

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to realize that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tui. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Tui dead. Coast is called to arrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his term, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and Red 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 place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching for a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has sought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has 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 gets him to the radio in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. 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 whole of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the left of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

"Power!" Blackstock laughed harshly. "No, he won't mind," he replied, ironic. "Power's gone already. We had a little falling out and he took one of my rowboats—the only rowboat—and left, without so much as a by-your-leave; rowed across to the Vineyard. I guess, in the fog, too—the poor fool. Serve him right if he got carried out to sea and was never heard of again—the bound!"

And still Katherine's expression evinced no indication that she understood.

"You don't seem to like Power much," Coast suggested vaguely.

"No, I didn't like the dog," he said, measuring a drink with the same uncanny accuracy, his prominent and sightless eyes seeming to watch the liquor mount in the glass. "He was a surly devil with a devil's temper. One of my servants—Chinese are the only kind we keep in a place like this—tried to prevent him from taking the boat, and Power turned on him and nearly brained the poor fellow with a rock. We missed him and after a long search found him insensible down on the beach. He's been out of his head ever since—delirious. You may hear him during the night. Hope he won't keep you awake."

He set down an empty glass.

"It takes a deal to keep me awake when my mind's set on sleep," Coast evaded. "I'm sorry about Power's misbehaving, though."

"Well, profit by his example, and don't mix in matters that don't concern you—here, at any rate," said Blackstock insolently. "Katie!"

"Coming." The woman reappeared. "I couldn't find your cane," she said, as she crossed to the man. A gleam of white, a slip of white paper between the fingers of her left hand caught Coast's attention. He sought her eyes and found them meaningful.

With a word of grudging acknowledgment Blackstock took his hat and stuck "Come along, Handyside. We won't need a light; light hasn't any meaning to the blind. You knew my sight was gone, didn't you?"

"One would hardly suspect it," Coast took up his son's weather and followed the man to the door. The rustle of the woman's gown told him that she was near behind him.

"Oh, I find my way about; I know this chessbox of an island like the palm of my hand. It's no worse than navigating your own room in the dark."

"Allow me . . ." Coast turned the knob and opened the door; Blackstock bent his head to the roaring wind and shouldered out against its force.

A hand touched Coast's; the slip of paper passed into his palm. For a single instant he looked into the eyes of the woman he loved—looked and read their message of pleading and despair. Then, with a sadly negative shake of his head he followed her husband out into the wind-whipped darkness, pulling the door to behind him.

Their shoulders touched as they trudged off. The unavoidable contact turned Coast sick with hatred and loathing. Yet he held himself strongly in hand, crumpling fiercely that tiny slip of paper in his palm with a strange sense of confidence, as it were a guardian of eventual success.

She had not denounced him. He would save her, he would save her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Look here, Handyside . . . Voorhis give you any message for me?"

Blackstock stood with his back to the stove in the farmhouse kitchen; hands in pockets, his heavy shoulders lifted, he swayed all but imperceptibly on the balls of his feet. In the dull afternoon illumination of two common kerosene lamps, he loomed hugely in the room, overshadowing and dwarfing the two mute, placid Chinese who patrolled about, preparing a meal—having been routed out of bed for that purpose.

Coast, sitting back in a kitchen chair on the far side of the table from Blackstock, considered quickly and deliberately and wholeheartedly, with full knowledge of the consequences of a mistake. Sooner or later the unmasking was bound to come, whether he will it or no. He was not eager for it yet, but prepared against it at any time. Sooner or later that word would fall from his lips—or from Katherine's—or some untoward happening would precipitate the inevitable—revealing him, an impostor. The hour like the outcome

was on the knees of the gods. The sense of fatality was strong upon his soul.

"There wasn't time," he said. "I was off-duty and they rounded me up just in time to catch the midnight train."

"And Voorhis sent no word?" Blackstock demanded incredulously.

"He said you'd be advised by wireless."

"No more than that?"

"Only I'd find this job after my own heart, to do as I was told and mind my own business and see nothing except what you shoved under my nose; it would be worth my while, and he knew he could depend on me. I guess he did, too. I guess he knows what kind of a man you need, Mr. Black, and Mr. Voorhis isn't the sort to pick an operator out of the grab-bag for a special purpose. Isn't that so?"

"If I know Voorhis, it is," Blackstock rocked back and forth on his feet, pursing his full, loose-lipped mouth. "I can tell more about you in the morning," he said; "we'll have a talk and come to an understanding."

"Why not now?"

"Morning will do," said Blackstock decidedly.

For some minutes Blackstock did not speak. Coast glanced up at him, and as if he were aware of that fact

stolidly incurious as to himself, to all appearances; from the upper floor came reiterated accents of the high-pitched and querulous accents of the wounded man—a sound to which he had become accustomed since Blackstock had left him. He felt, consequently, fairly safe.

Producing the scrap of paper, he stealthily smoothed it out across his knee. It bore a single sentence hurriedly and lightly in pencil:

"Neither your life nor mine is safe if you persist."

Very thoughtfully he twisted the paper into a little spill, lighted it over the chimney of one of the lamps, applied the flame to the tobacco in his pipe, then held it while it burned.

Precisely what was one to understand from that message? That Katherine had awakened to the truth regarding the killing of Van Tui—or merely that she mistrusted Blackstock's temper, should he by any chance be led to suspect Coast's true identity? That she knew the truth about Power? Or that through some subtle process of feminine intuition she had divined that Blackstock was not wholly hoodwinked by the attempted impersonation of Handy-side, and would, were his doubts confirmed, seek to punish her as well as the impostor for keeping silence?

She had not had time to write more.

The spill burned down until its tiny flame flickered blue and expired within a fraction of an inch of his fingertips. He pinched out the spark, and dropped the unconsumed fragment back into his pocket in a ridiculous extravagance of precaution. As he did so he became conscious of a shadow bulking large in a corner of his field of vision, and he looked up suddenly, started to discover Black-

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What True Education Is

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's idea of the Right Development of the Human Mind.

What is an education? It is the right development, in the right direction, all the time, of the whole being, for the purpose of giving one as much life as possible for himself, and to share with others.

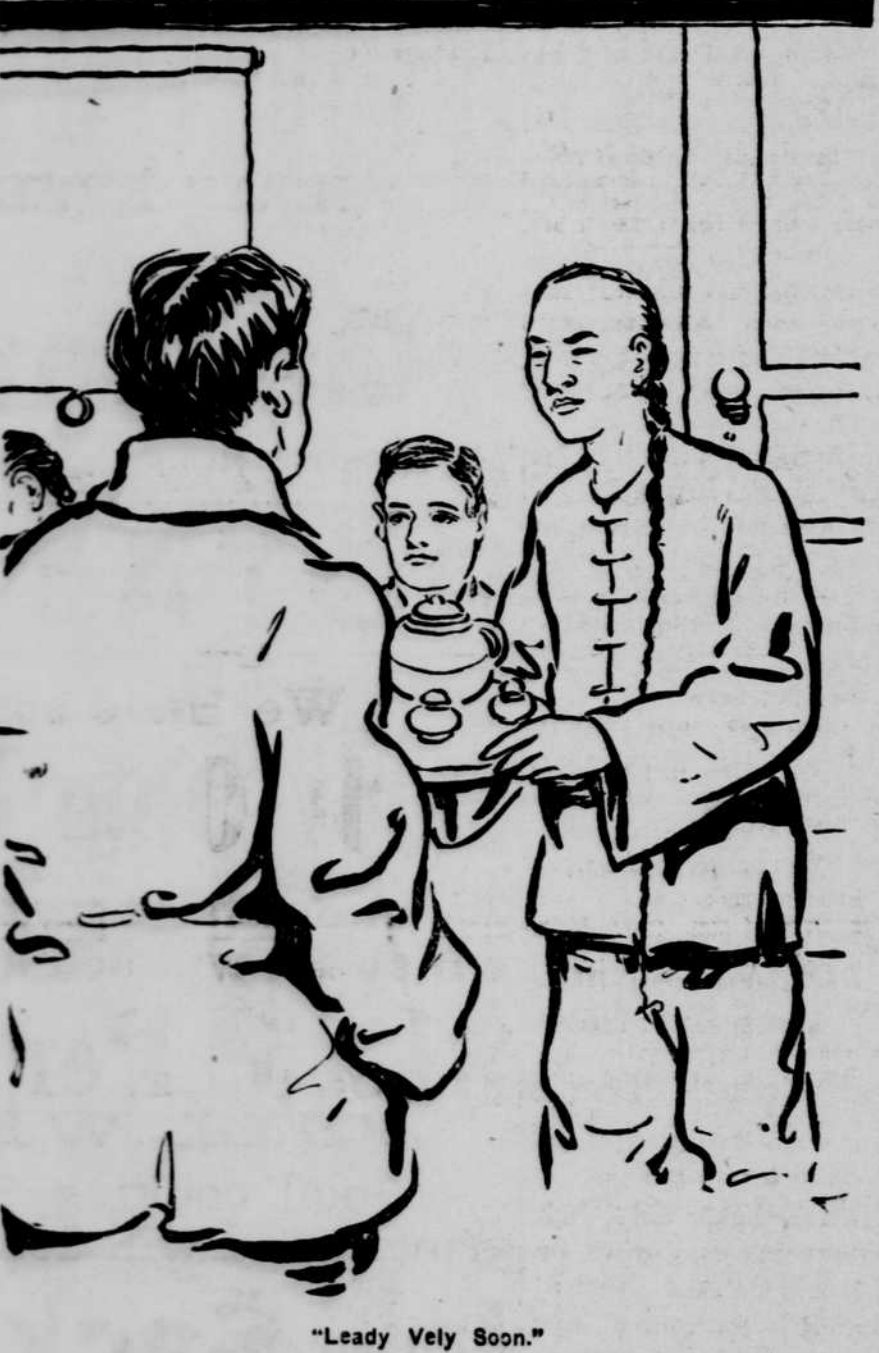
This means that the whole person must be taken into account. Education means more than a one-sided development of one talent or ability. It means symmetrical and many-sided growth. The reason why there are not more interesting people in the world is because so many people are content with a one-sided development. They are willing to be musicians and not anything but musicians. They are willing to be newspaper men and nothing but newspaper men. They are

willing to be lawyers and nothing but lawyers; teachers and nothing but teachers; ministers and nothing but ministers. And so their range of thinking, of conversation, and of action is limited. True education takes into account a whole being, with many different possibilities—a life which has in it the elements of surprise and an eagerness to know everything which can be known about a very great world in order to sympathize with and enter into the thought, so far as possible, of all sorts and conditions of men.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in the Christian Herald.

Leisure Never for the Lazy.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never.—Benjamin Franklin.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"Lady Vely Soon."

SHUSTER HONORED BY PERSIAN CONSUL GENERAL



DESPITE the fact that the Persian government expelled him at the demand of Russia, Morgan Shuster, late treasurer general of the shah's country, was received officially by the Persian consul general at New York on his arrival. Our photograph shows Mr. Shuster and his wife and children seated with the consul general.

WILL RAZE MARKET

Noted New York Structure to Be Demolished.

Building Known as Fulton Trading Post Which Linked Modern Gotham to Peter Stuyvesant's Days Fails to Pay.

New York.—Tottering under its weight of ninety years and showing the ugly scars of a recent fire, Fulton market, the historic, picturesque, the malodorous, is about to fall. The ruthless hand of progress, personified in a wrecking crew, working under orders of the municipal authorities, will begin tearing down the old yellow building in the block bounded by Fulton, South, Beckman and Front streets some time during the coming spring or summer.

Thrice condemned is the old structure, with memories woven around it that link the present New York, with its rustle and bustle, its subway and cloud touching structures of stone and steel, to the days of Peter Stuyvesant. For it was that stubborn old Dutchman, who, Sept. 12, 1656, as governor of New Amsterdam, decreed that "Saturday shall be the market day, and the market shall be held at the strand, at or around the house of Hans Kierstede, where, after him, every one shall be permitted to enter that has anything to buy or sell."

In 1675 the market moved to the Custom House Bridge Market house, farther up the East river and near to Maiden Lane. It became generally known as the Fly market, from the Dutch "Vlie," for valley, which name stuck to Fulton market long after its erection.

Perhaps the housewife of today with a turn for economics would like to know what the quaint Dutch vrows paid for their household supplies in those early times, when bears roamed over Manhattan island not far north of the present city hall, and lambs bleated in the meadows around Wall street. Well, pork was 3 pence a pound; beef, 2 pence; butter, 6 pence; beer, 2 pence a mug. Lodging was 2 pence a night, meals 6 pence and board by the week 5 shillings. But then it must be remembered that labor brought only 2 shillings 6 pence a day.

For over a century the market remained, cleaned out occasionally by vagrants designated by the courts for the purpose. But the agitation that brought about the abandonment and razing of the old Fly market began in the early part of the last century, when that started against its successor, Fulton market.

The department of health condemned it as insanitary. Finally, on Jan. 22, 1821, the market was torn down.

The merchants scattered to other parts of the city, some going to Spring Street market and others to Center Street market, until the new market was built at the foot of Fulton street. This was finished toward the end of the year and the aldermen compris-

Few Cottages In England

Lack of Homes for Rising Generation Serious Problem for British—Couples Wait Years.

London.—The Chelmsford laborer who was forced into a workhouse because there is no cottage procurable is no isolated victim of the dearth of rural houses. It is quite a common thing in the country for marriages to be postponed for years solely owing to want of houses.

Close to Dunmow is a notorious marriageless district, and in spite of a number of would-be village benefactors. In a number of Huntingdonshire villages engagements of ten and fifteen years' duration are common. The couples either wait indefinitely till a cottage is available or migrate to the towns or emigrate. An observant motorist through the eastern midlands could soon reckon up a hundred vanished homesteads still traceable by either ruins or rectangular foundations covered by the work of worms and moles.

Only wealthy landlords can afford to build cottages; the duke of Bedford, in Cambridgeshire; the duke of Buccleugh, in parts of Northampton and Huntingdon; the university colleges, and, best of all, the ecclesiastical commissioners have built many good cottages for moderate rents; and have done it in spite of financial loss. Some smaller land owners have done their best to erect cheap cottages.

The only solution of the great national question is the cheap cottage. A member of a leading firm of builders said to a representative of this

Taft Letter Aid in India

How Richmond Lawyer Practically Saw Durbar as King George's Guest.

New York.—Jonathan Bryan, a Richmond lawyer, who is in New York at the conclusion of a trip around the world which began last July, attended the Delhi durbar practically as the guest of King George, owing to the magic influence of a letter from President Taft which he carried. Mr. Bryan told of the incident on his arrival here. He said:

"Mrs. Bryan and I were anxious to witness the durbar ceremonies, but as we feared India we found that no amount of money could obtain accommodations. I had about abandoned the idea when I thought of my letter from President Taft, which was in the nature of a general note of introduction and a part of the various credentials which I carried."

"I forwarded the Taft note to the secretary of the durbar and was amazed on reaching Calcutta to dis-

RED NECK BAND FOR MONKEY

Started by Susie With Sore Throat, Keeps New Supply All.

New York.—No society circle was ever more exclusive than the one recently formed among the chimpanzee and orang-outang families in the New York Zoological park. It is known as the Society of Red Fannel and numbers only nine members. Its badge is

HIS MODESTY OF HIGH ORDER

Tinker, of Course, Loved His Neighbor as Himself, but That Wasn't Too Much.

Lord Tankerville, who is sending his son to an American school, said the other day in New York:

"There are too many Englishmen—and English boys as well—who develop, in the presence of a lord, a painful and unnatural modesty. Their modesty reminds me of a village tinker."

"This tinker had a rather crusty disposition, and his pastor said to him one day:

"My man, you should love your neighbor as yourself."

"But, sir," said the tinker.

"But the pastor had in mind a nasty black eye that the tinker had given the bricklayer next door, and so he went on:

"Do you, though, do you honestly, love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir," said the tinker; and he added, "but I'm a modest man, ye see, and, to tell the truth, I ain't a bit stuck on myself, sir."

WHY SHOULD I USE CUTICURA SOAP?"

"There is nothing the matter with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Soap was only for skin troubles." True, it is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair lustrous and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation.

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston, for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

Too Thin.

"The greatest curiosity I ever came across in the course of a long experience," said the first broker, "is a man who comes into our office every day, watches the ticker like a hawk for five hours, and pays cash for everything he buys."

"I can beat that by a mile," replied the second broker. "A man came into our place awhile ago and started to trade actively in Reading and Union on a five-point margin. He had \$5,000 when he began. In six months he had \$50,000. Then do you know what he did? He put his money into first mortgage bonds—and quit."

The first broker looked almost dazed. "I hate to do it," he murmured, "but I've just got to. You're a liar!"—Puck.

The Biblical Injunction.

A Washington clergyman made a call of consolation upon a woman who had suffered a sad bereavement. "I hope," said the pastor, "that in your bitter trial you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, sir," was the confident though fearful reply.

"That's grand, sister," was the sympathetic observation of the minister. "May I ask what passage of the Good Book helped you most?"

"Grin and bear it."

Counterfeiter Gets Stiff Sentence.

William Fink, a Brooklyn, N. Y., dealer in drugs, was sentenced by the New York Court of Special Sessions, to imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor, for four months. The charge was counterfeiting the trademark for Carter's Little Liver Pills, in violation of the penal law.

The Carter Medicine Company detected the counterfeiter before any quantity of the spurious goods had been placed upon the market. In sentencing Fink, Judge Detzel laid special stress upon the injury done to the public when a remedy so well known as Carter's Little Liver Pills is counterfeited and put on the market. He imposed the sentence not only as the proper punishment of Fink, almost but in order to deter others from the commission of like frauds in the future.

No Chance About It.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened," apologized the abject young man, after the stolen kiss.

"Happened!" she exclaims. "Happened! That is worse than the kiss! If you didn't have it in mind when you asked me to stroll away back here in this quiet corner of the conservatory I shall be offended, after all!"—Judge.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Unrealized Ideal of a King.

King Arthur had just invented the round table.

"Can you invent a bureau that a man's wife will let him have two drawers off?" we asked.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 5c and 25c bottles. For trial sample, write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

A Cruel Thrust.

He—Old age has no terrors for me. She—It needn't have if it's true that brainy men live long.

A Mean Disposition.

"Is Puffkins all wrapped up in his motor car?"

"Not yet, but I have hopes."

Mrs. Whitlow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Platonic friendship and perpetual motion are all right theoretically, but they refuse to work.

Why suffer under the curse of Dyspepsia when Garfield Tea can remove it?

Offering to bet that you are right is a poor kind of argument.