

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 rural party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast falls to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuij. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Tuij dead. Coast struggles to wrest the woman from him, but the police discover them, and Coast is arrested. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas notices Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast pursues a trail and while waiting, sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He reasons the fellow is the man named Appleyard. They arrive at the island known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a weak operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuij. Coast sees Blackstock and some fishermen carrying a man. They fire at him, but the fellow is Appleyard, who gets him to the table in jail.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"A change has come over the spirit of our dream—yes?" Appleyard inquired. "Nothing like food on the human stomach to make the skies seem brighter. Not that it seems to affect the weather any; it's thick as curds. We ought to pick up that buoy before long—won't be happy till I get it."

"You're sure about this thing?" asked Coast, perhaps not quite contentedly. The other seemed to understand him, for he returned, "As a matter of fact, I know where the buoy is, and what we're aiming for; this is a perfectly good compass, so long as you keep it from drifting with the coil; and I've made allowance for a lee-tide. You watch."

Coast sat down. "Well?" he said, with the air of one no longer to be denied.

"Well?" said the little man reluctantly. "If you must know all—"

Coast received an amused glance. "I read the papers."

"What's that go to do?"

"So, when you were kind enough to tell me your real name, after your gallant rescue yesterday morning, I knew at once just who and what you were."

"O!" said Coast, a thought blankly. "Just so. It never occurred to you that you were a public character, in a way?" I noticed that. And your lack of self-consciousness interested me. Also the aroma of mystery you exude, intrigued (if I may coin the word) my romantic imagination."

Coast flushed. "The duce it did!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Don't lose your temper—please. I know I sound impertinent, but I don't mean to be so; it's just my temperament makes me such a cut-up."

When I waked up before you did yesterday, I thought it all out, and I set to myself, sez I: 'His biography ain't half-written yet, and unless I'm mistaken something grievous, romance is a-leadin' of him by the hand, like a little che-ld. If I can work it, I'm goin' to stick round and see what happens next. You see, it's my business to go about nosing into other people's.'"

"I see," said Coast curtly, with a feeling of contempt which he took no trouble to disguise.

"Yes," assented Appleyard serenely. "I make my living that way. Government pays me a handsome salary for doing it."

"What?" A light was beginning to dawn upon Coast.

The little man nodded gravely. "The U. S. Secret Service," he affirmed.

"Let us begin at the beginning, for clearer understanding," Appleyard continued. "I'm not here for my health—I'm on the job; and things have shaped round so that I want your help temporarily—while you certainly need mine. That's why I'm letting you in by the basement door and speaking in stage whispers. You get me? What I'm telling you is to be kept under your hat."

"Certainly; that's understood."

"Right; you are. . . . Now, the particular phase of lawless industry at present engaging my distinguished professional attention is"—he allowed himself the dramatic pause—"smuggling. For some time the Treasury Department has been aware that a very considerable quantity of highly desirable goods was finding its way into the country—mainly for the New York market—without paying toll. A syndicate of Malden Lane jewelers has been reaping most of the profit, although other goods have been coming through; but that's by the way. Now the Customs net is fine enough to assure us that no such heavy importations could have been sneaked in through any regular port of entry. All we were certain of was that it was getting to duty free—though we couldn't prove that. . . . So then, I was turned loose on the problem, and I've been puzzling over it for six months."

He was briefly silent, apparently in reminiscent mood. "Early in the game," he resumed, "I had cause to believe that most of the stuff was seeping in through New England. So I sat me down and tried to figure it out from the other side's point of view—supposing I wanted to turn the trick on my own account. See?"

"Clearly. Go on."

"Being a product of this neck of the woods made it some easier; I know the coast pretty thoroughly. It struck me how all-fired easy it would be to establish a depot for the reception of goods on one of those little islands herabouts—or even at some retired point on the mainland. They could easily be reached by any old utility tramp, tranship to it to a smaller vessel as some agreed point off the coast, and stow it away for distribution practically at one's own convenience. With such a central station, the stuff could be smuggled

to the railroad through any number of small harbors—a trunkful here, a trunkful there, all disguised as passenger baggage; and these waters are so thick with small craft that their comings and goings attract practically no attention. . . . Plausible, feasible—yes?"

"Ingenious, certainly."

"To cut it short, I finally satisfied myself that the schooner employed for the trans-shipment of the fisherman that, as you saw, preferred my room to my company, I took a chance there, like a fool—lucky to get off with a whole skin. But by the time I hit the water I felt pretty sure they had some sure-enough good reason for not wanting any strangers hanging round."

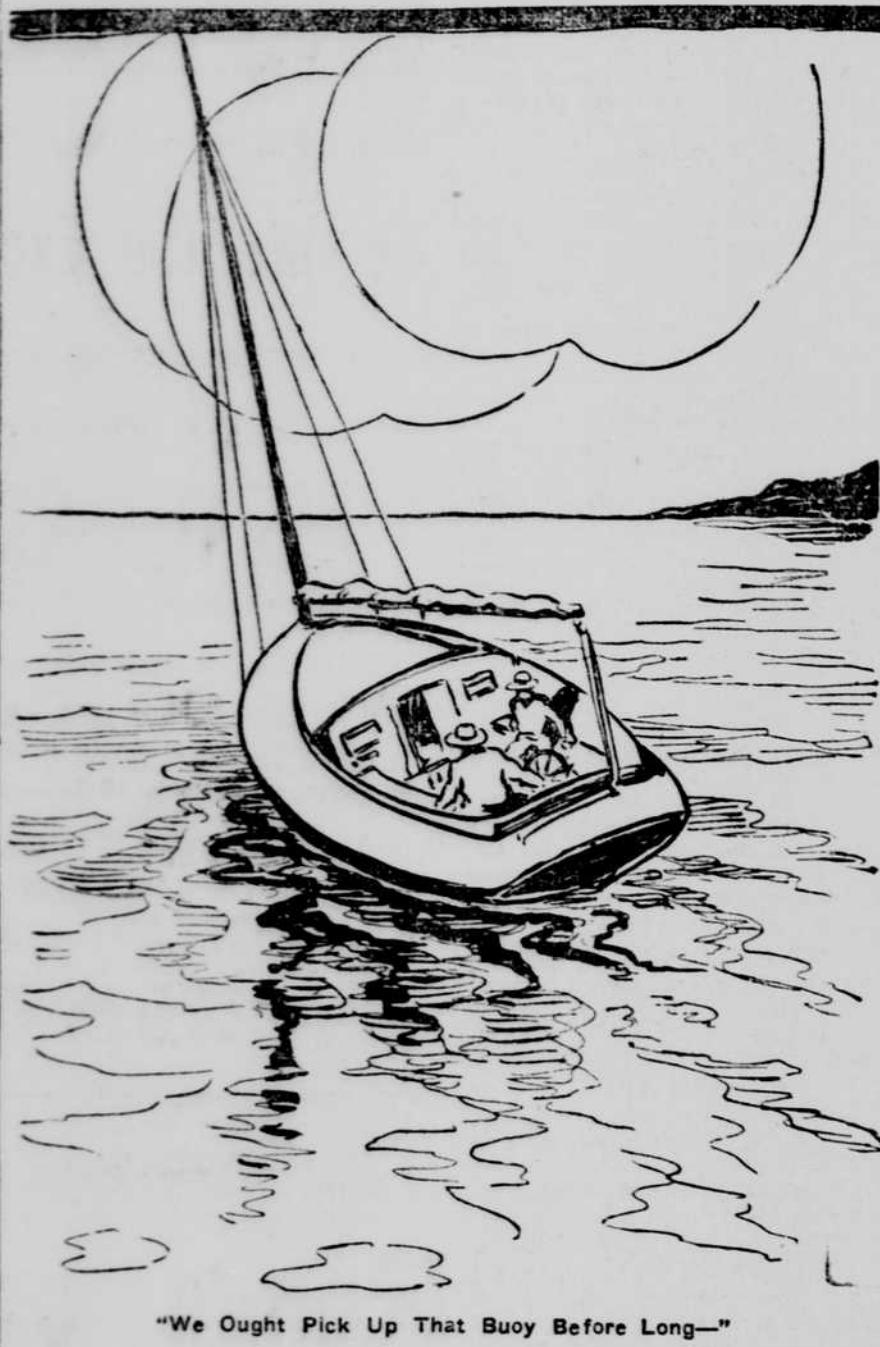
"I'd think you justified in assuming that much."

"The worst of it was, that mishap made me a marked man; I'd been a wee mite too indiscreet. For a while I thought I'd have to fade into the background and let one of my brother seuths polish off the job. You can fancy how that would have galled. Fortunately you offered yourself—"

"I like that," Coast commented.

"Anyway, my magnificent imagination offered you to me," Appleyard pursued without loss of countenance.

"I had it in mind to pump him, you see, but somehow I missed the farmhouse, the first cast. And when I pulled up to take soundings I heard a curious sort of noise—singular in that locality, at least; one of those noises that, once heard, is never forgotten; as nearly as I can describe it,



"We Ought Pick Up That Buoy Before Long—"

"I began to see how easy it would be to stoop along the coast as your crew—unobtrusive, unsuspected. You seemed to have only the vaguest idea of what you wanted to do, where you wanted to cruise. And I'd begin to suspect myself of failure of the parts of speech if I couldn't indissiduously talk you into going where I wanted to—No Man's Land, Muskeget, Tucker-nuck, Chappaquiddick, or wherever."

"I'm ready to certify you're qualified to talk the hind legs off the domestic mule," Coast averred with enthusiasm.

"Don't worry; I'm a merciful man."

"Rather cheap, that—what?"

"Extremely."

"Your fault; you fed it to me. I'm beginning to think you must be the only original, perfectly-pasteurized mascot. Since we met the very stars have seemed to battle in their course for me. Even the fog helped—shunting us off to No Man's Land."

"Yes?"

"I had no particular notion of investigating that island first of all; but a number of circumstances made me suspect we were in its neighborhood. I had figured it out that the variation of the magnetized compass must have carried us southwest, for one thing; and the absence of fog signals made me think we must have got well south of the main-traveled routes; finally, I knew that, once south of Devil's Bridge, the set of the tide would snake us out toward No Man's Land. So, when we ran aground and I went ashore, leaving you asleep, I wasn't surprised to recognize the place."

"You could—in that fog?"

"I've an excellent memory, and had visited the island a good many times on fishing trips when I was a boy in these parts. That abandoned fishing village made me sure of my ground; in the days when the bluefish ran in these waters there used to be quite a settlement there. . . . However, I'm fortunate in the possession of a sense of locality something above the average, and though it was pitch dark, at first, and thick as mud, I wasn't afraid of losing myself. So I struck out boldly, and by daylight had made a number of interesting discoveries. . . . Hello! . . . Good morning, Twenty-seven!"

"The little man got up and bowed profoundly, as to a valued acquaintance, to a black can buoy conspicuously numbered '27,' swimming past in a grey wash of seas to starboard. "Some navigatin', that!" Appleyard observed complacently. Coast watched Appleyard shift the spokes until the Echo swung upon a course at a salient angle to that which she had been holding. "And now where?"

a sort of ripping crash—very irregular in duration and much muffled by distance and fog. I picked up my ears and tried to mark down the quarter it came from. Then I followed it up as best I could. After two or three false turns I fell over what seemed to be a wire stay, groped round and found a mast. The noise had stopped by this time, but I knew what had made it without doubt; that mast was an aerial, and I'd been listening to somebody operating a wireless station. Next thing, I made out a glow of light that led me to a window. By now I was interested and laying very low."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINDMILL AS MOTIVE POWER

French Invention Applies the Principle to Vehicles Which Move at High Speed.

Long ago the patent offices of the world came to the conclusion through experts that few basic principles are embodied in new inventions. Adaptations of old and well known laws of physics merely are applied in a new form in mechanical contrivances. What shall be said of M. Constantin, a French inventor who has applied a windmill wheel to the front of vehicles which move at high speed, or which have to move against heavy head winds? To the end, too, of conserving the energies which drive the vehicle.

As we understand it, the inventor has gone no further than the building of a small model wagon. The wagon is of aluminum and weighs about four pounds. But with its wind wheel mounted in front and turned toward the air-driven from an ordinary electric fan, the vehicle takes a shoot into the wind. With a large fan of the general office or restaurant type, the small wagon takes a 6 per cent grade with a load of 20 pounds in the wagon box.

The principle of the invention takes for granted that the wheel mounted in front of a huge van imposes a minimum of additional wind pressure. But as the wind blows strong, or as the movement of a power driven vehicle creates its own head pressure, the axis of the wind wheel, engaging geared wheels through a spiral groove in the axle, returns from air friction a marked quantity of energy which may be of great value in automobiles, motor trucks, electric cars, and railroad trains.

Beer Saloons for Women Only.

In some parts of Berlin there are beer saloons which are patronized only by women.

Matrimonial Tangle That Might Puzzle Solomon to Unravel

Dan Hanna Is Responsible for This Problem: If a Man Has Children by Three Wives Are the Children of His First Wife and Children of His Third Wife Half-Sisters and Half Brothers "Once Removed?"



First—Dan Hanna married May Harrington. They had three sons. After a divorce the first Mrs. Dan Hanna married Edmund K. Stallo, who has two daughters. She has now sued him for divorce.

Second—Dan Hanna married Mrs. Walter de S. Maud, formerly Daisy Gordon. They had one daughter. This Mrs. Hanna, after a divorce, married Frank D. Pelton, who had a son by a previous marriage.

Third—Dan Hanna married Mrs. Frank E. Skelly, formerly Marie Stuart. They have two daughters. While this Mrs. Hanna was Mrs. Skelly she had a daughter.

Now, what relation are the Stallo girls to Dan Hanna's three sets of children. What relation is the Pelton boy to the Stallo girls? What relation are the Skelly girls to the Stallos and the Peltons?

NEW YORK.—To the marital mix-ups that have made the Hanna family tree difficult for even expert genealogists to climb must be added a new chapter. For with the filing of a suit for absolute divorce against Edmund K. Stallo, the New York lawyer, by his wife, formerly the first wife of Dan R. Hanna, only son of the late Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio, the relations of the various members of the Hanna family and its offshoots are further complicated.

Before another twelvemonth, unless the suit is withdrawn, Mrs. Stallo may be free to wed again, and as she is still an attractive woman with a large income in her own right, a third dip in the matrimonial surf is not improbable.

But even should she remain unmarried, there are enough puzzling relationships in the Hanna family to make it unnecessary to speculate what relations her children by a third husband would be to the daughters of Dan Hanna by his second and third wives.

WONDERS OF THE DEAD SEA

Motor Boat Exploration by Member of American Colony in Jerusalem Is Interesting.

An interesting trip around the Dead Sea was made in a motor boat by Jacob E. Spafford, a member of the American colony in Jerusalem.

In circumnavigating the lake four or five very fertile plains or ghors were met with. "These plains," writes Mr. Spafford, "naturally bring to mind the connection of the Dead Sea with Sodom and Gomorrah, the 'cities of the plain,' that were overthrown. They have been variously placed on every side of the sea.

"These plains and the small oasis at Engedi are the only points where life of any kind and water are to be found. Engedi, our first stopping place, is the only spot on the west side where fresh water is to be had. This evidently was a little paradise in the time of Solomon and is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament.

"The cliffs on the west side of the sea which form an almost unbroken wall, excepting for the rugged torrent beds, and which vary from 300 to 1,900 feet in height, are all of limestone, whereas on the east side of the lake the formation is entirely sandstone of exquisite hues. The abundance of water on this side as compared with the other is very striking too.

"About ten miles from Engedi lies the peerless natural fortress of Masada (Bebbeh), first fortified by the Maccabees, then used as a place of refuge by Herod. At the foot of the tableland can be seen the Roman wall of circumvallation and the two Roman camps on either side of the small ravine.

"The fortress, which is 1,700 feet above the sea, has steep sides at about an angle of 75 degrees and cannot be approached, except from a connecting neck called the Serpentine. A more inhospitable place or one more disadvantageous to besiegers could not be imagined.

"Eight miles away is Jebel Usdum, a mountain of rock salt rising to a

height of 500 feet. In this mountain is a large cave which was explored to the extent of about 200 yards, at which point a tapering cylindrical shaft of about 20 feet in diameter was discovered, piercing the solid rock salt 80 feet high, as though through polished marble, evidently the effects of the rain.

"Great snow white stalactites hung from the ceiling. The approach to this mountain presents most fantastic appearances of walls, buttresses, parapets, projecting towers, etc., caused by the stratification and lay of the salt boulders.

"A little south of Masada lies the rich Ghor-el-Misra. Here and elsewhere about the apple of Sodom described by Josephus."—Geographical Journal.

for divorce in Cleveland and won the suit.

And within 48 hours Dan Hanna married for a third time, taking Mrs. Frank E. Skelly, the divorced wife of a Waldorf-Astoria hotel clerk for his bride. Mrs. Skelly was Miss Marie Stuart before her first marriage. She was the mother of a daughter, Elizabeth by name, by her first husband.

Mrs. Hanna Takes Second Husband.

Before Dan Hanna married for the third time Mrs. Hanna No. 1 had taken a second husband, Edmund K. Stallo, the New York lawyer, was her choice. He had previously been married to Miss Laura McDonald, the daughter of Alexander McDonald, one of the original Standard Oil millionaires. By her he had two daughters, Laura and Elizabeth. These two girls recently came into prominence as great heiresses on the death of their grandfather, but it has since developed the enormous estate which was supposed to be held in trust for them had dwindled down to a few thousand dollars.

When Mrs. Hanna No. 1 became Mrs. Edmund K. Stallo she took up her residence at the Waldorf-Astoria with her husband and his two daughters. Her three sons were in school, but during the holidays they divided their time between visiting her and their father out in Cleveland.

Mrs. Dan Hanna No. 2 did not remain single very long. She moved to New York immediately after her divorce in 1906. She married Franklin D. Pelton, a New York business man. She was awarded the custody of her daughter Elizabeth, whom she brought east with her.

Additions to Mixup.

Franklin D. Pelton had been divorced from his wife, who was Miss Lucy Carter, only a short time before he married Mrs. Dan Hanna No. 2. He was the father of a son by his first marriage. Of course he was Mrs. Dan Hanna's third husband and she is his second wife.

After his third marriage Dan Hanna moved from Cleveland to Ravenna, Ohio, where he has since become the father of two little girls, who, of course, are half-sisters to Mrs. Edmund K. Stallo's three sons and Mrs. Franklin D. Pelton's daughter, Elizabeth Skelly, the daughter of Mrs. Dan Hanna No. 3, by her first husband, is naturally Dan Hanna's stepdaughter and half-sister to his two little girls, but what relation is she to Mrs. Stallo's three sons or to Mrs. Pelton's daughter?

A dozen other questions of relationship present themselves. If a man has children by three wives are the children of his first wife half-sisters and half-brothers "once removed?"

Not even De Wolf Hopper or Nat Goodwin, who married four wives, has had the experience of living under the same roof and dining in the same hotel dining room with three wives at the same time. But such an experience has come to Dan Hanna on more than one occasion. Until the Stallos separated they made their home at the Waldorf-Astoria, as do Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Pelton in the winter months.

Rather Uncongenial Party.

Dan Hanna on his frequent visits to New York usually stops at the Waldorf-Astoria, and on one of his recent visits with his third wife he entered the rose room and was shown to a table in close proximity to one where Mr. and Mrs. Stallo were dining. On their way to the table they passed Mr. and Mrs. Pelton, who were dining with Mrs. Pelton's daughter, Elizabeth.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, springing up from the table and rushing to his arms.

Carl Hanna, Mrs. Stallo's second son, was married about two years ago, and it is not unlikely that Dan Hanna will become a grandfather before long.

And then there will be another problem in the relationships in this much-married and mixed-up Hanna family.

Early Days of Ballooning.

The first balloon to carry living freight was in September, 1783, when Joseph Montgolfier sent up a sheep, a duck and a cock, all of which landed safely. The first human being to ascend in a balloon was a young French naturalist, M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who used a captive balloon for his first attempts. Then, on November 21, 1783, he and the Marquis d'Arlandes made the first trip in a free balloon. This was made in a hot air balloon, and fire was kept burning in a brazier suspended beneath while up in the air.

German Officer to Drill Turks.

According to the Vienna Neue Presse, Gen. Colmar von der Goltz is about to retire from the German army on full pension, which means with the emperor's approbation, in order to enter definitely the Turkish military service, which he reorganized in the years 1883-1895 for Abdul Hamid II, who recognized his efficient work, by making him a marshal of the Ottoman army.

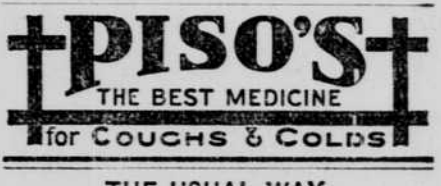
This second marriage of Hanna's was no more fortunate than the first. In 1906 Mrs. Hanna No. 2 sued him

Doctors Said Health Gone

Suffered with Throat Trouble

Mr. B. W. D. Barnes, ex-Sheriff of Warren County, Tennessee, in a letter from Memphis, Tennessee, writes: "I had throat trouble and had three doctors treating me. I failed to do me any good, and pronounced my health gone. I concluded to try Peruna, and after using four bottles can say I was entirely cured."

Mr. Gustav Himmelreich, Hochheim, Texas, writes: "For a number of years I suffered whenever I took cold, with severe attacks of asthma, which usually yielded to the common home remedies. Last year, however, I suffered for eight months without interruption so that I could not do any work at all. The various medicines that were prescribed brought me no relief. After taking six bottles of Peruna, two of Lycopodium and two of Manilla, I am free of my trouble so that I can do all my farm work again. I can heartily recommend this medicine to any one who suffers with this annoying complaint and believe that they will obtain good results."



THE USUAL WAY.

Mr. Brown—Where did Mrs. Close go for her new suit?
Mrs. Jones—Through her husband's pockets.

Quite So.

The teacher in the primary department of a Philadelphia school had been holding forth at some length with reference to the three grand divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question: "Who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

Whereupon the pupil nearest her hastened to supply the answer as follows: "The giraffe."—Lippincott's.

Deep-Sea Version.

Tommy Cod—What is it they call a pessimist, pa?
Pa Cod—A pessimist, my son, is a fish who thinks there is a hook in every worm!—Puck.

A Possibility.

"He's gone to that meeting, full of fire."
"Then he had better be careful or they will put him out."

If a leap year girl has money to burn it isn't difficult for her to find a young man willing to furnish a match.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to believe as he hopes.

Like a Pleasant Thought of an old friend—

Post Toasties

with cream.

Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown.

A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper—always ready to serve instantly from the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

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