

# SLUMP IN PIANOS

PIANO MANUFACTURERS FORCED DOWN TO COST OF MANUFACTURE AND EVEN LESS.

OMAHA FIRM BUYS 1,000

The Bennett Co. of Omaha joins "Syndicate" which buys and sells entire overproduction of Seventeen Makers.

The largest single purchase of pianos ever made or contracted for west of the Mississippi, has just been brought about by Mr. W. M. Robinson, General Manager of the Piano Dept. of The Bennett Co. of 16th & Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb.

Piano manufacturers throughout the east are feeling the inroads made by player pianos, automobiles, etc., and have concluded that "first loss is best loss," and have therefore sold their entire overproduction to a syndicate of large distributors, The Bennett Co. of Omaha being one of the largest of all concerned.

Mr. Robinson, acting for The Bennett Co. has purchased as Bennett's share of the "Syndicate Buy," 1,000 new pianos, and with a shrewd business acumen fostered by years of experience Mr. Robinson has purchased these low enough to enable The Bennett Co. to resell them at prices that will cause a future.

Brand new, full sized, absolutely perfect pianos of excellent make will be offered at as low as \$124, but, owing to the exceedingly close margins, these must be sold for cash. (The regular lines carried by The Bennett Co., however, will be sold on very easy payments just as heretofore.)

Bennett's own stock of "used" instruments will go for a proverbial "song" of a price, first-class upright pianos being offered at \$38 and used organs as low as \$12.

Those addressing a request to The Bennett Co., 16th & Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb., will receive circulars naming and pricing all of the pianos, etc., to be sold at cost and less for cash.

## AN EASY LOSER.



He—You're worth a million and I'm penniless. Will you marry me?  
She—No. Why did you ask me?  
He—I wanted to see how a man feels when he loses a million dollars.

## ERUPTION COVERED BODY

Three years ago this winter I had a breaking out that covered my whole body. It itched so it seemed as if I should go crazy. It first came out in little pimples on my back and spread till it covered my whole body and limbs down to my knees, also my arms down to my elbows. Where I scratched it made sores, and the terrible itching and burning kept me from sleeping. I tried several remedies all to no purpose. Then I concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, also the Resolvent, for about four months, and they completely cured me of eczema. I have had no return of the disease since. I never had a good night's rest after the skin eruption first broke out till I commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I had only used them a few days before I could see they were beginning to heal, and the terrible itching was gone.

Those that lived in the house at the time know how I suffered, and how the Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me. I never take a bath without using the Cuticura Soap, and I do not believe there are better remedies for any skin disease than the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. (Signed) Miss Sarah Calkins, Waukegan, Ill., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5, K, Boston.

What Travelers Needed.  
A traveler's outfit 200 years ago was somewhat different from the present day. In "Touring in 1690," by E. S. Bates, the following list is given: "First among requisites is a book of prayers and hymns effective for salvation without being so pugnacious, doctrinally, as to cause suspicion. Next, a notebook; a watch, or a pocket sundial; if a watch, not a striker, for that warns the wicked you have cash; a broadrimmed hat, gaiters, boots, breeches (as if his friends would let him start without any), gloves, shoes, shirts, handkerchiefs, etc."

Not for Him.  
Farmer Hayseed (in the city)—I want to find an eatin'-house.  
Accosted Pedestrian—Are you looking for any particular place?  
Farmer H.—Well, not too durned pickler.—Boston Transcript.

The love of the beautiful is becoming not only the possession of the rich, but the desire and possession of the very poor.—Rt. Hon. John Burns.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality to last, costs more than other 5c cigars.

In order to become a nuisance you have only to lust up a grievance.

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her hand. The party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuij.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Blackstock interposed hastily. "That fourth-best spade of yours certainly did lead him up to slaughter." He reached over and took up the deck at Truax's elbow, spreading the cards with a dextrous sweep of his strong, blunt fingers. "New game. Cut, you fellows."

The invitation tempta; but there are some shins too thick. Van Tuij pursued. Truax pushed back his chair, nodding cheerfully to Coast. But for a brightening tint of color he showed no trace of being aware of Van Tuij's insolence. "Cut in, Garrett; it's your turn. Unless," he added, "you'll want to quit. It's pretty late. I think I'll drop, for one."

"Drop," said Van Tuij sweetly, "and be damned."

"What do you mean by that?" Truax, on his feet, turned upon his tormentor with an imperceptible tremor in his voice.

Prudence is the better part of bridge. Van Tuij explained carefully. "He's a prudent man who becomes conscious of chilled extremities when ahead of the game."

Crimson with resentment, Truax hesitated, the retort on the tip of his tongue only withheld because of Coast's appealing and sympathetic look. Then with a lift of his plump shoulders he turned away, nodding to his host, Dundas and Coast.

"Good-night," he said brusquely, and so betrayed the effort his self-control cost him. "You all can send your checks if I am anything ahead."

"Well, try not to forget, thanks." A satiric smile on Van Tuij's thin lips winged the Partisan's dart.

Truax did not reply, but left the room abruptly, Blackstock accompanying him to the door. In his absence Coast cut in as Van Tuij's partner and took the chair Truax had just vacated.

"Deal!" he inquired.

"Yours," Dundas told him.

"And," Van Tuij interjected as Coast took up the cards, "let us trust you're more bridge sense than that professional dummy." He nodded to indicate the departing Truax. "I carefully told him, early in the evening, that when I doubled I wanted not his highest hand, but the highest card of his weakest suit. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Yes," said Coast shortly, annoyed by the other's offensive manner.

"I sincerely trust so. I didn't come here to be rooked by everybody, by incompetent partners included."

Coast quietly put down the cards without completing the deal. "Aren't you spraining something in your attempts to be insolent, Van?" he inquired as Blackstock reappeared. "It happens I've been your partner this evening more frequently than anybody else."

"Precisely."

"And you think yourself justified in suggesting that I've played against you?"

Van Tuij's dark eyes met his steadily in a sardonic stare. "I'm the heaviest loser here," he said. "You've played like a raw amateur every time you've played with me. Interpret that to your liking."

"I shall," Coast got up, white to the lips. "It spells good-night to me."

Blackstock struck in with a heavy note of insincere suavity. "Oh, come now! It's early yet. Van doesn't know what he's saying."

It was Van Tuij's turn to rise; he accomplished the action with surprising dignity if with a slight unsteadiness. "Since when did I appoint a bouncer like you to read my meaning?" he asked crisply.

Blackstock hesitated, swaying a little as his temper strained at the leash. "I'll take that from you in your present condition, Van Tuij," he said slowly.

In his nervous anxiety to avert the quarrel, little Dundas blundered and precipitated it. "Oh, say now! I'm piped." "We're all good friends. Don't let's us sling one another. Come on, Van Tuij—let's have a drink and make up."

On the suggestion Van Tuij's weather-erme humor veered. "All right," he assented; "that listens like sense." He turned to the buffet. Dundas with him.

"Good-night, Blackstock," Coast offered his hand. "I'm off now."

"Why good-night," Blackstock's mouth smiled, but his speech was mechanical and his eyes, slightly prominent and magnified by thick lenses, met Coast's with an opaque look singularly suggesting a cast. "I'm sorry our party has to break up so early."

"Look here!" Van Tuij swung round with a glass half-full of Scotch in his hand. "Aren't you going to join us?"

Blackstock—the contents of Van Tuij's glass.

Half-blinded and choking, he stepped back, groping for his handkerchief. The alcohol burned his eyes like liquid fire, and the fumes of it in his throat and nostrils almost strangled him for a moment, preventing his clear understanding of what was taking place.

Dimly he heard Van Tuij raving in his curiously clear and incisive accents, heard him stigmatize Blackstock card-sharp and blackguard.

More vaguely he heard him name Katherine Thaxter—in what connection he did not know. On the heels of that something barked hideously; Dundas screamed like a rat; Van Tuij said: "Oh, God!" thickly.

Dazed with horror, Coast managed to clear his vision.

Blackstock had moved to the other side of the room, where he stood at a small table, the drawer of which he had evidently jerked open the instant before he fired. His feet were well apart and he leaned a little forward, his large head lowered upon its heavy neck.

His lips were compressed to the loss of their sensual fullness, his eyes blazed beneath knotted, intent brows. One hand was clenched by his side; the other held an automatic pistol from whose muzzle a faint vapor lifted in the still hot air.

In a corner little Dundas was huddled with a face of parchment, mouth gaping, eyes staring.

Both men were watching Van Tuij. Coast saw the tall, graceful figure sway like a pendulum gathering mo-



Blackstock Moved for the First Time.

ment. An expression of strained surprise clouded the man's face. He lurched a step forward and caught himself with a hand on the card-table, and so held steady for an instant while his blank gaze, falling, comprehended the neat black puncture with its widening stain upon the bosom of his shirt.

"God!" he said again in a voice of pitiful inquiry.

Then he fell, dragging the table over with him.

On the sound of that, Blackstock moved for the first time. He drew himself up, relaxed, and dropped the weapon upon the table beside him. His glance encountered Coast's, wavered and turned away. He moistened his lips nervously.

Coast, with a little cry, dropped to his knees beside Van Tuij. Already the man's eyes were glazing, the movements of the hand that tore at his breast were becoming feebly convulsive. While Coast watched he shuddered and died.

"Well!" Blackstock's voice boomed in his ears as the man's hand gripped his shoulder. Coast shook off the grasp and rose.

"You've done for him," he said, wondering at the steadiness of his own voice.

Blackstock shook his head, blinking like a man waking from evil dreams. "Why?" he said huskily.

He turned away as if to lose sight of the figure huddled at his feet.

Dundas in his corner whimpered. Blackstock swung to him with an oath. "Shut up, damn you! D'you want—?" He clicked his strong white teeth, jumping as the bell of the house telephone interrupted. Then he went heavily to the instrument in the short hallway that led to the entrance to the apartment. Coast heard him jerk down the receiver.

"Well!" he demanded savagely.

"Yes. An accident."

"One of my guests. Yes, badly. You'd better call up police headquarters and tell them to send an ambulance."

"And don't let anybody up here until they come. Understand?" He hung up the receiver with a bang and tramped back into the dining-room. "That damn halloo! They heard the racket in the flat below and called him up. I have made a pretty mess of things!"

He went to the buffet, carefully avoiding the body, and poured himself a stiff drink, which he swallowed at a gulp.

to the other end of the room and threw himself, a dead weight, into a chair, facing the wall. In the silence that followed Coast could hear his deep and regular respirations, unheeded, unchecked. After a moment, however, he swung round, dug his elbows into his knees and buried his face in his hands.

"Good God!" he said. "Why did I do that?"

Dundas coughed nervously and moved toward the door. Blackstock looked up with the face of a thunder-cloud.

"Where are you going?" Dundas stammered an incoherent excuse.

"Well, you stop where you are. Get back to that window-seat—and try to keep your miserable teeth still, can't you? D'you think I'm going to let you desert me now, after all I've done for you, you ungrateful rat!"

Without a protest Dundas sidled fearfully between him and what had been Van Tuij, and returned to the window-seat. Blackstock's glowering gaze fell upon Coast. A sour grimace twisted his mouth.

"You're not a bad fellow, Coast," he said—"to stick by me."

Exerting himself, Coast tried to master his aversion and contempt for the man as well as his blind horror of the crime.

"What are you going to do?" "Do?" Blackstock jumped up and began to pace to and fro. "What the hell can I do but give myself up?"

"You mean that?" The question was involuntarily on Coast's part, wrung from him by surprise, so difficult he found it to credit the man's sincerity.

"Of course," Blackstock explained, simply. "It's too late now to make a get-away. If it hadn't been for that racket—" They'd come before I could get out of town."

He paused, questioning Coast with his rapping stare. "You wouldn't let me off, would you? You'd tell the police, of course?"

"Of course."

# 'HAVE NO MANNERS'

Young German Prince Says This of Americans.

Adelbert, Third Son of the Kaiser, Says We Are the Rudest People in the Whole World.

New York.—We are the rudest people in the world. Prince Adelbert, aged 27, third son of the Kaiser, says so and when a prince makes a statement it is never quite polite—nor safe—to contradict him. The fact that recently two young Americans did refuse to acknowledge his royal prerogative to "boss" is the reason for his conclusion that "Americans have absolutely no manners." The young man has been spending the summer at a famous European pleasure resort, also patronized by a large number of society folk from this country. Tennis has been the favorite sport of the young folks from "the States" and the prince, who is a splendid player, made a great many friends among them. One Saturday afternoon he had been watching with great interest the brilliant play of Bernard Dell, the well-known athlete of Princeton University. The game over, he asked Mr. Dell to play a single with him on the morrow.

"Sorry," said Mr. Dell, "but I never play games on Sundays."

"But I ask you," insisted the prince. "Sorry again," replied Mr. Dell, "but I cannot go against my religious principles—even for you."

Well, this was a situation with which the prince had never had to cope before in the whole course of his life, for when royalty says "I ask" it means nothing else but "I command" and here was a person who refused to be commanded. There was nothing he could do so "he done it," but it was a wretched young prince who strode away from the firm-jawed American.

Not long after that most astonishing experience Prince Adelbert, intending to give a dinner to some of the German nobility passing through



Prince Adelbert.

the resort, suddenly made up his mind that his American friends should be his guests as well and, forthwith, he walked to the tennis courts and "asked" all of them. Now it happened that a Philadelphia girl was also to give a party on the day the royal Germans were to be in the place and, as the prince knew, the Americans were to be her guests. So when the invitation to attend his dinner was given the Americans politely declined it, saying that they "would not disappoint Miss Blank for worlds." Then they resumed their game as if nothing had happened. The prince was astounded. Could it be possible that any one should dare to turn down a last-minute invitation issued by one of royal blood? That ordinarily untitled human beings should not be willing, yes, should not jump at the chance to cancel any engagement for the honor of sitting at his table was most amazing. But what could he do about it? Nothing, obviously. He tried to work off a little of his indignation by giving out the statement that we were rude and unmannerly, but the Americans, who had treated him quite as if he were a somewhat too haughty young society man, didn't seem to mind greatly. European society, however, is much excited over the affair, one section siding with the prince, maintaining that the invitation of a member of a reigning house should be regarded as a royal command by everybody, without distinction of nationality; while on the other hand, all the Americans and a great many Europeans are taking the part of Mr. Dell and the girl, arguing that they were not impolite and only acted quite as sensible young Americans should.

Prince Adelbert, who, like the rest of the Kaiser's sons, is rather prepossessing in appearance and manner, was married three years ago to his cousin, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Sonderburg.

Shipwreck Up to Date.  
"Captain, is there much danger?"  
"Not a particle. A moving-picture outfit will soon be along and rescue us after they have taken a few films."

A woman may not be able to make a fool of every man she meets, but she can make something just as good.

Appetite Not a Necessity.  
Dr. John R. Murlin of New York, assistant professor of physiology at the Cornell university medical college, in an article in the October number of the Journal of the Outdoor Life, compares the food we eat to the fuel used in furnishing steam and power for an engine. In selecting our food he says that we should eat enough to furnish energy for the day's work, but that much more than this is not needed. He holds that the appetite is not a necessity for good digestion. "There is no fallacy of nutrition," he says, "greater than that which supposes that a food cannot be digested and utilized without appetite." Most of the food we eat, fully four-fifths, goes to supply energy for our every-day tasks, while less than one-fifth goes to supply building material.

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Convict's Silence Costly  
Spent Thirteen Years in Prison for Crime Friend Did—Story Wins Parole.

Sing Sing, N. Y.—Edward Wise, convict, in whose behalf thousands of dollars have been spent to prove him guiltless, was released from Sing Sing recently. As he departed he said to Warden Kennedy:

"I have been here 13 years for a blow which another man struck. At my trial I refused to testify to save my own life that I might shield another man."

Wise was indicted for murder in the first degree by the grand jury of New York county, and was convicted and sentenced to death on March 31, 1898. Theodore Roosevelt, who was then governor, changed the sentence to life imprisonment. Last week Wise appeared before the board of pardons, which ordered his release.

Wise says he kept quiet until he was convicted, and then he told his story. But it was too late. The other man had disappeared. Wise's mother is still living in Boston, and he hurried there to see her.

# Place the Dinner in a MOTHER'S OATS Fireless Cooker

It will be ready to serve when you get home

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and you have a big start. Then in every package of Mother's Oats you will find a coupon. Save the coupons and get the cooker free in a hurry. Only one advertisement will be accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.



Get a Mother's Oats Fireless Cooker Free in a Hurry

Buy a package of Mother's Oats today. Send a postal for complete premium book.

Address

# "MOTHER'S OATS," CHICAGO

## RATHER PLEASANT.



Dunn—Ah, you are in this time. I've called five times with this bill, but you've been out.

Owens—Indeed? Well, you are out this time. Fine morning, isn't it?

IN HOSPITAL NINE MONTHS.  
Awful Tale of Suffering From Kidney Trouble.

Alfred J. O'Brien, Second St., Sterling, Colo., says: "I was in the Baltimore Marine Hospital nine months. The urine was in a terrible state and some days I passed half a gallon of blood. They wanted to operate on me and I went to St. Joseph's Hospital at Omaha, putting in three months there without any gain. I was pretty well discouraged when advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and when I had taken one box, the pain left me. I kept on and a perfect cure was the result."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c a box at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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## 44 Bu. to the Acre

A heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western (Canada) got from 44 bushels of wheat on 100 acres of land. Reports from other districts in the province show other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 100 acres, or 25-1-1 bu. per acre, 25,000 and 40 bushels of wheat per acre. As high as 120 bushels of wheat to the acre were threshed from 40 acres in 1910.

The Silver Cup at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for the best yield of grain, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption lots of 40 acres (at \$3 per acre) are to be had in the richest districts. Schools, convenient climate, excellent soil, and the very best railroads close at hand. Fuel easy to get and reasonable. Write for more information. Write to best place for settlement. Write to best place for settlement. Write to best place for settlement.

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