

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 Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuel. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuel dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and died.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With a twist of his eyebrows spelling doubt, Coast followed. He was not wholly satisfied that there was any wisdom latent in this latest freak of his errant fancies. For a fortnight he had given impulse to his head, and so, docile to its aimless divagations, had found contentment of a sort—more a parody than the real thing; dreamless rest won through wholesome bodily fatigue, a waking distraction bred of constant change of scene; this ice over the troubled deeps of a heart embittered. Eastward from New York he had wandered, mostly afoot, unknown, unrecognized. Warburton alone cognizant of his movements, and that under strict injunction of silence, thus he had come blindly, seeking succor of his distemper, finding only the oblivion of fatigue. And recently he had become uneasily conscious that even that was losing its effect, as an opiate will in a frame too long habituated to its action; now and again the thought of Katherine and Blackstock would crawl in his mind, vituperous, poisoning the very sunlight.

Here, without presage, he found his whim aiming for salt water. Was he wise to humor it? Would he find healing in the swing of the seas, the savor of spray, the hiss of waters broken by plunging bows, the gurgling astern?

Huxtable led him directly to a little vessel in a cradle on the ways and bright with new paint. "The Echo," he introduced her; "five year old, weather-wise, sound and sweet, fast and able. Owner left her with me for sale. Seven hundred and a bargain."

Coast strolled round the boat with an eye critical of her lines, then clambered up the skeleton ribs of the cradle and dropping into her cockpit, verifying Huxtable's catalogue of attractions. Presently he climbed down again, impressed that the boat would probably justify its recommendation to the letter.

"When can you put her in the water?"

"In fifteen minutes." "Do so, then, please, and have the gasoline tanks filled and the batteries wired up. . . . I'll want these besides." He found a pencil and scrap of paper and scribbled a list of supplies. "You've a spare mooring off here?" he inquired, and received an affirmative. "Then put her off; I'll sleep aboard her tonight. Now I'll take a turn up town and buy provisions and things."

He fitted out without thought of economy: in the list of his acquisitions he could find no lack; by nightfall the Echo was furnished with everything that Coast could think of as essential or desirable for coast-wise cruise, whether brief or protracted.

There was no plausible excuse for his falling to sleep; the Echo rode without much perceptible motion, moored about a hundred yards off shore; waters whispered kindly alongside; the town was quiet. Yet slumber was denied him; an unwonted excitement sparkled his imagination, kindled by a sense of adventure distilled from tomorrow's promise.

At five bells he rose and went on deck to smoke, his trouble heavy upon him. The cockpit was not more drenched with moonlight than with dew, but the air was motionless and suave; in pyjamas and slippers, lolling upon the dry side of an overturned seat cushion, he felt no need of heavier clothing.

Presently a breath of air stirred feebly; catpaws darkened the silver; signing, the air died; the flawed surface of the harbor smoothed and brightened. Then again the breeze fanned up out of the northwest, veering gradually in volume until it blew full and free.

Coast shrugged to the chill and rose to go below, but paused, attracted by a stir of life aboard a small, two-masted schooner that had been riding idly at anchor between two and three hundred feet away toward the ship-channel.

He saw a movement of bustling men upon her deck. Her sailing lights appeared; a green starboard eye flared at him fixedly. The mainsail was hoisted, the foresail went up. Then, falling off broadside to the ebbing current, the vessel shaped her course handily for the harbor-mouth, booms crashing to port as the red eye swung to bear on Coast. As she drew ahead he could see her deck quite clearly, glistening in the white glare that threw the scurrying figures of the crew into clear black relief. They went about their tasks adeptly, sure-footed and alert, with a curious detachment of attitude, having no regard whatever, apparently, for that which held Coast spell-bound.

In the waist two men were struggling, locked in one another's arms and staggering, now this way, now that, neither uttering a sound. They fought strongly, each with a passionate concentration of effort, each in silence.

He saw one suddenly give way, as though his foot had slipped. He went down upon a knee, the weight of his antagonist heavy upon him, and recovered only with a tremendous and convulsive effort, but now with his

hold broken and at the other's mercy. In half a dozen breaths he was rushed to the rail (where he attempted futilely a last stand), forced backward over it and so held. A fist was lifted above him and fell like a hammer. There followed a splash, but no outcry. The man went under like a log. The schooner slipped onward with growing impetus, sails belling luminous. No life-preserver was thrown, not a hand raised, not so far as Coast could discern, a head turned to see the fate of the defeated.

Loosening the draw-string of his pyjamas and ripping off the jacket, Coast leaped to the Echo's stern, poised himself lithely and shot out, cleaving the water almost without a splash.

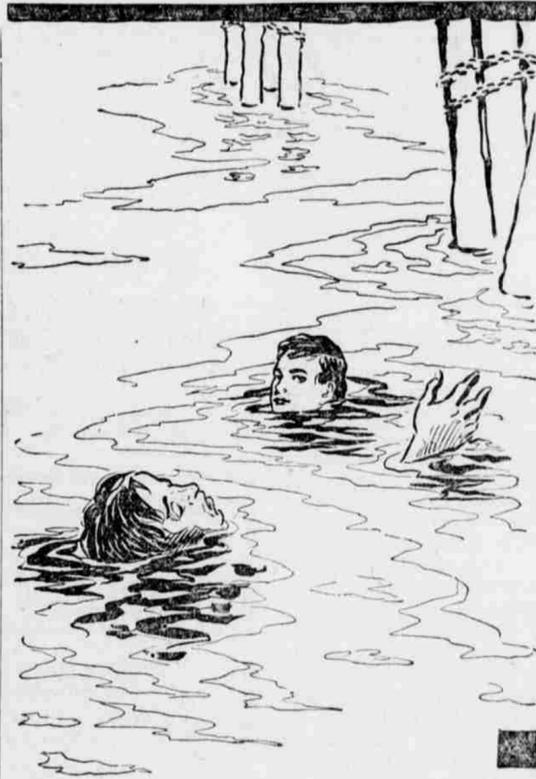
Warmth came of exertion; refreshed, invigorated, he swam with swiftness and strength, concerned only to reach his goal before the man could sink finally. At length winning to his side, he held off warily, watching for a chance to close in and at the same time escape the clutch of those valiantly thrashing arms.

"Now, now!" he cried, as one might strive to soothe a restive horse. "Easy, there! You're only tiring yourself out."

The splashing ceased in some measure, the man wiggling awkwardly round to bring the source of that voice within his range of understanding. "Lord!" he said, breathless. "You're welcome."

Encouraged by this note of sanity, Coast swam nearer. "Need any help?" "What do you think?"

"The moderate exasperation of this



"It's These Infernal Clothes."

reply elicited a spontaneous laugh from Coast, which he checked abruptly, as the other man again went under, to an accompaniment of frantic kicks and splashes. Before Coast could reach him he re-emerged, blowing and spitting.

"Beastly tasting water," he commented between gasps, resting.

"What the devil are you trying to do?"

"Get rid of these damn trousers; they won't let me swim."

"If I lend you a hand, will you—?"

"No; I won't grab you. I know the answer to that, and I've had one slam between the eyes already. Come along and be a hero, why don't you?"

Coast chuckled as he ranged alongside. "Put one hand on my right shoulder," he advised, "and keep as still as possible. I'll do the swimming."

"You're the doctor." The man followed his instructions promptly. "Sorry to trouble you, though."

No Bragging Wanted There

Working Man Discovers That Boasting About His Flock of Fowls Does Not Pay.

A north country working man recently took to keeping fowls and within a week his fellow-workmen were weary of hearing him refer to the subject.

At length, and as the result of a deep-laid plot among his fellows, somebody broke into his fowlhouse one night and carried off the much-bred and valued birds.

After this there was a little peace at the works. The victim of the plot went to the other extreme, and when a week or two later, he got a fresh supply of birds, he didn't even mention the fact to his mates. He had recognized that boasting did not pay, and he had no intention of indulging in it in future. Neither was he going to permit boasting on the premises.

Going home to his dinner the other day, he heard one of his latest purchases loudly announcing that she had laid an egg.

Rushing into the fowlhouse, the owner seized the offender and wrung her neck. Then, holding up his victim as a dreadful warning to the others, he blurted out:

"There! Ye understand! Lay as

"That's all right. . . . It's these infernal clothes. I can swim without them. Every try to disrobe on the bed of the sea!"

After a time, in a reflective tone, "Me for the Demon Rum after this," came over his shoulder. "I never knew water could taste so vile."

Coast made no reply; apparently none was expected. Laboriously gaining to the side of the catboat, he clung to it, panting, while the other considerably transferred his hold. Hanging so, he rolled an inquiring eye to his benefactor.

"This occasion," he observed, "is quite too unique. Never have I met a man I liked so well, under similar auspices. Permit me: my name is Appleyard, Christian name (from the Old Testament) Melchisedec—kindness of sponsors in baptism. Please don't look like that; I regret it, likewise."

He paused, watching Coast gravely. "Melchisedec means 'king of righteousness'; but don't be alarmed; mistakes will happen even at the baptismal font. . . . And you, sir?"

"Coast—Garret Coast."

"Congratulations: that has a human ring. And I am pleased to meet you. None the less, I owe him no gratitude who cheats me of a watery grave to freeze me to death. Upon my word of honor (whatever that may be), I cannot move. . . . anything except my jaw."

Laughing, Coast scrambled aboard the boat, and leaning out caught the man beneath the arms. After considerable exertion on the part of both, he tumbled into the cockpit and incontinently, with a heavy sigh, collapsed on the deck, in a dead faint.

In alarm his rescuer dived below and returned with towels and a bottle of brandy. The latter being immediately resorted to, brought Mr. Appleyard back to consciousness.

"Very good stuff," he commented, half-strangled. "I had a premonition that my season-ticket on the water-wagon had run out. . . . I assure you I swallowed a cubic foot of Fairhaven harbor; all my insides are insulated."

FIRST REAL HOLD-OUT IN MAJOR LEAGUES.



Vean Gregg, Cleveland's Sensational Pitcher.

Vean Gregg, star pitcher of the Cleveland Naps, is the first real hold-out in major league baseball. Gregg wants \$4,500, but Magnate Charles Somers says "nix on that." To this Gregg says "au revoir." It's up to Harry Davis to do some arbitrating.

YALE HAS A MONSTER TANK DUFFY TO GET BIG SALARY

Necessary Supply of Water to Fill Huge Pool Secured From Forty-Two Wells.

Forty-odd wells supply the swimming tank at the Yale gymnasium. Few persons realize what a big job it is to fill the mosaic set pool back of the gymnasium and the care necessary in regulating the flow of water.

The tank holds, when filled, just 280,000 gallons of water and after the pumps start sucking the water out of the ground back of the building it takes two days and two nights to start the water running at the overflow.

The wells which furnish the water lie near the old baseball cage. There are 42 of them driven in a small area to a depth of 40 or 45 feet. There were only half this number up to last year, when it was found necessary to drive additional ones. Deeper ones are to be driven next summer. The pipes are all stamessed onto a main pipe five or six inches in diameter, which leads directly into the cellar of the gymnasium and is connected to a powerful, steam driven double pump. This raises the water up to the tank. It is impossible to draw the water very fast on account of the large amount of sand which is sucked in from the well.

There are all kinds of connections about the pump enabling one to regulate the temperature of the water, the outlet flow and so on. In the fall the water varies from 72 to 78 degrees. During the winter the temperature never varies from 80. It is tested every few hours.

NOTES of SPORTSDOM

What Frank Baker's bat brought \$250, what ought Ty Cobb's to fetch? Stagg says he wants speed on his Maroons. Is he planning this early for the season of 1912?

When a belligerent opponent in argument invites you to take off your eye-glasses, don't accept.

Jim Flynn, the former Pueblo fireman, now a fighter, has a manager and a press agent at last.

Prize fight promoters are having hard lines in Europe. No wonder English pug critics are roaming to America.

Bat Nelson is somewhat battered up by recent experiences in the west, but is itching for more of this same treatment.

Al Baum, newly elected president of the Pacific Coast league, is an ingenious chief executive. He has hobbled up with a remedy to stop botting on baseball.

With most persons who must economize in the kitchen it is not so much a question of learning how to cook in paper bags as of learning how to get the food to cook.

Racing is dead, fighting is on the blink, baseball is commercialized and football has lost the punch. Are we rushing into a decline as a red-blooded race, or what?

Chick Evans, the boy golfing wonder, says no more of that golf racket for him, as he has quit the sports for keeps to get rich. All the golf clubs have closed for the season.

Jake Stahl will teach his former masters how to throw at Hot Springs, where he will show them a hot time whipping them into shape. Jake has quit denying rumors, so this goes.

Milwaukee American Association Club Signs Ex-Sox Manager for Baseball Season of 1912.

Hugh Duffy, former manager of the White Sox baseball team, has gone to his home in Dorchester, Mass., to rest and await the opening of the 1912 American association season. Duffy is said to have signed a contract with



Hugh Duffy.

the Milwaukee club for the highest salary ever given a manager in the American association.

Duffy's success in landing the big plum in the leading minor league in the United States was due partly to his success when he formerly piloted the Milwaukee team to a championship bunting. The former White Sox manager has as many friends among the baseball men of the country, who consider him one of the best team leaders in the game.

When Jimmy Barrett resigned as manager of the Brewers President Havenor of the Milwaukee club acted on the resignation immediately and also on Barrett's suggestion that the Brewer's chief get Duffy if he could.

Havenor called up Duffy on a long-distance telephone. Duffy gave the terms under which he was willing to assume the management of the Milwaukee club. The salary stipulation was high, it is said, as Duffy had an offer in the east that seemed tempting. Havenor accepted Duffy's terms without quibbling. A contract was drawn up and signed that will make Duffy a close neighbor of Comiskey and Callahan next season.

Duffy will be given full charge of the Milwaukee team in 1912. It is said, and will be given a good roll of kale to build up the club.

Ladies Form Basketball League. A number of New Haven, Conn., young ladies are forming a basketball league to include eight or more towns where the game is popular. The organization will mark the first of its kind ever attempted in New England and bids fair to be a success. Among the towns that will probably comprise the league are New Haven, Bridgeport, Waterbury, Meriden, Naugatuck, Derby, Ansonia and Branford.

Jap Wins Football Honors. A Japanese, H. Hirasawa, is among twenty freshmen at Stanford university awarded the block "15" for Rugby football. He is the first member of his race to obtain the coveted Stanford block numeral. He learned the English game while a student at an American high school.

HARD JOB OF UMPIRE

Arbiter Must Give His Decisions Without Hesitation.

Combination of Attributes Required of Official Difficult to Find in Any Individual—Qualifications Enumerated.

In one of the chapters of his book, "America's National Game," A. G. Spalding makes a plea for the umpire, and as his connection with the game, not only as a player, but as a club owner and league director, enabled him to get a better focus than the player or spectator, who can generally only see their own side of the case, his judgment must be taken as expert opinion. Mr. Spalding says:

"To secure the presence of intelligent, honest, unprejudiced, quick-witted, courageous umpires at all contests in scheduled games has been one of the most vexatious problems confronting those in control of our national sport. The combination of attributes required is very difficult to find in any individual. It is not easy to put one's hand upon a man who possesses any two of these several qualifications; and yet the efficient umpire must have them all.

"The umpire must be intelligent. And by intelligence I do not mean that he must have education or culture. The best umpire in the National league would not shine in a gathering of college professors. But he could outclass the entire faculty of any university in America when it comes to quickly decide the fine points of a game of baseball, and that because he has the peculiar quality of intelligence required for his duties.

"The umpire must be honest. A crooked umpire at a ball game is as offensive as a scoundrelly jurist on the bench. His power to legitimize the sport is even greater than that of the judge to bring the law into reproach. The umpire does not deal with unfamiliar, abstruse legal technicalities, whose veiled meaning needs to be explained by the citations of other judges in other cases in other courts. He must hand down his decision instantly before an audience composed of hundreds who know baseball law as well as he—or who think they do.

"He must be absolutely without prejudice. Did you ever think what that means? Consult your own feelings at the next contest you witness. Note how perfectly free you are from bias against the visitors.

"The umpire must be quick-witted. He may not, like the wise old owl of the bench, look over his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, inform the assembled multitude that he will take the matter under advisement, and then adjourn court for a week or two to satisfy himself how he ought to decide. He must be Johnny on the spot with a decision hot off the griddle, and he must stick to it, right or wrong—or be lost.

"The umpire must be courageous. With perfect composure and dignity he must render judgment, though he knows that in so doing he is likely to precipitate a riot, with himself as the object of a cowardly mob's unreasoning frenzy."

SALE OF THE NEWARK CLUB

Manager Joe McGinnity Blocks Negotiations for Transfer of Eastern League Team.

Negotiations for the sale of the Newark club of the Eastern league have fallen through. Joe McGinnity, manager of the club and part owner, was not agreeable to the terms of the sale. It had been reported McGinnity had been trying to interest McGraw of



Joe McGinnity.

the Giants in purchasing a share of the club's stock. Henry Clay Smith of Chicago had made an offer for a controlling interest.

Marquard Loses Suit. Rube Marquard, famous southpaw pitcher of the New York Giants, recently felt the strong arm of the law and was separated from \$141 of his share of the world's series receipts before the aforementioned strong arm was removed.

Ray K. Sterne, from whom Rube borrowed \$141, secured a judgment for the amount. He learned that Rube was going to leave town and secured a body execution from Judge Delahanty of the city court. Marquard appeared in the city court building, where he satisfied the claim.

Shrubb Warns John Paul Jones. Alfred Shrubb, the great short-distance running champion of England, says John Paul Jones, of Cornell university, is the greatest mile runner he has ever seen in action. But as sure as the Ithaca college wonder sticks at the cross-country game, adds Shrubb, he is sure to lose a lot of speed in his mile racing. According to the little Englishman, cross-country running is a great thing for the development of endurance in an athlete, but many a champion has slowed up by sticking to the game.

Temperance

DEATH RATE IN PNEUMONIA

That Among Persons Addicted to Alcohol is Extremely High—Patients Lack Resisting Power.

A physician treating a man suffering from acute pneumonia tests and fights against two things: One, the actual poisoning of the patient by the toxins of the pneumonia germs; the other, failure of the heart. If the patient dies one alone, or both, of the above factors are responsible. The poisoning, as indicated by the fever, the delirium, the frequent pulse, and the rapid breathing, results from the growth and activity of these germs, and the recovery and well-being of the patient depends on the counter-activity of the leucocytes and the plasma of the blood by which are produced the antibodies, which, in their truth, nullify and counteract the virulent poison. When this is accomplished the crisis occurs and the danger is practically over. The development of the crisis is, therefore, dependent on the protective mechanism, about which we have been speaking, and which is rendered less efficient by alcohol.

The death rate among alcoholics attacked by pneumonia is extremely high, ranging between 60 per cent and 70 per cent, and it is probable that one cause of this terrible mortality is the lack of resisting power which characterizes such patients.

The second possibility dreaded by the doctor in a case of pneumonia by heart failure. Picture to yourselves what is happening—one lung solid, entailing greatly increased work on the heart, the fever damaging the muscular fibers, and the defective respiration augmenting the difficulties against which the heart is struggling. In such a fight every handicap is serious, for sometimes even the healthiest heart is unequal to the task; much more likely to give way is a heart whose muscle fibers have been deteriorating slowly and insidiously for years. Such a heart, when compelled to cope with the stress of an acute pneumonia, dilates and fails, and death occurs, because the heart was insufficient to the strain—Prof. Laitinen Scientific Temperance Journal.

DRINK HABIT IS CONDEMNED

Sir Victor Horsley, Distinguished English Medical Authority, Denounces Pernicious Custom.

Sir Victor Horsley, the distinguished English medical authority, recently addressed in Liverpool, England, a meeting of medical practitioners and others, arranged by the United Kingdom alliance, at which the lord mayor presided.

Sir Victor's subject was "A Social Basis of Teetotalism," and in the course of his address he condemned the custom of "standing drinks" and of providing alcohol at public and private banquets and dinner parties. He recalled the fact that his late majesty the king was the first of the rulers of the British empire to break through the custom of alcoholic drinking, when he gave leave to his health to be drunk in water. Sir Victor went on to suggest that if medical practitioners were to be active and patriotic citizens, they ought all to be total abstainers, because the social reforms that were of interest today were only to be carried as soon as they succeeded in getting rid of the national custom of drinking alcohol.

The scientific view was that even small doses—what was called the dietic use of alcohol—had an injurious effect. It acted upon the higher and most intellectual part of the brain by weakening inhibition and loosening control of the judgment and the tongue. It was a common remark at dinner parties that people did not begin to talk until the wine had gone round. Mr. Justice Bargaive Duane, in his evidence before the divorce commission, had expressed the opinion that the worst evil was not the result of drunkenness, but the result of small quantities of alcohol. In a number of cases he believed that as medical practitioners they could all say the same thing of their own knowledge. The way to get the nation to give up this alcohol drinking custom was surely by securing a diminution of the opportunities of getting alcohol. The last license bill having been thrown out of the house of lords, the only other alternative—the high license system—fortunately for the community, had been carried in the budget, and local option was another method which might be applied.

EFFECT OF SMALL QUANTITY

Backbone of Contention That Moderate Drinking is Harmless Has Been Thoroughly Broken.

The backbone of the contention that moderate drinking is harmless has been now so thoroughly broken that physicians do not hesitate to express unequivocal convictions upon the subject. Thus Dr. A. W. lives in the Detroit Medical Journal, says:

"It is not pretended that there are in these cases (moderate users) pathologic changes due to alcohol, not even where there is as yet no such demonstrable change, there is a disturbance in the cranial circulation and a drug effect causing defective cerebraction, loss of will power; loss of the power to think and judge up to one's normal; there is a reduction of intellect. There generally is, however, increased gullibility, loquacity, and a well-recognized inability to judge of just the impression one is creating, of the kind of an exhibition one is making of himself. A drug that can bring a brain's function to the point of coma cannot, even in mild doses, add anything to the power of that brain.

"It is the most subtle and far-reaching of all poisons. . . . It tends to shorten life. Its influences are strongly hereditary."