

## THE CIGARETTIST.

His future lies behind. He is not growing into a better man. He is not in the line of evolution. If you want a man who will train onward and upward flee the cigarettist as you would a pestilence. He will surely disappoint you and the better and brighter your young man, the faster will be his descent to Avernus.

As a close observer of, and employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker. Never promote him.

Never depend upon him to carry a roll to Gomez, unless you do not care for Gomez and are willing to lose the roll.

Cigarette smoking begins with an effort. It soon becomes a pleasure—a satisfaction—and it serves to bridge over a moment of nervousness or embarrassment. Next it becomes a necessity of life—a fixed habit. This last stage soon evolves into a third condition—a stage of fever and unrest—wandering mind, accompanied by a loss of moral and mental control.

The cigarette smoker is not a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes. Quite often he is a cigarette smoker because he is a degenerate. In preparing a culture bed for vice, do not omit cigarette. Cigarettes stupify the conscience, deaden the brain, place the affections in abeyance and bring the best to the surface.

Place no confidence in the cigarettist. Never promise him. He is an irresponsible person, a defective. Love him if you can, pity him if you will, but give him no chance to clutch you with his nicotine fingers and drag you beneath the wave.—Elbert Hubbard, in *ix*.

## SIGN MANUAL OF THE CHILD THAT DOES NOT CHANGE IN LIFE.

There is born with every one of us and continues unchanged during our lives an unfailling and ineradicable mark or marks, which absolutely distinguish each one of us from every other fellow being. These physical marks never change from the cradle to the grave. This born autograph is impossible to counterfeit, and there is no duplicate of it among the teeming billows in the world. Look at the inside of your hands and the soles of your feet; closely examine the ends of your fingers. You see circles and curves and arches and whorls, some prominent with deep corrugations, others minute and delicate, but all a well defined and closely traced pattern. There is your physiological signature.

Run your hands through your hair and press finger tips on a piece of clear glass. You see all the delicate tracing transferred—not two fingers alike. Even "the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth." They are distinctly different. Even twins may be so little different in size, features and general physical condition as to be scarcely distinguishable, yet their finger autographs are radically different.

In fact, in all humanity every being carries with him on his baby fingers and his wrinkled hand of decrepit old age the identical curves, arches and circles that were born with him. Nothing, except dismemberment can obliterate or disguise them. Criminals may burn and sear their hands, but nature, when she restores the cuticle, invariably brings back the natal autograph.—*Ex.*

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Life is what we make it.