

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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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 Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the reason from him, but 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 pursues a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Appleyard executed an ample gesture. "Romance," he replied, sententious. "Who are you, anyway?" pursued Coast incautiously. "I might put the same question to you, sir." "To your prospective employer?" The faded eyes twinkled. "As nearly now over as that, Mr. Coast? Decidedly my talents should have been devoted to spellbinding, as you so delicately suggest. . . . But squarely, sir,—he grew momentarily grave and earnest—"I've been painfully truthful: my moniker is actually Melchisedec Appleyard, incredible as it may sound. I give you my word I'm an honest man; the law has no knowledge of or concern with me."

For all his banter he betrayed not a little eagerness as he bent forward, scanning Coast's face.

His verdict was something deferred; Coast was actually and seriously considering the preposterous suggestion. The little man promised a diverting companion, who had proven such up to that moment; and there were dark hours when Coast needed diversion poignantly. Beyond question it would be convenient to have somebody at one's beck and call, to stand a trick at the wheel or advise concerning dangerous waters. And, furthermore, Coast thought to detect in Mr. Appleyard's manner a something which lent more than a note of confirmation to his hint that he needed food and shelter—if only temporarily. Finally, one inclined to like the man for himself; his personality persuaded even when one realized the apparent silliness of yielding to his importunity.

In the end Coast nodded slowly. "I'll go you," he said, holding the other's eyes. "I'll take you to your word."

Relief shone radiant on the withered face. "Right you are, Mr. Coast!" cried Appleyard, extending a hand. "I promise you won't regret this. Word of honor, sir!"

"That's understood." Coast pressed the hand and released it. "And now let's get under way. I'm for bold water—Nantucket Sound to begin with. Can we make Vineyard Haven by nightfall, do you think?"

"With this wind, via Quick's Hole?" Coast nodded and Appleyard considered sagely. "Of course we can," he proclaimed.

CHAPTER VI.

"All ready?" Coast, at the wheel, nodded to Appleyard, who was crouching in the bows. "Ready," he said.

There followed a splash as Appleyard dropped the hook of the mooring at which the Echo had been riding overnight.

In a long and graceful sweep the Echo swung round and slipped briskly down the harbor to the urge of the following wind.

Early in the afternoon the wind began to fall, its volume diminishing by fits and starts; heavy puffs alternated with spells of steady breezing successively more faint.

Over the bows the entrance to Quick's Hole, the passage between Pasque and Nashawena Islands, became plainly visible.

Appleyard remarked the signs of change with a wrinkle of disquiet between his brows.

"Going to have a shift of wind, you think?" Coast asked.

The little man nodded anxiously. "It's a cunch," he asserted. "And when it does swing the chances are ten to one it'll come in from the southwest. That's the prevailing wind round here at this season, you know."

"Well? Even so, it'll favor us up the Sound, won't it? Besides, we've got the motor."

"That'll help a heap in case that fog comes down on us, won't it?" Appleyard snorted in disgust, nodding to the bank of tawny haze that overspread the horizon beyond the low profiles of Nashawena and Cuttyhunk, over the starboard counter.

"Hain't thought of that—" "And yet you had the nerve to make my suggestion that you needed a keeper?"

"Well, then, it's up to us to make that passage as soon as we can—hain't better get the motor going? Here, take the wheel, while I—"

"Never mind," Appleyard returned. "That's my job. You stay put. That is, unless you prefer—"

"No, I'm not crazy about it. Go ahead and break your back turning up a cold engine, if you want to."

Appleyard granted, setting the binoculars aside and lifting the engine-pit hatch. "Me, I was born and brought up with marine motors; they used to fill my nursing bottle with a mixture of gasoline and Vacuum A. Pipe your way."

He dropped lightly into the pit, threw in both the main and shut-off switches, opened the globe-valve in the feed pipe, made a slight adjustment of the carburetor, and slowly turned on the fly-wheel. An angry buzzing broke out in the spark-coil.

"You see," he said with elaborate nonchalance. "They're all alike—any one of 'em will feed right out of my hand."

He rocked the fly-wheel to and fro half a dozen times, then gave it a smart upward pull. Instantly there was a dull explosion in the cylinder, and the wheel began to spin steadily to the muffled drumming of the exhaust.

Gathering way, the boat moved at a more lively pace, with her sail flapping empty and listless and idly swinging boom.

By the time Coast, instructed by his highly efficient crew, had piloted the Echo safely through to the Sound, a dead calm held.

A little later a chill breath of air fanned Coast's cheek, the first whiff out of the southwest. The water flamed and darkened with the flying catspaws.

The fog swept in swiftly. Far across the breadth of wind-dulled water Coast could see it moving onward like a wall, momentarily gaining in bulk. Already it was hovering threateningly over Gay Head, and while he looked a thin, gray, spectral arm stole across the low land at Menemsha Blight and began to grope its blind way up the Sound.

Coast steered with his gaze fixed upon the compass on the engine-pit hatch, now his sole guide. Insen-

sibly the fog grew more dense, so that in time the mast was more or less indistinct and only a yard or so of pallid water was visible on either hand.

Vineyard Haven tonight, by any chance?" he asked suddenly. Appleyard shook his head decidedly. "Not unless we get a breeze stiff enough to blow this off."

"Then we'd better find an anchorage for the night?"

"Only thing to do, I'm willing to risk my valuable rep. as a weather prophet, that this won't lift before morning."

"Tarpaulin Cove?" Appleyard pursed his thin lips and rubbed his nose, considering. "Good enough anchorage," he admitted; "but for muth, I ain't strong for it. Menemsha Blight would do us more comfortably—across the Sound, you know, a bit east of Gay Head."

"Why Menemsha Blight?" "Because there's an able-bodied and energetic fog bell at Tarpaulin. Take my advice. There'll be nothing but dead silence at the Blight, and it ain't much of a run over there."

"You know best. How shall I hold her?" "Sou'east."

"So?" Coast put the wheel over and brought the Echo round to that course, as indicated by the compass. Monotonously the chronometer in the cabin knelled the half-hours. About two bells (five o'clock) Appleyard began to fidget uneasily. He knocked out his pipe and, jumping up, trotted forward to the bows, where, an arm embracing the mast, he remained for many minutes stultorily peering ahead into dreary blankness which the keenest vision could by no means have penetrated.

After a while he returned, discouraged, to the cockpit. "I don't like this," he asserted glumly. "There's something gone wrong. We ought to have made the Blight over an hour ago. I've been expecting we'd run around every minute of the last thirty."

"Sure you've got the course right?" "Absolutely," returned Coast with conviction.

"Then what the devil's the matter?" glumbed the little man. "Martha's Vineyard hain't moved, I'll go ball; and we certainly couldn't hold that course as long as we have without striking land somewhere."

He wagged a perturbed head, growing inarticulate dissatisfaction. "Let me think. . . . Something wrong?" "What? What?" he cried abruptly. "Maybe. . . . Hold that wheel steady for a bit, will you?"

Dropping to his knees he peered intently into the binocular, at the same time opening the cut-off switch and disconnecting the batteries. The motor promptly coughed and was quiet, the droning in the spark coil died

away, and Coast, leaning forward in wonder, saw the compass dial jerk as if suddenly released and then swing through an arc of almost ninety degrees ere it steadied.

"What in thunder does that mean?" he demanded, surprised to the point of incredulity.

"Means we're both asses of blooded lineage," said Appleyard sourly, rising; "though you're not a marker to me. I should've known better—I'd've thought it right away if I had only half the sense God gives the domestic goose. That compass was right on top of the spark coil. Naturally it magnetized. . . . And I would've known better, too. If ever I had run an engine with the coil on the cylinder before! Oh—piffle!"

"Then I've been holding the wrong course for several hours."

"Preczactly."

"And you haven't any idea where we are?" "Not a glimmer."

Thoroughly disheartened, Coast left the wheel. "Nice mess," he observed quietly.

Appleyard sighed profoundly. The worst of it is, I'm a sawed-off little runt, too small for you to kick as I ought to be kicked. . . .

"Yes," said Coast.

They dined simply and solemnly on cold things, after which Appleyard, at his own suggestion, took the first watch. "You need rest," he argued, and I don't—rarely sleep over three hours a night. You turn in now and when your time's up I'll call you. There's nothing to worry about, anyway; we're perfectly safe unless we're in ship channel, which I judge we ain't from the absence of any whistling hereabouts."

Coast was really very tired and lit the loath to be persuaded. He dropped off instantly into dreamless sleep. At some time during the night he

was disturbed by a heavy splashing under the bows. He roused just enough to appreciate where he was, and lay staring drowsily at the cabin lamp until (he seemed to have dozed off again and again awakened) he was aware of Appleyard's presence in the cabin.

"Hello," he yawned, staring at the little man's head and shoulders as he sat on the other transom, beyond the center-board trunk, husing himself over something invisible in his hands.

"What's up?" "Sorry I waked you," returned Appleyard. His eyes flickered keenly over Coast's face for an instant. "We drifted aground a few minutes ago," he explained in a perfunctory tone; "I pushed off with the sweep and anchored with a short cable."

"Whereabout do you think we are?" Coast pursued sleepily.

"How should I know? Menemsha Blight for choice, but it might be anywhere along the Vineyard Coast—possibly Pasque—or No Man's Land."

"What's that?" "No Man's Land? Oh, a little island south of Gay Head, 'bout as big as a handkerchief. Practically uninhabited."

Appleyard rose. "What you doing?" Coast yawned extravagantly.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Not the Odor of Araby. Theodore P. Shonts at a dinner at the Chicago club, praised the ventilation of New York's Jubes. "Our tubes," he said, "smell as sweet, almost, as a clover field in June. But I wish you could smell the underground railways of London, especially those railways that haven't been electrified!" Mr. Shonts' beaming smile was evidence of the fact that an appropriate story had come into his mind. "Two spirits clad in winding sheets," he said, "advanced with stow, shrinking steps toward a portal over which were inscribed the words, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' From this portal belched vast volumes of foul black smoke. The first spirit, as he neared the dreadful gateway, sniffed. 'My word!' he said. 'It smells like the blowasted tuppenny tub!' Oh, not so bad as that, said the second spirit."

Man's Preposterous Appetite. Herbert W. Fisher in the World's Work for July gives a very uncomfortable simile as an illustration of the surplus quantities of food we consume.

"Two generations ago a Dutch physician, out walking with his child, called the lad's attention to a passing way-load as big as a mastodon. 'There, my son,' said he, 'is the equivalent of what one man eats in a year in excess of what he needs.'—World's Work.

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FORMER MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION RETIRES



Billy Papke.

Billy Papke, former middleweight champion, who recently was defeated by Bob Moha in Boston, said the other night he had retired from the ring. "Training is hard work for me now and it used to be play," said Papke. "I haven't the ambition that I used to have, and so I'm through with the game. I am comfortably fixed and never will need to worry about money, so I'm going to forget about fighting."

Left Hander is Safe. Jones—A left handed golfer has a big advantage.

Smith—How do you figure that out? Jones—No one asks to borrow his clubs.

LIST OF INJURED DECREASED

Nine Dead and 177 Players Hurt in the Toll Football Has Collected During the 1911 Season.

Nine dead and 177 injured players is the toll football has collected from the gridirons of the country during the 1911 season.

The disciples of reform in the game consider the comparatively few deaths and the large decrease in injuries from 1910, when twenty-two fatalities were recorded and the list of injured contained 499 names.

With but one exception, 1901, when seven players were killed, have there been a fewer number of fatalities in eleven years. This season's sacrifice of life stands out in hopeful contrast to that of 1910, when twenty-two fatalities were recorded and the list of injured contained 499 names.

The small number of fatalities this season may be considered by some yet disputed by others, as a partial tribute to the wisdom of the rule-makers who in 1909 revised the gridiron code in hopes of eliminating the chances for serious injury, so numerous in the old style game which encouraged line plunging and close formations.

The table given below explains itself:

1911.	
Killed	9
Injured	177
Fractured legs and ankles	22
Sprained ankles	18
Kicked on head	36
Fractured shoulders	7
Major dislocations	7
Fractured ribs	2
Broken noses	6
Broken hands and wrists	4
Facial injuries and cuts on head	8
Spinal injuries	5
Fractured collar bones	5
Broken arms	4
Broken jaws	3
Internal injuries	3
Fractured skulls	2
Fractured hips	1
Minor sprains, wrenches and muscle bruises	87

Eleven-Year Record.

Year	Killed	Injured
1901	7	74
1902	11	126
1903	14	143
1904	14	236
1905	24	289
1906	34	349
1907	35	394
1908	39	429
1909	39	429
1910	22	499
1911	9	177

Out on Three Fouls.

These defaults are from "Learning the Game," the yandeville sketch in which "Big Chief" Bender, "Jack" Coombs and "Cy" Morgan, all members of the Philadelphia Athletics, are making their debut as actors at Hammerstein's.

If Connie Mack had a Lapp start would he Ty Cobb?

Well, Connie cannot, but he can make lines.

If Jack Coombs bought a pony, and couldn't break it, could Morgan Bender?

If Eddie Collins was dry and wanted a drink would Rube Oldring?

Phillies Have Many Players.

Over seventy players are under contract with the Phillies for next year, but it is reported only fifty will be taken on the spring training trip. All of the full squad of seventy-five will be the exception of the thirty-five who will be held for the season, will be disposed of before the opening game next year.

NOTES OF SPORIDOM

New York cyclists are practicing for the Olympic games.

A mighty good thing not to watch a three cushion billiard game.

Frank Baker of the Athletics will open a sporting goods store in Philly.

Harry Davis, Cleveland's new manager, will soon be actively on the job.

American Olympic games committee has appealed for funds to send a crack team to Stockholm.

Two things a "kid" ought to learn early: To fence and play golf. Everything else will come by itself.

"No, footballs are not made of pigskin. The little animal from Vancouver, Wash. Gardner proposes to take an active part in athletics in Vancouver, and has already been offered a position as boxing instructor at the Columbus A. C.

SPRINGS NEW SCHEME

President Murphy Has Plan for Training Ball Players.

Cub Magnate Says Fulfillment of His Purpose Would Develop Many Unknown Stars—Would Revolutionize Present Ideas.

Charles W. Murphy, president of the Chicago Cubs, today is shining in a brand new role as an inventor. The Cub chief divulged a scheme which may revolutionize spring training trips of major baseball leagues. He has proposed the organization of a "winter league" to train drafted and purchased players for their debut in higher society.

This league would be composed of towns in Florida where baseball can be played the year around. The circuit will be composed of eight towns in Florida. The following places have been proposed for the new training camps of the big league clubs: Key West, Pensacola, Tampa, Miami, Ormond, Palm Beach, St. Augustine and Sarasota.

These towns are winter resorts to which people of means flock when the snow begins to fly in the northern states. They are amply populated to give splendid support to teams scheduled for the proposed circuit.

President Murphy, in defining plans for this winter league, said he would recommend that it be composed of players who had not been members of a major league club for more than three months. All teams of the National and American leagues would be eligible to send players drafted or purchased to these towns for the "trying out" process. It would do more toward showing the real class of a player, he thinks, than a training trip could possibly accomplish.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year could be reserved each season for games with major league clubs, the Cub chief thinks, and these games would prove in time the leading sporting events of the winter calendar.

Advocates of a substitute for the present methods of training the raw material for big league consumption are increasing each year. Just how many adherents of this scheme Murphy can marshal for the movement is doubtful.

The case of Charles Moore, an infielder, who came as a recruit from the Pacific Coast league to the Cincinnati club last spring, only illustrates the injustice of the present method, said the Cub chief.

"Moore was with the Cincinnati club just two days when he was returned to the Los Angeles club. He proved a bright star on that club from the jump. Was he given a chance to show what he had to deliver? I should say not. The Cincinnati club saw its mistake and wanted him back this season."

"They were too late. I had secured the youngster through draft. He will be with the Cubs next season. If there had been a 'winter league' of purchased and drafted players in existence last year, do you suppose Moore would have been out on the coast in 1911. I think not. He is only one of many players of major size who aren't given a chance under the present crude system in vogue for 'trying out' young material."

ST. PAUL SELLS CHAS. CHECH

Former Pitcher for American Association Team Is Disposed of to Los Angeles Club.

Pitcher Charles Chech for several years a member of the St. Paul Amer-

"The question has often been put to me. 'What is a prize fight if it isn't brutal?' Other persons want to know why the boxers pull and haul, hit in the clinches, and so forth, or why a man will strike his opponent when the latter apparently is only half off the floor. Still others want to know why the boxers shake hands at the start and at the end of a bout and what is the sensation when a man is floored or knocked out."

"First of all, I would say that there is no such a thing as a prize fight. That word is a misnomer. Thirty or forty years ago it was different, for in those days men fought with the bare knuckles, and the sport was brutal, but the name 'prize fight' has stuck to the present day, and what some people persist in calling a 'prize fight' is nothing more or less than a scientific exhibition of the art of attack and self-defense, and of the same nature as any other exhibition of sport which is won by endurance and skill. The exhibitions are not brutal.

"Boxers pull, haul and hit in clinches because some of them have become accustomed to what is known as 'infighting' and they are a great deal better when boxing close to their opponents than in sparring at long range. They try to tire out their opponents by the pulling and hauling, which is quite scientific in its way and by no means as rough as it appears. It is often the style of some boxers to win this way. Sometimes accidents will happen in infighting, as they will in any sport."

Keene to Quit Racing. James R. Keene, vice chairman of the Jockey Club, has decided to retire from the turf—that is, so far as racing thoroughbreds is concerned.

This announcement was made by Algernon Daingerfield in saying that eight horses which have raced in Mr. Keene's name in England this year would be sold under the hammer at Newmarket the first week in December.

His horses in training in this country had all been disposed of previously, so that, except for big breeding farm in Kentucky and the one abroad, Mr. Keene will not be known to the turf. Four health is given as the reason for his retirement.

Quits as Cub Scout.

Charley Murphy, president of the Cubs, learned that his old enemy, Ban Johnson, had signed George Huff to scout for the American league. Huff is the most successful major league scout. He has been on the Cub payroll for several years, and helped to build up the great Cub machine. Huff is an athletic director of the University of Illinois when he isn't in baseball. Huff will be assigned to a club that is badly in need of new material.

Moakley Will Stick to Cornell. Jack Moakley, coach of the Cornell university track and cross-country athletics, has signed a five-year contract with Cornell University Athletic association to continue in that capacity. Moakley went to Ithaca, N. Y., in 1899 and signed at that time, and has had remarkable success, having turned out 11 intercollegiate cross-country championship teams and four track teams that have won the intercollegiate track meet since 1905.

Puglist Gardner Retires. Oscar Gardner, the retired puglist, better known as "the Omaha Kid," has left Minneapolis and will locate in Vancouver, Wash. Gardner proposes to take an active part in athletics in Vancouver, and has already been offered a position as boxing instructor at the Columbus A. C.

STATE CAPITAL NEWS

Coal Probe Begins.

A State tax of five cents per ton upon anthracite coal. A conference of commissions appointed by the coal-producing States for the purpose of adjusting freight rates on coal and making uniform tax laws upon that commodity. Unification of the State fiscal year with the fiscal years of all the counties, the State's tax years and the State's administrative year. These were subjects discussed at an executive session of the Joint Legislative Committee to report upon a revision of the corporation and revenue laws of the Commonwealth. Senators William C. Sprout, of Delaware county, and William H. Keyser, of this city, and James F. Woodward, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, were present at the meetings, which were held in the Morris Building. Open meetings of the committee will commence in about two weeks. The probe into the various phases of the coal question will probably be the first to be made by the investigators.

Trustees Of New Hospital.

The Governor appointed the following to be trustees of the State Hospital of the Trevorton, Shamokin and Mt. Carmel coal fields of Pennsylvania, located near Shamokin, which is just being completed: William P. Kemble and Dr. Ralph W. Montella, Mount Carmel; Grant Herring, Robert W. Cummings, Rev. Robert O'Kyla and Judge Charles B. Witmer, Sunbury; Senator William C. McConnell and P. F. Brennan, Shamokin, and Frederick A. Godcharles, Milton.

Outing Police Force.

Mayor Royal has started a clean-up of the police force and thus far only four of the forty officers have been given assurance of retention. Eight new patrolmen were named and practically a whole new force will be on duty by the end of January. The new officers will go into office gradually. The new Mayor's policy for a clean town is beginning to bear fruit, and City Councils have shown a disposition to help him.

Medical Bureau Organizes.

The new State Bureau of Medical Licensure organized by electing Dr. John M. Baldy, of Philadelphia, as president and Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, as secretary. The new bureau will take over the duties of the State Medical Council and examining boards on January 1 and will meet here on January 22.

Warns Against Musty Nuts.

Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust is out with a warning against the musty Christmas nut. Two prosecutions have been ordered in western Pennsylvania for selling nuts unfit for food, and general inspections will be made in all counties to catch people who are violating the law.

44,300 Autos In the State.

Pennsylvania's registration of automobiles is going to run over 45,000 this year, according to the way the registration has been going on at the State Highway Department. So far 44,300 machines have been registered. The best previous record was 1909, with 34,351.

Names Examining Board.

The Governor announced the following as members of the board to examine applicants for the appointment of inspector of steam engines and steam boilers for the county of Allegheny: W. C. Fownes, Joseph Fawell, Edward Kuehland, Thomas M. Rees and George M. Bole, all of Pittsburgh.

First Candidate In the Field.

Charles A. Shaffer, member of the House from Columbia county, has filed his papers to be a Democratic candidate for the House in 1912. He is the first person to file a petition for a legislative nomination.

Philadelphia Charters Granted.