



Millions of pounds of choice tobacco from each crop are stored away in great warehouses to "age."

What a cigarette meant there

Ten seconds to go—
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles, driving them on into that fearful unknown beyond the wire. What man will ever forget the steadying solace of that last sweet stolen smoke?

What a cigarette means here

Two years to go—
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chesterfield lose all bite and harshness . . .

Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness; choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting. And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own essences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care—that's what a cigarette means here. But right there is exactly the reason why Chesterfield means what it does to you!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

MILD enough for anybody . . . and yet THEY SATISFY