

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 falls to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tui. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tui 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 fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat.

CHAPTER V.

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; most likely 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 so-distant 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 do you feel after your adventure?"

"Unclothed but in my right mind," said Appleyard, with a twinkle of anxiety amending: "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 do 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. You; 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 positively, 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 fortunes. 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 believed 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 mutinied and resolved to live down my shame. Thereafterward 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?"

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 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 inquired.

"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



"Thank you," said Appleyard gratefully.

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 foremast hand, only to be informed I was physically unfit, that, as one brutal mate phrased it, I'd blow away in the first half-a-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 flavor beneath my tongue."

Appleyard half 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-eye 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 debauch, 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 incontinently by an unmanly 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 leave 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 cordia," 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!"

"And I have no need of one."

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

craft of this size. I'm exceedingly handy, small and inconspicuous, neat, a fairish cook, and normally quite pleasant to be thrown amongst—never savage save when denied the sweet consolation of continuous conversation. Finally, I'm a great bargainer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I offer my valuable—nay, invaluable services, gratis, without pay."

"But why do you do that?" demanded Coast, blankly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 minutes 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 to be 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 Youth. "Tommy, what did you do with that penny I gave you for taking your medicine?"

"I bought a bun with one halfpenny, ma, and I gave Jimmy the other half to drink the medicine for me."

FANS EXPECT GIANTS TO WIN AGAIN AMERICANS WILL WIN



Manager McGraw and His Wife.

Enthusiasts in New York look for the Giants to repeat their National League triumph of 1911. There may be one or two chances in the team by next year, but it is probable that McGraw will take few chances of breaking up the machine which he has had so much labor in constructing. The players are almost all youngsters, and with this season's experience behind them should all play better ball next year. Their work collectively should improve, and it has been demonstrated time and again that in almost any branch of athletics a team which works smoothly and is well balanced is a stronger aggregation than a collection of individual stars, each playing his own hand. If an all-star team were to be picked by students of the game it is probable that exclusive of pitchers, but one man from the Athletics, one from the Giants, one from Detroit and one from the Cubs would be selected, and yet these four teams finished first and second in their respective leagues. It is the club that plays together and

presents the fewest weak spots that brings home the bunting. Of course luck in the matter of illness and injuries plays a large part in the result. Every time a new cog is introduced the machine for a time runs less smoothly.

Gotham fans realize that the Giants will have no easy road to travel. For a large part of the season just past there were five teams in the National League, any of which had a great chance for the pennant. Some of those same teams and possibly two of the remaining clubs will undoubtedly be in the thick of the battle next season. Form and advance dope count for so little in baseball that any effort to pick next season's leaders at this time is more than useless. In spite of this fact the true devotee of the game is sure to spend his entire winter in conjecture and speculation.

The picture shown of Manager McGraw and his wife was taken just prior to their departure for Cuba, where the Giants played several exhibition games.

ZBYSZKO HAS PLENTY MONEY

Polish Wrestling Champion Is Reputed to Be Worth \$180,000—Seeks Match With Gotch.

Stanislaus Zbyszko, Polish wrestling champion, is reputed to be worth \$180,000. He is willing to part with a small fraction of this if Frank Gotch will step on the mat with him on the same night and at the same



Stanislaus Zbyszko.

place and give his resourceful advance press agent a chance to tell all the fans about it.

Gotch has refused point blank to give Zbyszko another match until the latter has defeated Mahmoud, J. H. Herman, manager for the Pole, has posted \$10,000, which he wants to give to Gotch if the latter will consent to wrestle Zbyszko to a finish bout. If Gotch persists in refusing, Herman states he will claim the championship for the Pole and be prepared to defend it against all comers.

Indians on Carlisle Team. Twenty-two tribes are represented on the Carlisle football squad this year, with the Cheyennes in the majority.

There are five of these. The other tribes are: Crow, 2; Pottowattamie Mission, 2; Kiowa, 2; Bannock, Cherokee, 2; Pawnee, Strikis, Oneida, 3; Sac and Fox, 3; Navajo, Apache, Cadjo, Shoshone, Winnebago, 4; Klamath, Tuscarora, Chippewa, 2; Sioux, Ute and Seneca.

Wells Decides to Go Home. Matt Wells, champion lightweight of England, has returned to England. This puts an end to the possibility of his meeting Packey McFarland. A match was made for Madison Square garden at 135 pounds, but the fight could not be held because the club lost its license. Another match was then arranged but Wells' manager discovered 135 pounds would not suit his man and refused to carry out the agreement, which was verbal.

World's Series October 7. Members of the national commission have decided to start the world-series games next season on Oct. 7. This has been the desire of Ben Johnson, president of the American league, for years. It is believed that he brought the matter up and pushed it through, using as a lever the week's rainy spell which marred the series this last season. This forces the National league to end its season earlier.

England Has Little Chance to Take Olympic Honors.

Yankees Expected to Secure Victory Because of Better Coaches—New Champions Constantly Coming to Light.

England's greatest athletes admit that the representatives of John Bull have little chance to win the Olympic honors in Sweden next year, and say that America will win for one great reason. That is that the wearers of the stars and stripes are better coached from their youth up. England has no coaches of any consequence, while America is overrun with fine developers of athletic material, even down to the preparatory schools, and they are constantly discovering new champions.

Some of the greatest American athletes of the day were discovered accidentally when there was no indication that they possessed any particular ability.

An example of how a coach can bring out a man who doesn't know that he is good, is found in J. P. Jones, the great Cornell runner, who broke the amateur mile record last spring. Under the English system Jones would never have been heard of. He went to Cornell in poor health and was almost dragged out for track work.

At first he promised nothing, but the sharp eye of John Moakley perceived in Jones a future good one, and he kept after the Washington youth until Jones made good. If Moakley had not been there, Jones would probably have quit in disgust soon after he started.

Hundreds of examples might be pointed out where athletes have been improved wonderfully in a short time by the correction of a simple fault that they would never have found out themselves.

When Mike Murphy went back to the University of Pennsylvania this last time he found there a youth named Haskins, good for about 4:40 in the mile. Haskins had tried and tried, and was about to give it up. Three weeks under Murphy saw Haskins doing 4:28 consistently, and the next year he owned the intercollegiate record for the mile.

In 1905 Ernie Hjertberg, who is now coaching the Swedish athletes, got hold of James P. Sullivan, a willing young miller, whose limit seemed to be around 4:42. Hjertberg to everyone's surprise put Sullivan to running 220-yard dashes; cutting out altogether his customary distance work. Right up to the day of the championship young Sullivan got his spirit diet.

Then Hjertberg sent him into the mile event with instructions to wait until the last 220 and beat it. Sullivan not only won his race, but he ran the fastest mile ever done by an American born athlete up to that time—4:22.45. Had he been left to himself, Sullivan would have been still doing long work in training and 4:40 in his races.

Those who come to our shores from heathen lands are quick to see the inconsistencies of professing Christians. A story is told of a Chinaman who applied for a position as house servant with a family which belonged to a fashionable church. Among the inquiries proposed by the mistress of the house were the following: "Do you drink whisky?" "No, I Christian man." "Do you play cards?" "No, I Christian man." "Do you gamble?" "No, I Christian man." He was given the position, and he proved to be a very capable servant. After a time the lady gave a bridge party, with wine accompaniments. The Chinaman did his part during the evening acceptably, but the next morning he said to his mistress: "I want quit."

"Why? What is the matter?" "I Christian man. I told you so before. I no work for 'Melican heathen!'" It is useless to pray for the heathen at our doors, so long as we do the things that are inconsistent with the Christian profession.—Onward.

LICERAL WITH "W" EMBLEMS

Wisconsin Athletic Council Will Give One to Every Player in Championship Games.

The Wisconsin athletic council has decided to be more liberal with their "W" emblems, and hereafter every football player who participates in the Chicago or Minnesota games will be granted the varsity insignia. Capt. Al Buser, who is the president of the council, was the prime mover. The



Capt. Buser.

old rule was that a man had to play a full half in two games to be entitled. These are the men who will get the sweaters this season: Capt. Buser, Mackmillan, Roberts, Gillette, Tandberg, Hoefel, Lange, Ostlie, Butler, Chambers, Branstad Pollock, Neprud, Moll, Bright, Van Riper, and Pierce.

One American League Umpire to Go. At least one American league umpire who officiated last season will be missed when the curtain rises on the sport next spring. This statement was made by President Johnson of the league, but he refuses to name the arbitrator.

Beer Drinking Decreases. The consumption of beer is steadily decreasing in Germany, for the number of "berthaes," which in 1906 had gone up to 6,035, had in 1909 diminished to 4,768. The decrease per each inhabitant is calculated at about four litres and a half each year.

Much less malt being also employed in the manufacture of the Tontona's favorite beverage, it becomes lighter, and consequently more harmless. This change in the national habit will doubtless produce its effect on the national character, which will probably gain in brightness and activity.—The Queen.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

ATTITUDE OF MEDICAL MEN

Use of Alcohol for Medicinal Purposes Rapidly Diminishing—Does Not Stimulate Heart.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot contributes the following explanation as to the present day attitude of physicians towards alcohol:

"The use of alcohol as a medicine is steadily and rapidly diminishing. It is true that the use of all drugs has also fallen off considerably, but this change is more striking as regards alcohol. There are three main purposes for which alcohol has been used as medicine:

(1) As a quick stimulant—for fainting, exhaustion, and extreme cold. This service doctors now generally agree is better performed by hot coffee, hot tea or hot soup. The heat is the main thing.

(2) As a support to the heart in heart disease and in fevers. Here the use of alcohol still continues, but it is constantly and steadily diminishing, because research has shown that it does not stimulate a bad or good heart action, as was formerly supposed. Some physicians believe that alcohol helps the patient in his fight against the germs, but the weight of opinion is against this. By most physicians alcohol is still occasionally used in fevers and in diabetes for a purpose still to be mentioned.

(3) As a food. Though alcohol is undoubtedly a poison to the nervous system this harmful effect is neutralized in some cases of illness by the fact that it does supply fuel and energy to the body. When other foods are rejected (wholly or in part) by the stomach or when, as in diabetes, certain common foods cease to benefit the body, alcohol may be valuable, but this is comparatively rare."

In a recent article in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal Dr. Cabot contributed some interesting figures showing the diminished use of alcohol in the Massachusetts General hospital. The figures, showing also diminished use of other drugs as well, have been arranged in both tabular and chart form and used as an exhibit at the Boston "1915" exposition.

In 1898 the hospital expended a total for alcohol drinks of \$2,322, or 46 cents per patient. These figures were increased the following year to \$3,092, or 57 cents per patient. Since that time there has been a steady decrease, and in 1907 the total cost of alcoholic stimulants used was but \$813, or 13 cents per patient. During the same period the cost of other medicines administered also decreased, not because of lessened prices for drugs, but because fewer medicines of any sort are now administered.

CHINAMAN IN SHARP REBUKE

Mongolian Was Quick to Observe the Inconsistencies of a Woman Professing Christianity.

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TOPERS IN LONDON SCHOOLS

Investigator Reports Habit of Drinking Alcohol Among Children Widespread in English City.

"Do children drink alcohol?" The question was put to F. G. Mackereh of London, who has been making inquiry into the matter, and he made answer at a meeting of the Women's Temperance league which greatly horrified the good women there. In one school alone, he said, he found that 40 per cent of the children were regular alcohol drinkers.

In fact, from the investigations he had made he had come to the conclusion that there must be something like 200,000 child drinkers in London, and probably 2,000,000 in the large towns and districts. Parents, in sheer ignorance, often gave their children strong drink because they thought it was good for them, and a woman present at the meeting volunteered the information that she knew for a fact in some public schools beer was almost compulsory.

Quietus on Boxing in England. The fear is expressed that the stoppage of the Johnson-Wells and Moran-Driscoll bouts will put a quietus on boxing in England. Only temporarily. Just as soon as the frenzied finance side of the game over there has been obliterated, boxing in its normal condition will be resumed.

Frisco After Big Yacht Race. San Francisco is hopeful of having an America cup race a feature of an international regatta, as a part of the Panama-Pacific International exposition in 1915.