

# Save All These Hours Wasted by Cooking



When you work over a hot stove four or five hours a day you are robbing yourself of just that much time. It's not necessary. Save these hours and use them as you choose—in reading, music, visiting, shopping, sewing, or with the children—in any one of many pleasant relaxations. The

## Mother's Oats Free Fireless Cooker

brings you freedom from the tyranny of the stove. It will save you nine-tenths of the work and worry of cooking, and save you 80 per cent of your fuel bill besides. It cooks nearly everything, cooks several things at the same time and cooks them just as well as you could cook them on a stove. Nothing can burn, nothing boil over.

The regular retail price of this Mother's Oats Fireless Cooker is \$3.75. Many people have gladly paid twice as much for cookers like it. You can get this splendid cooker absolutely free, with the coupons from packages of Mother's Cereals, the choicest cereal foods.



- Mother's Oats (regular and family sizes)
- Mother's Corn Meal (white or yellow)
- Mother's Wheat Hearts (the cream of the wheat)
- Mother's Grits, (Granulated Hominy)
- Mother's Corn Flakes (toasted)
- Mother's Pearl Hominy (Coarse)
- Mother's Old Fashioned Steel Cut Oatmeal
- Mother's Old Fashioned Graham Flour

The best grocers nearly everywhere sell Mother's Oats and other Mother's cereals. If your grocer does not, send us his name and yours and we will send you free a useful souvenir.

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for the Slav race. A single year would wipe us out of existence. What say you, Beliani, and you, Marulitch? Why are you dumb? Was it for this that we have striven through so many years? Shall our country be wrecked now because a hot headed youth puts his vows to a woman before every consideration of national welfare?"

"The notion is preposterous!" growled Julius gaining courage from Stampoff's bold denunciation; but Beliani tried to temper.

"We are far too excited to deal with this vexed affair to-night," he said. "The King is naturally aggrieved by a trying experience and is hardly in a fit state of mind to consider the grave issues raised by his words. Let us forget what we have just heard. To-morrow we shall all be calmer and saner."

"Monsieur Nesimir," said Alec sternly, "being the hapless president with his master's orders, while I remain King you must obey my orders! See to it that notices are dispatched to-night to the members of the National Assembly summoning a special meeting for an early hour to-morrow!"

"Monsieur Nesimir will do nothing of the kind!" sneaked the infuriated Prince Michael. "I forbid it!"

"And I command it!" cried Alec. "If necessary, I shall take other steps to insure my wishes being fulfilled."

"I will tell you why your Joan has come!" bellowed the Prince. "No, she will not be restrained!" he turned to his wife, who had rushed to a frenzy of alarm. She clutched at her shoulder, but he shook himself free.

"It is full time you knew what I have done for you!" he hissed venomously at Stampoff and your mother and I.

Those in this room, are aware of the deed that has been perpetrated on the people of this country. You are not people of Kosnovia. You are not my son's father was a Colorado gold miner, to whom your mother was married before I was born, who died before you were born.

In the name of his wife's money I gave your name, and was fool enough to fall under her whim of pride that you should be brought up as a Prince Delgrado. I told Stampoff urged your mother to tell the facts to that bit of a girl who had killed your brain, and she, fortunately had sense enough to see that you must not continue to occupy the throne seconds after it became known that you were a mere alien, that your name was Alexander Talbot, and that I, Michael Delgrado, who married a foreigner in order to might live, and permitted an American child to be reared as a lawful Prince of this house, was the lawful King!"

The little man strutted up and down the room in a fume of indignation, and presently felt fully justified in his own estimation. Ever selfish and vain, he fancied he had been the victim of a cruel fate, and he read the sheer bewilderment on Beliani's face as a tribute to the master stroke he had just delivered.

From his self conceit wilted under the contemptuous scorn of his wife's gaze, and he chanced to meet when his position ceased.

Beliani looked to his mother for some confirmation or denial of the astounding announcement blurted forth by her husband, but she had no eyes for her son. The wrongs and sufferings of a life-time were welling up from her heart to the agonized suspense of the minutes had given way to the deep grief of a woman outraged in her deepest feelings.

"Alarm to none by my innocent death," she pleaded. "I was very young when I married Alec's father, who was twenty years older than I. We were not rich, and were compelled to live in a mining camp, where my husband made some claims that seemed to be of value. But from the day of our marriage our fortunes began to improve, and in the year before my son was born, we had poured in on us. That small colony of wooden shanties has now become a great city. The land my husband owned is worth ten thousand times its original value; but, unfortunately, when the time came, I wanted to travel, to mix with the society, to become one of the fashionable set that flocks to Paris and London. My husband refused to desert the mine in which his interests were bound up. We quarreled,—it was all my fault,—and then one day he was killed in a mine accident, and I fled to New York for protection from my grief and self condemnation. My son was born there, again that

same year I met Prince Michael Delgrado in a friend's house. To me in those days a Prince was a wonderful creature. He quickly saw that I was a prize worth capturing, and not many months elapsed before we were married. I had all the foolish vanity of a young woman, unused to the world, who was entitled to call herself a Princess, and it seemed to my flighty mind that the fact of my son's bearing a different name than my own would always advertise my plebeian origin; for I was quite a woman of the people, the daughter of a storekeeper in Pueblo. And so, when we set up an establishment in Paris, my infant son came to be known as a Prince of the Delgrado family.

"Once such a blunder is made it is not easily rectified; but during many a sad hour have I regretted it, for Michael Delgrado did not scruple to use it as a threat whenever I resented his ill conduct. At first a trivial thing, in time it became a millstone round my neck. As Alec grew up it became more and more difficult to announce that he was not Prince Alexis Delgrado, but a simple commoner, Alexander Talbot by name.

"There, then, you have the measure of my transgression. It was the knowledge of the truth that drove that dear girl, Joan Vernon, from Delgratz this evening, because General Stampoff would not scruple to reveal the imposture if he failed to secure the King's adherence to his projects."

"Od's bones!" broke in Stampoff. "I made him King, though I was aware from the day of your wedding that he was not Michael's son. King he is, and King he will remain if he agrees to my terms!"

"Go on with your story, mother," said Alec softly. "I think I am beginning to understand it all now."

"What more need I say?" wailed the Princess in a sudden access of grief. "I have squandered your love, Alec; I have ruined my own life; I have devoted all these wretched years to a man who is the worst sort of blackmailer, a husband who trades on his wife's weakness."

She turned on Prince Michael with a last cry. "I am done with you now forever!" she sobbed. "I have borne with you for my son's sake; but now you and I must dwell apart, for my very soul loathes you!"

She sank into a chair in a passion of tears, and Alec bent over her. He spoke no word to her; but his hand rested gently round her neck while his eyes traveled from Michael's gray-green face to Julius Marulitch's white one.

I THINK we have all heard sufficient of the Delgrado history to render unnecessary any further comment on my decision to relinquish an honor that, it would appear, I had no right to accept," he said. "I have gained my end, though by a strange path. Will you please leave me with my mother?"

The one man present who felt completely out of his depth in this sea of discord took it upon himself to cry pathetically, "The door is locked, your—your Majesty!"

"Ah, forgive me, Monsieur Nesimir," said Alec, with a friendly smile. "I had forgotten that. And, now that I come to think of it, I still have something to say; but we need not detain my mother to hear an uninteresting conversation. Pardon me one moment, while I attend to her. But before we go I have a small request to make. Give me your word of honor—I will take it for what it is worth—that tonight's happenings shall remain unknown to the outer world, and that there will be no interference with my mother or myself before we leave Delgratz."

Prince Michael, who had recovered some of his jauntiness, looked at Alec with the crafty eye of a cowed hyena; but he said coolly, "There is nothing to be gained by publishing our blunders to all the world."

"Have I your promise?" insisted Alec.

"Yes."

"And yours?" he said to Marulitch.

"Of course I agree," came the ready answer. "I, like Prince Michael, feel that it would be folly—"

"Prince Michael!" snarled the royal Delgrado. "You must learn to school your tongue, Julius! From this moment I am King of Kosnovia. Let there be no manner of doubt about that!"

Alec might not have heard the blusterer. His calm glance fell on Beliani. "And what say you?" he asked.

"I agree most fully and unreservedly," murmured the Greek, conveying, with a deep bow, his respectful regret that such an assurance should be necessary.

The greatly perturbed president had already quitted the room; so Alec turned

### "I's in Town Honey!"

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