

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
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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 Katharine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The man looked up and nodded. "Well, it's too late now. That's done for good and all. We needn't quarrel about it."

He went back to his seat. "Good Lord, how long they are!" He began to talk, to maudlin to himself of what might have been and what had been, speaking of his aims, ambitions, achievements in an oddly detached way, as he might have reviewed another's life, only emotional when forced to realization of the fact that this was the end of it all. The phrase, "This ends it!" punctuated the semi-confessional soliloquy monotonously, repeated over and over with the same falling inflection. Coast detected not a word, not even a note of regret for his crime, save insofar as it affected Blackstock's fortunes—blasted them.

A shrill clamor of the telephone bell electrified them all. Dundas cried out. Blackstock jumped up and stumbled into the hall. Coast, rising, heard his voice.

"Yes. Tell them to come up." He returned, almost reeling. "Here, Dundas," he said, slowly, "you let 'em in, will you, like a good fellow."

Mute in his panic, Dundas went to the door. Coast could hear the whine of the ascending elevator, the clanking of its safety chains.

Abruptly he was conscious that Blackstock's temper had undergone a change. From passive surrender to his fate the man had passed to a mood of active resistance. Somehow instinctively, Coast seemed to divine this in the surcharged, tense atmosphere of that moment. He shot a swift, suspicious look at the man, and caught in return a look of low cunning and desperation.

He saw Blackstock in a pose of attention, listening, every sense alert, every muscle flexed—a man gathering himself together as a cat about to spring.

The elevator was very near the floor. "By God!" Blackstock whispered, wetting his lips; and again his eyes were blazing. "I'll feel 'em yet!"

The man turned swiftly. Outside the elevator gate clanged. Coast heard a confusion of footfalls and voices, a knocking on the door. And suddenly he understood what Blackstock intended. Already he had regained the side table and snatched up the pistol. He turned with it lifted. "They shan't have me!" he cried, and reversed it to his temple.

"You fool!" Coast screamed unconsciously. With almost incredible swiftness of action he flung himself upon Blackstock and seized the pistol, deflected it toward the ceiling. It exploded.

For a moment longer he was struggling frantically with Blackstock to save the man from self-destruction. Then, without warning, he was seized and dragged away, holding the pistol. A strange hand snatched that away. Other hands pinioned his arms to his sides. He fought for freedom for an instant, then ceased to resist, thunderstruck with amazement.

Blackstock towered over him, pointing him out. "That's your man—take him!" he cried. "He's done murder and was trying suicide. I managed to keep him quiet until he heard you coming, then he made a grab for the pistol. Thank God, you're in time!"

Something struck in Coast's throat—his tongue trying to articulate in a mouth dry with fear and consternation. "You liar!" he managed to say. "You—"

"Shot up, you!" One of the policemen holding him clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Why," he heard Blackstock say, "you saw him yourself, gentlemen. If there's any question in your minds, here's Mr. Dundas, who saw it all. Dundas, who shot Van Tuyl! Mr. Coast, here!"

Dimly as through a haze Coast saw Dundas emerge from the press of men in the room, a ghost of a man, eyelids quivering, limbs shaking, features working in his small, pasty face. And in his anguish of anger, fear and resentment, Coast detected the look, unobserved by any other, of secret understanding that passed between the two men.

"Yes," Dundas said, his voice tremulous. "Why—why, of course, Mr. Coast did it."

Coast felt the chill of handcuffs on his wrist—a chill that ate into his soul.

CHAPTER III.

Warburton had forgotten nothing. Coast walked out of Sing Sing to enter his own car, his departure so conspicuous neither of a strange face nor a convict's stare. The occupant of the driver's seat proved to be the mechanic who had driven for him prior to morning. Mr. Coast; it's a pleasure to see you looking so well, sir," conveyed precisely the right degree of respectful congratulation; in this, too, Coast recognized the hand of his lawyer. He was grateful, further, for the hamper containing an excellent cold lunch, as well as for the fact, that Coast promptly disclosed, that the affair of his release had been managed so swiftly and quietly that only the latest editions of that day's evening papers would contain the news.

"We tried to give you as much time

as we could," Warburton told him. "Whatever your plans are, you'll be glad not to be mobbed before you get a chance to put 'em across."

Coast's swift smile was reward enough for the little man. He angled comfortably into his corner of the tonneau, the broad eccentric curves of his plump face and figure radiating pride of conceit in addition to the honest delight he felt because of his client's deliverance.

To his client and friend the world rocked in a sea of emotions rediscovered. The sense of freedom, of space, of motion, the soft buffeting in his face of the clean, sweet, unpert air, the recognition of a new-born world—a riot with color—vernal green, ineffable empyrean blue, flooding gold of sunlight—played upon his heart a mured melody.

Again he thanked his God his father and mother had not lived to know the day of his arrest.

He experienced a curious freak of memory, very suddenly seeing before him and the glorious world a fragment of a scene, his trial, exceedingly vivid; Blackstock groping a slow way toward the witness stand, his dark face the darker for an eye-shade, his eyes masked sinisterly with smoked glasses.

Poor old Van Tuyl!

His nerves crawled with apprehensions inspired by the city toward

his guilt, or to a thing more dreadful in his understanding, he had never found the courage to debate, not even in the longest watches of the hopeless nights when he had lain in wailing torment in his cell, listening to some miserable condemned wretch moaning in his sleep a door or two down the row.

His thoughts had swung the full circle. He ceased to think coherently. In time Warburton touched Coast's arm with a gentle hand. "Lunch?" he queried, almost plaintive.

To see Coast smile once more was a keen delight. When they had finished, Coast, refreshed and strengthened, diverted and enlivened, boldly grasped the nettle.

"Well—" he asked with a steady glance of courage. Warburton pounced nimbly upon his chance. "It's exonerated," he began, and unconsciously hit upon the word so squarely that he caught himself up with a gasp at Coast's reception of it. "Why?" he cried, alarmed, "you're white as a sheet, man! I said exonerated—full and clear!"

Coast reassured him with a gesture. "It's just joy," he explained simply. He put his head back against the cushions, closed his eyes and drew a long breath. "How was I to guess aew all this had been brought about?"

I was afraid to ask, afraid to surmise, even Tell me, please."

"It came—like thunder out of a clear sky, Garrett; none more amazed than I." Warburton reverted to the habit of clipped phrases that characterized his moments of excitement. "I suppose you know—you've seen the papers?"

"Only infrequently. I . . . was a bit cowardly about them. I presume."

"Then you hadn't heard about Blackstock?" Coast shook his head. "Well, his eyes went back on him—



which the car was bearing him; the city of his birth and banishment; the city inexorable, insatiable, argus-eyed, peeped with its staring millions, ravening with curiosity; whose appetite should long since have been glutted with details of his disgrace. He found appalling the thought of re-entering it, of trying to take up his former life in its easy, ordered groove, of coming and going in the company of those in whose eyes his brow would be forever branded with the mark of Cain—yes, even though he were exonerated of the crime of which he had been accused, for which he had been placed on trial, convicted and sentenced. Would they ever learn to believe him guiltless, even though the truth were published broadcast, trumpeted from the house-tops? Would he not remain to them always the questionable hero of a sensational murder trial, whose escape from the electric chair had been due simply and solely to the exertions of his influential friends?

Exonerated!

The word was sweeter to him than the name of Freedom had been to his forebears in 1776 and 1861. He dared not breathe it—yet, he dared not hope for it nor even question whether or not it had been made his.

What if his release had been solely due to the offices of his friends, to pressure brought to bear upon the state executive? He felt that to discover such to be the case would prove insufferable. Death itself were preferable to life without vindication of the charge that had been laid against him.

So terribly he feared to learn the truth.

His friends, those who stood by him, those who had been silent, those who had denied him; what would be their reception of him now? He conned the names of a dozen of the dearest; did they believe in him, even now, in their secret hearts? Had they ever had absolute faith in his innocence, despite their protestations? Would he himself ever cease to doubt them secretly?

Katherine Thaxter . . . He had heard nothing of or from her since his conviction; before that, little enough; a note or two of halting sympathy, tinged by a constraint he had been afraid to analyze. Whether it had been due to belief in

were failing during the trial, if you'll remember, I heard he'd injured them somehow—with his wireless experiments, you know. He went nearly blind and took himself out of the country—to Germany, the papers said, to consult a Berlin specialist, perhaps to undergo an operation."

"One moment," Coast took a deep breath. "Did he go alone?"

"So far as I know. Why?"

"No matter. Call it idle curiosity" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKES BACK THE EMPTY PODS

Thaddeus Obediently Returns to Grocer, but is Exceedingly Busy En Route.

Little Thaddeus is an East side boy who likes uncooked young green peas. These tid-bits he devours with relish direct from the pods, in whatever quantities are obtainable. His weakness for young green peas recently came near getting him into trouble, as he led him to petty larceny.

Passing a small grocery near his home, the youngster spied a basket of peas, and, seeing that no one was looking, he grabbed a fistful and toddled hurriedly off. Reaching home with his plunder he was about to sit down and leisurely enjoy himself, when his mither discovered him with the goods on, and demanded to know where he got the peas.

"I took 'em from Rowen's store," explained the youngster, nibbling a pea appreciatively.

"Thaddeus," said the mother sternly, "you take those peas right back to Mr. Brown, and when you give them back to him you tell him you are a thief."

Thaddeus obediently got up and started back toward the store, but he must have been exceedingly busy en route, for it was a handful of empty pea hulls that he handed to the grocer.

"Hey, Misser Brown," he said, "take 'em. I'm a thief."

Jesus Was Poet of Human Soul

By Rev. J. EDWARD KIRBYE
Pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church,
Des Moines, Iowa

Robert Browning has sometimes been called the poet of the soul. This has been said of him because he analyzes, sees deeply, feels intensely, loves romantically and interprets wisely; but I am sure that Jesus Christ is a greater poet of the human soul. I say so, because there is a distinct literary charm, an intellectual height, an imaginative quality, a wise insight into the soul of man, in this message which he is speaking.

He knew men, and that statement from one of the sacred writers has a great deal of meaning in it. He knew God more intensely than others. He may have lacked education. He may have associated with the schools in Jerusalem and imbibed their culture, but no one ever emphasized more deeply, felt more intensely, interpreted more wisely than did Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is analyst of the moods of the soul and offers a solution to its problems. He reveals to man the heart of the divine.

He is not a philosopher in the ordinary acceptance of this term. A philosopher is one who is skilled in so-phistry, in science, one who looks upon reason as the infallible guide, who schools himself to think and practice only at the dictates of cool reason. That is the meaning of the word philosophy. Jesus did not forsake his reason, but in the sense that we understand philosophy. He did not aim at this achievement, but he did believe that he saw the moods of the soul of man and believed that there were highways of progress out and beyond the reaches of the stoic epicurean philosophy of his day and he challenged these to an intellectual combat. You cannot fail to see his underlying principles in this sermon.

He had thought them out carefully, had seen them in their relations and believed fully on their wisdom and practicability.

Jesus is not a scientist. A scientist is one who amasses knowledge, severely tests it, co-ordinates and systematizes it, until he reduces it to an accuracy, especially with reference to the laws of nature. He is not particularly interested in humanity, excepting as this humanity serves his good. Jesus did not do that. He had no laboratory, made no experimental tests.

His only logic was truth in all its relations, as it loomed large upon the horizon of his soul. Jesus was the post-thinker in God's out-of-doors. The human heart and men in human relations engaged his thought and attention. The altruistic motive was always uppermost. And yet, while Jesus was not distinctly a scientist, his psychology is in harmony with the most modern interpretations of the moods of the human mind, and some of the principles of modern pedagogy are very forcibly expressed in the sermon on the mount.

Jesus is not a theologian in the ordinary acceptance of that term, nor in the acceptance of the term as it was known in Jerusalem in his day. The theologian emphasized the value of law, the logic of the law and the logic of theory. Jesus did not do that. Jesus said very emphatically that man was much greater than the law, and much more important than theory; that law was made for man and not man for law, and out of this value he placed upon the human soul he reconstructed a thought of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the essential value of his own personality, which makes his doctrine unique. But human interest was never sacrificed to the interest of the theory or an ecclesiastical proposition.

It is not of Christ, then, the philosopher, the teacher, the scientist or the theologian, but the Christ who was interested in the multitude because he believed that he had remedies for their ills, healing for their weaknesses, life instead of death, hope instead of sorrow. I like this thought of Matthew in introducing Jesus to us in this wonderful sermon: "And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain. The multitude interested him. They were upon his heart. They had left their cares, their tasks, their anxieties, their bickerings and had come to hear him."

Physical Condition of Drunkards. As a rule male drunkards live longer than female. Seventy-five per cent of all chronic "alcoholics" have fatty degeneration of the liver. Many have brown atrophy of the heart. The kidneys are never normal. Fifty per cent of the drunkards have gastritis. By the coating of the tongue and the character of the tremor or length of a spree can be accurately determined. The drunkard often "sees things," but rarely has his sense of smell impaired. Patients who drink absinthe are particularly liable to convulsions, according to the report of Dr. Lambert, of Bellevue hospital, New York, who has made a special study of thousands of drunkards during his connection with that famous institution.

"In All Thy Ways." "In all thy ways acknowledge him." In all thy ways—in thy worship, in thy study of his word, in thy intercourse with his people, in thy traffic with the world, in thy business and in thy recreation. At thy meals, in thy correspondence, in thy reading, in thy dress. What! in these petty matters? Yes; in all thy ways. Thinkest thou that God will have no word for thee on such topics? Be undecieved. Thou shalt find a revelation of the will of God for every one of thy paths. There is no need for thee ever to let go his hand. Not a single hair of thy head receives its ailment without him. Why, then, should a single step be taken without him?—Ray. George Bowen.

In the Way. The thoughts we have are the paths we make. The deeds we do are the steps we take. We are going on standing still if standing thus be heaven's will. By losing sight we find our way. By seeking place we go astray. The narrow path is in kindness toward. Who stoops to serve goes up to God. The tides of life do not smooth out the "footprints on the sands of time," nor render worthless to our age those countless lives sublime. By changing needs, of time and place, give new direction to each day. So thus to go, as others lead, would be for us to go astray. And so sometimes "mid crowded streets we travel quite alone. But always he who is the way knows and keep his own.—Rev. C. D. Wilson.

Labored for the Kingdom. Even in the most material and meager circumstances of this life there is some power by which God means to build His kingdom on earth. It is souls that refuse to be discouraged by any circumstances, it is those men who are greater than the conditions in the midst of which they live, because their life is in connection with the life of God, who have laid some stones in the structure of the kingdom of God on earth.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

Fooled Only Himself. There was an American once who stayed so long in England that he imagined he had not only got out of the "American manner," but had shed the Trans-Atlantic accent. He decided many and was happy until the day of his return. "First-class to Liverpool, how much?" said he to the booking clerk at Euston. "Five dollars and a half, colonel," promptly replied the clerk, and the illusion was shattered forever. It's a matter of intonation when we are all speaking the same words.

Real Things. What the world needs today is less so-called religion, and more real righteousness, less so-called science and more real conscience, less creed and ritual and outward ceremonial and more real Christianity.—Rev. H. H. Van Meter, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Love's Magnetism. Love begets love. It is a process of induction. Put a piece of iron in the presence of an electrified body, and that piece of iron for a time becomes electrified. It is changed into a temporary magnet in the mere presence of a permanent magnet; and as long as you leave the two side by side they are both magnets alike. Remain side by side with him who loved us and gave himself for us, and you, too, will become a permanent magnet, a permanently attractive force; and, like him you will draw all men unto you; like him, you will be drawn unto all men. That is the inevitable effect of love. Any man who fulfills that cause must have that effect produced in him.—Henry Drummond.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES

TWELVE DOLLARS A MINUTE

That Sum in Good American Coin Is Paid into the Coffers of Uncle Sam by Peoria Distilleries.

As we are seeking to promote temperance and the banishment of liquor from our midst, and are doing so (as far as adding "anti-saloon" territory is concerned) it might be of interest to look over some figures given by a secular paper, in regard to the revenue derived by the government from this traffic the past year; and from where it came, writes S. H. McMillan of Effingham, Ill., in the United Presbyterianian. We quote from the article at the beginning. "The four leading distilleries of Peoria, according to a rough estimate, pay into the coffers of Uncle Sam every minute of the day and night, the year round, the sum of \$12, in good, hard, American coin; according to figures made public by the commissioner of internal revenue. Illinois and Peoria still continue to lead the list of states and cities in the matter of internal revenue collections; the nearest competitor to it being New York, but is nine millions behind it. There is no other revenue district in the world except New York that anywhere nearly approaches Peoria on import duties. The total collections for the United States for the year ending June 30, 1911, was \$322,326,269, as against approximately \$290,000,000 for the preceding year. This is the greatest year in the history of the government since the internal revenue law was passed. The previous "high-water" mark being in 1866, when \$310,000,000 was collected, but this was in time of extraordinary needs, and resulted from extraordinary legislation.

By states the leaders stand as follows: Illinois, \$53,000,000; New York, \$44,000,000; Indiana, \$33,000,000; Terre Haute being the center of the distilling business in Indiana. There are four internal revenue districts in Illinois, and the revenue offices give the standing as follows: Peoria, \$29,998,092; Chicago, \$12,642,005; Pekin, \$10,048,068, and the district comprising the balance of the state, \$628,619. The detailed figures by collection districts is as follows: First Illinois, \$12,642,005; Fifth Illinois, \$29,998,092; Eighth Illinois, \$10,255,600; Thirteenth Illinois, \$628,619; Sixth Indiana, \$11,348,068; Seventh Indiana, \$20,085,215; Third Iowa, \$573,919; Fourth Iowa, \$693,973; First Michigan, \$6,033,491; Fourth Michigan, \$974,094; First Missouri, \$10,524,713; Sixth Missouri, \$1,445,967; First Wisconsin, \$8,383,128; Second Wisconsin, \$1,199,325. These states adjoining Illinois reported the following sums: Indiana, \$31,133,328.24; Iowa, \$1,267,893.29; Michigan, \$7,007,585.96; Missouri, \$12,470,580.52; Nebraska, \$2,773,508.66; Wisconsin, \$9,582,454.31.

These figures from the government reports tell their own story and from them you may draw your own conclusions. The devil's business seems to prosper, notwithstanding the persecution and the prosecutions that have been brought against it.

Physical Condition of Drunkards. As a rule male drunkards live longer than female. Seventy-five per cent of all chronic "alcoholics" have fatty degeneration of the liver. Many have brown atrophy of the heart. The kidneys are never normal. Fifty per cent of the drunkards have gastritis. By the coating of the tongue and the character of the tremor or length of a spree can be accurately determined. The drunkard often "sees things," but rarely has his sense of smell impaired. Patients who drink absinthe are particularly liable to convulsions, according to the report of Dr. Lambert, of Bellevue hospital, New York, who has made a special study of thousands of drunkards during his connection with that famous institution.

"In All Thy Ways." "In all thy ways acknowledge him." In all thy ways—in thy worship, in thy study of his word, in thy intercourse with his people, in thy traffic with the world, in thy business and in thy recreation. At thy meals, in thy correspondence, in thy reading, in thy dress. What! in these petty matters? Yes; in all thy ways. Thinkest thou that God will have no word for thee on such topics? Be undecieved. Thou shalt find a revelation of the will of God for every one of thy paths. There is no need for thee ever to let go his hand. Not a single hair of thy head receives its ailment without him. Why, then, should a single step be taken without him?—Ray. George Bowen.

In the Way. The thoughts we have are the paths we make. The deeds we do are the steps we take. We are going on standing still if standing thus be heaven's will. By losing sight we find our way. By seeking place we go astray. The narrow path is in kindness toward. Who stoops to serve goes up to God. The tides of life do not smooth out the "footprints on the sands of time," nor render worthless to our age those countless lives sublime. By changing needs, of time and place, give new direction to each day. So thus to go, as others lead, would be for us to go astray. And so sometimes "mid crowded streets we travel quite alone. But always he who is the way knows and keep his own.—Rev. C. D. Wilson.

Labored for the Kingdom. Even in the most material and meager circumstances of this life there is some power by which God means to build His kingdom on earth. It is souls that refuse to be discouraged by any circumstances, it is those men who are greater than the conditions in the midst of which they live, because their life is in connection with the life of God, who have laid some stones in the structure of the kingdom of God on earth.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

Fooled Only Himself. There was an American once who stayed so long in England that he imagined he had not only got out of the "American manner," but had shed the Trans-Atlantic accent. He decided many and was happy until the day of his return. "First-class to Liverpool, how much?" said he to the booking clerk at Euston. "Five dollars and a half, colonel," promptly replied the clerk, and the illusion was shattered forever. It's a matter of intonation when we are all speaking the same words.

Real Things. What the world needs today is less so-called religion, and more real righteousness, less so-called science and more real conscience, less creed and ritual and outward ceremonial and more real Christianity.—Rev. H. H. Van Meter, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Love's Magnetism. Love begets love. It is a process of induction. Put a piece of iron in the presence of an electrified body, and that piece of iron for a time becomes electrified. It is changed into a temporary magnet in the mere presence of a permanent magnet; and as long as you leave the two side by side they are both magnets alike. Remain side by side with him who loved us and gave himself for us, and you, too, will become a permanent magnet, a permanently attractive force; and, like him you will draw all men unto you; like him, you will be drawn unto all men. That is the inevitable effect of love. Any man who fulfills that cause must have that effect produced in him.—Henry Drummond.

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