

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Garret Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, a millionaire, in 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 Tui. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock sends Van Tui dead. Coast struggles to wrest the woman 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 Blackstock is freed. Coast comes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter 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. Coast starts out to explore the island, but he comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house, he finds a woman, who is Katherine Thaxter. She explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a woman operator runs a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tui. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who sends him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the coast since Coast is anxious to follow the mystery of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a side of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the fair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life nor her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear. Coast assures Katherine of his protection, and she informs him that they are to abandon the island immediately. The Echo is destroyed, and his only servant, the Chinese, who after Appleyard's capture and is not by Katherine, wishing to desert, is discovered. Coast, but before they can reach it the cooie ditions the craft. Black appears and tauntingly states that he no longer is blind. He is overpowered, and Coast and Katherine fly from the spot, and go to a remote part of the island, and signal a boat which they see in the distance. Appleyard and the Echo appear. Blackstock's cooie rushing to the boat, claiming he is dying.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

With this assurance Appleyard rose, catching the Echo's side, as Coast shipped his oars and the dory glided smoothly alongside the larger vessel. "Steady on!" he said. "Coast, you first, and give a hand to Mrs. Blackstock. Now, you"—to Blackstock, when Coast had helped Katherine into the cockpit—"and step lively! Your companions in crime are a bit too close for comfort. . . . Coast, I'd suggest that Mrs. Blackstock step below until we get under way; there's apt to be a bit of shooting, I'm afraid. If we don't look sharp."

Katherine sought Coast's eyes; he nodded a grave affirmation into hers. "Only a few moments," he said, offering her his hand. Without a word she accepted it and let herself down into the dark interior of the cabin.

"Now, Coast, the anchor—lively!" Coast, startled and up, hastily Blackstock was in his way, standing in the corner of the cockpit between the cabin-trunk and the coaming, while Appleyard was hurriedly taking up the engine-pit hatch. So the younger man stepped unobtrusively to starboard across the center-board trunk into the very arms of calamity.

What followed felt like a bolt from the blue and passed with its rapidity. Appleyard stood to port with his back to Blackstock. In the act of putting the hatch aside, Coast on the seaward side was on the point of lifting himself to the top of the cabin, with intent to go forward and cast off the anchor. There was crossing his mind the veriest hint of a suspicion that the blackness in the shadow of the unfurled canvas, above the cabin, was more than a tangible than it should be, when this shadow, seemingly with a single movement, rose above him like a cloud, towering as huge and terrifying, its black human bulk blotting out the blazing stars, as the faded face of the fisherman's bottle; loomed menacingly above him in the enormous nakedness of Chang, and fell upon him with the fury and ferocity of a panther.

For a few chaotic seconds he remained conscious, feeling himself crushed and borne down irresistibly to the deck, then lifted like a bag of grain and hurled directly into the black, gaping maw of the companion-way.

Something came in painful contact with his skull, and the world went up in a haze of crimson flame. . . .

CHAPTER XXI.

Through the empty maw of the blasted, blackened world strange ghosts of thoughts, cares, strange blind weeping faces of things that he had known scurried like mice through the night of an empty house, came out of darkness, passed into darkness, and returned, plucking at him with weak, futile hands, crying impudently for need and recognition; but when he tried to know them, they were gone, leaving only the ache of effort. . . .

Then suddenly he was conscious, lying at the bottom of a pit of everlasting midnight, his limbs constrained in unnatural positions, his head racked by splitting pains, but singularly soft, pillowed, his face gently bedewed with drops of moisture, soft and warm. He struggled to rise, stirred, murmured incoherently, and slid back into insensibility.

When again intelligence returned to him, there was light—a strong and yellow glare flooding the cabin of the Echo from the lamp rocking in its gimbals overhead. A face bent above his—Katherine's; his head lay in her lap; and another face, Appleyard's, was close beside that fairer one. On both he read anxiety, compassion and solicitude.

"Hello," he said weakly.

"Feeling better?" asked Appleyard.

"Some." Coast essayed a smile, and made a failure of it, then with a sudden return to memory pushed forth an effort that cost him the agony of feeling a jagged tongue of flame lick through his brain, and sat up. "What's happened?" he asked thickly.

"A little something of everything unpleasant," said Appleyard. "You had

a nasty fall and pretty nearly cracked that solid ivory skull of yours. I've had a bit of a shake-up, extremely detrimental to the admirable poise of my nervous system; and Mrs. Blackstock has experienced a shock and a fright that didn't do her any particular amount of good."

"Yes . . . but . . ."

Coast reviewed their position in a comprehensive survey of the cabin. They three were prisoners, huddled together in close captivity; the companion doors were closed and undoubtedly locked—since otherwise Appleyard would long since have had them open; for the air in the cabin was hot and oppressive. Katherine was looking pale and worn, Appleyard bright but distinctly worried. Coast himself was suffering severely from the blow on his head and a broken scalp, which Katherine had bandaged as best she could with two handkerchiefs. Insofar, their condition was unpleasant and uncomfortable; external circumstances rendered it distressing and apparently dangerous.

"Blackstock jumped me," Appleyard explained—"I had my back turned,

and he slipped over my shoulder. I think that the late Frank Selee was the best team manager and Frank Chance the best first baseman I ever played under," said Johnny Kling, manager of the Boston Wardens, according to a New York newspaper.

"Selee really made the Cubs champions. He developed Chance into a first baseman, discovered Evers, Reulbach, Tinker and Schulte, and gave me the first opportunity to catch behind the bat. Selee was a natural judge of playing talent. He wasn't a bulldozer on the bench, but an even-tempered, fair-minded critic of the mistakes made by his players. Had he lived he would have received all the credit for the greatness of the Cubs instead of Chance."

"I don't believe Chance can pick up and develop young players, but he knows how to make the men placed in his care play ball. He is a strict disciplinarian and a great field general. As a first baseman and batter he was at the top of the heap and set a winning example."

"Chance has always believed in slapping on fines for boob plays. I remember one day he fined King Cole \$200 for poor pitching. Cole was as mad as a hatter, and turning to Chance he cried:

"I'm going to quit the team and go into the navy!"

"If you do I'll give you \$500 and remit the fine!" replied Chance, earnestly, and Cole decided to remain with the Cubs.

"Fielder Jones, in my opinion, was another great baseball leader. He knew how to drive his men. We had a great team when the White Sox called the hitless wonders, beat us in a fall series, a feat that was entirely due to Jones' pluck and pugnacity. Too bad Jones quit baseball, for he would have kept the White Sox always near the top."

"You've got to hand it to John McGraw, too. He keeps the Giants bustling and that wins games. McGraw has made baseball in New York and is entitled to all the praise he receives."

Joe Jackson isn't a stylish batter. He pulls away from the plate, which is decidedly bad form according to the set standards for hitting. Joe plants his right foot within six inches of the plate when he faces the pitcher, but as the ball comes up he takes a long step toward first base.

Theoretically a batter who pulls away from the plate as Joe does cannot hit the ball hard, and it has often been remarked that Joe was lucky to escape being taught a different style of hitting.

It is generally believed that if Joe had been changed he would have lost his natural swing and ability. One manager tried to teach Joe to bat differently—Connie Mack.

"When I joined the Athletics in 1908, Manager Mack told me I would

door. They yielded like paper, leaving a ragged hole, through which he thrust an arm, groping for the bolt. This found and drawn, he pushed the door back and ascended, Appleyard following.

To his immense astonishment, both sky and sea were stark and bright with moonlight.

Behind him he heard the little man's quiet and courteous voice: "Better not come up just yet, Mr. Blackstock. A little later. . . ."

At their feet, blocking the cockpit with his huge body and long, massive, proportioned limbs, Chang lay supine and inert, half across the engine-pit, into which one limp arm dangled. What time the shadow of the sail and swinging boom did not blot it out in inky blackness, the moonlight struck cold and hard upon the evil, grinning mask of death that was his face.

Swaying drunkenly, Blackstock occupied the wheel-box, his fat white hands loose of grasp upon the spokes and moved by rather than controlling it. His head sagged low upon his chest, swinging heavily from side to side as the catboat rolled.

He, at least, could not be dead, as Chang unquestionably was—a fact Appleyard presently verified by the brief inquests, discovering in the Chinaman's naked torso no less than three bullet wounds, all indicating the perforation of a vital spot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Natural History of Bible

Novel Collection of the Animals, Vegetables and Minerals Mentioned in Holy Writ.

A model of a sperm whale—a member of the family to which Jonah's "great fish" is believed to have belonged—is one of the many interesting things to be seen at the novel exhibition of Biblical objects in natural history at the Natural History museum, London, England.

The space allotted to the collection is far too limited to permit actual specimens of the larger mammals, but a number of interesting photographs are shown of the wild boar, the hyena, the lion, the elephant and the hippopotamus, which was known to the ancients as the water ox. In the same case are some finely preserved specimens of the chameleon, the Egyptian tomb bat, a beautifully marked cobra, Cleopatra's asp, the horned viper and the frog.

The frog is mentioned only twice in the Old and once in the New Testament. It is of the edible variety, and is widely distributed in Europe, Asia and North Africa. A large case contains seven pieces of manna, a species of lichen found in North Af-

rica and the eastern deserts and mountains. The inhabitants of these districts still regard this manna as sent from heaven.

There are also bullrushes, lentils and sections of the more famous trees of the Holy Land, such as cedar, ebony, sandalwood, boxwood, gopher wood, thyme wood (mentioned in Revelation) and olive wood.

The plaques of Egypt are represented by the North American and migratory locusts, the canker worm, scorpion, hornet and gadfly. The collection of minerals includes a beautiful cut beryl, the first stone in the fourth row of the high priest's breastplate and the eighth foundation of the new Jerusalem.

Let the Little Ones Fidget. Children of the present day will not "be seen and not heard." They have learned that a wise doctor has said that the more a child is heard the finer will become its lungs, the deeper its breath and the more lasting its health. Every child must be allowed to fidget. It is not only nice for the child, but an absolute necessity to insure normal development. The modern child has advantages over its parents.

Donlin is Fastidious. Mike Donlin changes his clothes three times a day and tries to make as many base hits as he can. Mike Wagner wears the same tops all day, but he makes base hits just the same.

CHANCE CANNOT DEVELOP YOUNG PLAYERS



Frank Chance, Manager of Chicago Cubs.

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JOE JACKSON'S STYLE AT BAT

Connie Mack Told Hard Hitting "Nap" Outfielder He Would Become a Great Slugger.

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"When I joined the Athletics in 1908, Manager Mack told me I would

become a great batter if I went about it a different way," said Joe. "He told me to quit pulling away from the plate, and he hid my black hats with which I had been knocking down fences in the south. He had me use Harry Davis' bats. I didn't hit nearly as well, and made up my mind then and there that I would continue to bat as I had before."

Joe's long step away from the plate has fooled a lot of pitchers, most notably George Mullin. The Detroit star predicted before last season that Joe wouldn't hit 250. He hit 408.

"Jackson's bat shy," said Mullin. "All a pitcher needs to do against him is to cut a fast one loose at his head and then put three balls over the outside corner. He'll pull so far he'll be lucky to make a long foul."

Mullin tried it. Joe batted .435 against Mullin.

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LEAVE FOR OLYMPIC JUNE 15

Date of Sailing of Athletes is Tentatively Announced in New York—Steamer is Chartered.

The date for the sailing of the American Olympic team is tentatively announced as June 15. The committee has chartered the steamship Finland for the trip, and the boat will be elaborately equipped for the accommodation of the athletes. A track one-eighth of a mile in length will be laid out for the runners and there will be ample spaces assigned for jumping pits and arenas for the shot-putters and weight men. The boat has a fine gymnasium and a large swimming tank.

The Finland will serve as a hotel for the team from the time the boat sails from New York till it docks there on its return. The boat will arrive in Stockholm about ten days before the opening of the Olympic program on July 6 and will leave on its return July 18, three days after the officials close the festival.

The Finland is a larger craft than either the Barbarossa, on which the American athletes sailed to Athens for the Olympic program of 1906, or the St. Paul, which took them to London for the Olympic games of 1908. Accommodations will be reserved for 300 passengers in addition to the athletes, as the treasurer hopes to pay at least part of the expense of transporting the team by revenue gained from other passengers.

Chief Myers as a Slugger. Mission Indian is One of Most Wonderful Batsmen in Game Today—Valuable Player.

Manager McGraw did not get Chief Myers as cheap as Connie Mack procured some of his stars, and though the Little Napoleon had to fork over a stiff sum for the slugging redskin, Myers is now worth about ten times

the amount John J. paid for him. The "Big Chief" is one of the most wonderful batsmen the game ever produced, and if he continues to hit at the remarkable pace he has set this season, he is likely to shatter all batting records in baseball. Day after day the Mission Indian peals off two or three hits, and generally draws a pass or two on the side, as the pitchers as a rule transfer him to first when runners are on the bases. From being a green catcher with plenty to learn, as Myers was in 1909 when he joined the Giants, the chief has worked his way to the front, and is now not only the most valuable player on the Giants, but promises to become the most valuable player in the National league before the season is over.

McGraw Didn't Consent. Fitcher Jack Pfeister is back in the Association in another uniform, Chicago having sold him to Milwaukee.

Probably the reason Cincinnati is now playing good ball is that the players have run out of hard luck excuses.

Pitcher Gaiser, returned to the New York Americans by Rochester, has been turned over to the Wilkesbarre Club.

Ty Cobb and Crumb Kahler have declared a vendetta. Cobb says the Nap pitcher purposely hit him with a pitch ball.

The showing of Catcher Wingo with the Cardinals every time he gets a chance makes one wonder why Bliss is in the game.

In spite of auto accidents, railroad wrecks and defeats, Hugh Jennings seems to be as frisky as ever on the coaching lines.

Manager Davis is repeating, "I love you, I love you not," as he considers Jack Graney and Heinle Butcher, his pair of left fielders.

They do say in Cleveland that Lefty George is a warm weather pitcher and will not be started again until the weather begins to boil.

Columbus used fifteen men and Minnesota thirteen in one game. The score was just as bad, 11 to 10, with Minneapolis on the long end.

Joe Yeager continues to hold down third base for the Royals in a manner that excites the envy of the youngsters breaking into the game.

Cleveland has turned Catcher Bert Whaling back to Seattle. The Naps are left with four catchers, Easterly, O'Neill, Livingston and Adams.

Roy Hartzell is pretty lucky to come out of his collision with Bert Daniels with nothing more than a headache. It was feared for awhile that he was done for.

The American League is going up. The offices of President Johnson have been moved from the thirteenth to the fifteenth floor of the Fisher building in Chicago.

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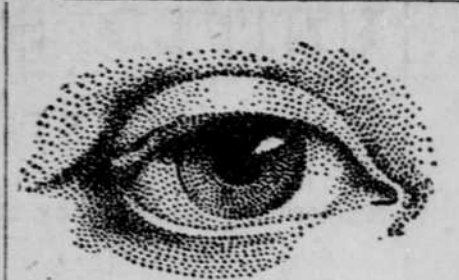
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