give it to my donkey, sir, he will get there first!"

* * * *

The d—— nuisance at th' plumber's told me this, prompted no doubt by one of th' exhibits in th' said plumber's front office:—

Judge —— who lived in a remote section of the country where bath tubs are rarely seen was so fortunate as to have one in his home and selfishly permitted none but himself to use it.

One day he suspicioned that it had been used in his absence and assuming that it must have

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been the housemaid he accused her of having broken the rule.

She frankly admitted that it was she, and after warning her not to repeat the offence, the Judge freely forgave her. However, the girl plainly showed that her feelings were hurt, so to make amends for his harsh speaking, he said, "I am not so much grieved that you have used my tub as I am sorry to think you'd do a thing behind my back that you wouldn't do before my face!"



* * *

It seems strange that so many drummers are Familiar Spirits, but I've noticed that even hardware salesmen are not immune. One of my good friends who travels in Southeast Missouri buttonholed me with this:—

"One day I took passage on the solitary train which starts daily—starts I said,—from the Cape on a perilous journey over the famous Grapevine Narrow Gauge.

"I remarked to a rural fellow passenger as we rumbled along that the country seemed pretty dilapidated.

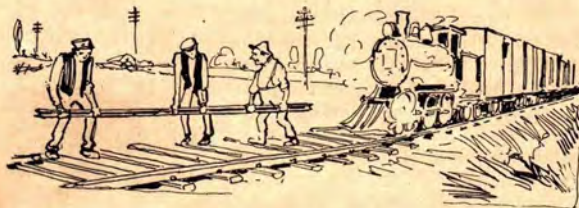
"Yas, mabby, but jest you wait an' you'll see su'thin' wuss afore long!"

"After an hour's run, (ten miles, about), the train stopped and the train crew, crowbars in hand walked leisurely past my window.

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"Thinking there must have been an accident, I got out and followed them. They loosened a



rail, carried it forward and spiked it in place of a missing rail ahead.

"Returning to my seat, I told my fellow passenger about it, suggesting that some one must have stolen a rail.

"That's a fact, stranger," said he, "it was stole nigh onto five years ago an' they haint nobody never bought a new one! When this here train comes back, them fellers has got to stop an' tear up a rail behind 'em to git throo! Now, ain't that there th' dilapidatedest thing you ever see, stranger?"

* * * *

I know a rather noisy chap who boasts of having once been the sporting editor of the *Homiletic Record*. I don't know about that but he's a Familiar Spirit all right, though he has but one story an' to my certain knowledge he's been workin' it f'r th' last eight years—'Tis this:—

A rich and very elegant young gentleman in an Eastern city was deeply smitten with the charms of a very beautiful *debutante*. They frequently met in society and he felt confident that his growing love was not wholly unrequited.

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Both were to be guests at a sumptuous function and believing that the affair would mean much to his suit, he carefully selected a box of the rarest flowers he could find and writing a note to the object of his affections, gave it to his servant to be delivered to her home shortly before she should depart for the function.

In due time his servant returned saying he had taken the box and note as instructed. When he arrived he made haste to meet the young lady but found her attended by a rival and carrying other flowers.

She greeted him with the chilliest of nods and calmly turned her back upon him. Nonplussed at her sudden coolness, he tarried only long enough to comply with the requirements of etiquette and then went miserably home.



There on the table stood his box of choice flowers! Angrily he called his servant and demanded an explanation, and the poor fellow earnestly protested that he had done his bidding.

"But," said he, "this was not the box you gave me, sir."

"Not the box I gave you? In pity's name what was in the box you took?"

"How could I tell sir?" asked the servant, "I did not open it."

He quickly dispatched the servant to the young lady's home for the box and when he opened it was horrified to

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discover that it contained some silk underwear he had bought and sent home for himself.

And then he remembered that in his note he had written, "May I not hope you will wear these for my sake."

* * * *

You might think from these few examples of the sort of communications by which Familiar Spirits can be distinguished that they are all city folks, but they're not. One time, in the backwoods of Georgia a chap named W. G. C—— accosted me, asked where I was from, what my business might be and if I'd come to Georgia to stay. I parried as best I could but he buttonholed me and proceeded to pour the following truthful tale into my captive ears:—

"Once there was a man lived up on the Hiawassee. He was a farmer. Well, he found out that somebody was stealing his corn and after long watching he discovered the thief. It was a squirrel.



The squirrel came down to the water's edge on the far side, pushed a shingle in, and jumping on, raised his tail for a sail and came skimming across and fastened his shingle up to the bank.

Then he sneaked up to the crib, toted an ear down, and loading it onto a shingle, paddled across with a twig for an oar as handy as you please.

When the man saw him drag the corn up a hollow tree he made up his mind he'd recover his stolen property. So he got his axe and waded the river. It was about waist deep.

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He had on a heavy overcoat fastened by one big button. When he came up out of the water his coat seemed awful heavy and reaching in his pockets he was astonished to find they were chock full of shad that had swum in while he was wading across.



But when he climbed up on the bank, the wet coat and the fish were so heavy that they burst the button off and as it flew it hit a rabbit under a bush and keeled him over.

The man gathered up the rabbit, looked it over and made up his mind he didn't want it so he give it a fling.

Now it so happened that being near dusk, a covey of partridges had huddled together for the night, their heads all bunched together in the center and that rabbit come down plunk! right on top of their heads and killed the whole passel of them.

Well, the man gathered up his partridges and putting them by with his coat full of fish, chopped down the hollow tree.



In it he found over thirty bushels of corn and that wasn't all! The tree was a bee tree and he got, I don't know how many gallons of honey!

"Purty good evenin's work, wasn't it."

* * * *

I might weary you if I should give any more of th' thousands of rounds of ammunition which

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these pesky Familiar Spirits keep on tap f'r th' unwary an' of course I won't risk such a calamity as that.

But after this I don't reckon any Gimleteer 'll have any difficulty in recognizin' th' ear marks of th' Familiar Spirit. They're easy enough t' recognize, th' real difficulty bein' to get away from 'em unscathed.

An' in my earnest desire to serve my fellow sufferers, I do hereby will, bequeath, give an' convey an unfailin' antidote, by means of which all Familiar Spirits may easily be disposed of.

'Tis this:—

When one of 'em corners y', look him straight in th' eye, let him start his nefarious program an' when he gets a goin', interrupt him with somethin' like this:—

"First time I heard this story I thought I'd die from laughing. Now, it don't even make me smile. Then I was settin' up with a corpse an' when y' set up with a corpse, anything sounds funny."

This, I'll guarantee 'll stop even th' most persistent an' pernicious Familiar Spirit whatsoever.

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.

"A College education shows a man how little other people know."

—Haliburton.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

To win honor abroad is a pretty compliment

To win honor at home is a surpassing commendation,—for at home, faults are more quickly spoken than virtues.

Therefore, it is with honest pride that we point to the BLUE RIBBON and the MEDAL awarded us on winning *at home* the first prize for the superior quality and meritorious character of our goods.

And mark you, it is these same goods which we are shipping you.

And remember that they bring into your store the same fine points of excellence as won this deserved honor at home, where they are best known, in competition with all others.

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FIRST PREMIUM
ST. LOUIS AGRICULTURAL FAIR

OCT. 4-5-6-7-8-9

1915

Medal awarded The Shapleigh Hardware Company for the best Commercial Exhibit.



This medal is a massive work of art and is a pleasing addition to our already large collection of similar tokens.

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A partial view of the beautiful exhibit made by the Shapleigh Hardware Company at the recent St. Louis Agricultural Fair.

In addition to a fine display of high grade tools and other specialties, a number of ingenious electrical toys were kept constantly in operation—imposing express trains, fast flying automobiles and the like,—and as a matter of course this made the exhibit the cynosure of all the enthusiastic youthful visitors at the fair.

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"IT CAN BE DONE."

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
 But he, with a chuckle, replied
 That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
 On his face—if he worried he hid it;
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that—
 At least, no one has ever done it."
 But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
 With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;
 There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Then take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
 That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—From *The Medical Herald*
 (Author unknown.)

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IDLENESS

"The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody—he is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of everyday life—he stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside—he is of no advantage to anybody—he annoys busy men—he makes them unhappy—he is a unit in society.

He may have an income to support him in idleness, or he may *sponge* on his good-natured friends; but in either case he is despised.

Young men, do *something* in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread—that law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet.

Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman however exalted or however humble, can do good in this, short life, if so inclined; therefore do not be idle.

—Author Unknown.

"In company, set a guard upon your tongue; in solitude, upon your heart. A great talker never wants enemies; the man of sense speaks little and hears much. Though the ways of virtue are rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven."

"Look not mournfully into the past,—it cannot return; wisely improve the present,—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

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NOBODY BUT FATHER

Nobody knows the money it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody knows that the boys need shoes
And girls hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together;
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering whether
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and glum;
Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather,
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm,
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody knows of the home life pure,
Watched over by a mother,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father.

—Unknown.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The work revolves from night to day.
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
A peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head,
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

BULLETIN!

Veni, vedi, vici—mince pie.

—M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



In answering these want ads, address the GIMLET, except where special address is given.

FOR SALE.

In a good Kansas town—a \$4500.00 stock of Hardware, no Implements. Splendid bargain and worth investigation.

In a good Montana town of 1800 people—a \$7000.00 stock of Hardware, etc., which can be bought at a reasonable figure. Ill health of one of owners reason for wanting to sell out. Sales last year, \$21,000.00; store rents for \$40.00 per month, present lease out January 1st, 1917.

A stock of General Hardware with Fixtures and Heating, Plumbing and Roofing connection. Good Pennsylvania town, surrounded by a fine farming country.

In a good Missouri town, a ten to twelve thousand dollar stock of Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, etc. Stock in first class condition. Doing a good business. In the present location for over 20 years. Reason for selling, death of owner.

Excellent stock located in a good Wisconsin town, consisting of Hardware, Tools, Tinware, Toys, etc., including Fixtures. Stock at the present time invoices about \$15,000.00, but can be reduced to \$3000.00 in a short time. Can lease building at a reasonable price.

Hardware stock and Building stock will invoice about \$3500.00—Building \$2200.00. Building 24x42 with two warehouses and garage. Living rooms upstairs. Located near the L. E. A. & W. Depot in a good Ohio town. Cash transaction and a bargain for anyone.

A clean and well-assorted stock of Hardware, invoicing about \$8000.00 in a good Washington town of about 800 inhabitants. Only one competitor—with light stock. Located in a good, thriving farming district.

In a good Colorado town, a clean stock of Hardware which can be bought at a bargain. Building 54x150. Sales run about \$40,000.00 annually. Also handle some Implements.

In a Southern Illinois town of 2500 inhabitants—all modern conveniences—an eight to ten thousand dollar stock of Hardware including Fixtures. Good farming country and the leading fruit county in the State. On the main line of the I. C. Ry. Reason for selling, death of owner. Business established 20 years.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

In answering these want ads, address the GIMLET, except where special address is given.

FOR SALE—Continued.

\$12,000.00 Stock of Hardware in one of the largest Utah towns. Fixtures worth \$2,000.00. Will give time on one-third, or possibly one-half the amount. Sales in 1914, \$48,000.00. Reason for selling—ill health of one of the owners.

In a good north central Missouri town of about 400 population, a small Hardware stock which can be bought at a reasonable figure. All practically new stock as owners have been in business only a few years.

In an Illinois town of 2200 population, good mining district—a \$500.00 stock of Furniture and Hardware. A good proposition and worth investigation.

Set of Tinners' Tools which can be bought at a reasonable figure.

\$7000.00 stock of Hardware, Stoves, Tin and Enameled Ware with Tinshop in connection. Good business and good location in an Illinois town of six thousand people. Only two other Hardware stores there. Good farming country and two large canning factories located in the town.

Stock of Hardware, Harness, Stoves, etc., in a northern Missouri town, invoicing about \$5000.00. All nice, clean stock and comparatively new fine Hardware shelving belonging to the building. Store room 25x70 feet—warehouse in rear of store. Rent \$25.00 per month. Excellent bargain.

In an Oklahoma town of 700, a \$7000.00 stock of Hardware, Furniture and Undertaking goods. Building is leased, rents for \$38.00 per month, that is, two brick buildings, each 25x80 feet. An excellent trading point and in a good farming country.

\$6,000.00 Stock of Hardware in a good North Nebraska town of 1,000 people. Only exclusive Hardware stock in the town. Building 24x90—and store room rents for \$30.00 per month. Can be bought for half cash—balance six per cent terms.

A nice, clean stock of Hardware, invoicing about \$5,000.00—in a nice up-to-date store room in the best location in a good Nebraska town. Good crops and large territory to draw from. Poor health reason for wanting to sell.

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Wisconsin Hardware merchant desires a good man to take charge of the Hardware and Housefurnishing department.

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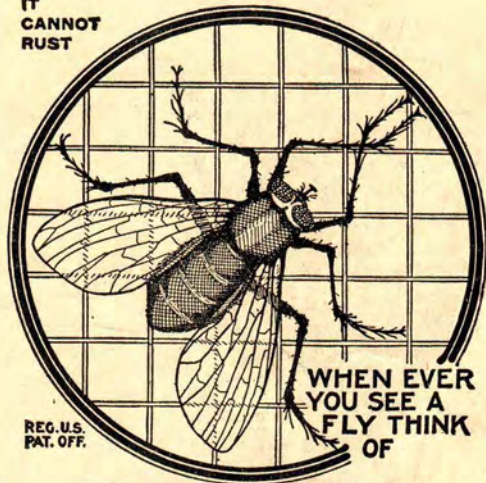
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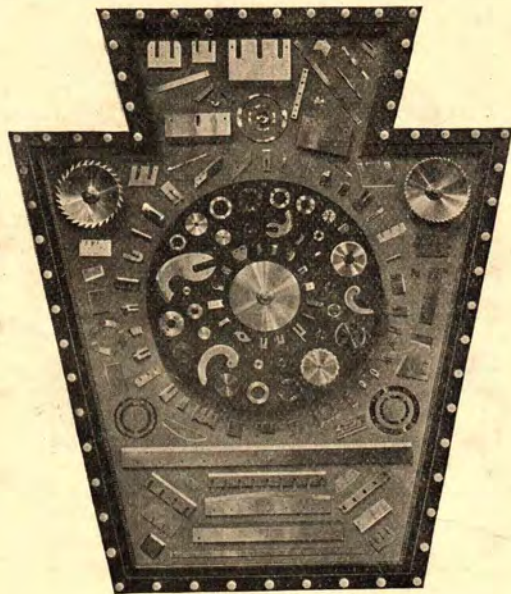
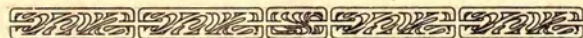
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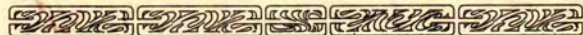
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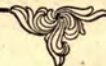
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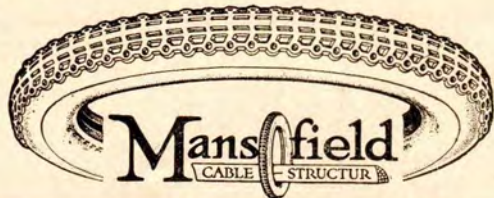


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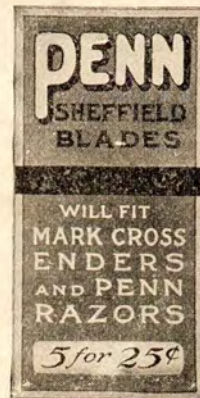
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