

# 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 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 Volcan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of presents for 1902 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, 1902.

American Cigar Company

### Thoughts of Men.

What the great thinkers of all ages have said of the "lord of creation":  
 Most men are bad.—Braz.  
 Man is the little world.—Lorvaster.  
 Man is the wonder of nature.—Pisto.  
 Man is an epitome of the world.—Piny.  
 Men were gay deceivers ever.—Shakespeare.  
 Man is the measure of all things.—Pythagoras.  
 Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—Carlyle.  
 Man is a sample of the universe.—Theophrastus.  
 Man is the great wonder.—Hermes Trismegistus.  
 He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—Swift.  
 Man the image of God's personality.—Bronson Alcott.  
 Man is a soul using the body of an instrument.—Prochius.  
 Man! Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Lord Byron.  
 The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.  
 Certainly the greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—Regner.  
 Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God.—Longfellow.  
 The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—Henry Home.  
 All men commend patience, though few be willing to practice it.—Thomas A. K. Femeis.  
 Man is an imitative creature and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.  
 The real character of man is found out by his amusements.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.  
 Most men employ the first part of their lives to make the last part miserable.—La Bruyere.  
 Young men think old men fools; but old men know young men are fools.—George Chapman.  
 Of all animals which fly in the air, walk on ground or swim in the sea, the most foolish is man.—Boileau.  
 No man knows anyone except himself, whom he judges fit to set free from the coercion of laws and to be abandoned entirely to his own choice.—Johnson.  
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how sought.  
 How complicated, how wonderful is man.—Young. — Baltimore North American.

### Friendly Feet.

A characteristic story of Mr. Rhodes and General De Wet is told by the Kimberley correspondent of the Glasgow Herald. "How you must hate Rhodes!" a burgher now on parole remarked to Christian De Wet not long ago. "Not at all," the intrepid rider is creditably reported to have cried. "He tried to catch up matters as long as he could; but when things got to a head he sided with his own country, and I should have despised him if he had done otherwise. I, too, have sided with my country, and when it is all over I shall not mind shaking him by the hand." This anecdote was recounted to Mr. Rhodes, who replied promptly: "I think De Wet must be a good deal better."

### Unscrambling His Head.

A white man, wandering over one of the Fiji islands, was taken prisoner by the natives. He had a cork leg. He didn't like the looks of his captors, and liked them still less when he noticed that they were fixing up a neighboring oven. Trying hard not to show his agitation, he caused for something to eat. Food was set before him, and he used his large jack-knife to cut it.  
 With every mouthful or two he stuck his jack-knife into his cork leg with such force that it stood erect. The natives looked on with great astonishment and evident alarm. After the meal was over he began to unscramble his leg. That was too much for the savages, who did not seem to have any curiosity to see what he would do next, but opened a passage and let him walk away.  
 When he reached his horse, some little distance away, the natives began to gather around, but after mounting, the man made a motion as if to unscramble his head, and the spectators ran away in terror.

### The Laugh on the Kaiser.

Here is a good story they are telling in Europe about the German Emperor. The Kaiser, at a recent review in Berlin, reprimanded old Gen. Von Meerschmidt for losing his mind at a critical moment. "If your Majesty thinks that I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign." "No, no," replied the Kaiser, "your are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast you would be a more useful army leader."  
 On the evening of that day the Kaiser and the General met at a court ball. The General was talking to some young ladies. "Ah, Meerschmidt," cried William, "that is right, get ready to marry. Take a young wife, then that excitable temperament of yours will soon vanish."  
 The General bowed low as he returned: "I beg to be excused, your Majesty! A young Emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand!"

### The Queen's Meal.

Queen Victoria rises early and goes to bed late. When she first awakes, a sup of cocoa, which has been prepared by the "Chocolate Woman" of the Royal household, is brought to her by her dresser. Tea and coffee are served always in beautiful Sevres Majesty should wish to vary the morning menu. After rising, the Queen partakes of an ordinary English breakfast at 9 o'clock, and at 11, or a little later, she has a light "second breakfast," after the German fashion, but in her case it merely consists either of carefully made bouillon, an egg beaten up in wine, or a delicate sandwich. Luncheon at 3 o'clock is with her the meal of the day. Tea is served always in beautiful Sevres china at 6:30, and at 8:45 the great little lady sits down to dinner.

The fifth annual convention of the Western Labor union will begin at Denver on Monday, May 26.

### Real Laces.

French women are at the moment crazy over real laces, the collecting of which has become a veritable fad. Today, women talk laces and display laces, and gloat over an increasing store with a frankness which if displayed over the jewel box, would be considered in the worst of taste. But laces are like old china, and, in a country where every one has an ancestor, a bargain at an auction sale seems to give one even greater distinction than an inherited collection. But, as one noted lace collector says, herself a daughter of a distinguished race and the wife of a "nouveau riche," "a good deal of it belonged to my various grandmothers, but I had the fun of bargaining for it." It is certainly an odd experience to find in some auction room or in the mouldy dusty quarters of a second-hand soap lace founce or shawl that was worn by one's faraway grandmother. But at the moment this is the chic experience to have, and it is quite possible that the dealers are rather taking advantage of the desire of their clients to possess historical pieces of lace, with personal histories included.

### Charged By Prejudice.

Leo Lespes is one of the most prominent of Parisian barbers, and, being the fashion, has a large clientele. A Dutchman recently visited his establishment, and approaching the counter where Leo is enthroned he asked how much there was to pay. The barber looked at him with scrutinizing eyes, then called his first "garcon," a Spaniard like himself, and asked a few questions. "Five francs, meinher," at last said Lespes.  
 "Five francs! What a high price, M. Lespes. I was only shaved, you know; that's all."  
 "Tiens, tiens!" murmured the coiffeur. By your accent I should not quite take you for a German. What did you say, Mauril—that monsieur was a German? Nonsense! It is two francs, sir. Beg your pardon."  
 The gentleman, who, like a true Dutchman, is not talkative, paid his money and left the shop. But in the evening he asked the friend who had sent him to Lespes what this singular conduct could signify.  
 "Oh," answered the Parisian, of course I ought to have told you. Leo Lespes has various prices, according to the nationality of his clients and his own fancy. For instance, he always charges five francs to a German or an Englishman, for he hates them; three francs to Russians, and two francs to a Parisian and people in general when he cannot guess where they come from. He shaves an Italian for one franc and a Spaniard, though he be a grandee of first class, for 50 centimes, and lately he said to me: "Monsieur, if I ever have the honor of seeing a Boer in my establishment I should not only shave him for nothing, but also present him with a cravat and a toothbrush." —Paris Letter.

The wage schedule under which the firemen of the Erie railroad have worked for many years past is being revised and concessions have been made to the men which will materially increase their pay.

### Breakers For the Steel Trust.

The \$300,000,000 or more of bonds proposed will more than cover every dollar of cash invested in all the concerns combined, and the billion dollars or so of stock which Mr. Morgan desires to float becomes, by that showing, all water. Upon this fictitious capitalization, which he is reported as about to call into being with a stroke of his magic wand—and which, curiously enough, about equals what remains of our national debt—dividends can be paid only by levying perpetual tribute on all classes of the people. That can be done only by using the railroads which Mr. Morgan directly or indirectly controls to suppress competition. The public will not long stand that. It seems, therefore, the experiment cannot succeed. It is more probable that Mr. Carnegie will soon have a chance—under his mortgage—to resume business at the old stand, or else there will be a tremendous popular agitation over the first sign of coercion of the railroad properties to the purposes of the trust.  
 Though there may be some sort of fancy among the inexperienced that Pierpont Morgan has rediscovered Aladdin's lamp, the investing public is not to be deceived into a belief in the powers of the genie. Neither is the consuming public going to submit to paying the equivalent of interest upon the public debt to a private corporation for value not received without making violent protest.

### Chat About Some Women.

Fraulein Erskia Paulas, a woman architect in Austria, has received the commission to build a house for the official Forest Commissioners at Bistritz. Fraulein Paulas has had government orders before, but this is the most important.  
 One of the best expert accountants of Philadelphia is a woman, who audits regularly the accounts of many large corporations, of several railroads and of at least one leading bank of that city.  
 Three of London's most important clubs have handed over the domestic details of their club houses to the management of women, and it is said that since the change occurred general expenditures have decreased, and that coffee rooms have not only paid, but are showing balances.  
 One of the largest omnibus companies in London is managed by a woman, who selects, engages, dismisses and pays all drivers and conductors.  
 Mrs. Evangeline Hearts, member of the Colorado house of representatives, has been made chairman of the committee on enrollment, and a member of the committees on appropriations and expenditures, education, state institutions, temperance and public health.  
 The self-satisfied man is pleased with very little.  
 A father's love is the best part of a child's inheritance.

### They Like Their Quart ere.

New York hotels who have lived in the same room for twenty-two years as that Chicago couple did," said the clerk of one of the older Broadway hotels, "but there are great many who have lived for years in the same place, and their distress at being compelled to give up quarters, they have so long occupied is great. Nearly every hotel of any pretensions has a old boarders who have been in the place for a long time and cannot bear to leave. When the hotels are torn down or the buildings converted to other uses it is almost pathetic to observe their regret and their concern about ever being able to find anything that suits them so well. In some instances this fidelity to one hotel that is no longer in existence, has a woman who went to live in a hotel that is no longer in existence. It was then one of the best in the city. It was accessible and she occupied comfortable apartments. In the course of years the place acquired an entirely different character and its reputation became well known. Either ignoring this or ignorant of it, and accustomed to the rooms she had occupied so long, the woman remained in the place until her death. In one old hotel torn down about seven years ago there was one woman who had boarded there for twenty-seven years."  
 Got What He Wanted.  
 She could not see his face as he knelt and asked her to be his. She was glad of that, for she did not wish to know how much suffering her refusal caused him.  
 She told him as gently as she could that their lives could not be linked together; that, although she admired him and esteemed him, she felt that it would be risking his future as well as her own to consent to a union where she was sure no affinity existed. It was a touching speech, and she threw so much heart into it that she did not observe he was taking notes in shorthand. When she had concluded he arose and put his notebook in his pocket. Extending his hand, he remarked genially:  
 "I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you."  
 "S I R R!"  
 "You did it ever so nicely and I'm under a thousand obligations. I'm writing a novel, and I have a scene in which a girl refuses to marry a man. I was anxious to avoid the stereotyped style of depicting such incidents and make it realistic. You're the seventh girl I have proposed to and every one of the others accepted me. If you had said 'Yes' I think I'd have been completely discouraged." —Tid-Bits  
 Of the many wonderful experiences of the British soldier in South Africa, that of Lieut. J. Evans of the First Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was shot in twenty-six different places at Pieter's Hill and afterward recovered, is one of the most startling. Lieut. Evans, having recovered, is now on his way to South Africa to rejoin his regiment for duty.  
 A sermon on our duty to God will not be accepted as a substitute for doing our duty to man.

### A Jamaica Experience.

Fore some years after my marriage I lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston. One day, when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.  
 I paid my visit to the dressmaker, and, receiving my frock, a light summer thing, from her, I placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat and drove on to my sister's where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and bidding him see the sights and return at 4 o'clock.  
 The turned up punctually with the grin still in place, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more.  
 When I went to take out my crumpled muslin I found to my consternation it was a wet, soppy mass! No rain had fallen, and even then—  
 I turned to the boy: "Solomon, what in the world does this mean? How"—but the look of utter helplessness on his face stopped me.  
 "Lor', missis, it an queer, but not so queer as what done happen to me. Me bought a quacking (1½d) wort' of dat pretty ting dey call 'see' to bring home an' show ma sister, an' I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—an' now him gone for true—an' 'ow him get out I donno wid you sit on him all de time!" —Harper's Magazine.  
 Hard to Please.  
 Wife—Tell me honestly, John, if I should die, would you marry again?  
 John (desiring to please)—Marry again! Of course I wouldn't. Such an idea would never enter my head.  
 Wife (angrily)—Oh, you wouldn't? You don't find marriage pleasant, I suppose? No doubt you are sorry you married me.  
 John (still desiring to please)—You don't understand me, dear, I was joking, of course. I meant I would marry again.  
 Wife (more angrily)—You would eh? You are in a great hurry to get married again. Perhaps you wish I was out of the way. I know you would be glad if I would die—ugh! —London Tid-Bits.  
 His Indiscretion.  
 In one of Chauncey M. Depew's stories he tells of meeting a man as funny as himself.  
 "One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in what battle he was wounded."  
 "In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.  
 "But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.  
 "Well, sir," said the man half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."  
 —Youth's Companion.  
 The late earthquake in Alaska was so severe that the tremor of the earth lasted for six minutes.  
 Philadelphia Press: She—Why, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. He—Quite so. I could get a handsome wife then.