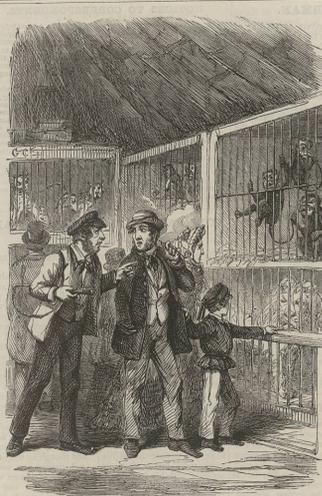


THE BRITISH WORKMAN.



LANE

REDUCED TO THE RANKS.



"It might teach the monkey bad habits," said Mr. Wombwell.

"Because they know their patients like it, or perhaps because it helps to bring them a job," said Alfred.

"That is just like your uncharitable way of condemning your who differs from you," said Sam.

"Should I be considered uncharitable," said Alfred.

"If I saw your clothes on fire, and I endeavored to put it out, although it might hinder the tailor from getting an order."

"Of course not, but what has that to do with the question," said Sam.

"Just this," said Alfred, "if by your smoking, you are burning the clothes of your back, and wasting the health of your body into the bargain. Hear what Dr. Frost says—Tobacco is assuredly one of the most virulent poisons in nature. Professor Graham says,—Tobacco is one of the most powerful and deadly poisons in the vegetable kingdom." Professor Hitchcock says,—I group alcohol, opium, and tobacco together, being equally poisons, alike to be rejected, because they agree in their effects." And Dr. Hassack calls tobacco "a fashionable deadly poison."

"But I don't see," said Sam, "how it burns the clothes off my back."

"None are so blind as those who won't see," said Alfred, "or else you would have seen before this, by even taking a bird's-eye view, that every pipe of tobacco costs money, and that when you are smoking it, you are really

wasting your gold into tobacco-juice and smoke, instead of into clothes which would cover and protect you from the changing weather."

"It only costs me a few pence per week, and I never miss it," said Sam.

"But I know you miss what the money would have bought you instead," said Alfred, "and I am sure you could get rid of your money fast enough without burning it."

"Burning my money! Well that is a *ra* *co* idea, it never struck me before," said Sam.

"Because it ends in smoke, I suppose," said Alfred, "and if all things that end in smoke are *worthless*, what is your pipe of tobacco worth?"

"Not much, according to your account, evidently," said Sam, who began to feel the subject was getting rather too warm for him.

"Well, take my advice, and save your tobacco money, and in a short time you will see clearer, and perhaps think clearer also, for somehow this smoke fuddles the brain, as well as blinds the eye, but besides that, look at those 'young monkeys' across the road imitating your bad example."

"This at once brought home to Sam's mind, the late rap he had at the Wild Beast Show, however, he tried to shake off the feeling by saying,

"I only smoke half an ounce a-day. 'Three halfpence is every impudence! I mean a week, or two pounds saves me a year, and all ends in smoke,' said Alfred, 'try and condense it into something more substantial, for just suppose, that those lads continue to smoke at your rate from the present time until they reach the age of forty (they appear to be about ten now) in those thirty years they will spend seventy pounds sterling in tobacco, which if put into the 'Police Savings Bank' would have added every month a halfpenny to every penny."

"I'll think about it," said Sam, "good bye, you mean well no doubt."

"Good bye, and when I see you again, I hope you will be emancipated from the bondage of a bad habit, and the tyranny of an evil fashion."

Alfred went, thinking it was about time he did something for better or worse, but his first step certainly was downward, for he opened his box and found "just a pipe" left, so he filled, and again puffed away; as he was in the act of passing, a gust of wind sent the smoke of Sam's pipe right into his face, which occasioned a cough so loud, that Sam, who at all times was civil, apologized by saying, "he hoped his smoking did not annoy him."

"But it does, you can hear," said the gentleman, "and I hope we shall not be long before we get an Act of Parliament to make men, like other chimney, consume their own smoke."

"Hard do you call it?" said the gentleman, "Why should the pure air be contaminated by your nasty filthy habits? The Board of Health surely ought to put it down as a nuisance, as they do other things not half so annoying, for it is, as Leigh Hunt says, 'the stinkiest stink of all the stinks!'"

"I beg your pardon I am not," said Sam, "but I could not help it just then."

"You could if you had not learned the habit, and persisted in the practice," said the gentleman.

"I think I shall give it up," said Sam.

"No, and spend your money in a better manner; and so saying, he parted company with Sam."

"I am in luck's way," thought Sam, as he went on his road home, which he soon reached, after the conversation just narrated, and tea being on the table, he quickly recovered his spirits while disposing of the creature famous which his wife

had provided, but such was the force of habit, that as soon as he had finished his tea, ere he was aware, he had reached down from the mantelshelf his tobacco-box and pipe, and was soon puffing away as of old.

"Mother, of course, was full of inquiry as to what they had seen, and whether they had enjoyed themselves, to which little Charley gave a ready answer, by saying,

"he had never seen such things, and such big lions, such lots of other animals, only father came away before they fed them" (for reasons known to our readers), but he was delighted beyond bounds, and hoped they would soon come again, so that he might be able to hear the lions roar at feeding-time.

"Father," said Charley, "why didn't you stay and let us see them this time?"

"Because they wouldn't let me smoke my pipe out," said the father.

"What did you want to smoke for?" said Charley, rather provoked.

"Because I like it," said Sam.

"But if you like it, why did Charley, why do you spit it out? I always swallow what I like."

"Run away, you don't understand anything about it," said the father, rather vexed.

No doubt the boy did not understand the matter, it was very doubtful even, whether the "big boy" was much wiser, but while he mused over the matter, he sent the smoke from him in such clouds that it almost

"I do wish you would either go out to smoke, or else leave it off, it is almost sufficing to one."

"What are you going to have a turn, as well as the rest?"

"I would turn it out if I could, he said (not knowing what he meant exactly), but I don't see what use it is in a man sucking a pipe from the first thing in the morning, to last thing at night," said his wife.

"Why it is a great enjoyment," said Sam, "it warms one's nose."

"Stuff and nonsense," said his wife, "burning money and brains away at the same time, into a walking chimney-pot, I besides making yourself!"

"Well I did think of giving it up," said Sam, "and I'll begin to do so, if I have been half inclined to say that if you did not give over smoking, you and I come near me, until you did."

Away she ran, to fetch some water from the pump, and her heavy load might be heard as she tripped along the garden walk.

Sam gathered together his pipe and threw them on a shelf, and, as he took his box in hand, he said, "I won't throw you away, but see you to condense the smoke in."

It was easier said than done, and Sam was not aware what a strong hold the pipe had upon him, until he began to lay it aside; unconsciously at times he might be seen feeling about his pocket for something he fancied he wanted, when all at once, he would appear to remember his resolution, and for a time, he had to cheat his appetite by putting a piece of pencil in his mouth to meet the occasion, and he began, and thus started the enemy out, but in a short time he became "conscious, you and his other children, forgot all about it. Self-conquest is the highest form of victory, and happy is the man, who, by God's help, is enabled to subdue all other enemies, in this way to any being, his body under subjection."

Sam's plan of action was as length decided upon, and next morning instead of puffing for his "half ounce," he put the money into his tobacco-box, and continued to do the same every morning for a week, and when at length it became full, he changed his coppers for silver, and the silver for gold, and at the end of the year, he



"You are rather hard upon a fellow," said Sam.

had thus saved over two pounds, so, one fine morning, he started off to market, and changed his tobacco money into a pig.

Alfred Stanley was delighted to hear of the change in Sam's habits, and when he received an invitation some time after, to take tea, and spend the evening with him, he went with considerable pleasure, but judge of his surprise, when Sam pointed out to him two fine fitches of bacon hanging on the wall, and said,

"That is condensed smoke, Alfred."

"Well," said Alfred, "I have heard of strange things done by 'Wizards of the North,' and I have read of condensed steam, but it was reserved for Sam Adams to practically demonstrate the possibility of changing a Pipe into a Pig."

"Yes, said Sam, it is astonishing, how my eyes have been cleared and opened since the smoke has been removed, and I can tell you another thing, 'smoked bacon' is much more profitable than smoked pipes, whether they be mere shams or real shams; and I trust that my example may induce others to try the experiment, by getting real 'stewards,' and so realise the profit of changing a 'Pipe into a Pig!'"

A Superior Edition of "How Sam Adams's Pipe became a Pig," printed on colored paper, will shortly be issued, uniform with "Buy your own Charities" (prose) and "Buy your own Charities" (in rhyme). 6d.



"Look—imitating your bad example."



"That" (pointing to two fine fitches of bacon) is condensed smoke!"