

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending...till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of stormwracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

What a cigarette means here

Forty hours at the curing-barn—the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later ageing and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curingbarns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggetterlyers Tobacco Co.

The state of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

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