

**A 20-year guaranteed  
teaspoon with two  
packages of  
Mother's Oats**

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and send to us with two coupons taken from *Mother's Oats* (each package contains a coupon), and we will send you a sample teaspoon. Only one of these advertisements will be accepted from each customer on this offer. The balance of the set must be obtained through the coupons alone.

**Description:** These beautiful teaspoons are the best silver plate, guaranteed for 20-years. The design is especially attractive. The finish is the latest French gray effect, except the bowl which is hand burnished.

Buy a package of *Mother's Oats* today and send a postal for complete premium book of fireless cookers, silverware, cameras, household articles, etc.

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**"Mother's Oats"**  
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**7% GOLD NOTES**  
SECURITY—None of the most advantageously located real estate in rapidly growing Los Angeles. These notes have ALL the safety of a first mortgage on real estate with greater margin power. Frequent interest payments and WITHOUT the fixed expense incident to mortgage loans. Write for full particulars to **W. H. BAKER**, Field Office, 115 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



She—I wonder who originated the saying. "There is always room at the top?"  
He—Some hotel clerk, I guess.

Wanted—A Handhold.  
Meandering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was moved to ask him what the matter was.

"I was just thinking about bad roads and the wonders of science," was the answer. "This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."  
"No. But think of what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while de territory slid under our feet until de place we wanted to go to come along."  
—Youth's Companion.

Resigned.  
The sick man had called his lawyer "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property."

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there," said he, "leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."

Give and Take.  
How'd—Does he take things philosophically?  
Fowell—Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

**The Army of Constipation**  
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

**Wentwood**  
**PISO'S**  
THE BEST MEDICINE  
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

**DURBAR AT DELHI  
MOST GORGEOUS**

Splendor of Ceremony Never Before Equalled in India.  
GREAT DISPLAY OF JEWELS

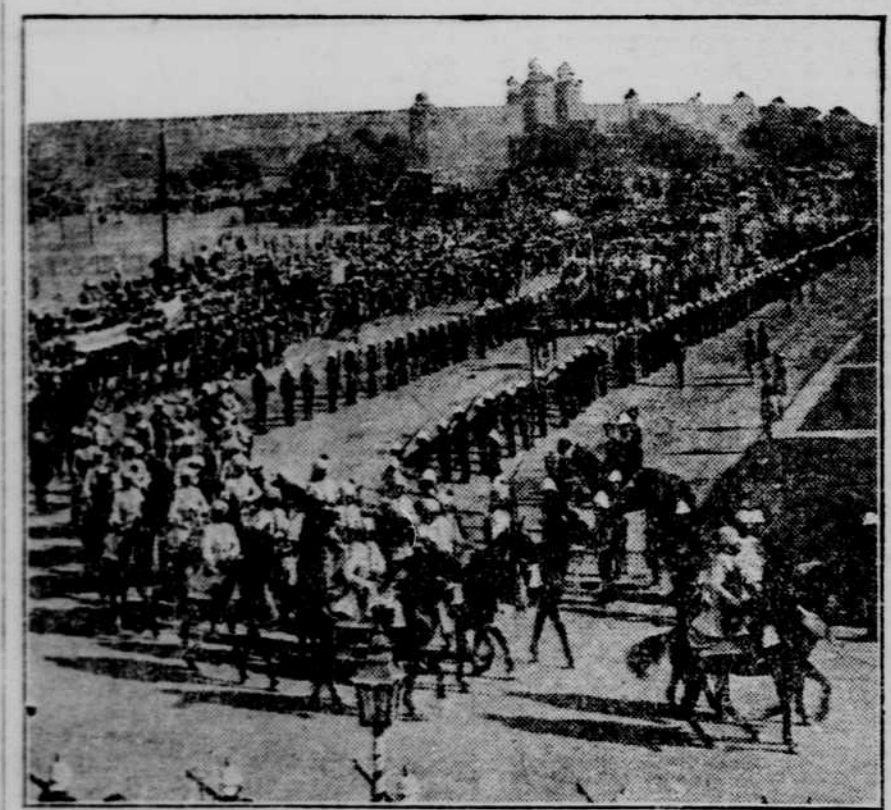
George and Mary, Seated on Imperial Thrones of Hindustan, Witness a Wonderful Pageant.

Delhi, India, Dec. 12.—Amid scenes of splendor never before equalled even in India, the country of marvelous pageants, nor in any other land in modern times, George and Mary,



The Great Durbar Procession.

king and queen of Great Britain, were recognized today as emperor and empress of India. Up to their thrones marched the proudest chiefs of Hindustan and there did homage. The ceremony was without precedent, for never before has a British emperor of India come to Delhi, the ancient seat of the kings of India, to assume his title. The Durbar, for which elaborate preparations had been under way for months, took place in a great camp to the north of the city, some five miles square. The temporary population of this camp is about a quarter of a million, and it is furnished with all the conveniences of modern life, including 31 post offices, electric light, railways, motor cars and taxicabs. There the people gathered



Native Princes on Black Chargers.

for the durbar have been amusing themselves for several days with polo, hockey and military tournaments and other festivities.

**Display of Jewels is Wonderful.**  
The durbar proper took place in an immense semi-circular amphitheater on the historic ridge where a few Englishmen once made a heroic stand against the revolting natives. In the center of the semi-circle was a throne of gold and silver surmounted by a copper dome. Taking his seat on this, George received the homage of the rulers of the "dim millions" of his subjects, about 150 ruling princes of Hindustan. These

**Big Salary Explained.**  
"And how is your excellent son, the divinity student? He graduated from the theological academy about a year ago, I believe?" "Yes, just a year ago. And he's doing so well! They pay him a wonderfully large salary and next year he's to get more." "Indeed! That's very unusual. Perhaps it is his excellent delivery that nets him the large emolument?" "Yes, that's it. He's one of the pitchers in the big league."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

**Completely Spoiled.**  
"What's the trouble with that prima donna?" asked the manager. "She used to be very pleasant and considerate." "Yes," replied the stage manager, "but she has gotten so she believes all the press agent writes about her."

**Lack of Enterprise.**  
Generally the trouble with a man who doesn't get anywhere is that he has not enough confidence in his judgment to bet anything on it.

usky potentates were resplendent in the magnificent jewels for which they have long been famous. Indeed such a display of precious stones never before was seen in modern times. The rajahs, after making their obeisances, grouped themselves about the throne, where also stood the governors of the Asiatic colonies of the crown, other distinguished government officials and invited guests.

**Queen Wears the Kohinoor.**  
The king was crowned king-emperor at Westminster, so he took his throne already wearing a crown that had been made especially for this occasion, garbed in the royal robes of state, wearing the state jewels and carrying the scepter. By his side sat Queen Mary, on her brow the crown that was made for her coronation and in the front of which blazed the great Kohinoor, the Indian diamond supposed to bring good fortune if worn by a woman. Her jewels were even more magnificent than those she wore at the coronation at Westminster, among her new ornaments being a

Sunlight and shadow playing in swift alternation upon his face, as the Echo courted to the morning breeze, Coast awakened.  
For a moment almost thoughtless he lay drowsily enjoying the rise and dip of the boat, as drowsily conscious of a faint thrill of excitement; mostly comparable, perhaps, to the first waking sensations of a fourteen-year-old boy on a Fourth of July morning.

Then without warning the small chronometer on the transverse above his head rapped out smartly two double-chimes—ships' time: four bells: ten o'clock in the forenoon.  
Astonished, he sat up quickly, and his still sleepy gaze, passing through the companionway, encountered the amused regard of the sold-disant Melchisedec Appleyard. Promptly Coast found himself in full possession of his faculties. That in obedience to first instincts he nodded with a cordial smile, was significant.

Appleyard returned the salutation with a quick bob of his small head. "Good-morning, hero!" he sang out cheerfully.  
He sat in the cockpit, huddled into the folds of a gray blanket, voluminous for his slight figure, a thin but wiry forearm bared to wield the cigarette he was smoking with every indication of enjoyment.

"Good-morning," he returned. "How d'you feel after your adventure?"  
"Unclothed but in my right mind," said Appleyard, with a twinkle of anxiety amounting: "to the best of my knowledge and belief." He indicated airily the various articles constituting his painfully simple wardrobe. "Waiting for 'em to dry."

Appleyard hopped up, fingered his everyday attire critically, and pronounced it bone-dry; then, bundling it up, he returned to the cabin, seating himself on the opposite transom to dress.  
"And the sensations of a hero, refreshed by sound slumbers, are—"  
"Hunger," said Coast. He moved forward and began to experiment gingerly with a new and untried alcohol stove. "I can offer you eggs, coffee, biscuit—and nothing else," he added, producing raw materials from a locker. "You see, I hadn't expected to entertain."

"Rotten inconsiderate of you," Appleyard grumbled. "I'll wire you a warning next time it occurs to me to drop in unexpectedly."  
Divided between amusement and perplexity, in the course of the meal Coast reviewed a personality singularly enriched by a variety of suggestions consistently negative. The man's age was indeterminate—somewhere between thirty and forty-five. Loosely summarized, he might have been anybody or nobody on a lark or his uppers.

Appleyard looked up quickly, with a shy, humorous smile.  
"Well, what d'you make of me?"  
"It's hard enough to guess what you've made of yourself."  
"Flattery note," observed Appleyard obscurely. "Yet you win my sympathy; sometimes I am moved to wonder—really." He tapped an egg thoughtfully, a crinkle forming between his colorless eyebrows. "It's really not what a man makes of himself; it's what his temperament does to him."  
"Temperament!"  
"Yes; you really ought to keep one; they're all the rage just now—and such excellent excuses for the indulgence of your pet idiosyncrasies."  
"Oh! . . . And you blame yours for what?"

"For making me a—I presume posterity, in the final analysis, will adjudge me a Romantic."  
"Literature?" asked Coast, aghast.  
"Good Heavens, no! Nothing like that: Life." He sighed profoundly. "Shall I rehearse to you the story of my life? No, I shall not rehearse to you the story of my life. But at all costs I shall talk about myself for a space: I insist upon it: I love to. You don't seriously object?" he added, anxious.  
"Then compose yourself. . . ."

Born at an early age—in fact, at as early an age as you can comfortably imagine—I found myself immediately the sport of sardonic fortune. That name, Melchisedec! One felt that there must be in one's future life some warmth of Romance to compensate for that infamous ignominy. So I labelled any reasonable human should logically have looked forward to sure degeneration into the American peasant of the New England magazine-story type, sans brains, bowels, breadth, beauty. A born iconoclast, however, as soon as I awakened to realization of my plight I mutilated and resolved to live down my shame. Therefore I set myself to painstaking muckraking in modern life, seeking the compensating Romance without which life were but death in life." He paused and cocked an eye at Coast. "Not bad for a beginning, what?"

"A little prolix," commented Coast dispassionately, falling in with his humor. "But continue. You found your Romance?"  
"What is so-called—alas, yes! I found it, as a rule, a nom de guerre for crime. . . . Lured by legend,

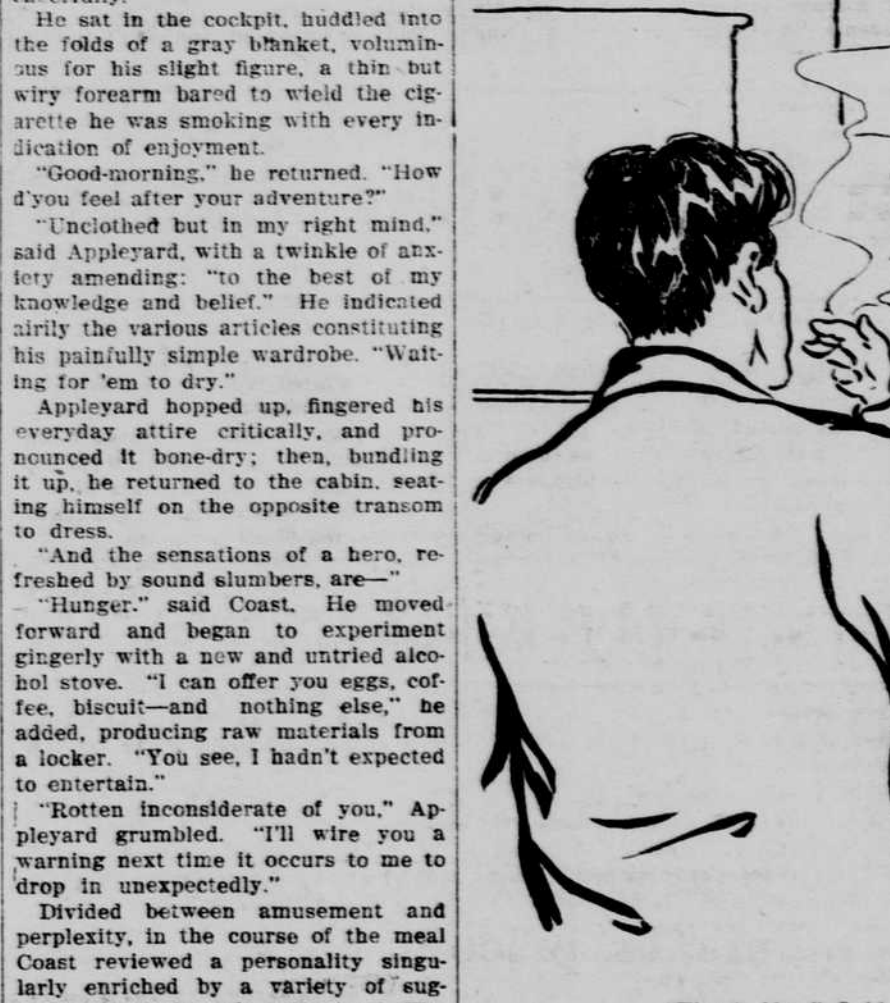
**NO MAN'S  
LAND A ROMANCE**  
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

**SYNOPSIS.**  
I have traversed much of the known world, only to come to that conclusion. I have penetrated the fastnesses of the Tennessee mountains, nosing the illicit still; which proved merely sordid. Counterfeiting seemed to promise largely—and discovered itself the most ill-paid calling in the world. Diplomatic intrigue unmasked proved to be merely a popular fallacy shining in the reflected luster of the Six Best Sellers. . . . But I refrain from wearying you with a catalogue of the exploded mines of Romance; a list inordinately lengthy, believe me. High finance, I admit, escaped my probe; but the recent plague of Wall Street plays discouraged me, demonstrating there could be no Romance there. . . . So at length you find me turning in despair to the Seven Seas; afloat, at all events, one must of necessity pursue the glamorous promise of the Unknown that lurks just down the horizon.  
Appleyard paused, his mien subdued, his gesture bespeaking resignation.  
"All of which means—" Coast insisted.  
"I hardly know. Frankly, I thought that speech rather stupid myself. That's why I chopped it off. One talks. . . . You may have noticed?"  
"I have," said Coast drily.  
"You would, naturally," returned Appleyard without resentment. "But would it amuse you to learn how I

came to be on board that fisherman?"  
"You mean how you came to be overboard. . . . Perhaps it would. You're the best judge of that."  
"True," Appleyard accepted and lighted a cigarette, frowning soberly. "It was," he began, "due principally to my fatal passion for this Romance thing, sir. I have already acquainted you with my determination to pursue my quest of that shy spirit upon the trackless ocean. Conceive, now, the bitterness of the disappointment which overwhelmed my ardent soul when I applied for a berth as a fore-mast hand, only to be informed I was physically unfit, that, as one brutal mate phrased it, I'd blow away in the first half-gale. . . . I give you my word, Mr. Coast, I've been sticking round this waterfront a whole fortnight, vainly seeking nautical employment. Last night, for the first time, for a few brief hours, I was permitted to flatter myself that fortune was on the point of favoring me. For a fugitive moment I sipped the chalice of Romance and rolled its favor beneath my tongue."  
Appleyard had closed his eyes and smacked his lips, his expression one of beatific bliss.  
"You've a pretty taste in pleasures," Coast commented.

Appleyard waved the interruption aside. "It came about largely through a whim of Chance," he resumed, "as all true adventure must. Quite by accident I fell in with one of the crew of that fishing smack, he being well under the influence of liquor; in a way of speaking, he'd looked too long upon the wine when it was red-ey and half wood-alcohol. Craftily simulating a like condition, I plied him further and succeeded in learning the name of his vessel and the fact that she was expected to sail with the morning tide—together with other details that intrigued me. Then, leaving the sodden wretch to sleep off his disgusting dehauch, I caused myself to be conveyed aboard the lugger—I mean schooner—and stowed away in his bunk, trusting to luck to avert discovery until the morning. Unhappily I, with the rest of the crew, was routed out inconspicuously by an un-mannerly brute with a belying pin (at all events it felt like a belying-pin)—an instrument with which I am unacquainted save through the literature of the sea) and forced to go on deck to help heave anchor. . . . Or should I say, 'weigh anchor'?"  
"I'm not quarrelling with your style," chuckled Coast. "Why not put off polishing your periods until another time?"  
"Thank you," said Appleyard grate-

fully. "To resume: My detection promptly ensued and my presence was dispensed with, a trace unceremoniously, perhaps, but no doubt very properly from the skipper's point of view. With the subsequent phases of this most delectable adventure you are familiar; therefore, I confidently assume your concurrence with my conclusion; which is—here am I. . . . Now," he wound up, inclining his head at an angle, and favoring Coast with a frankly speculative stare, "what are you going to do with me?"  
Coast opened his eyes wide, with a lift of his brows. "I don't know that I contemplate doing anything with you, Mr. Appleyard."  
"It's not yet too late for the amende courtoise," suggested his guest.  
"I'll gladly set you ashore."  
"Pardon, but that's precisely what I don't want you to do."  
"But—"  
"A moment's patience, sir. The Echo lacks a crew: I offer my services unconditionally in that capacity."  
"But I don't want a crew."  
"Oh, don't say that!"  
Appleyard lifted both hands and let them fall with a gesture of despair. "Infatuated man!" he murmured, regarding Coast with commiseration.  
"Why infatuated?"  
"What do you know of these waters?" the little man counterquestioned sharply.  
"Little," Coast was obliged to admit; "or nothing, if you insist."  
"And yet you say you don't need a crew!"  
"But, my dear man, I do know how to sail a boat; and with a copy of the Coast Pilot, charts, a compass and common-sense—"  
"You may possibly escape piling her up the first day out—granted. On the other hand, I happen to be intimate with these waters; I can pilot you safely whither you will; I can afford you infinite assistance with the heavy work—it's no joke, at times, for one man to have all the handling of a



"Thank You," Said Appleyard Gratefully.

**The Small Boy and His Hat.**  
He flings his hat across the dining-room when he comes in from school, or leaves it in all manner of places in the house; in the coal-bin, or on sister's bureau. He loses it just at church time, and spoils the spirit of family reverence and piety. As the family enters the church the anthem is being sung, and the disgrace of being late again is laid on the innocent headpiece clutched in the hand of the small boy who has already forgotten the confusion of which he was the cause twenty minute ago. In this stage also one's hat is removed on the way to school by the hand of one's bosom friend, passed down the line of surrounding boon companions, stuffed into others' pockets, while dire thoughts of ultimate loss hold one in their grip, and the reckoning is paid at home wraps the world in tragedy.—George L. Parker, in the Atlantic

**Dark Smoke No Fun.**  
Funny thing about smoking! If a man were compelled to puff a good cigar with his eyes shut the operation would lose its zest. A man who had undergone a slight operation upon one of his eyes had to stay in a darkened room for a week with his optics bandaged. After a few days his doctor told him he could take a gentle smoke if he liked. He jumped at the chance and to his amazement found it afforded him not the slightest pleasure. To be sure, men often smoke in the dark, but there's always the rosy glow of the lighted end to be seen and the faint outline of the cloud of smoke in the air. There's no more fun in a sightless smoke than a saltless egg or a kiss upon your own hand. What's the psychology of it?  
**Smart You?**  
"Tommy, what did you do with that penny I gave you for talking your medicine?"  
"I bought a bun with one halfpenny, ma, and I gave Jimmy the other half to drink the medicine for me."

Public Spirit Run Riot.  
"Our little town of Blueberryville is right up to date an' about as progressive an' public spirited as any town in the state," said Zedekiah Brush, as he drove over the hills with the summer boarder.  
"Fact is, some of us think the secedemen use the tax money a little too freely keepin' pace with the speed of progress that seems to be in the air nowadays. Here, in the last year, the town hall has had a new roof, an' a new hoss shed has been built around the church, an' a new handie put in the town pump, an' a bridge costin' most \$200 has been built over Plum creek. The town clock has been put in repair at a cost of \$12.50, an' they've put three dozen new books in the town library, an' now they are talkin' of offerin' a firm a bonus of \$200 to start a pickle factory in the town. Once a lot of secedemen git the progressive fever, an' the tax money flies. Public spirit is all right, but us taxpayers has to foot the bills when it runs riot the way it does here in our town."—Judge.

**Some Undertaking.**  
The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.  
"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.  
"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."  
Above Him.  
"You say that she married beneath her?"  
"She certainly did; her father was an aviator and her husband a chauffeur."

**The Little Widow**  
A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.  
"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.  
"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.  
"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.  
"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason"  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**New Pianos \$124**  
Sets Price Record

Cash Sale of Omaha Concern Excites Entire Piano Trade.



A strictly cash piano sale was something unheard of until advertised over the west generally by THE BENNETT CO., of Omaha, Nebraska, a concern that has become a virtual thorn in the side of the ordinary "fancy price" piano establishment.

THE BENNETT CO., as previously advertised in these columns, has undertaken to turn into cash 1,000 pianos, thus relieving many prominent manufacturers of an unparalleled overstock of instruments. It is no secret among piano people that the recent financial flurry, the prevalence of automobiles, and the increased popularity of player pianos, has caused an accumulation of thousands of new pianos that must immediately be turned into cash, no matter how small the amount.

Knowing the pulse of the piano trade exactly, Mr. W. M. Robinson, manager of the piano department of THE BENNETT CO., Omaha, Neb., set out to make some phenomenal "buys" and has succeeded so well that BENNETTS are able to offer a magnificent, full-sized, absolutely new upright piano at \$124 cash.

Mr. Robinson, whose portrait is shown above, has come to be known as America's shrewdest piano buyer, but, in spite of his large deals he always insists upon a square deal for everybody concerned.  
If readers of this paper will but address a request to the piano department of THE BENNETT CO., 16th and Harney streets, Omaha, Neb., they will receive by return mail an immense circular showing hundreds of pianos underpriced for cash; new ones low as \$124; used ones low as \$58.