

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coats, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coats fails to confess to Blackstock that he is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coats meets two men, Haddon and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coats struggles to avert the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coats is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Douglas tells Blackstock that he is the murderer and kills himself. Coats escapes from jail, Blackstock marries Katherine Thaxter and she, Coats purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from the side of a cliff. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land, Coats starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead upon going further and approaches a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, had bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coats reveals to her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coats sees Blackstock and some fishermen on the island, supposing they are criminals. Coats is anxious to follow the mystery of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black had a good reason for a slay of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coats, under the guise of Blackstock's disguise, Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coats that she is safe. Coats is amazed to see Blackstock and Appleyard and the Elys disappear. Coats assures Katherine of his protection.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

She shut the door and saw Coats. In an instant her face was bloodless; only her gaze leapt to his eyes like a leveled flame. Her hands moved suddenly toward her bosom, hesitated half-way, and fell slowly, fluttering. She sighed profoundly. Then abruptly she recognized that she was frightened for her and in another moment would hurry to her side heedless of consequence, she resumed command of herself with an astonishing effort of will; the small hands tightened at her sides, she lifted her head, closed her lips tight, and stood momentarily at attention, listening to some noise beyond the door.

The silent moment ended in the crashing of the wireless. At the report, as if released from a spell, the woman moved quickly over to the door. Her hand closed imperatively round Coats's forearm.

From colorless lips her voice came low but clear.

"Listen, Garrett—don't interrupt. . . . Something has happened; we are to leave the island tonight! . . . Hush—don't speak; his hearing is abnormally sharp; when he stops listening. . . . He has just told me. A boat will come for us. He didn't say when—after dinner, sometime, I gathered. He has just told me to pack up a few necessities."

The noise of the wireless ceased, and she stopped speaking in the same breath. Immediately, in the hush, they heard the slight rustle of the switch thrown out to divert the current from the sending apparatus to the detector.

"He's fighting for the answer, now," Coats ventured in a guarded tone.

"Hush!" she told him sharply, whispering. "Wait!"

She inclined her head, sedulously on guard, and for a while seemed to hold her breath. The hand upon his arm was trembling violently; he put his own palm over it with a strong and reassuring pressure.

"Steady, dear!" he murmured.

"Don't be afraid. . . . She shook her head with a futile effort to smile bravely. "Only be quiet," she begged.

A minute passed, and another, and the dull drone of the dynamo and the steady humming of the gasoline motor.

Then again the spark began to talk—crack-crack-crack-crash!—and said once more it was safe to speak.

"It warned me strictly to say nothing of this either to you or to the servants, but told me to go and call both you and Chang—that he wanted you at once."

"No explanation?"

"None," he seemed to think it superfluous to say.

Coats's fears conjured up a subservient Appleyard's plans. Somehow, perhaps, the little man had failed to regain Quik's Hole in time to prevent the escape of either the Corsair or her crew. In such case the latter would seek the quickest mode of communication with No Man's Land.

But speculation was just then outside Coats's concerns. His first, his whole only duty was to Katherine.

"Don't worry," he begged her in a hurried whisper; "we'll find some way out. Appleyard won't fail us—and if he should I'll manage to steal that boat and get you off. Either that way or another. . . . Now go, while I see what he wants of me. I'll say I met you on the way. Go quickly—we've delayed long enough. . . . heart of my heart!"

This last was in an undertone as the woman, taking flight because of a brusque cessation of the wireless racket, damaged her hand, and with the brightest glance by way of adieu, hurried toward the farm house.

Alone, he gazed for a little while at the left hand, striving to collect and train his faculties against this unanticipated turn of events. Thoroughly mystified, disturbed and depressed, he drifted into a deep and sombre reverie which might well have endured beyond his knowledge had not the stationary motor chosen an early moment to choke up with a series of guttural snorts and stop dead. The unlooked-for suspension of its contented working song left a distinctly audible void in the stillness, in which the key of the driving dynamo ran down the scale to a sour whine ere it ceased altogether. Roused by this, Coats pulled himself together and hurried round the building, listening with shameless eavesdropping to the storm of an-



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The English Antarctic Explorer Had Trying Experiences.

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Special Cable to The New York Times. Akaroa, New Zealand, Tuesday, April 2.—Lieut. Pennell, commander of the Terra Nova, of the British antarctic expedition of 1910, which arrived here yesterday, brought with him a long and intensely interesting account of the work and experiences of the expedition up to January third last, written expressly for the New York Times by Capt. Robert F. Scott, the leader of the expedition. Capt. Scott's story is as follows:

By Robert F. Scott. Macmurdo Sound, Oct. 30, 1911.—Shortly after the departure of the Depot-Laying party from Cape Evans on January 25, 1911, the sea ice broke at South Cape and severed communications with the ship. The Depot party consisting of 12 men, eight



Intrepid British explorer who headed an expedition in search of the south pole.

ponies and two dog teams occupied till January 30 in establishing a base camp at the Barrier seven miles east-southeast of Hut Point. On February 8th, we proceeded south, marching by night and resting by day. The weather was exceptionally bad but the surface improved. The three weakest ponies were sent back, but these unfortunately were caught in another bad blizzard and two succumbed. With the remaining ponies and the dogs we reached latitude 70° degrees on the 16th, when I decided owing to the condition of the weather and the animals to make a depot here and return. We left more than a ton of stores at this point which we named One Ton Camp and which should be a great help to us this season. We then returned to our Base Camp with dog teams.

At Base camp I found every single pony well and visiting Hut Point I received news of the Terra Nova and Fram. On February 24, with men on skis, and a single pony, I started to take more stores to Corner camp. On the outward journey we passed returning points going well. Returning from Corner camp, I was held up by a blizzard on the 27th but reached Base camp on the 28th. I found the storm had been phenomenal at this place, raging for three days and causing enormous accumulation of snow drifts. Shifts of wind had baffled all efforts to shelter the ponies with snow

Church Trustee—Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit? New Rector—Entirely. There was never any cash connected with it.—Judge.

Friend—Now, as I understand it you and I, instead of having unequal wealth, ought to have just the same amount. Socialist—Yes—er—that is—how much have you got?—Judge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tommy—Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something we are always sure will overtake others.—Philadelphia Record.

Damocles saw the suspended sword. "I'm all right, unless woman has just washed her hair and can't do a thing with it," he cried.—Harper's Bazar.

Kink—"I see they have a stepless trolley in New York." Dink—"Nuthin' new about that. We've had those cars here for years."

Nor would it be at all surprising if the ever-increasing popularity of the oyster is due to its proclivities for silence.

walls and the animals had suffered very badly, so I decided to retire to Hut Point without delay.

A Close Call.

There at 2 a. m., on March 1, the tired condition of the ponies obliged the party to camp at 4.30. Bowers, awakened by a noise, found the ice broken all around the camp, and moving with the heavy swell. One pony had disappeared from the picketing line and was not seen again. Hastily packing their sledges, the party decided to try and work southwest over the packed ice. With infinite difficulty the sledges were dragged, the ponies jumping from floe to floe to clear the Sound of ordinary traffic, and even today, up to some time after noon at least, there'd be a fairly rugged sea running to keep smaller craft at home.

"Oh, you think so, eh?" commented Blackstock with an accent of irony that made Coats straighten up and look over his shoulder. But the man was not even facing him, and he could gather little from his expression. "That's all very well," he continued, "but it happens I advised Voorhis of their fix last night, and he sent a tug down from Vineyard Haven this morning. The tug reports no sign of the Corsair. Now what d'you know about that?"

"It's not easy to explain," said Coats in perhaps too placid a tone. It was difficult to subtract from his voice the exultation he felt. So Appleyard had been successful, after all! That was a motley of news to cheer his heart wonderfully. He ventured an obvious

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Behind a land ridge on the slopes of Mount Terror, the party spent three days building a stone hut on which they roofed with canvas from this camp. The men had great difficulty in crossing the huge barrier pressure ridges in the dim noon twilight to reach the rookery. They were successful at a second attempt. They found comparatively few birds at the rookery, but these had begun to lay even at this early date. Fortunately some eggs at different stages of development were secured which should give considerable information concerning the embryology of this interesting bird. The same night a violent gale commenced and the ridge proved inadequate shelter for the hurricane gusts which whirled down on the hut. A tent and other carefully secured articles were blown away, and after straining for 14 hours the roof of the hut flew to ribbons. For 20 hours more the travelers were bedded in their frozen sleeping beds half buried beneath snow and rock debris.

The state of their equipment now forced them to turn homeward, on the return journey they were held for two days by another storm after which the temperature fell and remained below minus 60 degrees. The party returned after five days absence in an exhausted state.

First Antarctic Telephone Line. At the end of the month telephone communication was established with

Her Daughter Her Teacher. Catterson—Notice how Carstairs' wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from her daughter.—Life.

Would Take No Chances. Lawyer (to the judge)—Would it be contempt of court to call your honor a crook and a thief? Judge—It certainly would be. Lawyer—Then I won't take the chance, your honor.—Satire.

"He seems to have the happy faculty of never attracting any attention to himself." "So he has. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he got to be vice-president of this country some day."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Most of the troubles with which folk are worried are the result of excessively active imaginations. You can tell by the high pitched voice of a grass widow that she is not in the heyday of life.

Hut Point through 15 miles of bare wire. This telephone has already proved extremely useful for reporting the movement of parties, pending changes of weather.

Start Delayed to Cave Ponies.

All plans and preparations for the southern journey are now complete and despite the accident of last season we have great hope of success. The necessity of getting the utmost out of our remaining ponies has decided me not to expose them to great cold. We shall therefore start later than ordinarily intended.

November 24, latitude 81.15 S.—We left Hut Point on the eve of November 23, having decided to march by night and rest during the day to give the ponies the benefit of warm day temperatures. We reached Corner Camp this morning. Traveling south for 60 miles we followed the tracks of the motors, then we found the machines abandoned. The party had proceeded onward as directed, were delayed by a blizzard on the eighth, but reached One Ton Camp on the morning of the 16th. The dog teams had caught us up some days earlier and the whole party proceeded in company. A days rest was given the animals at One Ton Camp which we left on the 17th. Having regard to the weight of the loads, the heavy surfaces and limited number of animals, I decided to march 15 miles only every night this distance has been maintained on bright nights and so far as we can foresee, it should be continued.

The ponies are going very steadily and keeping in condition remarkably well. The first pony has been shot for expediency but could have travelled further. The animals have ten pounds of oats and three pounds of oil cake daily. We are hopeful of getting the men's food supply to the glacier, according to program, without great difficulty but shall be a day or two later than anticipated. We found the motor party waiting at latitude 80 1/2. Two of their number now leave us. The sole cause of the abandonment of the motors was the overheating of the air cooled engines.

December 10, latitude 83 degrees 15 minutes.—After the return of the motor party from latitude 81 degrees 15 minutes we pushed steadily south hopeful for better weather conditions. A second pony was destroyed at latitude 82 degrees 10 minutes. A third at latitude 82 degrees 45 minutes and two more near the 83rd parallel. None of these animals were exhausted but were sacrificed on account of lightning loads and as food for dogs.

As we approached the weather grew worse, snow storms were frequent, the sky continually overcast and land very rarely visible.

Close to the Pole.

January 3, 1912, latitude 87.32, height 9,800 feet. After leaving the upper glacier depot, south of Mount Darwin, I steered southwest two days. This did not keep us clear of pressure ridges and crevasses which occurred frequently at first and gave us trouble, but we rose rapidly in altitude. Probably the difficult places were more snow-covered than further eastward. The adopting of this course was mainly felt on the third and fourth days when owing to our altitude we got a splendid view of the distribution of the land masses fringing the ice sheet and the arm of ice falls. Since leaving the depot our marches have averaged over fifteen statute miles a day. On Christmas day we were close up to the 86th parallel and the prospect of Christmas fare gave us an excellent march—seventeen miles—but the effect was not so happy the following day. The surface grew more difficult as we approached the 87th parallel. On New Year's eve, in latitude 86 degrees, 56 minutes, we departed there a unit of provisions and rebuilt our sledges with new short runners, which remarkable piece of work was performed by the seamen of the party under adverse conditions. Although it cost us nearly a day's march, the change amply repaid us. We have been able to keep up our average and we are now within 150 miles of the pole.

Five Going On to the Pole.

I am going forward with a party of five men sending three back under Lieutenant Evans with this note. The advance party goes forward with a month's provisions and the prospects of success good, providing the weather holds and no unforeseen obstacles arise. It has been very difficult to choose the advance party, as everyone was fit and able to go forward. Those who returned are naturally much disappointed. Everyone has worked his hardest. The weather on the plateau has been good on the whole. The sun has never deserted us, but the temperatures are low now, about minus 20 degrees, and the wind pretty constant. However, we are excellently equipped for such conditions and the wind undoubtedly improves the surface—so far all arrangements have worked out most satisfactorily. It is more than probable that no further news will be received from us this year as our return must necessarily be late.

ROBERT F. SCOTT.

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Scolding Wife is Berated

Physician Declares Something is the Matter Inside of Her and Advises an Operation.

At a medical convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, Dr. C. W. Moots bore down with heavy hand amid much applause upon the hatch-faced individual commonly known as the scolding wife. He said:

"Every time I see one of these women coming into my office, with sharp face and flat chest and inflexible muscles, I am in doubt whether to feel sorer for the patient or for myself. There is something the matter; they ought to be operated upon."

Spoken like a true medico, who finds a physiological basis for every ailment!

There are thousands of women in the world who do not look particularly good to the other fellows, and it is just as well that they should not. Wise nature knew what she was about when she threw the glamour of illusion over one man, so that he should think there was none other than the single paragon among her many sisters. And when he married her, she was that. Happy is he if the alchemy of love still invests her with charms forever gone. And if she has been a true and faithful wife, God help him if he has forgotten the bliss of the honeymoon and the day when he stood by her side with the promise on his lips to cherish and protect 'untill death do us part!"

unhappiness following a night of dissipation has had added grave reason for mental disquiet. . . . As the younger man drew near Blackstock stopped short, facing the door with a lowering look. "Who's that?" he demanded sharply, with a nervous gesture plucking the unlighted cigar from between his teeth. "You, Haddyside?" Coats entered. "Mrs. Black said you wished to see me. . . . I would to God I could!" Blackstock cried wrathfully, dashing the cigar upon the floor. He lifted his clenched hands and shook them above his head, while his features twitched. Abruptly he dropped them. "Here," he said curtly, "what d'you know about stationary motors? Everything, I suppose."

"Not quite," returned Coats peacefully. "Then what the devil are you doing here?" "I'm supposed to be a wireless operator."

"Oh, yare, eh?" "Not a skilled mechanic." Coats continued evenly. "Still, I know a little something about motors. Anything I can do?"

"You can take a look at that damned engine, if you don't mind. It faltered dead just now. It hasn't had any attention since Power quit and left the tin in the lurch, hang him! I don't know whether it's oil or gas or water it needs. Perhaps you do."

"I'll see," said Coats. With an impatient grunt Blackstock resumed his walk, guiding himself in and out amongst the furniture and machinery cluttering the room with his habitual but still extraordinary ease. The sound of Blackstock's footsteps ceased behind him while he was bending over the machine, and he was conscious of the uneasy sensation of being watched—which, of course, was absurd, the man's affliction brought to mind. "Well . . ." "Haven't located it yet," said Coats, though this was not strictly true, he could already hazard a shrewd guess.

The First Thing to Serike Him. Mrs. Perkins—Josh, now that you've seen the great sights in New York City, what's the first thing that'd naturally strike a visitor from up-state? Mr. Perkins—One o' them speedin' automobiles.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Needed All He Could Get. Mr. Flubdub—You women are mighty slow. During the time it took you to select that hat, I went out and made two hundred dollars. Mrs. Flubdub—I'm so glad, dear. You'll need it.—Puck.

The Hostess—I should have a perfect horror of dying unmarried. The Caller—It's harmless to live that way that worries me!—London Opinion.

"Say, Pat, an' wholly do they call lease a train of events?" "Sure, Moike, I'm ashamed of ye. An' did ye never hear 'tis made of births and exits?"

Now that the weather has broken for the better what will the average person find to talk about?