

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS:

Garrett, a young man of New York City, visits the Blackstock apartment, idly inspecting the half dozen hunting-prints that adorned the green burlap walls.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

He felt her eyes upon him, seriously and questioning, and frowned slightly, wishing he had held his tongue, though aware that he could not have, easily, the way he did.

"Why not tell me? I'm waiting, Garrett."

"Well, . . . it was difficult; an impudence; incredible, besides. But now that he had committed himself, he intended a resolve and plunged. "It was said that your engagement to this man Blackstock would be announced before long."

"That's right," he caught a long breath and, divided between fear and faith, sat waiting her.

The seconds of her silence upon him an hour of anguish.

"Katherine!"

She turned. "Yes."

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked involuntarily, and at once regretted it.

"What do you wish me to say?" Her tone was dull, as if she spoke mechanically, with a mind detached.

"Either affirm or deny. You owe me that, at least."

"Do it!" She seemed surprised.

"But what," she pursued, frowning, "does this man Blackstock—"

"You know I don't like him, Katherine. I can't."

"But I can and do, Garrett."

There was simplicity in that, almost confessional. His fears assailed him more imperiously.

"Then it's true? Don't tell me that!"

"What does Mr. Blackstock say?"

"I haven't interviewed him, of course. I seemed to understand—"

"Why?"

The only report he had at command was pitifully inadequate: "Because I love you."

"Is that any reason why Mr. Blackstock should not?"

"There are reasons why you shouldn't let your name be coupled with his."

"And they are—"

She put it crisply. His heart sank, foregoing defeat. He veered at a tangent, evasive. "You haven't answered me. Is there any truth in this rumor?"

"Not yet."

"You mean it may be true—later?"

"It's possible," she affirmed quietly.

"Mr. Blackstock has asked me to marry him; he hasn't as yet had my answer."

"Katherine!" You can't really care for him!"

"I'm trying to be sure, Garrett, before I tell him so—or you."

"But—but you mustn't! . . . The thing's impossible. You—"

"You'll tell me why?"

Her composure was sobering. He got himself more in hand; she was not to be moved by storming, he knew. Reason logic, an appeal to her intelligence: she would require these of him. Yet when put to it he could not bring himself to tell what he knew at the flash of her eyes. If very credibly, personal defects, lack of breeding, that she were all suitable objections. In the end the best he could do was to give an answer as evasive as possible, to frame a halting, insignificant, "He's not the sort."

"Garrett, that is unworthy of you." He said nothing, doggedly taking what comfort he might from the knowledge that he was right.

Gradually he comprehended that in the course of their conversation the car had left Fifth Avenue at the Plaza and was crossing Central Park at the Seventy-second Street entrance.

"We're near the gate," he said abruptly. "If you'll drop me there, please."

"Certainly. Tell Patrick."

Coast groped for the speaking tube and communicated with the driver. When he sat back he was conscious of the woman's softening regard.

"You're not angry, Katherine?"

"No, Garrett; but I'm very, very sorry."

"If I've seemed presumptuous—"

"To me, Garrett? Can you remember the time when we were not—"

"No. . . . I want you to understand that it wasn't altogether because I want you myself—need you, because I love you—as you know—have loved you for years. . . . It was jealousy of your happiness. I said nothing that I didn't believe."

"I know. But you were—mistaken. You'll come to understand."

"I don't want you to make a mistake. Wait, Katherine, wait a little before deciding. I'm sure of your heart; it won't misguide you."

"I believe not. I know my heart and mind."

"You know mine," he said gently, and no more.

"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuiy blandly.

That stabbed her; she winced, wondering why. But the personality of Douglas Blackstock stood forth so largely, limned in such vivid coloring, in the foreground of her consciousness, that there was left little room, even for old friends such as Garrett Coast.

A foot, Coast lingered at the door, keen eyes searching hers almost plaintively.

"I'll drop in for tea tomorrow, if you ask me, Katherine."

"Have you ever needed an invitation, Garrett?"

"Then I'll come."

He nodded to the driver and the car swept away.

Long after it had shot out of sight, he stood staring. Then discovering himself bareheaded, hat and stick in hand, an object of amused regard, with a curt laugh of confusion and awakened self-consciousness, he turned back through the park.



"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuiy blandly.

Resigning with little reluctance his place at the card table to Dundas, whose turn it was to cut in, Coast

lighted a cigarette and wandered round the dining-room of Blackstock's apartment, idly inspecting the half dozen hunting-prints that adorned the green burlap walls.

Unspeakingly bored, he went to the buffet, where he poured a very little Scotch into a tall glass, drowning it with icy charged water. He had refused to drink up to that moment, and was thirsty, but as he sat sipping and watching the players, Van Tuiy's un-natural pallor, moist hair and fixed smile affected him with a faint disgust, and he put the glass aside, not half-emptied. His brows knitted in his concern for the man, who had been drinking heavily and would pursue that madness until satisfied or sodden; no influence that Coast knew of would restrain him; he was an unmanageable as a wild horse, and as spirited.

Blander, graceful, high lord of Devilmay-Care, Van Tuiy sober was immitable, more loved than feared in spite of, perhaps because of, the wit he wielded like a whip-lash. Excesses fanned that brilliancy to a burning frenzy; at such times he knew no friends, and those who knew him avoided him; his wits, submerged, frothed with a satiric humor that etched as indelibly as an acid when he did not lay on with a bludgeon of vituperation. . . . A dangerous foil to Blackstock, Coast thought, comparing them, wondering that they were so much together. Contrasting them he thought: fire and tow, rapier and broadsword!

Blackstock was the broadsword of that comparison, heavy and cumbersome if capable. Without an effort he dominated the others, Van Tuiy always excepted; the sheer weight of Blackstock's personality forced them into the background. Little Dundas, with his deferential smile, delicately pink face and permanently rounded shoulders, seemed the veriest shadow of a man; Blackstock's shadow he had apparently constituted himself, Trux, round of face and blandly practical, if unquestionably independent,

was only less dwarfed by his host.

"A good bridge!"—Blackstock in the current slang; giving himself wholly to the game, playing to win, "ooling the tricks," Van Tuiy told him.

The comment brought a darkish smile to the man's face.

"What do you want me to do with 'em?" he growled semi-humorously, flipping a card from his hand and as swiftly making his play from dummy.

"Make you a present of 'em?" Play to that, now; come through with that ten-spot. He chuckled as he gathered in the trick and led the final card from dummy. "That'll teach you to double my original make, I guess. . . . Game and rubber, Dummy: six without, doubled, and a little slam. Got that down?"

"Yes," replied Dundas, grinning feebly as he jotted down the score.

"Tough luck, partner," Trux observed to Van Tuiy. "You couldn't help doubling on your hand, of course, and equally of course I had to be chicané in hearts."

"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuiy blandly, shuffling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

Religious with little reluctance his place at the card table to Dundas, whose turn it was to cut in, Coast

Religious Part in Health

It is the Interpreter of Sickness and Death, and of Health as Well.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about religion and health; there is a great deal of sense in reality connecting the two. There are a great many religious people who get sick and die. A great many irreligious people who do the same thing. It would be possible to get figures to prove anything you like in this connection. But they would not prove the truth. A clear mind, a pure heart and a cheerful spirit stand a better chance in the face of disease, than a muddy mind, a dirty heart and an ugly spirit. Health is a by-product, but a sure product of religion. But there are few of us who get religion enough to successfully combat our own foolishness in other directions. So we get sick and die. And there are many worse things than these in life. Religion is the interpreter of sickness and death, and health as well. Fearful things are those which are not understood. Religion explains sickness and death and we can adjust ourselves to these great blessings. Religion explains health and shows how it means opportunity and obligation; that is religion clarifies all experiences, we see them as they are, adjust them to each other and ourselves to all, and such an adjustment is not far from a condition of health. Religion will not set a broken leg, but will contribute very largely to its healing, through keeping the sources of healing pure. A clean heart produces a clean mind, a clean mind insures a clean body and a clean body is conducive to health.—Universal Leader

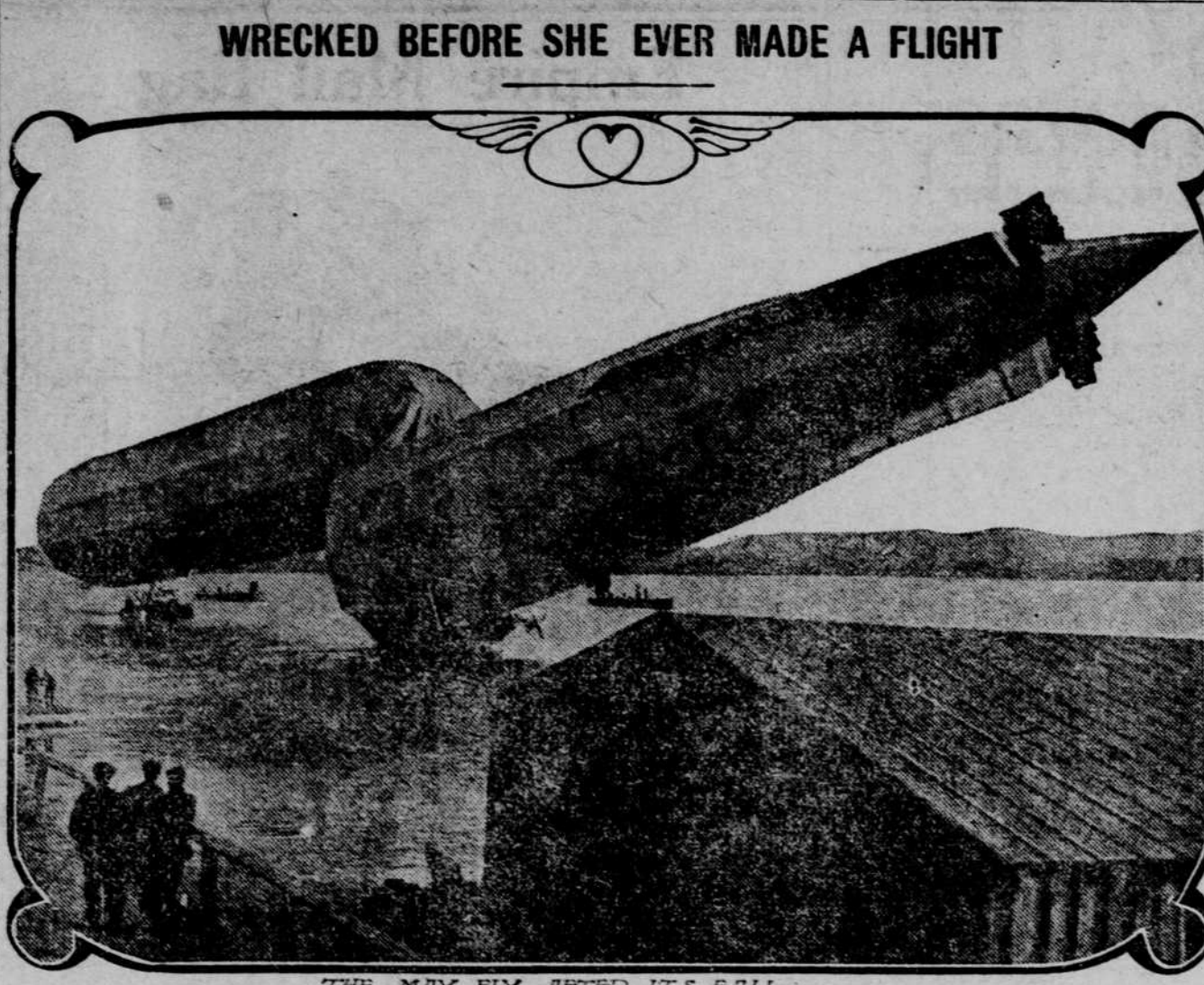
Different.

"Why, a year ago you told me this place was really worth \$15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than \$10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it for you."

Shoes of Snake Skin.

Shoes made of snake skin are worn by many ultra-fashionable English women this year.



THE MAY FLY AFTER ITS FALL

THE May Fly, a dirigible built for the British navy at a cost of about \$200,000, met with disaster recently when she was taken out of the shed for her first trial flight. Fortunately there was no loss of life, although the officers and men in charge of the vessel were for a time in an extremely perilous position, during which they behaved with great courage and coolness. Almost immediately after coming out of the shed the airship was caught by the wind, heeled over, and eventually broke her back. Her fate will probably cause the abandonment of lighter-than-air craft in favor of the heavier-than-air biplane or monoplane.

ASK NEW CALENDAR

British Statesman Would Rearrange Months of Year.

Every Month Would Begin on Sunday—New Year Day and Leap Year Separate—Many Other Novel Features in Scheme.

London.—Sir Henry Dalziel, leader of the ultra-radicals in the house of commons, the father of the bill which aims at giving Scotland local self-government had just had prepared a bill to alter the calendar. This bill, known as the fixed calendar bill, contains some novel features. As the memorandum which accompanies it explains, the bill proposes to substitute for the present irregular calendar a fixed calendar having regular periods, of which the week is the common measure.

In this, as in other features, it differs from the calendar reform bill, introduced in the house of commons in 1909, but which never got beyond the second reading stage.

That bill sought to make the months as uniform in length as possible, but as a difference in this respect is unavoidable in a year with 12 months, it is thought better to increase that difference so as to allow of the week being a common measure of all months. This arrangement makes it possible for each month to begin on a Sunday and end on a Saturday.

A table giving the proposed fixed calendar shows that the months of January, February, April, May, July, August, October and November would each consist of 28 days, while the remaining months of March, June, September and December would each have 35 days. "New Year day" is set apart for "Leap day," which is to be intercalated between the last day

of June and the first day of July, as reconstituted by the bill.

A clause in the bill provides that the New Year day and Leap day shall not be accounted days of the week, and shall not, except where specially mentioned or provided for, be held to be included in any computation of days, but shall otherwise be public bank holidays. The conditions of labor on these days, and the remuneration therefor, under the bill, would conform as far as possible to what prevails on Sundays. A fixed date, April 15, is selected for Easter day.

Finally, the bill, if passed by parliament, will not become operative until the government decides that sufficient international concurrence has been secured.

CAT SLEEPS ON \$16,000 RUG

Lives All Night in Waldorf-Astoria Safe, Which is Supposed to Be Airtight and Burglar Proof.

New York.—When Frank Allstrom, treasurer of the Waldorf-Astoria, opened the inner doors of the big safe in his private office he was greeted by a stray black cat which jumped from a vault containing \$16,000 in fresh, crisp bank notes.

Mr. Allstrom could not explain how the tramp cat happened to be in the safe. Although the massive steel vault is airtight and burglar proof, the cat seemed none the worse for its sixteen hours of imprisonment.

"After unlocking the safe," Mr. Allstrom said, "I reached into the vault where I had placed the bank notes. I was never more surprised in my life than when the big, black cat yawned and looked at me as though to ask, 'Is my breakfast ready?'"

"We have been unable to ascertain how the cat gained access to the safe, as the inner doors are at all times kept locked. None of my assistants can recall seeing the cat in the office before we closed the safe on Tuesday afternoon."

NEWEST THING IN COOKING

From Paris Comes an Innovation Which Will Eliminate the Clinks to Menu of Host.

Chicago.—And now it is odorous cookery.

Straight from Paris, and also from a master chef of that epicurean metropolis, has come the latest item of civilization makes its progress, and a bevy of Chicago matrons, young women who have "come out" and others soon to do the same crowded the instruction rooms of the Chicago School of Domestic Arts and Sciences to learn of the newest thing in cookery.

For no longer are palates to be tickled and mouths to water on Thanksgiving morning at the fragrance of roasting turkey, and the higher cost of turkey will not necessarily be responsible.

No longer are the breezes to waft more of frying onion and boiling cabbage from your neighbor's kitchen to your living rooms than that neighbor gets when his dinner is served.

And never more will houses become saturated with stale reminiscences of the failures and mistakes of cooks who might have been more accomplished in their vocation.

Investment in a few paper bags is all that is necessary for the new style of cookery. It is almost utensil-less, as well as odorless, and the hours and energy employed in scraping pots and pans hereafter will be saved.

The greater part of an elaborate dinner was placed in a single compartment of one oven by cookery students of the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences this morning. And when onions, trout, bacon, baked apples, potatoes, stuffed tomatoes and several other edibles were cooking steadily at the same time, a nose held so close to the oven as to be in danger of scorching could not detect any odor whatever.

With each bag is given a cardboard flapper or "saver." Many boys are now engaged in clearing the flies from their own homes and those of their neighbors, and the sport is proving a source of huge delight to them.

Sir Charles Cameron, the medical officer of health, said that he had cleared his own house of flies by formalin, a weak solution which attracts and destroys the pests.

"His condition is so wonderfully improved that he could not be hired to give up Postum and go back to tea. His nerves have become steady and reliable once more, and his sleep is easy, natural and refreshing.

He owes all this to Postum, for he has taken no medicine and made no other change in his diet.

"His brother, who was very nervous from coffee-drinking, was persuaded by us to give up the coffee and use Postum and he also has recovered his health and strength." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new way to keep flies from your house. They are gone, gone, gone, and full of human respect.

RARE GRAPES GROW IN PARIS

Miniature Vineyards in French Capital Have Old Vines Which Yield Well—One of Best Known.

Paris.—Though it does not, of course, take very great proportions, Paris has an annual vintage season which cannot be entirely ignored. Many gardens of the French capital shelter fine vines, and some of these have quite a reputation.

One of the best known of the city's miniature vineyards is that of the chamber of deputies. This was created in the reign of King Louis Philippe, when vines were planted in the Augustenue and Montesquieu courtyards of the Palais Bourbon. This year's harvest promises to be a particularly good one.

The past few days have seen the gathering of the grapes in many other parts of the city. The church of Saint-Louis-en-l'Île has a very productive vineyard, and there is also a good yearly harvest in a garden close to the Sacre-Coeur.

ARE YOU FREE FROM—

Headaches, Colds, Indigestion, Pains, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Dizziness? If you are not, the most effective, prompt and pleasant method of getting rid of them is to take, now and then, a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing and truly beneficial laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. It is well known throughout the world as the best of family laxative remedies, because it acts so gently and strengthens naturally without irritating the system in any way.

To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., bearing the name of the Company, plainly printed on the front of every package.

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