

NEVER COUNTED THE GIRLS

Princess's Answer to Question Typical of Life in the Countries of the Orient.

The big punkah stopped and flagged between the columns, as we sat and talked. Mem Sahib, who was born in the Caucasus amid Georgian and Circassian dignitaries, and so had a happy way with Oriental princess, took us all back by suddenly asking the good girl how many brothers he had. His highness looked at her with a queer little smile, half tolerant, half amused, and began, with great show of seriousness, to count them on his fingers, first of the right hand, then of the left; after going once or twice round, he halted, started again, then stopped and said:

"I am afraid I must ask my secretary."

The secretary replied, with dignity: "Your highness had a hundred and nineteen brothers!"

Mem-Sahib, not whit abashed, then asked this good Oriental nobleman concerning his sisters.

He smiled very charmingly, saying: "I am afraid I do not know; we never counted them!"—Charles Johnston to the Atlantic Monthly.

Beware Cheap Bills.

An examination of paper currency by Warren H. Hilditch of Yale showed an average of one hundred and forty-two thousand bacteria to the bill. Twenty-two bills were examined, and while some were relatively clean, carrying only a trifle of fourteen thousand living things, others swarmed to the figure of five hundred and eighty-three thousand. And, strange to say, the bacteria did not seem to swarm to the \$1,000 bills in preference to the \$1 bills.

This shows that it is far healthier to carry \$1,000 bills about than it is to tote \$1 bills. Here is a valuable financial hint.

India's Garrison.
India is garrisoned by 319,000 men, whose duty is to protect a territory of 1,772,690 square miles.

Ancients Used Lightning Rods.
As early as 400 B. C. the ancients had observed that iron rods had the power to avert lightning.

Dr. Pierre's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Irrigation projects are receiving the serious attention of the government of Brazil.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar, 5c.

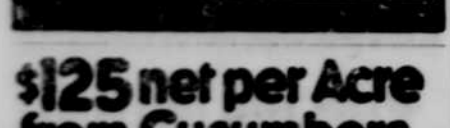
Cold cash makes an excellent hot weather comfort.

ARE YOU WORRIED

about the unhealthy condition of your stomach, liver and bowels? If so, you only make matters worse. Just get a bottle of

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters
today and watch results. Your stomach will be toned and strengthened, your liver become active and bowels regular. Then good health is yours. A trial will convince you.

\$125 net per Acre from Cucumbers



Mr. R. D. Hudson, on his farm in Neches County in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, averages \$125.00 an acre net profit on his cucumbers. He planted them in February and marketed them in March.

Think of it—enough profit in two months to more than pay for the land, and 10 months left in which to grow two other crops. Two and three crops a year is not unusual in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana for they have twelve months of growing weather.

Making money down there is not difficult. Any man with ordinary intelligence can make good in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. Thousands of men have left the stores, offices and factories of the north to go down there to lead an independent, self-sufficient life. They enjoy being their own boss and getting up their own bank account feels good to them.

Better look into this

Investigate! Go down there this fall or winter. See and talk to those growers. Then you will realize the big opportunities open to you. The trip by the Frisco will alone be worth the little cost of going. Excursion fares via the Frisco, the fast and sure Texas and Louisiana route, make the trip inexpensive.

3 Splendid Books FREE

Our new Frisco country of Texas, one on the new irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley and one on Louisiana, all beautifully illustrated, showing scenes in actual colors. They describe the country and crops from one end to the other, giving examples of success and personal statements by men who have been there and made good. Write for your free copies today, while you think of it.

A. HILTON, General Passenger Agent, 537 Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

PISO'S
will immediately relieve COUGHS & COLDS

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 car party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Traxler. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friend's ship. At the party Coast meets two named Bannas 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, Bannas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Traxler and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Cleaning my pipe. Go on and sleep; your time's not up yet."

"What's o'clock?" Appleyard mumbled something incoherent as he stepped out on deck; and Coast turned over and slept again.

It seemed hours later when he found himself abruptly wide awake, in a tremor of panic anxiety bred of a fancy that a human voice had cried out in mortal terror, somewhere within his hearing. He started up, informed by that sixth sense we call intuition that conditions abroad the Echo had changed radically since the last time he had fallen asleep; and it seemed no more than a second from the moment his eyes opened until he found himself in the cockpit, gazing dazedly into the inscrutable heart of the fog.

At first, in his confusion, he could see nothing amiss. The Echo was riding on a quiet tide and an even keel, with scarcely any perceptible motion. The encompassing darkness was intense, unfathomable, profound; only the forward light showed a dim halo of yellow opalescence near the mast-head, and the faint glow from the cabin lamp quivered on slowly swirling convolutions of dense white vapor, like smoke. The port and starboard lights had been extinguished, as they should be when a vessel comes to anchor.

What, then had interrupted his slumbers? He turned with a question shaping on his lips. Appleyard was nowhere visible.

Coast required some minutes before he was convinced of the fact of the little man's disappearance. But the cabin proved as empty as the cockpit, and the tender was gone.

The cabin chronometer chimed the hour of four in the morning.

As the echoes died, as though they had evoked the genius of that place, a strange and dreadful cry rent the silence, sounding shrill across the waters, yet as if coming from a great distance.

CHAPTER VII.

Some moments elapsed, Coast's every nerve and sense upon the rack. Though he heard it no more, still that cry rang in his head, and he could but wait, smitten dumb and motionless, feeling his chilled flesh crawl, enthralled by fearsome shapes conjured up by an imagination striving vainly to account for what had happened—wait (it seemed) interminably; for what he hardly knew or guessed, unless it were for a repetition or some explanation of that inexplicable cry.

He received neither. His straining faculties detected none but familiar noises. Insensibly he grew more calm. So silent was the grow, seemingly so saturated with the spirit of brooding pence, that he was tempted to believe he had dreamed that first shriek, to which he had wakened, and that the second was but an echo of it in his brain: some hideous trick of nerves, a sort of waking hallucination, to be explained only on psychological grounds.

And yet Appleyard? What of him? Was there any connection to be traced between his mysterious disappearance from the Echo and that weird, unearthly scream? Was there really land near, and had the little man found it only to become the victim of some frightful, nameless peril? Could that have been his voice, calling for help . . . ? And in what dread extremity . . . ?

There was nothing he could do, no way to reach the man. The tender was gone, the shore invisible—and who should say how far distant? Otherwise he would not have hesitated to swim for it.

Presently it occurred to him to wonder where the Echo lay—off what land. Appleyard's responses to his inquiries, several hours back, returned to memory. The name, No Man's Land, intruded. He interrupted his vigil to investigate such sources of information as he had at hand.

In the cabin again, with the lamp turned high, he dragged out a chart—number 112 of the admirable series published by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, delimiting with wonderful accuracy the hydrography of Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, together with the topography of the littoral and islands. With pencil it was easy to trace the Echo's course from New Bedford harbor through Quick's Hole; a little to the east of which, say of Robinson's Hole, the fog had overtaken them. To the south and east of that point lay Martha's Vineyard, for all the world like a truncated fowl in profile. And there—yes, due south of Gay Head—was No Man's Land, its contour much that of an infant's shoe, the heel digging into the Atlantic. Comparison with the scale demonstrated it to be roughly a mile and five-eighths long by a mile wide—extreme measurements. Coast stared at it with renewed interest, for the first time convinced of

the existence of a spot so oddly named. A number of black dots along its northern shore seemed to indicate buildings—but Appleyard had distinctly said "uninhabited."

Coast turned out the lamp and went back to the deck. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to do.

He gazed. Then out of the confusion of his temper, in which ennuil stalked in singular companionship with perturbation, he chanced upon an odd end of thought, one of those stray bits of information, mostly culled from desultory reading, that clutter the back of every man's brain.

He happened to remember hearing, some time, some where, that fog rarely clings to the surface of moving water; that, by putting one's vision upon a plane almost horizontal with the water, it is ordinarily possible to see for some distance roundabout.

"There may be something in it . . . No harm to try."

Fortwith he scrambled out upon the stern, from which, after some intricate maneuvering and by dint of considerable physical ingenuity, he managed to suspend himself, at peril of a ducking, with his head near the water.



"Good God!" He cried aloud. "What—"

He was promptly justified of his pains; the theory proved itself—in that one instance at least; between the slowly undulant floor, glassy and colorless, and the ragged fringe of the mist curtain, he discovered a definite space.

Directly astern and, roughly, some forty feet away, a shelving stretch of pebbly beach, softly lapped by low-voiced ripples, shut in the view. The Echo's tender, drawn up beyond the water's edge, bisected it.

"Good," said Coast, abstracted, recovering from his constrained position. Curiosity gripped him strongly, caution contending vainly; he knew quite well that he would never bide content until he had probed for the cause and source and solved the mystery of that wild cry in the night just gone.

Moreover, he felt in a measure responsible for Appleyard. Surely there must be some strange reason for his protracted absence.

Abandoning himself, deaf to the counsels of prudence, Coast rose and stripped off his clothing. He let himself gently into the water (feeling to dive because he did not know its depth) and found it warmer than the air. He struck out cautiously, using the slow, old-fashioned but silent breast stroke. In two minutes, however, he was wading up to the beach.

There was no sign of Appleyard; only the tender. Upon that store-strewn shore the feet of the runaway had left no trail. Though Coast cast about in a wide radius, he found no sign of the missing man. The pebbles scratched and bruised his unprotected feet, and he began to shiver with cold. He gave it up, presently.

Tragedy of a Tomato Vine

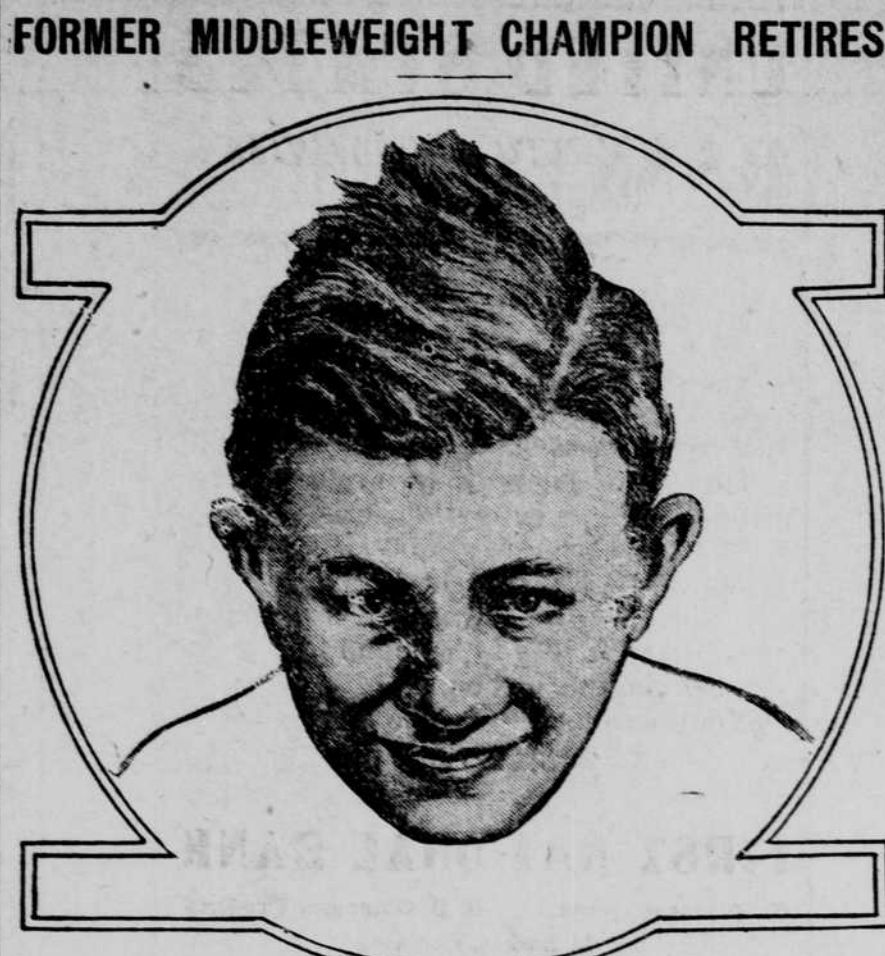
Practical Person Makes Discovery After Neighbors Had Given Voice to Their Wonderment.

Now both the amateur agriculturist flourish and wax proud at his Luthur Burbank achievements, says the Brooklyn Eagle. One such nursed a lone tomato plant from delicate and sickly infancy to robust maturity. With all a mother's tender care he ministered to that plant. He watered it, brushed the dust off it, plectured it, encouraging it to better things. Then one day a member of the family rushed into the house with glad tidings. There was a real tomato on the vine.

What an assemblage there was about that plant! The block was depopulated temporarily. Amateur agriculturists climbed on each other's necks to view the wonder. The head of the house inspected it through a magnifying glass. His spouse clasped her hands and exclaimed: "At last we shall have our own salad from our own vine." Even the watchman from a row of empty houses nearby was called to look, and he remarked solemnly that he "never saw such a large tomato on such a small vine."

Then came along one of those horribly practical persons, who said it couldn't be, and had to have a closer look. He spotted it all by his discovery that the tomato had been tied on with a string, and if you want to know who tied it on ask the woman who lives next door.

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 Is 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 a vindication of America's most strenuous sport.

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 table given below explains itself:

1911.

Killed	9
Injured	177
Fractured legs and ankles	22
Sprained ankles	19
Kicked on head	18
Fractured shoulders	17
Major dislocations	7
Fractured ribs	7
Broken noses	6
Broken hands and wrists	6
Facial injuries and cuts on head	6
Spinal injuries	5
Fractured collar bones	4
Broken arms	4
Broken jaws	4
Internal injuries	3
Fractured skulls	2
Fractured hips	1
Minor sprains, wrenches and muscle bruises	23

Eleven-Year Record.

Year	Killed	Injured
1901	7	24
1902	7	106
1903	7	43
1904	14	276
1905	24	209
1906	14	169
1907	15	198
1908	11	394
1909	19	218
1910	22	499
1911	9	177

Out on Three Fools.

These daffydills are from "Learning the Game," the vaudeville 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 try Cobb?
Well, Connie cannot, but he can make Innes.

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 with the exception of the thirty-five who will be held for the season, will be disposed of before the opening game next year.

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 his breeding farm in Kentucky and the one abroad, Mr. Keene will not be known to the turf. Poor health is given as the reason for his retirement.

Pugilist Gardner Retires.

Oscar Gardner, the retired pugilist, 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.

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-



Charles Chech, leas Association Baseball club, has been sold to the Los Angeles club of the Pacific league.

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 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.

NOTES of SPORIDOM

New York cyclists are practicing for the Olympic games. A mighty good thing not to watch is 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 which we get our veal, the calf, is the great college benefactor. Don't know where this 'pig tale' started."