



'WANT TO SHEE WHEELS GO WOUND.'

DON'T USE TOBACCO!

(By O. A. Orton, M.D.)

Tobacco may be used to destroy lice, but larkspur is better. It may be used to drive away moths, but camphor is better. It may be used as an emetic, but mustard is better. It may be used to drive away mosquitoes, but pennyroyal is better. It may be used to make the breath offensive, but onions (though not so rankly offensive) are better. It is not the best thing, or the cheapest thing, for any good purpose whatever. In medicine it has practically ceased to be used. It cannot be used as a rat poison, simply because rats will not eat it. It is sufficiently poisonous, but it is not pleasant to the taste of any vertebrate, except to the depraved taste of some human beings.

The power of tobacco to overcome the human will is well shown by the fact that so many medical men, who know the dangers and the offensiveness which arise from its use, become addicted to the tobacco habit.

Chemically, tobacco contains nico-

tine, a colorless, oily, volatile alkaloid, which is so poisonous that one-seventh part of a grain will cause intense depression and nausea, followed by collapse. It also contains pyridine, picoline, collidine, lutidine and prussic acid. How is that for a combination of poisons?

When I was a boy eight years old I had my first experience with tobacco poison. While playing with a jack-knife cutting ice, the blade closed upon my hand, making a deep cut, which bled freely. A schoolmate went with me to a neighboring house, where a woman tended me. She was about to apply a bandage when her husband suggested that a quid would stop the bleeding. The application produced within two minutes great depression and vomiting. My frightened companion removed the quid, and I was given a stimulant to counteract the effect.

In great measure alcoholic stimulants antagonize the effect of tobacco. While one exhilarates, the other depresses. Persons who become accustomed to the use of both increase

the amounts used of both, without getting satisfying effect from either one. The more a drunkard smokes, so much the more he craves drink; vice versa, the more a smoker drinks, so much more he craves tobacco.

It may be commonly noticed that the appetite of the smoker for drink is insatiable; on the other hand, the desire of the drinker to smoke is never satisfied. So the victim goes on and on. He smokes and drinks, smokes and drinks, and smokes and drinks. The smoke causes desire for drink, and the drink makes him want to smoke. He is in a self-acting treadmill.

Young man, if you are learning the use of tobacco, what a prospect you have before you! what a prospect your future wife has before her! It is full time for you to begin to pity her. A large part of your wages will go for tobacco. In return, what will you get? What will she get? You will surely get some loss of power to resist the impulses to smoke and to drink. Your wife will get the companionship of a person whose breath

will be vile, a husband whose purse will be depleted, a man who will not wish to have his boys follow his example.

Nothing could be more appropriate than the wooden Indians which are used as signs by tobacco stores. In the features of each of them, unwritten, you may read these words: 'At this place men turn to the debauching customs of the savages. This monument is dedicated to their folly.'

Perhaps, young man, you do not intend to form the tobacco habit, but only mean to have an occasional quid or cigar with the boys. Nearly every one that has formed the tobacco habit began in this way. Occasional indulgence became habit before he was aware.

If there were no other reasons than the pollution of the breath and mouth which comes from the use of tobacco, that ought to be sufficient to determine any person to vow that he will let it alone.

What offensive breath the use of tobacco makes! It is said that some one wrote to Horace Greeley, while he was president of a farmers' club, and asked this question: 'Is guano good to put on potatoes?' Mr. Greeley replied that 'it might do for persons whose tastes had become vitiated by the use of tobacco and liquor, but he preferred gravy.'

There are some women who assert that they like the odor of a good cigar. Did you ever know one of these women to take part or all of such a cigar, and burn it on a hot shovel, while she inhaled the smoke? Surely there could be no better way to get the odor. The shovel would be clean, cleansed in the fire. No saliva, no spitting to disturb or neutralize its sweetness. Until I know of an instance in which a woman creates for her pleasure the odor from a cigar in this clean and simple way, I shall not believe that she really likes it. When a woman says that she likes the odor of a good cigar, it seems as if it were a latter-day instance of 'that old serpent's' telling her what to say. If, on the other hand, she plainly says that tobacco smoke is disagreeable to her, she is more respected, even by a smoker.

There is good reason why a woman should be honest and truthful in this matter, and why she should demand that the men whom she allows to become her companions should abstain wholly from this vicious indulgence. The honest young woman should say to her lover: 'As tobacco is unfit for me to use, it is unfit for you. If you wish to be my husband, in simple justice to myself and to you, I demand that you shall not have this vice. If you have the tobacco habit, I will not marry you.' This is the kind of prohibition lecture that is most needed. The use of tobacco has too long been one of the poor rules that will not work both ways. It has too long been starting men upon the road to the liquor habit, and keeping them in that way. Tobacco is a dangerous, disgusting, misleading, expensive poison. Let it alone. Let it alone.

DON'T FRET.

Are your enemies at work?

Don't fret.

They can't injure you a whit;

If you heed them not a bit

They will soon be glad to quit

Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?

Don't fret.

Fortune's wheel keeps turning round—

Every spoke shall touch the ground.

All in time shall upward bound.

Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?

Don't fret.

It will run itself to death,

As the ancient adage saith,

And will die for want of breath.

Don't fret.

—Capt. Mason in the 'Ram's Horn.'