

Save your **Cremo** 5 Cent Cigar **Bands** for Presents

Crema 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 **Crema 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. Hy. Brown, 4241 Foley 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

LOCATION OF MONT BLANC.

The Famous Peak is Not in Switzerland, But in France.

New York Sun: Since 1850 Mont Blanc has been a part of France. The mountain is often referred to still as in Swiss territory, but no part of Mont Blanc proper is within the limits of that republic. A diplomatic agreement in 1860, however, gave to both Switzerland and Italy a part of Mont Dolent, which is the terminal pyramid of the Mont Blanc mass to the northeast.

Mr. J. Corcellie says in La Nature that while the Swiss have only one foot on the Mont Blanc region, they are accused by many of claiming the entire mountain in their books and conversation. The people of Geneva, however, protest that they know better and make no such claim, and they report that a great many Frenchmen are wholly ignorant of the fact that Mont Blanc pertains to their country. The Geneva newspapers are printing conversations with Frenchmen who speak of Mont Blanc as a Swiss mountain. They also quote from the dictionary of the French academy of 1835, which says: "The glacier of Mont Blanc is the most remarkable in Switzerland."

Victor Hugo also in his "Legende des Siecles" gives to the Swiss all the Alps from Pelvoux in the west to the Ortler range in the east, thus including Mont Blanc in the Swiss possessions. Madame Michelet has committed the same blunder. French guide books are also quoted as saying only a few years ago that "every journey in Switzerland should include Lake Geneva, Mont Blanc, and the Oberland."

While so many of the French generously give the mountain to Switzerland, the Italians err equally by claiming the mountain for themselves. A relief map for schools shown in the national exposition at Turin in 1884 indicates the site of the Jannas Observatory on the top of the mountain as Italian territory. The inhabitants of the valley of Aosta stoutly assert that most of the mountain is a part of Italy. They say that Mont Blanc was in the Department of Doire, and in spite of the treaties of recent years they still harbor the delusion that the great mountain pertains to them. They declare this in all their journals printed in the French language. The principal journal bears the name of Mont Blanc and is printed in Aosta.

HIS TRIP WITH NUMBER 13.

Maize Man Finds no Trace of Hoedoe or Bad Luck.

Henry F. Totman of Fairfield, Me., who has just returned home from a trip in the steam-tug schooner Nathaniel T. Palmer, is convinced that 13 is a lucky number. He sailed on Feb. 12, went on board at 12 minutes before 12 o'clock, and was the 13th man in the ship's company. The journey out to sea was not too long, and he arrived back in Boston on March 12.

Totman had at the time just 113 in his pocket when he went to the North station in Boston to board the train for New York. He found that the train for New York was at 12 o'clock on March 12.

and when he got to Waterville he looked at the number of the smoking car in which he was riding and found that it was 13, which was also the number of the electric car in which he rode over to Fairfield.

He had a first-rate time, and declares he can't see why 13 isn't a good number to bank on.

The American Invasion.

Cornhill Magazine: The American invasion has reached us through Lady Farrington; and here I must be understood as indicating the wife of the present peer. The dear old dowager remains unshaken in the convictions of her youth. To her, Americans are a set of people who talk through their noses, dine with their "helps," and drape the legs of their pianos; nor would either argument or eloquence move her from that sure anchorage.

But, in spite of these prepossessions, her son, the present Lord Farrington, having partly ruined himself at Newmarket, and completed the process at Monte Carlo, has repaired his shattered fortunes by marrying Miss Van Oot of New York, whose father made his millions by the famous "corner" in canvas-backed ducks. And the new Lady Farrington, being young, pretty, rich, and outspoken, has had a deserved success in London. Her intimacy in the highest quarters, reported in the society journals of New York, provoked from a friend of her youth the sarcastic exclamation: "What! Sally Van Oot sporting in the lap of royalty? You bet your last biscuit she'll roll off." But the prophecy is not yet fulfilled.

Lost His Sausage Appetite.

From the Philadelphia Record: "Another new waiter has come and gone," said the veteran of the 15-cent restaurant as he deposited a beef stew in front of his favorite customer.

"What was the matter with him?" asked the favorite customer.

"Well, it wasn't exactly his fault," explained the veteran. "You see, the second day he was here a customer comes in and asks for a brace of frankfurters. 'Sausage is all out,' says the new waiter, 'but if you wait awhile I think I can get you some.' He was so eager to be obliging that he was going to send across the street for 'em. Well, sir, as he went through the door into the kitchen he happened to tread on the dog's tail. The dog set up a howl and the customer yells: 'Hey, there! Never mind that sausage. I guess I don't want it!' Then he puts on his hat and goes out.

"The boss saw the whole thing and that night the new waiter was paid off, and quit. Pretty tough, wasn't it?"

Nitrate of Soda in Nevada.

The reported discovery of beds of nitrate of soda near Lovelock, Humboldt county, Nev., may prove of considerable importance. Chili at present furnishes the world's supply, and the use of the mineral for agricultural purposes is increasing, due to the results that have been obtained in that all-important matter of "mixing brains with the soil."

After One Already Trained.

Chicago Post: "No," said the widow decisively, "I will not marry you. I've been once married, and that's enough. My second must be a widower."

WALLER'S DUAL NATURE.

Manila Paper Reports His Varied Career in the Orient.

Copies of the Manila Times received by the Victoria give reports of the killing of the natives in Samar by Major L. W. T. Waller of the United States marine corps, now on trial before a courtmartial at Manila, and tell of his strange career in the Orient. After recounting the executions, as have been cabled, the Manila Times says: "Major Waller was before a court of inquiry upon a previous occasion, while stationed at Cavite, about a year ago. He was accused of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, but was exonerated. When he went to Samar, in command of the marine corps, he was bent on making a record.

"He was of the opinion that all that was necessary was to form a chain of posts across the islands and drive and bag the insurgents like rabbits. His plan was a failure, and 20 men lost their lives, while others came out of a nightmare experience in hospital with marks that they will bear to their dying day. It was his failure that irritated him, and caused him to resort to such drastic measures.

"Major Waller's career in the marine corps has been a picturesque blending of 'Dr. Jekyll' and 'Mr. Hyde,'" says the Manila paper. "In his varying moods he has been at times a Prince Bountiful to his brother officers and others. At other times his soldiers, subalterns, and even fellow citizens, feared to approach him on legitimate business. He exemplified both sides of his nature in the China campaign two years ago. His undaunted courage and devil-may-care manner made him popular with certain of the soldiers, but others told dark tales.

"Among other things, it was said that on the advance from Tong Ku to Tien Tsin, where an American and a Russian battalion were engaged, Major Waller gave orders to abandon two wounded men, and had it not been for the nerve of a little medical officer and a lieutenant, who stoutly protested they would never leave the field as long as a wounded man remained behind, that order would have been obeyed. This matter was hushed up, but those who witnessed it allowed it to be inferred that, had not the order been countermanded, a tragedy such as seldom occurs in the American service would have transpired."

BUNKO MEN BUNKOED.

A New York Farmer Gets More Than Even With Them.

Middletown (N. Y.) Correspondence New York World: Farmer Thomas J. Neenan of Shawangunk got the better of a pair of bunko men today.

The first one, representing himself as a New York business man, in want of a country place, called on Neenan, and offered such a liberal price for his farm that a deal was soon made.

The two were looking about the farm, and the purchaser was telling of improvements he proposed to make, when Bunke Man No. 1 put in an appearance. He was roughly dressed, and pretended to be a drover anxious to buy stock. He acted as if half drunk, and soon began

bragging of a new game he had learned in New York last week. Then, producing some cards, he began throwing them clumsily and offering to bet that no one could pick out the "joker."

The farm buyer made several wagers and won easily, and then found it easy to persuade the farmer to try his luck. The manipulator of the cards suddenly grew skillful, and very soon the proceeds of Farmer Neenan's last milk check, about \$50, was in the drover's pocket.

With the loss of his money came the realization that he had been victimized. "I've got some more money in the house," said Neenan, "and I'll get it and try my luck again. That dod-gasted joker can't fool me allus."

He made a quick trip to the house, and on his return pulled out, not a "roll," but a revolver, which he leveled at the bunke men and told them to throw up their hands.

They saw determination in the old man's eye, and up went their hands. His first care was to relieve them of their revolvers. This done, he said:

"Now, hand over my money and all the other cash you've got about your measily carcases."

They handed it over.

Then he told them to "git," and they "got."

Patriotic Gardening.

Eben E. Rexford in Lippincott's Magazine: During the last few years a decided change has taken place in one phase of American gardening. The attention of the home gardeners has been called to the beauty and other good qualities of our native plants, and it is becoming quite common among those who are setting out shrubs and hardy plants to give the preference to those of American growth. This is as it should be. Our national pride ought to influence us to choose native plants instead of foreign ones whenever equally desirable and meritorious specimens can be found at home. That we have many plants quite as desirable as foreign ones comparatively few Americans understand. They have seen the discrimination which has existed so long in favor of imported plants and has practically crowded out our native species, and quite naturally they have come to the conclusion that this discrimination must be based on the superiority of the foreign kinds. But such is really not the case.

Jaggies—These collecting fads are all expensive aren't they?
Waggies—All but the souvenir habit.

A Howling Success.

Philadelphia Press: Hostess—O do, Mr. Basseau, oblige us with just one more song.

The Singer—Really, Mrs. Footenit, I'm afraid at this late hour I might disturb the neighbors.

Hostess—Never mind; they have a howling dog that disturbs us at night very often.

Jenny Hirsch, who recently died in Berlin, aged 72, was one of the pioneers of the government for securing a better education for German women and superior opportunities for earning a living.

RAILWAYS ACROSS DESERTS.

Remarkable Engineering Feats on Roads in Russia and Peru.

London Globe: As the iron track is bound to force its way into the utmost corners of the world, it is not surprising that some lines of railway exist which are striking evidence of a singularly bold conception carried out in the face of obstacles which seemed almost insurmountable. Sometimes the route of the future lines lies across a desert; then the great law of the "compensation of nature" seems to make itself felt, for to balance the saving of time and money due to the fact that long tunnels will have to be cut through hills or mountains the engineers are confronted by the total absence of three essential elements of construction, namely, wood, iron, and water, which have to be transported along the newly laid line as it stretches its slow length across the desert. Russia's Transcaucasian railway, now known as the Central Asian railway, was built under these conditions: thousands of logs of timber were needed, and the region traversed cannot boast of a single tree for more than 700 miles.

This timber was required for building the long bridge, two miles in length, over the river Amu-Darya. This bridge was always the weak point in that highly important railway, and it has been replaced recently by a stone bridge. Between Mery and Charjul the line had to be carried over shifting sands 64 feet deep. When the work is being carried out in such regions the trains become a little town on wheels. They are composed of two-storied wagons, which contain sleeping accommodation, butchers' stalls, canteens, grocers' stores and forges. As the Transcaucasian railway grew in length it was resolved by the authorities that the workmen should have their own "church car." A wagon was fitted up accordingly as a church, with a little peal of bells in the alcove above the entrance.

The romance of mountain railways by no means ends with their construction, and traveling upon railways at a very high altitude is not a thing to be desired. The Peruvian line running from Callao to Oroya has a two-fold claim to distinction: it is built at probably the greatest altitude of any existing railway, namely, 15,900 feet above sea level, and it affords travelers certainly the most unpleasant "experience de voyage" that can be imagined. As the result of traveling at such an altitude, the passengers begin by feeling great oppression, accompanied by pains in the head and limbs; these are quickly followed by bleeding from the nose and mouth, and then by momentary blindness. It is gratifying to know that there is a certain variety in the effects produced upon passengers at this point. Thus, while some persons are seized with giddiness, others entertain strange hallucinations, and others faint away; the last class becomes so weak that any undue exertion on their part often proves fatal. But this is not all that one has to undergo on the Callao and Oroya line. In due course the skin becomes irritable and sores break out, while the lips swell and then crack.

On one of the Transcaucas railways the passengers have to enter the train in a most peculiar and probably unique manner. The line runs in a line

in the port of Mollendo in Peru. The line starts from the quay side, and the traveler can pass from the boat into the train. Unfortunately the boat cannot be brought completely alongside the quay. Disdaining the usual gangway, Peruvian ingenuity hit upon a very novel idea. Two large uprights, with a strong cross-bar, were erected on the quay, and from the cross-bar hangs an ordinary trapeze. The passenger wishing to land has to seize the bar of this trapeze; a few sailors surround him, and, when he gives the word, they unite in hurling him into space over the ship's side. One such "send-off" is quite enough, for with one swing the traveler comes to land in the outstretched arms of the railway porters. It is only right to add that both the sailors and the porters evince an amount of energy, delight, and dexterity quite equal to the nervousness of their victims.

Getting Even With Bill.

Washington Star: "So you sent Bill Smiggins to congress." "I guess I did as much as anyone to get him elected."

"Bill is a powerful talker. But I didn't know that you were any particular friend of his."

"No. We had a difference long years ago; and I always said I was going to get even. Bill prides himself on his speechmaking, and nothin' makes him so unhappy as to have something 'goin' and him not in it. I've been reliably informed that when a man makes his debut in congress the people that have been there for some time previous look down on him kind of supercilious and make him sit quiet and listen. And that'll jest about kill Bill!"

On the Stage.

"They are at my heels!" shouted the stage hero as he rushed on from the wings and struck a beautiful attitude in the center of the spotlight. "I must fly at once!" he continued, drawing the lovely heroine to his bosom in a farewell embrace.

Behind the scenes could be heard the hoarse shouting of his angry pursuers, while the hoof-beats of their horses clattered along the invisible highway, growing louder and louder with ominous vigor.

And for one whole act he bade that girl farewell, while the horses continued to approach, and the audience sat in a state of nervous collapse until he existed r. u. e., just as the leading enemy dashed on to the scene. Oh, why do they do such things on the wicked stage?

Merchant and Mother.

New York Sun: New Merchant—I wish I knew how to interest mothers in my child's clothing department.

Old Merchant—That's easy. Mark up the sizes on your clothes. Nothing tickles a mother so much as to find that her 10-year-old boy takes a 12-year-old size of suit.

Pardonable Vanity.

Caller—"I see you've had a fence built around your back yard, but you haven't painted it yet."

Mrs. Babub—"No, I thought we'd let it go unpainted for awhile, as every body can see it's a new fence."