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# LORILLARDS

MAGAZINE

VOL. 2

NO. 2



THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL—By O. HENRY

THE GRAND OLD CHEW  
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We furnished tobacco for the fighters of the

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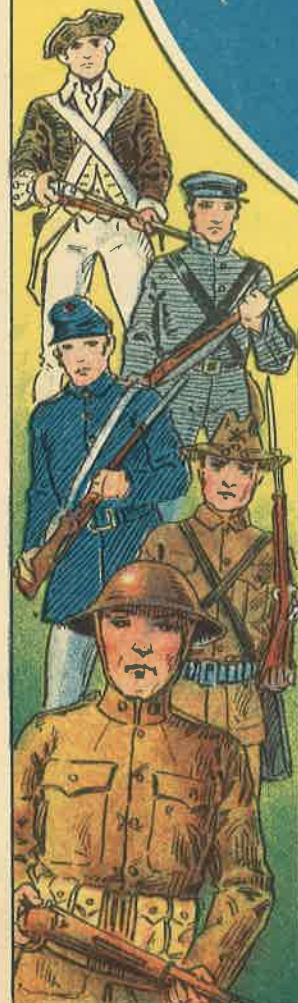
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to the soldiers and sailors who fought for the  
**Liberty of the World.**





# The Hiding of Black Bill

From "OPTIONS," by O. Henry

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**10¢ TIN**  
**UNION LEADER**  
**BIGGEST AND BEST TOBACCO VALUE**

ALANK, strong, red-faced man with a Wellington beak and small, fiery eyes tempered by flaxen lashes, sat on the station platform at Los Pinos swinging his legs to and fro. At his side sat another man, fat, melancholy, and seedy, who seemed to be his friend. They had the appearance of men to whom life had appeared as a reversible coat—seamy on both sides.

"Ain't seen you in about four years, Ham," said the seedy man. "Which way you been travelling?"

"Texas," said the red-faced man. "It was too cold in Alaska for me. And I found it warm in Texas. I'll tell you about one hot spell I went through there."

"One morning I steps off the International at a water-tank and lets it go on without me. 'Twas a ranch country, and fuller of spitehouses than New York City. Only out there they build 'em twenty miles away so you can't smell what they've got for dinner, instead of running 'em up two inches from their neighbors' windows."

"There wasn't any roads in sight, so I footed it 'cross country. The grass was shoe-top deep, and the mesquite timber looked just like a peach orchard. It was so much like a gentleman's private estate that every minute you expected a kennelful of bulldogs to run out and bite you. But I must have walked twenty miles before I came in sight of a ranch house. It was a little one, about as big as an elevated-railroad station."

"There was a little man in a white shirt and brown overalls and a pink handkerchief around his neck rolling cigarettes under a tree in front of the door."

"Greetings," says I. "Any refreshment, welcome, emoluments, or even work for a comparative stranger?"

"Oh, come in," says he, in a refined tone. "Sit down on that stool, please. I didn't hear your horse coming."

"He isn't near enough yet," says I. "I walked. I don't want to be a burden, but I wonder if you have three or four gallons of water handy."

"You do look pretty dusty," says he; "but our bathing arrangements—"

"It's a drink I want," says I. "Never mind the dust that's on the outside."

"He gets me a dipper of water out of a red jar hanging up, and then goes on:

"Do you want work?"

"For a time," says I. "This is a rather quiet section of the country, isn't it?"

"It is," says he. "Sometimes—so I have been told—one sees no human being pass for weeks at a time. I've been here only a month. I bought the ranch from an old settler who wanted to move farther west."

"It suits me," says I. "Quiet and retirement are good for a man sometimes. And I need a job. I can tend bar, salt mines, lecture, float stock, do a little middle-weight slugging, and play the piano."

"Can you herd sheep?" asks the little ranchman.

"Do you mean have I heard sheep?" says I.

"Can you herd 'em—take charge of a flock of 'em?" says he.

"Oh," says I, "now I understand. You mean chase 'em around and bark at 'em like collie dogs. Well, I might," says I. "I've never exactly done any sheep-herding, but I've often seen 'em from car windows masticating daisies, and they don't look dangerous."

"I'm short a herder," says the ranchman. "You never can depend on the Mexicans. I've only got two flocks. You may take out my bunch of muttons—there are only eight hundred of 'em—in the morning, if you like. The pay is twelve dollars a month and your rations furnished. You camp in a tent on the prairie with your sheep. You do your own cooking, but wood and water are brought to your camp. It's an easy job."

"I'm on," says I. "I'll take the job even if I have to garland my brow and hold on to a crook and wear a loose-effect and play on a pipe like the shepherds do in pictures."

"So the next morning the little ranchman helps me drive the flock of muttons from the corral to about two miles out and let 'em graze on a little hillside on the prairie. He gives me a lot of instructions about not letting bunches of them stray off from the herd, and driving 'em down to a water-hole to drink at noon."

"I'll bring out your tent and camping outfit and rations in the buckboard before night," says he.

"Fine," says I. "And don't forget the rations. Nor the camping outfit. And be sure to bring the tent. Your name's Zollicoffer, ain't it?"

"My name," says he, "is Henry Ogden."

"All right, Mr. Ogden," says I. "Mine is Mr. Percival Saint Clair."

"I herded sheep for five days on the Rancho Chiquito; and then the wool entered my soul. That getting next to Nature certainly got next to me. I was lonelier than Crusoe's goat. I've seen a lot of persons more entertaining as companions than those sheep were. I'd drive 'em to the corral and pen 'em every evening, and then cook my corn-bread and mutton and coffee, and lie down in a tent the size of a tablecloth, and listen to the coyotes and whippoorwills singing around the camp."

"The fifth evening, after I had corralled my costly but uncongenial muttons, I walked over to the ranch-house and stepped in the door."

(Continued on page 2)



"Mr. Ogden," says I, "you and me have got to get sociable. Sheep are all very well to dot the landscape and furnish eight-dollar cotton suitings for man, but for table-talk and fireside companions they rank along with the five o'clock teasers. If you've got a deck of cards, or a parcheesi outfit, or a game of authors, get 'em out, and let's get on a mental basis. I've got to do something in an intellectual line, if it's only to knock somebody's brains out."

"This Henry Ogden was a peculiar kind of ranchman. He wore finger-rings and a big gold watch and careful neckties. And his face was calm, and his nose-spectacles was kept very shiny. I saw once in Muscogee, an outlaw hung for murdering six men, who was a dead ringer for him. But I knew a preacher in Arkansas that you would have taken to be his brother. I didn't care much for him either way; what I wanted was some fellowship and communion with holy saints or lost sinners—anything sheepless would do."

"Well, Saint Clair," says he, laying down the book he was reading, "I guess it must be pretty lonesome for you at first. And I don't deny that it's monotonous for me. Are you sure you corralled your sheep so they won't stray out?"

"They're shut up as tight as the jury of a millionaire murderer," says I. "And I'll be back with them long before they'll need their trained nurse."

"So Ogden digs up a deck of cards, and we play casino. After five days and nights of my sheep-camp it was like a toot on Broadway. When I caught big casino I felt as excited as if I had made a million in Trinity. And when H. O. loosened up a little and told the story about the lady in the Pullman car I laughed for five minutes."

"That showed what a comparative thing life is. A man may see so much that he'd be bored to turn his head to look at a \$3,000,000 fire or Joe Weber or the Adriatic Sea. But let him herd sheep for a spell, and you'll see him splitting his ribs laughing at 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,' or really enjoying himself playing cards with ladies."

"By-and-by Ogden gets out a decanter of Bourbon, and then there is a total eclipse of sheep."

"Do you remember reading in the papers, about a month ago," says he, "about a train hold-up on the M. K. & T.? The express agent was shot through the shoulder, and about \$15,000 in currency taken. And it's said that only one man did the job."

"Seems to me I do," says I. "But such things happen so often they don't linger long in the human Texas mind. Did they overtake, overhaul, seize, or lay hands upon the despoiler?"

"He escaped," says Ogden. "And I was just reading in a paper to-day that the officers have tracked him down into this part of the country. It seems the bills the robber got were all the first issue of currency to the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. And so they've followed the trail where they've been spent, and it leads this way."

"Ogden pours out some more Bourbon, and shoves me the bottle."

"I imagine," says I, after ingurgitating another modicum of the royal booze, "that it wouldn't be at all a disingenuous idea for a train robber to run

(Continued on page 5)



## Look for the Tiger

on the package when you are buying Chewing Tobacco and you will always get a delicious chew. A perfect tobacco in perfect condition. Full-flavored, sweet and clean. Put up in air-tight, dust-proof packages.

# TIGER

## CHEWING TOBACCO

Always moist—Always clean—Always the proper chew.



## A Page of Smiles

### A SUMMER TOKEN

"Did your summer girl give you anything to remember her by?"  
"Oh, yes; she gave me one of her bathing suits and I have worn it in the back of my watch ever since."  
—Florida Times-Union.

### MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT

"Pat, here's the dollar I borrowed of ye last wake."  
"Bedad, Mike, I'd forgot all about it."  
"Och, why the devil didn't ye say so?"  
—Boston Transcript.

### CAUGHT

"Please, teacher, would you punish a chap for something he hadn't done?"  
"Certainly not, Billy. That would be unjust."  
"That's all right; 'cause I didn't do my homework."  
—Sidney Bulletin.

### FRESH PAINT

"Waiter," he called sniffing the air suspiciously, "never mind that order now, I can never eat when there's a smell of fresh paint around."  
"If you'll just wait a few minutes, sir," replied the waiter, "them two young ladies will be going."  
—Tit-Bits.

### LOOKING FOR MONEY

Little Willie was discovered by his mother industriously smashing all the eggs in the house.  
"Why, Willie," she cried, aghast, "what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?"  
Willie answered:  
"I heard papa say there was money in eggs, and I'm tryin' to find it."  
—American Cookery.

### THE TROUBLE

Willis: "We folks at home should do our work without complaining. You know, Peace hath her victories the same as war."  
Gillis: "I know, but nobody pins medals on you for washing the dishes, and there's never a brass band out to meet you in the morning after you've walked the floor all night with the baby."

### FLATTERY DID IT

"You seem able-bodied and healthy; you ought to be strong enough to work," she remarked scrutinizingly.  
"Yes, ma'am, I know. And you seem beautiful enough to be on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."  
He got a meal without any further reference to work.  
—People's Home Journal.

### SCANT SOLACE

"I don't believe they will ever make Europe bone-dry."  
"I don't, either," rejoined Uncle Bill Bottletop. "But Europe is a long ways to travel just for a drink."  
—Washington Star.

### IN SAGEBRUSH CENTER

"I want to die with my boots on," declared Pizen Pete.  
"Your wish will be gratified if you track mud on my carpet," announced Cactus Kate.

### HE SETTLED IT

"I'll say this for the great war."  
"What?"  
"It didn't last long after my boy got into it."  
—Detroit Free Press.

### PROFESSIONAL PRIDE

"The judge complimented me highly."  
"But he sentenced you to twenty years in the penitentiary."  
"That explains the compliment. He said I was the smoothest crook who had come before him in many moons."  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### DECEIVED

"Poor Maud! She got cruelly deceived when she married that old man."  
"Didn't he have any money?"  
"Oh, yes, plenty of money; but he is ten years younger than he said he was."  
—Boston Transcript.

### FATHER'S PREFERENCE

Miss Prittikid: "But, father, he is a man you can trust."  
Her Pa: "Gracious, girl! What I want is one I can borrow from."  
—Indianapolis Star.

### CONSERVATISM

"Do you believe in metempsychosis?" asked Professor Giggles.  
"No," answered Mr. Hardhead, promptly.  
"Why not?"  
"Chiefly because there is no dictionary at hand to tell me what the darned word means."  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.



Drawn by Angus MacDonall

KEEP TO THE RIGHT!—Judge

### CONSULTED WEBSTER

"Last night a girl called me an impecunious barracuda."  
"Didn't you resent it?"  
"No; it wasn't until I got home that I realized that the name was highbrow for 'a poor fish.'"  
—Boston Transcript.

### BACKWOODS PHILOSOPHY

"You don't need a dog license unless you got a dog, and a marriage license gits you a wife."  
"Well?"  
"But a hunting license don't guarantee nuthin'."  
—Kansas City Journal.



## THE SANITARY VALUE OF TOBACCO AT THE WAR FRONT

Recent Medical Opinion of Smoking Considered as a Protection Against Tuberculosis

Most of the serious studies of smoking have appeared in scientific reviews. The objections to this method are twofold. In the first place, the results do not reach the public in a suitable form, for few writers are able to treat of highly technical subjects with simplicity and directness. The result is that both sides often believe that they find in these studies evidence for their own view. Secondly, the merely prejudiced and partisan accounts of tobacco are written by those who have some special point to prove. Some may be interested in showing that smoking is increasing among school-boys, or that the cigarette is more powerful than pipes and cigars. Still others try to prove that the physique of the nation is deteriorating and that nicotine is the cause. The most common of these assumptions is that tobacco is not a sedative, as most of the human race believe, but an intoxicant, and that its effects are greatly increased by inhaling smoke. Any one reading these various themes, one after the other, especially if he happens to have read the original scientific essays on which they are based, will experience a thorough mental "seesaw." It is clearly impossible for tobacco to have so many and incompatible effects.

A moot point has been the effect of tobacco smoke on the lungs. A careful investigation of the subject has just been made at Johns Hopkins Hospital. The most valuable part of this study relates to the inhaling of smoke and the problems of tissue change in the lungs. The author, Dr. Krause, has two advantages over most of the specialist writers. He is an expert on statistics, as well as on the medical aspects of smoking, and so is able to present a broadly hygienic view. He is critical and scientific, anxious to see both sides of the question, with a slight bias against the general use of the weed.

The aim of the investigation is to ascertain whether there is any evidence that tobacco smoking has a direct relation to consumption, and if so, what it is. It is generally believed by doctors that tuberculous patients should be protected from colds and catarrh, and that if smoking, and especially the inhaling of cigarette smoke, caused inflammation of the throat, the habit should be avoided. Statistics show that some irritation of the throat occurs in 27 per cent. of non-smokers, but the proportion in those who inhale cigarette smoke is higher, and the question was, therefore, whether the smoke was the cause. To non-smokers the supposition has always been convenient that cigarette smoke caused throat inflammation, but exact figures tell a different story. In more than 3,000 young men discharged from the United States Army on account of consumption, the proportion of throat symptoms was no higher among smokers than among non-smokers.

As tuberculosis of the lungs often follows colds, it has been assumed that inflamed tissue was more liable to bacterial invasion than a healthy tissue. Dr. Krause combats this conclusion, and shows by examples from medicine that inflamed tissue is rarely the site of bacterial infection. Erysipelas, for example, a form of inflammation of the face, arises more often from healthy skin. Inflamed tissues, it is found, are points of unusual resistance to germs and the infections they carry. The protective action of tobacco smoke in the chest appears to be of this nature. The inhalation of smoke causes a comparatively mild inflammation which is mildly stimulating to the vitality of the lung tissue. As this effect of smoking is frequently repeated, it leads in the end to repair of damaged tissue. The local effects of inhaled tobacco smoke are thus shown to be a barrier to the entrance of tuberculous germs into the lung, and when they do enter to be a force resisting the development of those germs.

The medical authorities who have followed these experiments believe further that the local irritation when it is the effect of tobacco smoke is not fraught with danger even in cases of bronchitis and consumption. There is every reason, then, to think that patients and smokers alike will be much comforted by this medical assurance that the chief objection to the cigarette has been removed. B.

### DAILY NEWS SMOKES TO FAYE

FORMER MUSIC CRITIC IN FRANCE GETS CHICAGO PACKAGE OF TOBACCO

How a can of tobacco sent by The Daily News Tobacco Fund 3,500 miles, from Chicago to the eastern boundaries of France, found its way into the hands of Stanley K. Faye, formerly music and literary critic for The Daily News and now a sergeant in the ordnance detachment of American repair park 101 Souhesme-la-Grande on Meuse, is described in a letter received from Sergt. Faye.

Sergt. Faye writes under date of Jan. 10: "Last night, just as I was beginning on my last tin of pipe tobacco and wondering for the dozenth time where I was going to get more, a kind-hearted person brought me a can of 'Union Leader Redicut' with the compliments of The Chicago Daily News readers printed on the back of it. That was quite astonishing, not only because of The Daily News, but also because it was the first time I had ever received something for nothing in France or anywhere in the army.

"In the five months I have been here I have been most of the time in a little detachment stationed here or there, but always just far enough behind the front to miss the supply system there. Hence I haven't been supplied; that is, of course, in a manner of speaking. We

always did manage to get things, but we had to beg for everything. For three months we didn't get any pay, but then most of the time there was nowhere to spend any money even if we had any to spend."

### CALVERLEY'S "ODE TO TOBACCO"

Thou, who when fears attack,  
Bidst them avaunt, and Black  
Care, at the horesman's back  
Perching, unseatest;  
Sweet when the morn is gray;  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,  
Not to thy credit;  
How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost—  
Unless, except to roast—  
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fuses  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards;  
Go mad, and beat their wives;  
Plunge (after shocking lives)  
Razors and carving-knives  
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!  
Yet know I five or six  
Smokers who freely mix  
Still with their neighbors;  
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,  
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—  
Daily absorbs a clay  
After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco-juice;  
Still why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?  
We're not as tabbies are;  
Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
Here's to thee, Bacon!

Wife—"Henry, if you didn't smoke I could have a new hat."

Hubby—"And if you would live on stewed prunes I could have a steam yacht."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

### WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

Once there were two men and a lady who decided to go fishing. They took a boat and rowed quite a distance out to sea, and as the fish were not biting very well, the lady was trailing her hand in the water. Suddenly she pulled her hand into the boat and cried, "Oh, I have lost my diamond ring!" The water was too deep for a person to dive and get the ring, so although the lady felt very badly about it—nothing could be done. Just before they started toward the shore one of the men hooked an exceedingly big fish. That night they had some of that fish for dinner. All of a sudden the lady who had lost the diamond ring bit on something hard, and what do you think it was? It was a fish bone.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

# THE THREE GENERALS



## OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOTS

The most popular cheroot in America; because they are made with the greatest care from tobaccos selected for MILDNESS and FRAGRANCE. Once you try them the desire to smoke them again and again is irresistible. And think of it!—you save HALF your smoke expense too.

down into this part of the country to hide for a spell. A sheep-ranch, now,' says I, 'would be the finest kind of a place. Who'd ever expect to find such a desperate character among these song-birds and muttens and wild flowers? And, by the way,' says I, kind of looking H. Ogden over, 'was there any description mentioned of this single-handed terror? Was his lineaments or height and thickness or teeth fillings or style of habiliments set forth in print?'

"Why, no," says Ogden; 'they say nobody got a good sight of him because he wore a mask. But they know it was a train-robber called Black Bill, because he always works alone and because he dropped a handkerchief in the express-car that had his name on it.'

"All right," says I. 'I approve of Black Bill's retreat to the sheep-ranges. I guess they won't find him.'

"There's one thousand dollars reward for his capture," says Ogden.

"I don't need that kind of money," says I, looking Mr. Sheepman straight in the eye. "The twelve dollars a month you pay me is enough. I need a rest, and I can save up until I get enough to pay my fare to Texarkana, where my widowed mother lives. If Black Bill," I goes on, looking significantly at Ogden, 'was to have come down this way—say, a month ago—and bought a little sheep-ranch and—'

"Stop," says Ogden, getting out of his chair and looking pretty vicious. 'Do you mean to insinuate—'

"Nothing," says I; 'no insinuations. I'm stating a hypodermical case. I say, if Black Bill had come down here and bought a sheep-ranch and hired me

to Little-Boy-Blue 'em and treated me square and friendly, as you've done, he'd never have anything to fear from me. A man is a man, regardless of any complications he may have with sheep or railroad trains. Now you know where I stand.'

"Ogden looks black as camp-coffee for nine seconds, and then he laughs, amused.

"You'll do, Saint Clair," says he. 'If I was Black Bill I wouldn't be afraid to trust you. Let's have a game or two of seven-up to-night. That's, if you don't mind playing with a train-robber.'

"I've told you," says I, 'my oral sentiments, and there's no strings to 'em.'

"While I was shuffling after the first hand, I asks Ogden, as if the idea was a kind of a casualty, where he was from.

"Oh," says he, 'from the Mississippi Valley.'

"That's a nice little place," says I. 'I've often stopped over there. But didn't you find the sheets a little damp and the food poor? Now, I hail,' says I, 'from the Pacific Slope. Ever put up there?'

"Too draughty," says Ogden. 'But if you're ever in the Middle West just mention my name, and you'll get foot-warmers and dripped coffee.'

"Well," says I, 'I wasn't exactly fishing for your private telephone number and the middle name of your aunt that carried off the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. It don't matter. I just want you to know you are safe in the hands of your shepherd. Now, don't play hearts on spades, and don't get nervous.'

"Still harping," says Ogden, laughing again. 'Don't you suppose that if I was Black Bill and thought you suspected me, I'd put a Winchester bullet into you and stop my nervousness, if I had any?'

(Continued on page 8)



## A Page of Fun



"GOSH DARN IT! THIS MUST BE THEIR WORMLESS DAY!"—*Life*.

### THIS SEASON'S PEST

Swing upon him with a vim.  
Whale the daylight out of him  
Ask your neighbor to assist.  
Thrash the insect. Use your fist.

Take a little powder-gun,  
Hold it ready. Squirt it, son.  
End each crawling, sneaking one.

Reams of sticky paper buy.  
Ever keep your swatter nigh.  
Down it now—the Bolshefly.

—*Life*.

### THE MODERN WAY

Visitor (at demobilization camp):  
Now that the war is over, I suppose  
you boys will be beating your swords  
into plowshares?

Corporal Comeback: Like blazes!  
What we're going to do is hammer  
our tin derbies into dinner pails.—*Life*.

### UNSELFISH

"Sir, this is a golden opportunity!  
Small investment, no risk, and enormous  
returns absolutely sure."

"Then I wouldn't have the heart to  
deprive you of it."—*Life*.

### LOOKED THAT WAY

"Edith, that young man has been  
calling on you now for over a year.  
Isn't it about time he was breaking  
the ice?"

"I don't believe he intends to break  
the ice—he's going to wear it out."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

### LIGHTENING THE LOAD

There had been a slight accident in a Pennsylvania  
coal-mine, with the result that Casey was partly buried  
by a small quantity of earth.

Callahan, the leader of the rescuing party, called down  
to Casey: "Kape aloive, Casey. We're rescuin' ye."

Whereupon there came from the earth a muffled voice,  
"Is that big McIntire up there wid ye?"

"Shure he is."

"Thin ask him plaze to step off the rooins. I've enough  
on top o' me widout him."—*Harper's Magazine*.

### MINING

"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What  
business are you engaged in?"

"I'se done be engaged in de mining business, sah."

"What kind of mining are you doing, gold, silver or  
diamonds?"

"I'se doing kalsomining, sah."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### HER PIE CRUST

Newedd—Did you run short of flour, Helen? The pie crust doesn't half  
cover the pie.

Mrs. Newedd—I know, dear; your mother told me that you like your pie very  
short.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

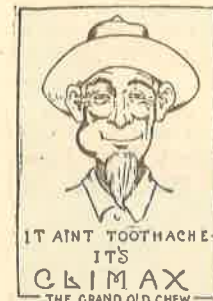
### NEW DISEASE

Bay rum seems to be the favorite beverage now, with a green colored hair tonic  
running a close second. Several of our Beau Brummels seem to have a severe case  
of dandruff of the liver.—*Arkansas paper*.



"I'm ashamed of you, you're always fighting."

"Well, mother supposin' the lady next door was to put her chewin' gum down  
yer neck, wouldn't you paste her one?"—*Life*.



## A Life Saver at Schesprey

A piece of tobacco in the right place

THE usefulness of tobacco to fighting men,  
again so convincingly demonstrated in the  
present war, is suggestive of the enduring  
prestige of the P. Lorillard Co. From the pa-  
triot troops that achieved American independence  
in the Revolutionary War, to the youthful veterans  
who are now triumphantly returning to their home  
towns, our soldiers, in every war in which the United  
States participated, have been solaced by Lorillard's  
tobacco.



This plug of Climax tobacco saved the life of an American soldier at  
Schesprey, in April, 1918.

The Revolution, the War of 1812, the conflict  
with Mexico, the fighting with Indians in forests,  
mountain and plains, the great Civil War, the  
quickly ended war with Spain, the Philippine  
Insurrection, the Boxer trouble, and, finally, the  
worst and most stupendous of all wars, gave soldiers  
reason to more thoroughly appreciate the solace and  
comfort derived from tobacco. The hardship of  
camp and march, the strain and privation endured in  
the trenches, the pain experienced in the hospital, the  
very hell of battle itself might be mitigated a little,  
sometimes, by a smoke or a chew.

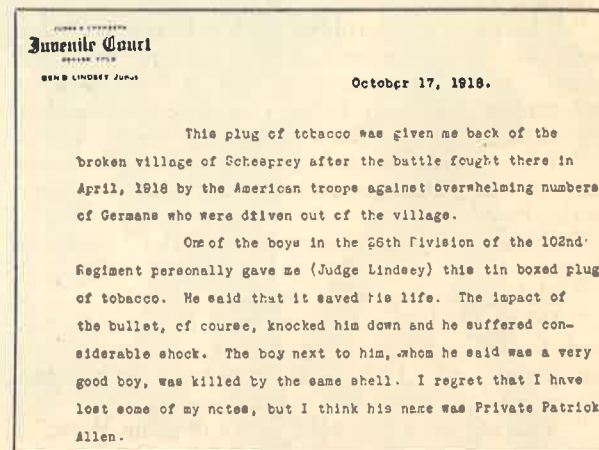
Among the oldest, best known brands of Plug  
chewing tobacco, Climax indeed has provided a  
"grand old chew" for many a soldier. The excellence  
of Climax has caused the brand to be carried by  
red-blooded men to the remote places of the earth.  
A justice of the Supreme Court of the United States  
chewed Climax while preparing his most important  
decision. A celebrated bishop, unhesitatingly ad-  
mitted that his custom was to take a chew of Climax  
when he commenced to write a sermon. The engineer  
who broke the record in the United States for rail-  
road speed, gripped a piece of Climax between his  
teeth during the famous run.

A plug of Climax has been "a life saver" more  
than once.

A bit of Climax in a tin box, tucked away in the  
breast pocket of a soldier coat, saved the life of  
Private Patrick Allen, of the 102nd Infantry,  
26th Division, at Schesprey.

At Schesprey, in April, 1918, the famous Twenty-  
sixth Division, New England troops, had its first  
"real opportunity" to prove what it could do.  
Against odds, opposing veterans picked by the  
German commander, the Americans demonstrated  
to Europe that U. S. soldiers indeed were "fighting  
men" equal to any in the world.

The Judge Lindsey, who brought back to the  
United States the piece of Climax that saved a  
soldier's life at Schesprey, is known throughout  
the country because of the assistance he has given  
to "the uplift," particularly in connection with the  
nationally known Juvenile Court of Denver. Prob-  
ably no magistrate is more popular with the boys  
in the United States than Judge Lindsey.



Facsimile of letter from Judge Ben Lindsey to the Lorillard Co.

## Overheard at the Grocery Store

Yer Climax shorely wuz a treat—  
It tasted good enough to eat;  
The "Boys" wuz settin' round the stove,  
The hour yer famous brand above;  
They chawed the Climax plug a bit—  
I noticed neither of 'em spit!  
"Hit beats 'Red-licker'!" Abner said,  
"Fer't don't fly to a feller's head."  
"Er makes a feller fightin' mad,"  
Observed both Si. and Foxy Dad;  
They set'n talked 'n jes' chawed on—  
Until ther Climax wuz all gone.  
"If we wuz bossin' of this land  
Ther would'nt be no other brand,  
This 'Meatless doins' ain't so bad  
So long as Climax kin be had."  
The fact is—as I now recall—  
They didn't go to meals at all.

Jan. 1918.

Jos. S. REED



(Continued from page 5)

"Not any," says I. "A man who's got the nerve to hold up a train single-handed wouldn't do a trick like that. I've knocked about enough to know that they are the kind of men who put a value on a friend. Not that I can claim being a friend of yours, Mr. Ogden," says I, "being only your sheep-herder; but under more expeditious circumstances we might have been."

"Forget the sheep temporarily, I beg," says Ogden, "and cut for deal."

"About four days afterward, while my muttons was nooning on the water-hole and I deep in the interstices of making a pot of coffee, up rides softly on the grass a mysterious person in the garb of the being he wished to represent. He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge. His chin and eye wasn't molded on fighting lines, so I knew he was only a scout."

"Herdin' sheep?" he asks me.

"Well," says I, "to a man of your evident gumptional endowments, I wouldn't have the nerve to state that I am engaged in decorating old bronzes or oiling bicycle sprockets."

"You don't talk or look like a sheep-herder to me," says he.

"But you talk like what you look like to me," says I.

"And then he asks me who I was working for, and I shows him Rancho Chiquito, two miles away, in the shadow of a low hill, and he tells me he's a deputy sheriff."

"There's a train-robber called Black Bill supposed to be somewhere in these parts," says the scout. "He's been traced as far as San Antonio, and maybe farther. Have you seen or heard of any strangers around here during the past month?"

"I have not," says I, "except a report of one over at the Mexican quarters of Loomis' ranch, on the Frio."

"What do you know about him?" asks the deputy.

"He's three days old," says I.

"What kind of a looking man is the man you work for?" he asks. "Does old George Ramey own this place yet? He's run sheep here for the last ten years, but never had no success."

"The old man has sold out and gone West," I tells him. "Another sheep-fancier bought him out about a month ago."

"What kind of a looking man is he?" asks the deputy again.

"Oh," says I, "a big, fat kind of a Dutchman with long whiskers and blue specs. I don't think he knows a sheep from a ground-squirrel. I guess old George soaked him pretty well on the deal," says I.

"After indulging himself in a lot more non-communicative information and two-thirds of my dinner, the deputy rides away."

"That night I mentions the matter to Ogden."

"They're drawing the tendrils of the octopus around Black Bill," says I. And then I told him about the deputy sheriff, and how I'd described him to the deputy, and what the deputy said about the matter."

"Oh, well," says Ogden, "let's don't borrow any of Black Bill's troubles. We've a few of our own."

Get the Bourbon out of the cupboard and we'll drink to his health—unless," says he, with his little cackling laugh, "you're prejudiced against train-robbers."

"I'll drink," says I, "to any man who's a friend to a friend. And I believe that Black Bill," I goes on, "would be that. So here's to Black Bill, and may he have good luck."

"And both of us drank."

"About two weeks later comes shearing-time. The sheep had to be driven up to the ranch, and a lot of frowzy-headed Mexicans would snip the fur off of them with back-action scissors. So the afternoon before the barbers were to come I hustled my underdone muttons over the hill, across the dell, down by the winding brook, and up to the ranch-house, where I penned 'em in a corral and bade 'em my nightly adieus."

"I went from there to the ranch-house. I find H. Ogden, Esquire, lying asleep on his little cot bed. I guess he had been overcome by anti-insomnia or diswakefulness or some of the diseases peculiar to the sheep business. His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. 'Imperial Caesar,' says I, 'asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away.'"

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12.30 a. m. dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way."

"Well, I took a drink of Bourbon and one for Ogden, and started in to be comfortable while he was taking his nap. He had some books on his table on indigenous subjects, such as Japan and drainage and physical culture—and some tobacco, which seemed more to the point."

"After I'd smoked a few, and listened to the sartorial breathing of H. O., I happened to look out the window toward the shearing-pens, where there was a kind of a road coming up from a kind of a road across a kind of a creek farther away."

"I saw five men riding up to the house. All of 'em carried guns across their saddles, and among 'em was the deputy that had talked to me at my camp."

"They rode up careful, in open formation, with their guns ready. I set apart with my eye the one I opinionated to be the boss muck-raker of this law-and-order cavalry."

"Good-evening, gents," says I. "Won't you 'light, and tie your horses?"

"The boss rides up close, and swings his gun over till the opening in it seems to cover my whole front elevation."

"Don't you move your hands none," says he, "till you and me indulge in a adequate amount of necessary conversation."

"I will not," says I. "I am no deaf-mute, and therefore will not have to disobey your injunctions in replying."

"We are on the lookout," says he, "for Black

(Continued on page 14)





# P. LORILLARD COMPANY ESTABLISHED 1760

THE OLD LORILLARD MILL  
IN BRONX PARK N.Y. CITY

THE BEGINNING.

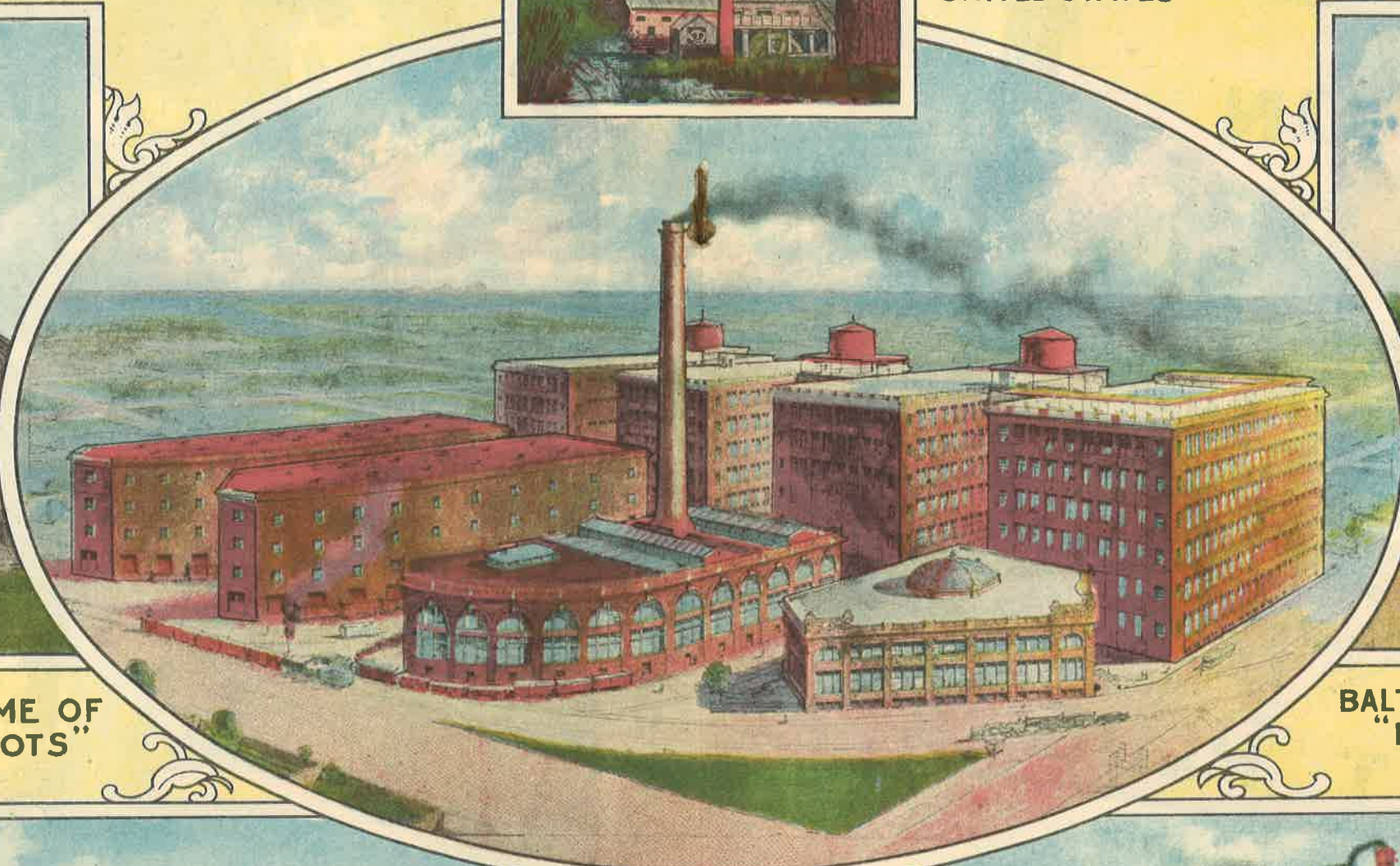


## JUST A FEW OF THE MANY HOMES OF LORILLARD'S LEADERS

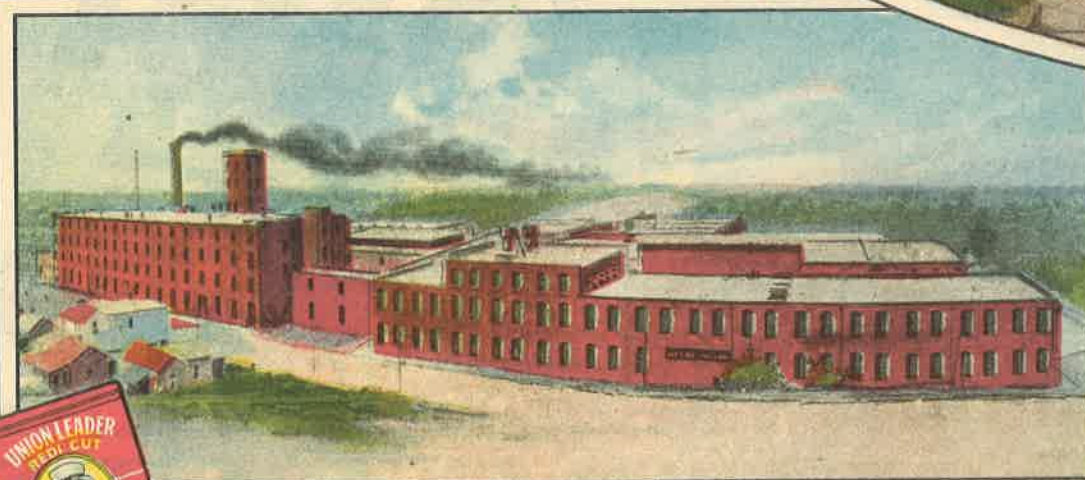
OLDEST IN THE  
UNITED STATES



RICHMOND VA.-THE HOME OF  
"OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOTS"



BALTIMORE MD.-THE HOME OF  
"BETWEEN THE ACTS"  
LITTLE CIGARS



LOUISVILLE KY.- TOBACCO STEMMERY CAPACITY 35 MILLION LBS.

MARION BRANCH  
JERSEY CITY N.J.  
THE MOST MODERN TOBACCO  
FACTORY IN THE WORLD  
THE HOME OF  
CLIMAX PLUG  
"THE GRAND OLD CHEW"  
AND  
UNION LEADER  
SMOKING TOBACCO  
"THE BIGGEST AND BEST TOBACCO VALUE"

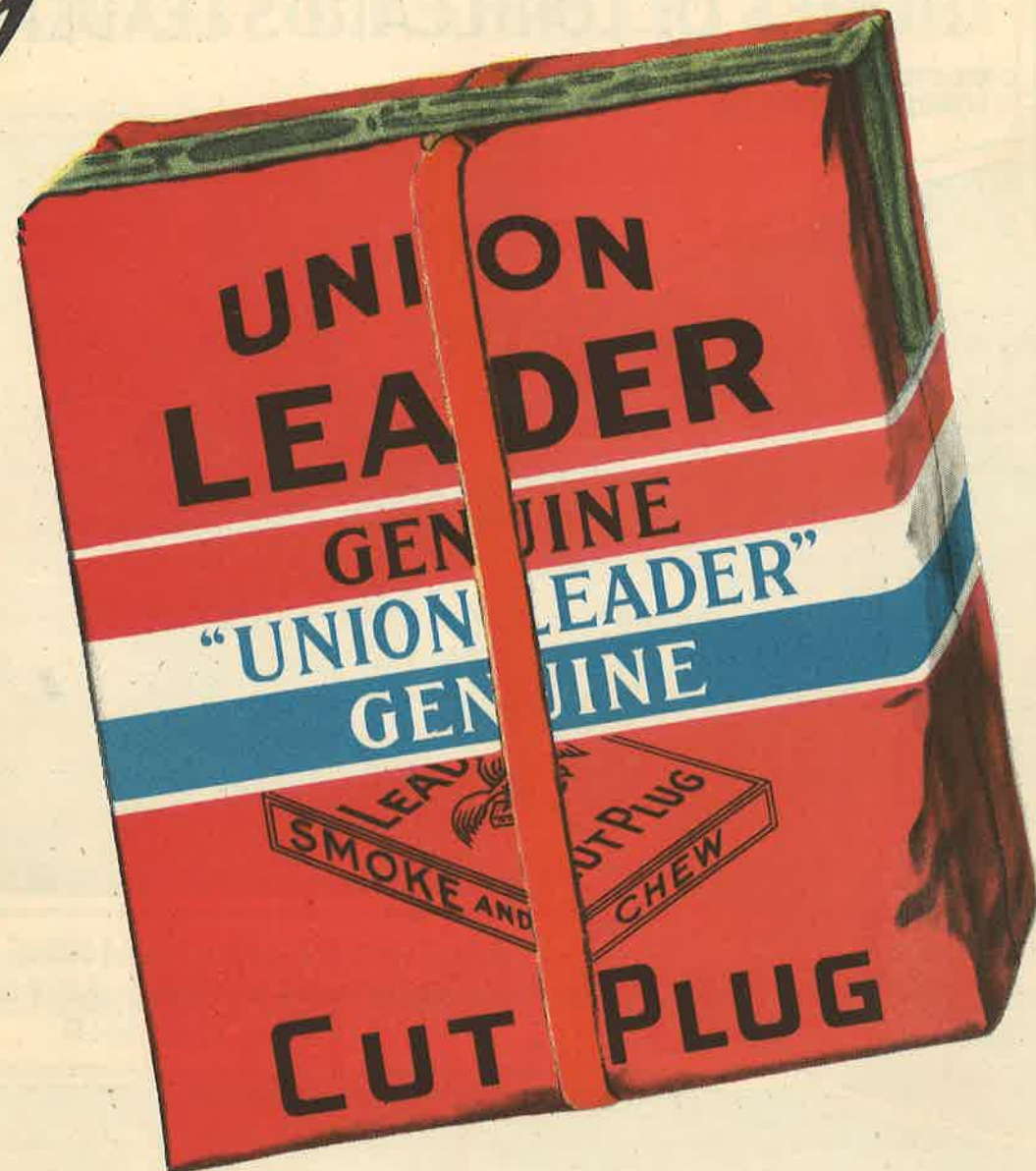


MIDDLETOWN O.-THE HOME OF "BEECHNUT" CHEWING TOBACCO  
SWEET AS A NUT CLEAN AS A WHISTLE





# Your Favorite



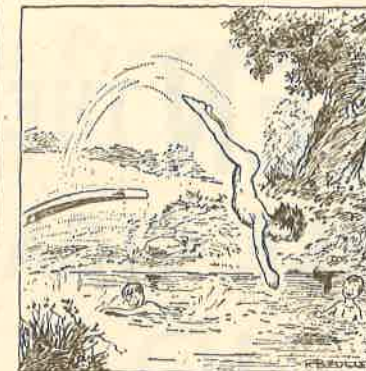
## 15¢ Pouch

"UNION LEADER" is the Perfect Smoking Tobacco. The fine quality and generous quantity at so small a cost is Big Satisfaction to men who know.

### Biggest and Best Tobacco Value



Saturday night



Sunday morning  
—Judge.

#### COMPARING NOTES

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes, so when the latter got to heaven, he called Rastus on the phone.

"Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?"

"Oh, boy! Dis am some place," replied Rastus. "All we has ter do is ter wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebery now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out of de twenty-four down here. But tell me, Sam, how is it wid you up yonder?"

"Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathah in de stahs; den we has ter haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long."

"But, Sam, how comes it yo' has ter work so hard?"

"Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we kin' o' short of help up here."

—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

#### HOPES FOR A CHANCE

The weary and pallid little man entered the drug store.

"Do you keep 'Rixie's Reviver'?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the druggist. "Gimme six bottles for my wife!"

"Tried all other remedies without success, eh?" said the druggist, conversationally.

"No; she ain't ill at all. But I saw in the advertisement where a woman wrote, after taking six bottles, 'I am a different woman!'" —Baltimore Sun.

#### WHICH OCEAN

A couple of tourists driving in the picturesque hills of Santa Barbara decided to take a short cut to the ocean front, but were not quite sure of the road. The only human visible being a ragged lad sunning himself in the dust at the side of the road, the driver addressed him.

"Say, boy, how do you reach the ocean from here?"

Whereupon the boy, without batting an eyelash, gravely responded:

"Well, which ocean do you want to go to?" —Harper's Magazine.

#### SURE ENOUGH

"What!" snarled an indignant customer in the rapid fire restaurant. "Fifteen cents apiece for eggs? Why don't you stun me with a club and take the money away from me?"

"Aw, one egg is a full day's work for a hen," returned Heloise, the waitress. "What d'ye want—the poor hen to work for noth'n'?" —Judge.



Drawn by L. S. C. C. C.

"I'm going right home to mother." "Very well, my dear. But you can't expect much sympathy from an incubator." —Judge.

#### SOME VOICE

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half, "do you know you've one of the best voices in the world?"

"Indeed," said the delighted Mrs. Hawkins, with a flush of pride at the compliment, "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do," replied the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago." —N. Y. Globe.



FIRST HORSE.—Do you prefer your meals a la cart or table d'ot? SECOND HORSE.—It makes no difference to me if I get my hay a la mowed. —Judge.

#### NOT PRESENT

A servant applied to her mistress for leave to visit her home, which was some distance away, as all the family were desirous of meeting to celebrate the golden wedding of their parents. Permission was given and on Monday the maid returned.

"Well, Ellen," said her mistress, "how did you get on?"

"Oh, splendid, ma'am," was the reply, "and mother was so grateful to you for letting me go."

"Yes, and your father: what did he say?"

"Lor, bless you, ma'am," answered the girl; "he wasn't there; he died twenty years ago." —N. Y. Globe.

#### BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Blondine—Did you have a good time at the dance last night?

Brunetta—Kinda. "Who was that handsome chap I saw you with just after the intermission?"

"He is a stranger in town."

"Dashing, isn't he?"

"Nerviest gink I ever seen."

"I noticed he had his arm rather tightly about you."

"I didn't mind that so much."

"What then?"

"Do you know why he had me clutched that way?"

"No."

"Well, would you believe it, he had me that way so I couldn't escape, and all the time we were dancing he was trying to sell me some life insurance."

—Youngstown Telegram.

#### ALL FIXED

"Where are you going?"

"To a husking bee. You get a kiss if you find a red ear."

"I hope you'll find some red ears."

"I think I shall. I'm taking along a few." —Kansas City Journal.

#### "CAN HAPPEN"

There was a young lady who clerked in a store for six weeks, where she smirked

At the young-fellow trade As the goods she displayed, But she never got reckless and worked.

—Philadelphia Ledger.



# BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS



10  
for  
15¢



QUALITY  
ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

CONVENIENCE  
IN HANDY METAL BOXES

ECONOMY  
BIG VALUE—LITTLE COST

*It's waste to light a big cigar when  
you've only time for a little one*

(Continued from page 8)

Bill, the man that held up the Katy for \$15,000 in May. We are searching the ranches and everybody on 'em. What is your name, and what do you do on this ranch?"

"Captain," says I, "Percival Saint Clair is my occupation, and my name is sheep-herder. I've got my flock of veals—no, muttons—penned here to-night. The shearers are coming to-morrow to give them a hair-cut—with baa-a-um, I suppose."

"Where's the boss of this ranch?" the captain of the gang asks me.

"Wait just a minute, cap'n," says I. "Wasn't there a kind of a reward offered for the capture of this desperate character you have referred to in your preamble?"

"There's a thousand dollars reward offered," says the captain, "but it's for his capture and conviction. There don't seem to be no provision made for an informer."

"It looks like it might rain in a day or so," says I, in a tired way, looking up at the cerulean blue sky.

"If you know anything about the locality, disposition, or secretiveness of this here Black Bill," says he, in a severe dialect, "you are amiable to the law in not reporting it."

"I heard a fence-rider say," says I, in a desultory kind of voice, "that a Mexican told a cowboy named Jake over at Pidgin's store on the Nueces that he heard that Black Bill had been seen in Matamoras by a sheepman's cousin two weeks ago."

"Tell you what I'll do, Tight Mouth," says the captain, after looking me over for bargains. "If you put us on so we can scoop Black Bill, I'll pay you a hundred dollars out of my own—out of our own—pockets. That's liberal," says he. "You ain't entitled to anything. Now, what do you say?"

"Cash down now?" I asks.

"The captain has a sort of discussion with his helpmates, and they all produce the contents of their pockets for analysis. Out of the general results they figured up \$102.30 in cash and \$31 worth of plug tobacco."

"Come nearer, captain meeo," says I, "and listen." He so did.

"I am mighty poor and low down in the world," says I. "I am working for twelve dollars a month trying to keep a lot of animals together whose only thought seems to be to get asunder. Although," says I, "I regard myself as some better than the State of South Dakota, it's a come-down to a man who has heretofore regarded sheep only in the form of chops. I'm pretty far reduced in the world on account of foiled ambitions and rum and a kind of cocktail they make along the P. R. R. all the way from Seranton to Cincinnati—dry gin, French vermouth, one squeeze of a lime, and a good dash of orange bitters. If you're ever up that way, don't fail to let one try you. And, again," says I, "I have never yet went back on a friend. I've stayed by 'em when they had plenty, and when adversity's overtaken me I've never forsook 'em."

"But," I goes on, "this is not exactly the case of a friend. Twelve dollars a month is only bowing acquaintance money. And I do not consider brown beans, and corn-bread the food of friendship. I am a poor man," says I, "and I have a widowed mother in Texarkana. You will find Black Bill," says I, "lying asleep in this house on a cot in the room to your right. He's the man you want, as I know from his words and conversation. He was in a way a friend," I explains, "and if I was the man I once was the entire product of the mines of Gondola would not have tempted me to betray him. But," says I, "every week half of the

(Continued on page 16)

## Tobacco as a Preventative of Epidemics

### INVESTIGATIONS BY EXPERTS PROVES ITS EFFECTIVENESS

The report in the *Indian Gazette* that tobacco was used with remarkable effect in checking an epidemic of disease in the lines of the British Lancers at Golconda is another example of the value of this plant. The results of a series of experiments have been published at Hyderabad. Many of the diseases to which armies are exposed are carried by fleas. Tobacco, it is found, kills them practically in an instant, and the suggestion is now made that tobacco leaves can be used as a preventive measure which will stamp out epidemics.

When tobacco leaves are spread over the floors of houses where people sleep, the fleas as they enter the rooms are destroyed, with the result that infection and disease are prevented. In the official investigations fifty-two houses were "tobaccoed" according to the following method: The leaves were stitched onto a piece of matting and laid on the floor. The same number of houses of the same type and in close proximity were left untouched in order to check the results of the experiments. When the floors were strewn with tobacco leaves disease was either prevented altogether or so far controlled that it was infrequent and mild, and there is much evidence that isolated cases were due to poor work and not to any fault in the tobacco.

The number of houses that enjoyed immunity from disease was declared to be remarkable. Out of the fifty-two "tobaccoed" houses only one was infected, and that, it is stated, not through the defective action of the tobacco, while there were seven infected houses among the fifty-two which were left unprotected. The scientific conclusion was that tobacco proved effective in preventing disease in 85.8 per cent. of cases. The inves-

tigators expressed the firm belief that if the Government spent on tobacco a fraction of the money apportioned for disinfectants it would "save the misery and devastation of thousands of houses caused by the appalling death rate from epidemics."

Further investigation showed that tobacco destroyed the carriers of germs. Fleas seem to be the most common of these pests both in houses and in trenches. They are not easily killed by chemicals, owing partly to their small size and natural power of resistance. For the purpose of destroying them quickly ordinary disinfectants are insufficient. Such disinfectants may kill germs without harming the vermin which carry them and thus protect them from the action of drugs. On this subject the *Indian Gazette* says:

"It is a great mistake to attempt the suppression of epidemics according to a general scheme. Every disease has to be handled according to its own special individuality, and the measures to be taken against it must be accurately adapted to its special mode of transmission. In combating disease we must strike at the root of the evil and not waste energy and money on subsidiary and ineffective measures."

Trench fever, plague and the other camp diseases which are transmitted by fleas cannot be attacked as typhoid fever or cholera is, for the germs of these diseases are found in water and other fluids, which can be sterilized. But epidemics are a different matter. In preventing these tobacco kills the agent at once. As the leaves diffuse their special quality the action is effective at a distance. The action is permanent and continuous; it is not used up in the work of destroying fleas, but lasts as long as the leaves last. It does not damp or spoil the

floors as disinfectants do, and it can be kept in the house for use whenever there is need.

In proof of these statements the curious fact is noted that in tobacco shops epidemics do not occur.—From *N. Y. Sun*.

#### OUT OF A CLEAR SKY

Old lady (to new maid). "What kind of weather is it this morning, Mary?"

Maid. "I don't know, madam, it's raining so hard that I can't put my head outside to find out."

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

#### NATURAL QUESTION

"What kind of coal do you use?"

"Egg."

"Where can I get a dozen?"

—*Boston Transcript*.

#### A MATTER OF TASTE

There was a young lady called Ida  
Who said she just loved apple cida,  
But when a small sip  
Of champagne wet her lip,  
Her mouth opened wide and wide.

—*Judge*.

#### ASSOCIATION OF TERMS

"Who discovered America?"

"Ohio," replied the little girl.

"No, Columbus discovered America."

"Yes'm. Columbus was his first name."—*Washington Star*.

#### SETTING HIM RIGHT

Judge: "I understand that you prefer charges against this man?"

Grocer: "No, sir. I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for."

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

#### HIS CHANCE

Carter: "Aren't you drinking a little more than usual?"

Clubleigh: "Yes; my wife has a cold in her head and can't smell a blame thing."—*Boston Transcript*.

#### HIS ONLY HOPE OF GETTING IT

Billy: "So you refuse to marry me until I am rich?"

Milly: "Absolutely."

Billy: "And will you wait for me until I—until I get out of jail again?"

#### HARD STUNT

Flatbush: "Did you ever try to get your wife to try to count ten before she spoke?"

Bensonhurst: "Oh, yes, but I think it is an impossibility."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### A HELPFUL SPOUSE

Hub: "What did you do with all those unpaid bills, Alice?"

Wife: "I saw they were beginning to worry you, dear, so I destroyed them."

—*Boston Transcript*.



This is the way Jimmie had always sort of hoped his big brother in the tank corps would come home.—*Judge*.



(Continued from page 14)

beans was wormy, and not high enough wood in camp.

"Better go in careful, gentlemen," says I. "He seems impatient at times, and when you think of his late professional pursuits one would look for abrupt actions if he was come upon sudden."

"So the whole posse unmounts and ties their horses, and unlimbers their ammunition and equipments, and tiptoes into the house. And I follows, like Delilah when she set the Philip Steins on to Samson.

"The leader of the posse shakes Ogden and wakes him up. And then he jumps up, and two more of the reward-hunters grab him. Ogden was mighty tough with all his slimness, and he gives 'em as neat a single-footed tussle against odds as I ever see.

"What does this mean?" he says, after they had him down.

"You're scooped in, Mr. Black Bill," says the captain. "That's all."

"It's an outrage," says H. Ogden, madder yet.

"It was," says the peace-and-good-will man. "The Katy wasn't bothering you, and there's a law against monkeying with express packages."

"And he sits on H. Ogden's stomach and goes through his pockets symptomatically and careful.

"I'll make you perspire for this," says Ogden, perspiring some himself. "I can prove who I am."

"So can I," says the captain, as he draws from H. Ogden's inside coat-pocket a handful of new bills of the Second National Bank of Espinosa City.

"Your regular engraved Tuesdays-and-Fridays visiting-card wouldn't have a louder voice in proclaiming your indemnity than this here currency.

You can get up now and prepare to go with us and expatriate your sins."

"H. Ogden gets up and fixes his necktie. He says no more after they have taken the money off of him.

"A well-greased idea," says the sheriff captain, admiring, "to slip off down here and buy a little sheep-ranch where the hand of man is seldom heard. It was the slickest hide-out I ever see," says the captain.

"So one of the men goes to the shearing-pen and hunts up the other herder, a Mexican they call John Sallies, and he saddles Ogden's horse, and the sheriffs all ride up close around him with their guns in hand, ready to take their prisoner to town.

"Before starting, Ogden puts the ranch in John Sallies' hands and gives him orders about the shearing and where to graze the sheep, just as if he intended to be back in a few days. And a couple of hours afterward one Percival Saint Clair, an ex-sheep-herder of the Rancho Chiquito, might have been seen, with a hundred and nine dollars—wages and blood-money—in his pocket, riding south on another horse belonging to said ranch."

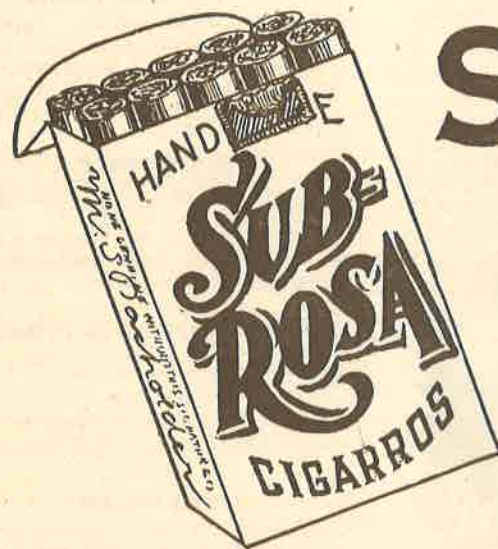
The red-faced man paused and listened. The whistle of a coming freight-train sounded far away among the low hills.

The fat, seedy man at his side sniffed, and shook his frowzy head slowly and disparagingly.

"What is it, Snipy?" asked the other. "Got the blues again?"

"No, I ain't," said the seedy one, sniffing again. "But I don't like your talk. You and

(Continued on page 20)



## SMOKE SUB ROSA CIGARROS

THEY SAVE  
YOUR  
BIG CIGARS

MADE BY P. LORILLARD COMPANY ESTABLISHED 1760

All cigar smokers have been compelled at times to throw away a large unused portion of a big cigar and many are not aware of the quality, economy and convenience found in Sub Rosa. Try them once. You'll use them after.

# Home and Woman's Page

Edited by a Real Woman

## UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES

Simple Treatments, the Prompt Use of Which,  
Often Save Lives.

Many a mother can save the lives of her family and often prevent a case of prolonged and fatal illness by the prompt use of simple home treatment until the doctor comes. Children so frequently fall and bruise or injure themselves while at play.

Most bruises will heal themselves but it is a good idea to place upon the bruise a cloth saturated with vinegar or hot water or extract of witch hazel.

For nose bleed; lay the child upon its back, raising the arms above the head, then apply ice or very cold water to the forehead, the bridge of the nose, and to the back of the neck. Try to get the child to take long deep breaths through the nose. Snuffing a strong solution of alum and water or vinegar and water, equal parts will usually stop the most persistent cases. Also pressing the finger just below the nose.

For cuts: First thing is to stop the bleeding, whether it be great or small. For slight wounds, wash clean and cover with surgically clean cotton

or gauze and then bandage firmly.

When the bleeding is from the veins, the blood is dark red and flows freely from the wound and does not spurt out; when the bleeding is from an artery, the blood is bright red and comes in spurts, this is very dangerous and a doctor must be sent for in all haste.

Lay the child down and loosen all tight clothing, garters or straps, raise the wounded part and press on the wound a hard pad of clean gauze or cotton. Apply ice to the wound. If this does not stop the bleeding, why apply a tight bandage near the wound but on the side farthest from the heart, unless the bleeding is from an artery and then the tight bandage must be put between the wound and the heart.

The reason for this is that the flow of blood in the veins is toward the heart but in the arteries it is from the heart. Be very careful that the cotton is absolutely clean, for a soiled covering is worse than none at all, and may cause blood poisoning.

in slow oven about twenty minutes. It is a good idea to bake the pie crust first.

## PIE RECIPES

### CRUSTS

A very reliable pie crust is made with two cups of flour, one half cup of lard, one half teaspoon of baking powder, one half teaspoon of salt, this will make enough for two pies; moisten with enough water so as to roll out easily and not stick.

### OYSTERS

Take a hundred oysters and drain, chop fine three half-boiled eggs with two oz. of bread crumbs, tablespoon of butter, little salt and pepper. Add to the oyster liquor drained off one small tablespoon of flour, let it thicken, line dish with some of the bread crumbs and eggs, pour oysters in, then the liquor over, add the rest of the bread crumbs. Put over all a crust and let bake one half hour.

### APPLE

Take eight or more slightly tart apples, slice or cut in chunks, line pie tin with crust then put in apples, add four tablespoons of sugar or syrup, cover with top crust and bake slowly about half an hour.

### DEEP APPLE

Put sliced tart apples in a granite basin nearly full, add a very little water, about a cup of sugar or syrup, a half teaspoon of cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg. Cover with biscuit crust unbaked and let it all cook slowly for a little over half an hour. When served turn it bottom side up.

### LEMON

Take two tablespoons of corn starch and dissolve in three tablespoons of cold water, then add two cups of boiling water, two cups of sugar, two beaten eggs, beaten together, the grated rind and juice of two lemons. Mix all well and pour in pie crust lined tins. Bake

### PUMPKIN

Line a pie tin with the pie crust and then pour in the following after it has been well mixed. Take two cups of stewed and strained pumpkin, add three quarters of a cup of sugar, a teaspoon of baking powder, teaspoon and a half of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, mace, cinnamon, ginger, each, one cup of milk. Stir all very carefully and mix well, then pour in pie pan.

### CHOCOLATE

Dissolve four tablespoons of grated chocolate in a pint of boiling water, then thicken with the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoons of corn starch, six tablespoons of sugar and beat well, add half a teaspoon of butter, flavor to taste with vanilla, then pour into the pie crust which has been all ready. Beat the whites of the two eggs with a little sugar and spread on top. Bake about ten or fifteen minutes.

### ORIGIN OF THIMBLES

The thimble is a Dutch invention and was first brought from Holland to England by a man named John Lofting, and he manufactured them at Islington about 1695.

Thimbles were said to be first worn on the thumb and the name was derived from the words "thumb" and "bell." First it was called "thumbell," then "thumble" and at last "thimble."

Thimbles were first made of brass and iron only, but now gold, silver, steel, ivory, horn and sometimes glass.

The Queen of Siam has one shaped like the royal flower, the lotus. It is made of gold, heavily studded with diamonds. It is the most expensive thimble known in the world.

## ABOUT WOMEN

Mrs. John W. Robinson was named tax collector of Boston, in place of her husband who is in France in the Red Cross work.

More than 2,000,000 women are active gardeners and farmers in our United States.

Within the past year three states have passed laws putting a wife and her husband on equal footing in all property rights.

For the first time in known history, one of the largest English religious societies, the Sunday School Union, with nearly 400,000 members, has elected a woman president.

Russian women can now study to be architects and engineers.

Doctors are in such demand in England that all of the British colleges have opened their door to women students.

In nine occupations women are in the majority, namely: Housekeepers, nurses, music teachers, laundresses, servants, school teachers, boarding housekeepers, stenographers and typists.

On the first woman jury to decide a case in Idaho were a teacher, two stenographers, a woman fruit rancher, three housewives, a woman preacher, a seamstress, two young business women, and a photographer.

## HOUSE HINTS

If cake pans are greased when they are cold then the cake will not stick to them when taking it out.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is the very best thing to sponge and freshen up a silk dress with.

A sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar and eaten after eating onions will take away the unpleasant odor from the breath.

If ants get in an ice chest, set a pan of water under each leg and move box away from the wall and no more ants will bother you.

A teaspoon of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will greatly relieve a bilious headache.

Corks steeped in vaseline are a fine substitute for glass stoppers. Acids, or nothing else will affect them and even chemical fumes do not eat them.

Bamboo furniture that has become dingy can be nicely cleaned by washing with a strong solution of salt and water.

To clean grass rugs try sponging with a weak solution of salt and water. Bran water is also an excellent cleaner for them.

When your brass bed gets tarnished, buy ten cents' worth of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol and apply with a paint brush. It will look as good as new. Try it on any other brass you have.

Flank steak makes a fine roast, also a pot roast or hamburger steak.

Suet entirely covered with flour will keep for a long time.

Prunes are richer and more nourishing cooked in the oven than on top of stove.



## WONDERING

By Walt Mason

I wonder why, when spring is here, the picnic germ takes hold, and we streak off to woodlands drear, to eat our victuals cold. We know that picnics are a frost, a burden and a blight; they merely anger and exhaust, and put us in a plight. Always rains on picnic day, and soaks us to the skin; if there are rivers on our way, we're sure to tumble in.

We eat stale bread and sodden eggs, and many a clammy thing, and crawling bugs swarm up our legs, and bees and hornets sting. A weeping sky above us bends and sheds its drizzling goods, and we swear vengeance on the friends who took us to the woods.

"We're done with picnics!" we exclaim, when homeward we repair; "the picnic is a ghastly game that fills man with despair. And though we live a thousand years, we ne'er again shall go, to drink sour milk and ginger beers, where elms and willows grow."

We are in earnest in our vow, our words are stern and blunt; you couldn't drag us with a cow to any woodland stunt.

But when the spring in gay attire has decked all neighborhoods, we feel again the fool desire to picnic in the woods. We sternly try to crush it down, and from temptation flee; we won't be dragged away from town, where all our comforts be.

At last we hesitate and yield, and think it no disgrace, and walk through swamp and fen and field, to reach the picnic place. And then we have no fun at all; it's wearisome and flat; I wonder why we always fall for such a game as that.

I wonder why we always start a garden with such vim, and labor till we break a heart and dislocate a limb. We know that in a week or three we'll sicken of the task, and then we'll loaf beneath a tree and loll around and bask.

I wonder why a hen has wings, since it can't wish to soar; I wonder, oh, so many things! The list would be a bore.

—Judge.



LADY.—I may be old fashioned, young man, but when I hand you a private telegram, it seems like you'd know better 'n to read every word of it before my eyes.—Life.



"So long old chap—if you're ever in New York, London, Paris, Rome, look me up." —Judge.

## MISLAID

"Aren't you ready, dear?" called husband from downstairs.

"As soon as I fix my hair, Henry," came the reply.

"Haven't you fixed your hair yet, for gracious' sakes!" came from Henry an hour later.

"Fixed it?" shouted back the female voice; "I haven't found it yet!"

—Yonkers Statesman.

## TOO LONG

"I shall have to study three years to be admitted to the bar," said the young man with large spectacles.

"Tain't worth it," commented Uncle Bill Bottle-top after some thought. "I'd rather go without the drink."

—Washington Star.

## OUCH!

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Gabb. "Just look at the face on Mr. Naybor! Did you ever see such a homely man in your life?"

"Hush, my dear," smiled Mrs. Gabb, sweetly. "You forget yourself!"

—Cincinnati Inquirer.

## REVERSIBLES

By Addison F. Andrews

A plumber started out to plumb,  
With his apprentice gay;  
And while the former laid a pipe,  
The latter piped a lay.

I took a train for New York town  
From old Vermont, by heck;  
And when I went to check my bag,  
Some rascal bagged my check.

When men are blue and out-of-sorts,  
They're apt to sulk and frown,  
And try to keep their spirits up  
By putting spirits down.

The wild, ferocious lunatic  
Can only rave and curse,  
And while they try to nurse his brain  
He tries to brain his nurse.—Judge.

## MEMORY AIDS

Bill—"What are those two strings tied around your fingers for?"

Gill—"Why, my wife tied one of them this morning to remind me to buy her something at the store. The other one is to remind me not to tell I forgot it."—Yonkers Statesman.



"No, I don't want a history of the war on the installment plan, but I wish you'd try Mrs. Jones across the street. She played me an awful mean trick last week."—Life.

## SHE SOLEMNLY SAID

A certain romantic young Mr.  
Had a girl and he often kr.

But he asked her to wed  
And she solemnly said,  
"I can never be more than a sr."

—Cornell Widow.

## STILL A SECRET

"Oh, dear, I feel so miserable."

"What's the matter?"

"Miss Gabbins told me a secret and I can't remember what it was."

—Boston Transcript.

## For the Young

Edited by Aunt Alice

## A WALK IN SPRING

I'm very glad the spring has come: the sun shines out so bright,  
The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight;  
The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambs do sport and play,  
And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercup once more,  
The primrose and the cowslip too, and every pretty flower;  
I like to see the butterfly extend her painted wing,  
And all things seem, just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing dark or sad;  
I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad,  
God must be very good indeed, who made each pretty thing;  
I'm sure we ought to love him much for bringing back the spring.

M. A. STODART

## PEEPSY

Peepsy was a little girl, who was trying to sing her little brother to sleep, but he saw the moon in the sky as he lay in his cradle and cried for it, so to get him to go to sleep, she said she would get it for him. He soon fell asleep with this promise from her, while she was wondering how she could get it for him, as she had promised to and it would be very wicked to tell a lie.

She saw the moon right on the hill opposite the door, so she thought she would get it before it went up higher. Her hat was on a peg too high for her to reach it without the aid of a chair and as that would take so much time, she went without any hat. As she trudged along the mountain side, she heard the katydids and crickets singing with all their might.

After awhile she met an owl who said to her "Who child, who" she answering said "My name is Peepsy, may I please pass I am going after the moon." Then a lot of owls flew down when they heard her voice and all began to laugh. This frightened Peepsy so much that she ran away and pretty soon she came to the place where the moon was but she could not reach it. So she called on the stars to give it a push and send it rolling down the hill but they did not move; pretty soon a big cradle shaped piece of the moon fell and rolled down the hill right into the cottage door. The moon said: "Keep it to rock the baby in every night as I have twelve new moons each year."

Peepsy then woke up and found she had not been after the moon really but had dreamed all this.

## BED TIME STORY

Again Aunt Ruth has come for her annual visit with her niece Mrs. Wise and the children cluster about her at twilight for the usual story.

"Please tell a real, real true story about a dog" they said.

One day a boy, named Elmer was in a carpenter's shop, where he saw a water spaniel puppy, with black glossy fur with a white spot back of his neck and one on his throat like a neck-tie. His tail was silky black fur tipped with white, he carried his tail curled over his back. Then his ears were pointed and stood erect above the brightest of eyes, altogether a very pretty dog to look at.

The carpenter said "I will give him to you, if your parents are willing." So Elmer took the puppy home and his mother admired him too but his father did not like dogs, so when Elmer heard his father come in for dinner, he hid behind the closet door and there his father found him with doggy tightly held in his arms, doggy's ears standing straight up above his bright eyes made such a pretty picture that his father gave consent to keep the dog. Soon little sister Grace came in and was so delighted with doggy, that the parents said that Elmer and Grace must share the dog together.

They named him Carlo and loved him so much that they always treated him kindly, so Carlo loved them and never bit or growled when they played with him. Grace would dress him in one of her own baby dresses and would lay him in her doll's cradle and tell him to go to sleep, he would shut his eyes and appear to sleep and be quiet as long as she wanted him to. Then they would tell him to sneeze and he would appear to make the noise just as they did.

These children's grandparents lived on a farm two miles away. Carlo often went there with them in the carriage but they did not think he knew the way alone. Carlo was much afraid of canons and fire-crackers, so one Fourth of July morning, he appeared early at grandpa's and as soon as he saw the door open into grandma's room he ran under the bed and stayed there for hours. When it was dark and he heard no more noise he crept out and stayed until there was a chance to ride home.

In rainy weather, Carlo would get very muddy and Mrs. Lambert would say: "Carlo you must wipe your feet before you come in." Then he would roll on the grass and make a great fuss to clean off the mud as well as he knew how. Sometimes Mrs. Lambert would say: "Carlo you bring in so much mud I wish you would go up to grandfathers," not thinking he would understand, but at night Carlo would be missing. Before dark, Carlo would slip in the door at grandfathers. The aunts would say: "Carlo what you come here for; we don't want you." His ears and tail would fall and he would sit off out of the way dejected. Grandma would spy him and say: "Why here's Carlo come to see us, nice doggy to come all alone; we must give Carlo some water to drink and a nice bone." A new life would come in Carlo's appearance, his tail would wag, his ears stand erect, his mouth would open to show his teeth and he would appear to laugh with

happiness and stay until a chance to ride home. He understood more than any dog around and when he died he was put in a box and buried in the garden.

## JACK RABBIT'S RISE IN LIFE

Once the funniest thing happened to little Jack Rabbit! It really did. Jack was an inquisitive little body and one warm day not long ago, finding a door invitingly open, he hopped into the kitchen of a nice little house.

The cook was upstairs and Jack wiggled his nose and twinkled his ears, and saw what he could see. Then he hopped here and there, sampling several things that appealed to him, looked through the cook book to see if there were any new recipes his wife might fancy and glanced over the morning paper.

It was then that a neat little package struck his eye. It was lying beside a big wooden bowl. Jack rather fancied it was good to eat, so he tucked it under his arm, and then, as he heard footsteps coming down the stairs, he scurried off as fast as he could.

Halfway home, he began to nibble bits of the package. It tasted rather queer, but he kept right on nibbling till it was gone, paper and all. Then he went into his underground cozy little home and fell sound asleep, for, to tell the truth, it made him feel very funny.

A loud scream awakened him.

"Rabbit's foot and cat's ears!"

It was the voice of his wife, sounding rather smothered. Jack felt smothered, too, and very puffy.

Then a strange thing happened, he began to grow bigger and bigger and bigger. Now he filled the whole room and Mrs. Jack with a scream fell backward into the entry. Now his head bumped against the ceiling, then it popped right out of the ground, and after it his shoulders. His poor house was a ruin. And poor Mrs. Jack! Where was she?

Jack could not stop to look, for you see, he never stopped growing. He shot up as tall as a tree and out till he was fat as a house.

He gave a hop and landed a mile from his home, and still he kept growing. Now he was tall as two trees and every hop carried him ten miles farther. Then he stopped growing.

He began to cry, for he was so lonely away up in the air and so big. And as he did not know what else to do he kept on hopping and at ten miles a hop he soon got to—where do you 'spose? The Kingdom of Giants! And a giant little boy just danced with glee when he saw Jack.

"What a dear little bunny!" cried the giant little boy, hugging Jack.

And he was a dear little giant rabbit, for that package he had eaten was yeast. And no wonder he rose up so high. Anyway, he lived happily ever after—or pretty happily, I guess!



## The Ten Commandments of Foch

IT was Moses who wrote the ten commandments, but it remained for Marshal Foch to write the ten rules of war by which his men beat back the Germans. It is the little things that count, and it is the exact nicety of the fighting of the man in the ranks that wins the war, thought the great French general. Here are the ten military commandments of Foch, quoted from the Trench and Camp magazine:

1. Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety-notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.

2. Obey orders first, and if s ill alive, kick afterward if you have been wronged.

3. Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals fairly and kindly and your motor machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

4. Never try to fire an empty gun nor at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

5. Tell the truth squarely, face the music and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk, and is no squealer.

6. Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

7. Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dear brother or fellow soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

8. Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body and march with your feet.

9. Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence and cheer the comrades at your side with a smile.

10. Dread defeat, but not wounds, fear dishonor, but not death and die game and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."

## The Queen

BEHOLD my Lady Nicotine, become, in this monarchless age, a queen in her own right—and made so by the very war which has sent the thrones of other monarchs rocking to their doom.

Her throne is acknowledged by no less an age-long rebel than the Y. M. C. A. In a recent statement Dr. George J. Fisher, head of the physical department of its National War Work Council, announces that the "No Smoking" signs are likely to come down from the "Y" buildings, and that, from his own experimental work, neither pipe, cigar, nor cigarette is essentially harmful.

It is especially that slim, white, and elegant princess in the royal Nicotine family—the cigarette—who has come into favor since the war. Time was when it was considered "shameful and obscene" to be observed in this small lady's company. Even when pipe and cigar, her older and more respectable relatives, were unquestioningly granted their rights of sovereignty, she was looked on askance. Her very blood was questioned; it was many times asserted that she was a bastard child, with the Nicotine blood sadly soiled by the admixture of others less pure.

All this is changed now. The princess was found to be as helpful in dressing stations and hospitals as doctor and nurse. Indeed, these latter would, they claim, have found it hard enough many a time to do their work without her. And many a boy slipped out of the world with a smile of peace because she had touched his lips and soothed his pain.

Sentimental, very, all of this. But a practical

touch comes with the announcement that tobacco dealers of states which already have gone prohibition have found their sales increased many fold by the "dryness" of the territory. And that tobaccoists throughout the country are looking forward to piping times of prosperity.

There are some who say, even now, that when the country has been made dry the agitators will turn their attention then to dethroning the tobacco, queen. But many more have come to take a complaisant view of her rights and her services. Great days these for those who see in Sir Walter Raleigh a great friend of the human race.

(Continued from page 16)

me have been friends, off and on, for fifteen years; and I never yet knew or heard of you giving anybody up to the law—not no one. And here was a man whose saleratus you had et and at whose table you had played games of cards—if casino can be so called. And yet you inform him to the law and take money for it. It never was like you, I say."

"This H. Ogden," resumed the red-faced man, "through a lawyer, proved himself free by alibis and other legal terminalities, as I so heard afterward. He never suffered no harm. He did me favors, and I hated to hand him over."

"How about the bills they found in his pocket?" asked the seedy man.

"I put 'em there," said the red-faced man, "while he was asleep, when I saw the posse riding up. I was Black Bill. Look out, Snipy, here she comes! We'll board her on the bumpers when she takes water at the tank."

[END]

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