

Save your Cremo 5 Cent Cigar Bands for Presents

Cremo Cigar BANDS and Old Virginia Cheroot WRAPPERS may be assorted

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 FLAINLY 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 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of presents for 1922 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, 1922.

American Cigar Company

A NOTHER AT THIS AGE...

Little Girl Marries Baby and Niece
 Mrs. Alverda R. Shenberger of Potosi, Mo., is proud to be the youngest mother in the state, but as she sits on the porch of her father's home, on Queen street, and sings to her baby, it seems as though some one should be rocking her instead of she a baby one. Mrs. Shenberger is only 13 years of age, and her gown scarcely reaches to her shoe tops. After the ceremony which united her to Shenberger who is 22 years old, about a year ago, she went back home and played with her dolls.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Small, the parents of Miss Shenberger, some of nearly Pennsylvania Dutch stock, and were adverse to the wedding of their daughter to young Horace Shenberger of Lower Potosi. With the girl it was a case of love at first sight, and she she practiced to her dolls she told them of her affection for Horace. When she remarked to her parents that she was going to be married they re-acted it as a childish talk. However, Mrs. Shenberger frequently, and he Ave for the young farmer grew. He pleaded with Mrs. Small to consent to the marriage, and, as she had been married at an early age, she finally consented.

Bread Being Old Maid.

Most girls have a horror of becoming old maids, but the fear of this dreadful fate is nowhere so intense as in the French province of Breisgau, the Armoira of the ancients.

From all parts of this picturesque and peculiar land heart-felt petitions are constantly arising to heaven in the hope of warding off this dire calamity.

The pure and spotless St. Catharine has the honor in her especial charge, but a local saint, Guirec by name, is believed to possess great influence with St. Catharine, and therefore he is petitioned into service as an intercessor.

On St. Guirec's day, the 23d of November, every unmarried woman in Breisgau who sees her twenty-fifth year approaching and bringing no husband with it, addresses an earnest prayer to this canonized matrimonial saint.

A favorite method of attracting the deity's attention is, to say the least, peculiar. In the middle of the great moor of Ploussac there is a little chapel containing a wooden image of St. Guirec. According to Breisgau belief a girl who sticks a needle into the nose of this figure on St. Guirec's day is sure to be married before the end of the year.

The girls of the moment, however, make their pilgrimages to the shrine on St. Catharine's day. April 26 arrived at the little chapel they address not a word of supplication to the saint either aloud or silently, but cluster up on the pedestal of his and stick their needles in his nose, which in a few days causes the appearance of a pimple and thereby pleases, and so it remains until the second following day.

Are You Up to It?

"I remember once hearing a fellow low, who coming unannounced to a railway wreck, worked like a demon to assist his less fortunate fellow passengers," said a railway official to a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer. "All the time he was at work, however, he held one hand to his collar, and when it was over, one of his companions discovered that he was a living light to his necktie, which he had been in the act of tying when the collision occurred.

"People act very queerly when they are, or think they are in danger.

"I know a young girl who had learned to swim quite well, and one day she tried to swim across a river. There were plenty of people about, and the distance was not great, but when she was half way across someone called out: 'How deep is it?' She let her foot down, and, of course, found she was out a flier depth. Instantly she lost her nerve and sank. She came up once, tried to scream, but the water choked her and down she went again.

"A man realizing that something was wrong, jumped in, clothed and all, and pulled her out. He was none too soon for she was unconscious when he pulled her up. It was the sheer fright of knowing that she was out of her depth that caused it all, as otherwise there wasn't the slightest danger."

A Kipling and Barrie Story.

Mr. Barrie was one day at Waterloo station in a hurry to catch a train. He was hastening from the bookstall laden with papers, "a good many six penny ones among them," he dolefully relates, when, in rushing around the corner he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition, and asked each other whether he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming: "Lucky beggar, you've got papers!" seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some money and made off. "But you didn't stop to pick up his dirty halfpence, did you?" queried one of Mr. Barrie's hearers, amusedly. "Didn't I though?" returned Barrie, and added ruefully: "but he hadn't flung me half enough."

Cabbage crops in Europe are generally short this year, and this country is being called upon to make up the deficiency. Truck gardens in the neighborhood of Bay City, Mich., are reaping part of the benefit. The best crop there was poor last year and the gardeners gave up, planting cabbage instead. But for the shortage abroad the Michigan market would have been badly overstocked but the growers are shipping their product to Germany.

One of the most important industries in the Bahama Islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where pink pearls are found. These pearls, when perfect, bring very high prices, it is said, ranging in price from \$10 to \$1,000.

AN OLD ADIRONDACK GUIDE.

"Adirondack" Murray describes John Plumbly, Pilot of the woods.

John Plumbly, who guided the Rev. W. H. Murray through the Adirondacks when the latter was laying the foundation for his fascinating book on that wilderness more than 20 years ago, died recently. Mr. Murray now living in Hartford, Conn., has prepared a new issue on "Old-Time Life and Guides in the Adirondacks, in which he pays this tribute to his old friend:

"He taught me a faintless knowledge of the woods, the name and nature of plants and herb and tree, the languages of the night and the occultism of silent places and soundless shores. I blunderingly expounded to him the knowledge of the stars, the names of stars, of planets and constellations, and of the splendor beyond that was invisible as yet, and would forever be until eyes became clearer and purer. He had a most gentle and manly reticence, and that sweetest of all habits in man or woman—the habit of Conscience. He could lead, lead, listen and hear, and say nothing. He was matured for reception of all fine impressions that come to the best and the finest of the earth out of the still depths of woods and the quietude of far-reaching, moon-lighted waters. His knowledge of woodcraft was inclusive. He knew the points of the compass sensationally. He was an atom whose nature mysteriously held it in reciprocal connection with the magnetic currents of the world. In the densest woods, on the darkest nights, he was never bewildered, never at fault. He was independent of sun, or moon, or stars. He could lay his course without sight. All trails were blazed trails to him. In the tangle of swamps, in the horrible interlacing of windmills, amidst darkness which made eyes vain, he held steadily on to the course that could save. He was the only guide I ever knew of either race—red or white—that could not in any circumstance lose himself or his way.

"They tell me he is dead. It is a foolish fashion of speech, and not at all true to the fact, the mountain crumbled to their bases, the lakes and streams dried up and wood life are forgotten, will the saying become fact. For John Plumbly was so much of the woods, the mountains, and the streams that he personified them. He was of a type that is deathless. Memory, affection, imagination, literature, until these die the great guide of the woods will live with ever-enlarging life as the years are added to years and the lovers of nature and of sport multiply.

"Thus remember, the signal I was wonted to give thee when coming up the river through the mist and the glooming? Thou shalt hear the echoes of the piece later on, as I am borne down the river men boat on above once, seeking signs of the shore where thou hast found quiet camp, honest John, happy meeting and good cheer, God grant us, old friend. And goodly souls will join us as the years drop away, and the fellowship of wood lovers and wood saints will be ours forever and ever."

Couldn't Afford to Change.

The late Prof. Shastloworth, a well-known English scholar, was fond of relating a story illustrating how delicate a thing young love some times is. The professor was seeing one time as the clerk of a church in Devonshire, and was called upon to proclaim the banns of a young farmer and a village maiden. Two weeks afterward the so-be bridegroom called upon the professor. "You said 'th' banns for me?" asked the man.

"Yes, replied the professor, "I remember."

"Well," said the farmer, after an awkward pause, "there's may may I change it no?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished professor. "You're not tired of the girl, are you?"

"No," said the bridegroom. "But I like to make better."

"Well," replied the professor, "if the original girl doesn't mind, you can marry the sister."

The young farmer went away happy. Two days later and he was back again.

"Tell me, sir," said the farmer, "if I marry the sister, will th' banns have to be called again?"

"Certainly," responded the professor.

"Ay, but will it cost me another three and a pence?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

The rustic deliberated for a minute. "Well, then, mister," he said, finally, "I'll no make a change."

And so he married the first girl, after all.

Swift's American Girl Calendar.

One of the most attractive calendars of the new year is "Swift's American Girl Calendar" now being sent out by Swift and Company. This calendar contains four heads, in rich, striking, handsome and harmonious colors, representing the faces of the typical American girl during four periods of American history. The first face, that of an Indian maiden, represents the period of discovery; the second, the face of a Puritan lass, represents the period of settlement; the third, the face of an Eighteenth century beauty, represents the colonial period, while the fourth we readily recognize as the face of that peerless personage, the American girl of today. The calendar in its entirety is a work of art worthy of a favored place in every home where culture and refinement abound. The exact size is 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. It will be sent prepaid to any address for one cent from Swift's Book and Stationery, or ten Wood Soap Wrappers, or ten cents in stamps or money.

Swift and Company are also sending out a Stock Calendar. This is a large and handsome wall calendar, surrounded by a fern scene in colors. This calendar will be sent free to any address.

In writing for either of these calendars address, Advertising Department, Swift and Company, Stock Yards, Chicago.

Place Operations in Colorado.

For more than a year past the attention of Colorado miners has been directed toward the placer operations in Breckenridge county. The several companies which have been at work this year are recent in regard to their results of the season but enough is known to render it reasonable to believe that there will be a boom in the placer ground of Summit county. The North American cross-country Company continued its operations in a limited area of its holdings, and has obtained remarkable results, the values from one part of the territory running higher than was ever before found in washing with hydraulic machines in the district. The best record was made by the Mexico company, which cleaned up more than forty pounds of gold during the season at a very handsome profit. Other companies also report good results, and in consequence a great interest is being taken by eastern investors in Colorado placers, the inquiries for placer lands having been largely increased during the last few weeks. Park county will come in for its share of the expected boom, as there are large areas of ground carrying pay grave, investment made this season showing values of 15 to 50 cents per cubic yard. There are thousands of acres of land in Summit and Park counties that carry good values and of the entire acreage that is known to be valuable not more than one-third is now being operated.—The Denver Times.

Japanese Toys.

There are no people in the world so fond of toys as the Japanese, but the pretty trines give instruction as well as amusement to those who play with them. One sort of playing cards have printed upon them 100 scraps of classical poetry by which the rudiments of the art of versification are expected to be inculcated. Another set is of natural history cards, to give instruction in the names and forms of animals; and still another is especially intended for girls, affords examples of women who have celebrated their virtues and noble qualities. So far as both toys and books are concerned, the young American or European is on ignorant compared with his Oriental rival.

Among the babies' toys is a mouse that feeds from a bowl when a little bamboo string is touched, lowering the head and long tail in quit a life-like manner. Another is a small cylinder, into which one blows through two small reed tubes, three balls of path being kept bobbing in a bit of a cage over the cylinder by the breath, while a cut in one of the tubes produces a shrill whistle. Another is a little man who is made to jump up a long stick by a bamboo spring, and still another is a wooden gentleman, who rides along between the wheels, being attached to the axle with a heavy base.

Further devices for toy purposes are kaleidoscope boxes, with glass tops filled like cupboards, with various household utensils in miniature, and bags with shot etc. tooting.

Copyright Company's earnings are estimated at \$40,000,000 a year, with a business that is rapidly expanding.

How to Make Tea.

The editor of the Ceylon Observer, Mr. J. Ferguson, who for nearly two generations has been a resident of Ceylon and a student of tea, furnishes the following recipe for the infusion, which it seems to me can not be improved upon:

1. The water to be boiled should be fresh and pure, and as soft as procurable.
2. It should be boiled in a perfectly clean kettle, and not deemed to be boiling until the water throbs and throws off steam in profusion.
3. First make the teapot hot, then pour into it the freshly boiled water; after this draw the steam a teaspoonful for each cup of tea—in the top of the water, when it will gradually sink. In this way the tea leaves will not be scalded and the fragrance will be kept at its best. The water should be used as soon as it boils, and not allowed to become flat by overboiling.
4. Maximum time of infusion to be five minutes.
5. The infusion (not decoction) should be decanted into another teapot, first made hot for its reception. Prepared in this way (if a "cozy" is used) the infusion will be pleasant and wholesome for more than double the time it would were cold tepid used.
6. Do not use spent leaves for a second infusion.

Railway Traffic in Russia.

A Russian paper given an interesting insight into the way they do things on the new Siberian railway.

A merchant recently sent a cartload of fruit from Irkutsk to Chirka. The railway charges was 170 rubles, but the tips to the way officials amounted to 120 rubles more.

Tipping or "greasing," as it is called in Siberia, is a tax from which no patron of the railroad is exempt.

In the case mentioned the first station master took the merchant to the loaded car was "wicked," or disabled, and would have to be sidetracked for repairs.

"How long will it take to make the repairs?" the merchant asked.

The merchant started, for a week's delay meant the spoiling of his cargo, and, besides, it was ordered for immediate delivery. But when the freight dealer had slipped ten to fifteen rubles into the official's hand the latter found that the car was well enough to travel.

At the next station the car fell ill again and had to be returned to berth in the same manner, and this process was repeated every time the train stopped.

Local merchants have become used to this "greasing" business and simply add the amount to the price to their wares, so that the consumer pays the freight and the tips as well.

One way to Keep Cool.

Ma—Little Jim, how can you rush around and play so hard in this hot weather?

Jim—Aw, ma, 'tain't hot at all; me and Tommy Tibbe has been playin' camp out in a blizzard.