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with TAGS from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "STANDARD NAVY," "SPEAR HEAD," "DRUMMOND" NATURAL LEAF, "GOOD LUCK," "BOOT JACK," "PIPER HEIDSIECK," "NOBBY SPUN ROLL," "J. T.," "OLD HONESTY," "MASTER WORKMAN," "JOLLY TAR," "SICKLE," "BRANDY WINE," "CROSS BOW," "OLD PEACH AND HONEY," "RAZOR," "E. RICE, GREENVILLE," "PLANET," "TENNESSEE CROSSTIE," "NEPTUNE," "OLE VARGINY," and TRADE MARK STICKERS from "FIVE BROTHERS" Pipe Smoking Tobacco, in securing these presents, ONE TAG being equal to TWO CREMO CIGAR BANDS or TWO OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOT WRAPPERS.



The above illustrations represent the presents to be given for **Cremo Cigar Bands and Old Virginia Cheroot Wrappers**

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY on outside of package containing BANDS or WRAPPERS, and forward them by registered mail, or express prepaid. Be sure to have your package securely wrapped and properly marked, so that it will not be lost in transit. Send bands or wrappers and requests for presents (also requests for catalogues) to C. H. Brown, 4241 Felton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of presents for 1923 includes many articles not shown above. It contains the most attractive list of presents ever offered for bands and wrappers, and will be sent by mail on receipt of postage—two cents. Our offer of presents for bands and wrappers will expire November 30th, 1923.

American Cigar Company

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS.

"Well mamma, kind hearts are more than coronets, aren't they?"

"More what than coronets? I know the quotation, of course; but I can't say that I ever understood it. A coronet is one sort of a thing and a kind heart is another. And I don't see why, if it comes to that, the possessor of a coronet shouldn't be the possessor of a kind heart as well."

And Mrs. Erne sat back in her deck chair with an air of having finished the discussion. She was on her way back home to England with her daughter whom she had taken out to India on a visit to Colonel Erne, whose military duties kept him out there, away from his wife and his pretty daughter.

Mrs. Erne, like many other wives of military men, had imbibed from her husband a tone and habit of authority, which she used upon the pretty Hildred unsparingly, and more than ever at this particular juncture, when the beautiful blue-eyed girl was showing the strongest inclination to commit an act which her mother termed "throwing herself away."

Mrs. Erne was ambitious, and the exceeding beauty of her young daughter had filled her with hopes, which seemed perfectly reasonable, that Hildred would make a brilliant marriage. Indeed, it was what everybody expected of a girl who had been the undoubted beauty of her one London season.

But now this wrong-headed young person, who looked so gentle and innocent that it was difficult to believe her capable of anything so definite as an original impulse, had threatened her own prospects as her mother's ambitions by bestowing a great deal too much of her thoughts and of her smiles upon a certain Captain Tarring, whom she met in London and again in India, and who had been one of her most devoted admirers during her stay in the hills.

It had come as a great shock upon Mrs. Erne to find Captain Tarring among the passengers on board the boat which was to bring herself and her daughter back to England; but on finding that another of the passengers was a certain Prince Lagonegro, a man who united the attractions of good looks, good manners, fortune and a title, and who was, moreover, evidently much attracted by the beautiful Hildred, Mrs. Erne's annoyance had considerably increased.

For Hildred quietly but obstinately refused to take her mother's view of the relative attractions of these two men.

"It's very difficult to know the truth about your own heart, mamma, isn't it?" she said, in her next, keeping her eyes fixed on her mother's face.

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"One can only judge when one feels about it."

"Do you mean that you feel that Captain Tarring is full of heart, while Prince Lagonegro has none?" asked her mother, sharply.

"No, no, mamma, of course not. But I like Captain Tarring better than I do the prince."

"Now, of what possible value can the imaginary liking of a girl like you be? It is a mere matter of prejudice. Isn't the prince handsomer than Captain Tarring? Whiter? More distinguished looking? Besides, the important fact that he is better off?"

"Yes, I suppose he is handsomer, but I don't like his face so well. And as for his being better off, one couldn't marry a man in cold blood for that, now could one?"

"Of course not, of course not. It's no question of marrying anybody—yet, I only wish you to put a little brain into your consideration of your acquaintances. You've been talking to this Captain Tarring lately to the exclusion of everybody else; and, quite apart from any consideration of money—I hope I'm not a mercenary woman—quite apart from that, I say, I think you're making a mistake in rating him as highly as you do. And you know Major Stanway thinks as I do."

Hildred's face fell. This was a sore point with her, that Major Stanway, an old friend of theirs, and a person whom everybody liked and everybody trusted, had, indeed, "gone over to the enemy," as Captain Tarring expressed it, and joined in singing the praises of the prince.

Indeed, at this very moment that the two ladies were discussing that matter, young Captain Tarring was taking Major Stanway to task in the smoking room about his attitude in the affair.

"Do you think it's quite fair, Stanway," said the young man, who was a pleasant-faced Englishman of a type happily common, "to take up the stand you do in regard to Miss Erne and this wretched foreigner?"

"Wretched foreigner, eh? If you mean Prince Lagonegro, it seems an odd term to use of a man who is as much an Englishman as you are by breeding and education, though he is Italian by descent."

"Well, don't put me off and evade the question, it seems very hard that you, who know how fond I am of Hildred Erne, and who used to profess and sympathize with me about it, should now go about cracking up to the skies the very man whom you know to be my rival with her."

"I don't know what you mean by cracking up—"

"Oh, you do. I've heard you saying his praises to Mrs. Erne, and you're now saying she doesn't know her own mind."

Inducement to make her think better of a man with a title and a fortune than she does of me?"

"Now, look here, my young friend, you're perfectly unreasonable!"

"I dare say—"

"Listen to me. Didn't I tell you at the outset, when you first mentioned your attachment, that you had no chance?"

"But—"

"Didn't I tell you that Mrs. Erne wouldn't let her handsome daughter think about a man like you, with only a few hundreds a year, and that you would get the cold shoulder directly a man a little better off turned up?"

"Yes, I know you did. And I admitted that my chance was a poor one. But still it was a chance, and with Hildred to back me up, I was not without hopes. Of course, I don't say you haven't a perfect right to advise Mrs. Erne to snub me, and to encourage the prince. But I do say it isn't the sort of thing people would have expected you to do, and it's hurt as much as it's surprised me."

The young man was too much agitated to speak in a very even tone, and it was clear that even the tough old major was moved by his emotion. He got up from his chair, walked up and down the smoking room a few times, and then stopped short, holding on to the chair of the young man, though his eyes were wide open.

"I suppose it does seem odd to you, my boy, but I tell you it's all for your own good, as well as little Miss Erne's. Of course, you don't believe me—nobody ever believes anything that's done for his good. But you'll find it out some day, I hope, and in the meantime if you can't forgive me for going my own way, why—I can't help it."

Captain Tarring said nothing. There was so much feeling in the major's voice, gruff as it was, that he felt bound to respect the opinion expressed by him. But at the same time he felt very sore about it, and this sensation was considerably increased by something which happened later in the day.

Two of the passengers were getting up a party for what that evening, and it fell to Captain Tarring to have to ask Prince Lagonegro to take a hand. Not only, however, did the prince refuse, saying somewhat curtly that he made it a rule never to play cards on board ship, but he repeated the incident to Mrs. Erne, and Mrs. Erne repeated it to the major, who expressed his opinion, very warmly, that the prince was right.

By the time Hildred, who was present when her mother and the major talked this over, related it to Gerard, the incident had assumed the complexion of a deliberate attempt on Captain Tarring's part to induce the prince to gamble, and to an honorable refusal on the part of the latter to be led into such courses.

Captain Tarring was furious.

"One would think," he said to Hildred, "that I was a gambler, if not a profligate! While, as a matter of fact, I've never had the least inclination that

way, while they do say that the prince used to play very high indeed in India. "Did he really?" asked Hildred. "He talks as if he'd never touched a card at all. And mamma said it was quite delightful to meet a man with so much sense."

"Nonsense!" cried Captain Tarring, sharply. "Ask the major whether his friend used not to gamble, and for heavy stakes, too."

"Oh, he wouldn't admit it," said Hildred. "I can't understand why it is, but he always talks about the prince to mamma as if he were the pink of perfection."

Captain Tarring pulled his mustache and frowned.

"Yes, for some reason he takes his part through thick and thin."

"Perhaps," suggested Hildred, "he knows the prince used to play high, and admires him for giving it up."

This seemed a very possible explanation, and Captain Tarring had to admit that it might be the truth. If the prince had been a gambler and had "sworn off" to please his friend the major, it would account for the extraordinary interest the latter appeared to show in the young nobleman.

"Then, of course," said the captain, with a shrug of the shoulders, "he becomes at once a hero in your eyes. We all know how dearly a woman loves a reformed rake, or spendthrift, or anything of that sort."

"It's very unfair of you to say that, Gerard," said Hildred warmly. "And I don't deserve it. Have I ever made any pretence of liking anybody as well as I do you?"

"Then why don't you tell your mother boldly, point blank, that it's of no use trying to prevent your marrying me? Why don't you take a bold stand, Hildred? You're a coward at heart, I believe!"

The girl shook her head slowly, with a troubled look in her eyes.

"I don't think I am," she said, "but I know so well just what would happen if I took what you call a bold stand. In the first place, of course, mamma would have to pretend to agree, and we should be engaged, shouldn't we?"

"Well, that would be something, instead of my having to stand about and meet you under the companion in this hole and corner fashion."

"Well, but listen. Then mamma would never leave off running you down, not openly, you know, but by implication, in a hundred little pin-pricking ways. Oh, you don't know what mamma can do in that way!"

"And do you mean to say you would let yourself be persuaded into thinking the less of me for her pin-pricks?"

"No; but it wouldn't be very pleasant—now would it? Well, then, there's another thing she'd do. She would never leave you alone. So you think you could always be amiable and courteous, as well as wise and discreet, while mamma was continually making half-and-half insinuations to—"

"She would do that!" he said. "I

can't believe it of her!"

"Well, she would, I feel sure, and that wouldn't be all. Remember, I have to go with her just where she pleases to take me, and you may be very sure that, if I were engaged to you, she'd please to take me where we could never see each other, or—"

"But we wouldn't have a long engagement. Why should you? After all I am not a pauper, you know, and there's nothing to wait for."

Hildred sighed.

"I don't believe you really care about me at all," said he, hurt and offended by her silence.

The tears came to her blue eyes.

"I knew you'd say that," she murmured. "But it isn't true. I do love you, as I've told you a hundred times. And until the major took sides against you I was always hoping—"

"Ah!" he burst out, with an explosion of rage. "I knew it was he who had done this. I knew your mother would never have been so insolent to me as she has been the last day or two—"

"Oh, don't! don't talk about it. I know it's true and it breaks my heart to hear her."

"Then you do really mean to let them arrange your life for you, and marry you to this fellow you don't care two straws about? Or, stay, perhaps you are all the time only flirting with me, just to lead the other man on? Perhaps—"

"Perhaps you're a jealous goose, Gerard. I not only do not like the prince, but I positively dislike him. If I were shut up in a prison until I married him, I should remain in prison all my life. I don't think I can say anything stronger than that."

"Do you mean that?"

"Indeed—indeed I do."

"But why? He's good looking—much better looking than I am."

"I know he is, he's much better mannered than you are, I really think. And I'm sure he's cleverer, and can talk more languages, and all that."

"Yes, and he's given up gambling to please you, I suppose, which is quite touching, of course," burst out Gerard, angrily.

"Has he? I didn't know it. I was going to say that what he is and what he does makes no difference. Although I don't know why, I dislike him, almost as much, Gerard, as I like you."

There was some comfort in this assurance, and with that and a surreptitious kiss Captain Tarring had to be content.

But, if anything, things grew worse as the days went on, and the prince devoted himself so assiduously to Mrs. Erne and her daughter that the rumor grew that Hildred was engaged to that handsome young nobleman. And Captain Tarring, eating his heart out in rage and disgust, withdrew to the background, wondering whether Hildred was true at heart after all.

Before the end of the voyage Captain Tarring had withdrawn himself so completely from the Ernes that there was no question but that Prince La-

gonegro had ousted him from the affections of the beauty. It was by chance rather than by design that Captain Tarring found himself in the vicinity of Mrs. Erne and her daughter, the major and Prince Lagonegro, when the ship at last cast anchor.

Hildred tried in vain to get near enough to Gerard and far enough from her mother to exchange a few words of remonstrance or of farewell. Prince Lagonegro, tender of manner and flowery of speech, stood steadily in the way, with his faithful friend and companion, Major Stanway, close behind him. The major slipped his arm within that of the young nobleman, however, and asked him whether he was not glad to be home again.

"Indeed, I am," cried the prince, less fervently, however, than might have been expected. His attention was fixed upon two keen-eyed men advancing toward him, invited by a wave of the major's hand.

The keen-eyed men came straight to the group, and the prince, more uneasy than ever, made another attempt to get free from the major's hand.

"Are you looking for Major Stanway?" asked that officer, as the men came up to him.

"Yes, sir," said the first man, his eyes traveling at once from the major to his companion. "This is the gentleman you wished us to meet, I think?"

At the same moment he laid a pale hand upon the shoulder of the pale prince.

"What do you mean? Who are you? How dare you lay hands on me?" asked the nobleman, indignantly.

The man nodded at the major, without taking any notice of his companion's discomfiture.

"Right, sir," said he. "We've been looking for this gentleman for some time. Come now—and he turned persuasively to the prince—"the game's up and you'd better come away with us quietly."

The prince came rapidly to the same conclusion. With a hasty bow to the ladies, assuring them that he would meet them at their hotel, he let himself be led to the tender, while Mrs. Erne, whiter than he was, turned terror-stricken to the major and asked what was the matter.

"Only that the 'prince' is a well-known gambling sharper, and that he's now safe in custody," replied that gentleman serenely.

"And you never told me. You—you let him—let us—Mrs. Erne could not speak for rage."

"I didn't know myself who he was," said the major, quietly. "I had suspicions only, until the detectives met me at my request."

Captain Tarring was near enough to hear this, and he at once came toward the group.

"If there's anything I can do, Mrs. Erne," said he to the pale lady, "in the way of looking after your luggage or anything, I shall be most happy."

"Oh, you're very good. Indeed, I shall be very grateful."

"More grateful than she would have been ten minutes ago," whispered the old major, as she turned away. "There, you silly fellow, see what I've done for you! Now she's encouraged that scoundrel to openly, there's nothing left for her to do but to fall back on you, and be grateful. Now take back your hard words, you dog, and remember your own pretty wife to me."

He was right. That evening at the hotel Gerard Tarring was formally accepted by Mrs. Erne as her future son-in-law. And the first person who was invited to stay with the young couple after the honeymoon was the arch major, Florence Warden, in plain white.