

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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Garrett shook his head. "Then what made you write that message last night?" he asked.

"What do you mean? . . . Oh, I don't know. I was afraid," he said gravely. "And I was afraid. That's why I couldn't stay away. The only man you could turn to in case of need was gone."

"Mr. Power?" She flashed him a startled look.

"How did you know that yesterday? And how did you find another man to take his place—his name, and everything? So that you dated come here in his stead . . . ?"

"I found it out before I left the island yesterday morning," he said slowly, wondering how much he dared tell her.

It seemed needlessly cruel to shock her with the story of the murder on the island at that time; some hours must surely elapse before Appleyard could return; indeed, Coast could not expect him till the evening. And until then matters must stand as they were; nothing must be allowed to happen to rouse Blackstock's suspicions. But if she knew that Power had been assassinated—could existing conditions continue to obtain? Would she be able to continue to bear herself toward Blackstock as she had theretofore?

He decided to keep her in the dark

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was as if she had been expecting him; she seemed not at all surprised. But there was no light of welcome in her look, nor any trace of welcome in her greeting as he stepped before her, hat in hand and heart in his throat, with something in his bearing that called to mind a child convicted of transgression and pleading for suspension of judgment.

"I came out here to think," she said—at least to try to think. But I hoped that if you saw me you would follow."

"I'm glad," he said; "though I didn't know you were here. It's hardly likely we'll have so good a chance to talk again."

"Yes," she admitted simply. There was a little catch in her voice and he fancied her lips quivered like the lips of a tired child as she looked away from him, seeking again the sight of the sea as if she drew from it some solace, some sorely needed strength against her trials. "We must talk, of course. . . . I have been trying all night to think . . . but everything seems so . . ."

She left the sentence incomplete, raising her hands to press them against her temples and then dropping them with a gesture of utter weariness.

"Oh," she cried, "why did you come back? You promised you went away, and I—was sorry for you and prayed you might find happiness. Garrett. You promised—and you came back—came back like a ghost to haunt me with memories and regrets. Her voice rose to a pitch of wildness. "Sometimes, last night, I thought that surely you must be a ghost—that you had been executed, killed and buried, and were come back to be his punishment and mine, and mine!"

"His punishment—his?" he echoed. "Then, Katherine, then you do believe—"

"Ah, how do I know? What do I believe—what can I believe? I don't know. I can't think right; it's all so—so terrible." Her tone fell to a low pitch of fatigue, dejection and bewilderment. She leaned heavily against the wall, watching the sullen, interminable succession of the surges. "You sowed doubt in my mind and fear in my heart when you lade me weigh what I once knew of the good in you against what I have learned of him. I tried—so hard!—to do so justly and still believe you the guilty one. . . . You swept the ground from under me with arguments, your attitude, your explanations; and though they were your unsupported words. . . . I never knew you to lie to me. Garrett, and I couldn't believe you would bring me a lie to torture me, just for revenge. . . . You made me think, and—at times I feared I should go mad, and then again I was afraid I wouldn't. . . . She turned suddenly to him and grasping his arms, lifting frantic, piteous eyes to his. "Oh, Garrett, Garrett!" she pleaded, half hysterically, "tell me you lied, tell me it isn't true, tell me it was you—!"

He shook his head sorrowfully, and with a short dry sob she released him and fell back against the wall, shaken and trembling.

"If," he said, slowly—"if I thought it would make you happy, if I believed that any good of any sort could come of it to you, Katherine, if I could even think it safe, I would lie—I'd lie with a clear conscience and tell you it was I who killed Van Tui. I've taken time to think it over and I've tried to think straight, to think the way that would be best for you, and . . . Well, I've come back."

"But why?" she repeated abruptly. "Why? What good can you do? Can you lift this weight from my heart, can you right the wrong to yourself, by being here? Can you bring Van Tui back to life or make my—the man I married less than a murderer?"

"I came to protect you; you were alone and friendless."

"He would not harm me," she said in an uncertain voice.

"Do you believe that? Do you expect me to believe it when I have seen the marks of his brutality upon your arm?"

"He didn't mean it, Garrett. He has his temper and—sometimes he forgets and doesn't realize his strength—but he would never do worse. If it's true—and, oh, I know it must be!—that he did—that you were accused of—it has been a lesson to him. I'm sure it has. He—"



"I'll Tell You in a Moment," He Temporarily.

as long as possible. He continued: "There were two of us ashore, you know—my companion as well as myself. It seems he stumbled upon the bungalow in the fog and accidentally overheard a part of Power's final quarrel with Blackstock. Then he—learned—coast slurred the explanation, but she forgot to question it—that a man named Handyside was to replace Power. So we thought it over and decided I was to be Handyside."

She was facing him squarely now, eyes wide with interest and alarm. "But—but how can you? What do you know about the work? The minute he" (she could no longer name Blackstock intimately, it seemed) "asks you to send or take a message—"

"I will cheerfully comply, if required," he assured her. "You see, I know enough about the system to make a stagger at operating. You forget my experience with the signal corps in the Spanish war—that taught me Morse; and it also interested me enough in such things to make me spend a good deal of time in the wireless room every time I crossed the water. I couldn't help picking up a working knowledge of the system under such circumstances. Don't worry; I'll make good when the call comes."

"But this Mr. Handyside—he may arrive at any time; and then—"

"I doubt if he ever sees the island," Coast interrupted, smiling. "You see, the Corsair did run aground in Quick's Hole; we were the amateur asses that got in her way. And we left her there. Now Appleyard—that's my companion—has gone back to see that Messrs."

Romance Is Not Yet Dead

Little Incident of the Streets of San Francisco Shows That It Still Lives.

At the corner of Twenty-second and Guerrero streets a young man waited for a car. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two other people waiting—a boy just out of his teens and a young girl. A suit case stood near them. The boy leaned against a plate glass window and looked impatiently up the street.

"I wish that car would hurry!" murmured the girl in a tone of voice low, but not so low that the near-by young man could hear.

"What if your father should come along?" the boy muttered. "Gee, if your father should come along before the car gets here!"

"Oh, he won't," the girl said, with a

MANAGER OF PIRATES SAYS BUT LITTLE

Finn and Hecksher and Handyside do nothing rash.

"He can prevent them?" A pucker of perplexity gathered between her brows. "How?"

"He'll manage somehow; he's very clever, Appleyard is—"

"But he must have some plan," she countered quickly; "and you would know it. You're keeping something back. What is it? What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you in a moment," he temporized. "But first I'll ask some questions."

"Still puzzled, she held his eyes intently. "I can't imagine what you mean. But go on."

"You told me that he—Blackstock settled here to work on his inventions. Do you think he has accomplished much, that way, since you came to the island?"

She shook her head slowly. "Not a great deal. His eyes have hampered progress, of course."

"I thought as much. . . . And do I understand that no one ever visits the island except your weekly boat from New Bedford?"

"No one. . . . That is, sometimes, fishermen—"

"For what purpose?"

"I don't know; there was once quite a settlement of them down there, you know; and I understand they still use some of the buildings to store dried fish in. I'm afraid that never interested me much."

"You never watched them—?"

"No; generally they come to anchor after nightfall and are gone before daylight the next morning. Sometimes he has gone down to the beach to talk to them, but as a rule Mr. Power went with him."

"Their visits are fairly regular?"

"I think so; the schooner comes about once a month, I should say. But—"



Artist Cesare Depicts Fred Clarke.

MAJOR LEAGUE 1912 MANAGERS

Five clubs in the American and two in the National League have engaged new managers for next season. A complete list of major league managers of 1911 and 1912 is as follows:

Club	1911	1912	Position
Philadelphia	Connie Mack	Connie Mack	Bench
Detroit	Hugh Jennings	Hugh Jennings	Bench
Chicago	Hugh Duffy	James Callahan	Outfielder
New York	Hal Chase	Harry Wobson	Bench
St. Louis	Rhody Wallace	Rhody Wallace	Shortstop
Boston	Pat Donovan	Garland Stahl	Bench
Washington	James McAlee	Clark Griffith	Bench
Cleveland	George Stovall	Harry Davis	First Base
New York	John McGraw	John McGraw	Bench
Philadelphia	Charles Doolin	Charles Doolin	Catcher
Cincinnati	Clark Griffith	Henry O'Day	Bench
Brooklyn	William Dahlen	William Dahlen	Bench
St. Louis	Roger Bresnahan	Roger Bresnahan	Catcher
Chicago	Frank Chance	Frank Chance	First Base
Pittsburg	Fred Clark	Fred Clark	Bench
Boston	Fred Tenney	John Kling	Catcher

By HOMER CROVY.

If you will look it up in the dictionary you will find it this way: Fred Clarke: (noun) see Old Gibraltar. And then if you will turn to the o's you'll read:

Old Gibraltar: (noun) see Fred Clarke.

That's what he is—Old Faithful. You can depend on him 364 days out of the year and if he turns up missing on the three hundred and sixty-fifth you may know some doctor has a thermometer under his tongue and his thumb on his pulse.

He was born on a farm in Madison County, Iowa, thirty-nine years ago, and did not talk until he was old enough to harness a horse alone, and never since has he said more than three sentences and four goldurnits in succession. Before he utters a complete sentence outside the ball park he gets out the screw-driver, the die cutter and the alligator wrench, goes all over his vocal apparatus, chokes once, strains for a start and then puts a period at the end of the fifth word. The only time he can use two sentences in succession without getting rosy behind his ears is when he describes his thoroughbred heifers.

One Saturday when he was seven years old, after he had got the jimson weeds all cut, lime sprinkled on the cucumber vines and the rock salt laid out for the cattle in the back forty, he went to Omaha where he saw his first professional game of baseball. It excited him so that he didn't sleep for three nights, and when he went back home and told the rest of the fellows that the players all had a full suit apiece they nearly hurt themselves laughing and said Fred was trying to put on airs just because he had been to the city.

His first game was played with the

PITCHER IS VALUABLE

Worth All the Money Manager Can Scrape Together.

Napoleon Lajoie Turns Baseball Philosopher and Discusses Some Difficulties of Modern Magistrate—Would Go Limit.

Napoleon Lajoie turned baseball philosopher the other day and discussed some of the difficulties of a baseball manager. From his long experience as a manager and player he knows whereof he speaks.

"Lots of people thought Barney Dreyfus was crazy when he paid \$22,500 for Marty O'Toole last fall," remarked Lajoie. "I don't know whether Barney paid that much in cash or not, but if Marty comes through for Pittsburgh it was money well spent. If I were a club owner and had a pitcher offered me that I absolutely knew would be a star in the big league, I don't think I would hesitate at paying \$50,000. It would be money well spent, but I doubt if many club owners will agree with me."

"But they spend the money just the same in the effort without getting the star pitcher. When I came to Cleveland Somers and Kilroy had Addie Joss. He had cost them nothing and he proved to be one of the best pitchers and ball players the game ever knew. But after they got Joss they invested a good deal more than \$50,000 in pitchers, without getting an



Veau Gregg.

other man the equal of Joss, until Gregg was bought. See my argument? The average club owner will think nothing of paying anywhere from \$2,000 to \$5,000 apiece for pitching recruits who he hopes will make good. Nine times out of ten the money is thrown away, while the tenth time he may get only a fair pitcher.

"My contention is that if the opportunity is presented a club owner should not hesitate about paying the price for a star. He'll not only save money by not having to buy so many second-raters, but he will also make it up at the gate."

"Go back through your memory. In ten years Cleveland has had two real star pitchers—Joss and Gregg. Chicago has had Ed Walsh, and Walsh has been the one man to keep the White Sox out of the cellar. St. Louis has not had any. New York had Chebro and later on Russell Ford. Philadelphia had Waddell, Plank, Bender and Coombs. Washington has had only one—Walter Johnson—while Joe Wood is the only one developed by Boston, although O'Brien looks as if he might be another one. Cy Young and Bill Deneen were stars at Boston, but they were stars before they joined our league."

"I agree with Addie Joss when he said that pitching was the biggest part of the game. If I had had Veau Gregg to work along with Addie back in 1908 we would have played the Cubs for the world's pennant, but one star pitcher rarely wins a pennant, especially if that star is a man who needs at least three days in between his games."

"Yes, sir, star pitchers are mighty scarce. You can go out and get the outfielders who can throw, bat and run the bases; you can get the infielders who can field with a lot of speed and hit fairly well, but you have got to go some to dig up two great pitchers in two or three seasons, to say nothing of in one year. No use talking. Philadelphia was lucky when it grabbed Alexander and Chalmers the same season, and got them cheap at that."

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All of That.
"Who is Nat Goodwin?"
"He's the center of the All-America married team."

Most of 'Em Do.
"You certainly started out with fine prospects. Your credit was good everywhere in town."
"That's why I failed."

His Business.
"That man indulges in shocking language."
"Influence of his trade. He's a telegraph lineman."

Costly Necessities.
A woman who wants alimony says her face powder costs her \$400 a year.
We shudder to think what she must spend for tooth paste.
Or hairpins.
Or shoestrings.
There is one thing certain. The husband with a wife like that should deal directly with the factories and cut out the middleman.

Possibly Willing to Assist at It.
At a little party John T. McCutcheon consented to do a little impromptu chalk talking, with the presidential possibilities for his subject. McCutcheon had made several hits. One of the party, chuckling, leaned over to another, a Democrat. "Pretty good, isn't it?" he asked. "What do you think of his execution?"
"I think it would be a darned good thing," replied the Democrat.

His Coming Out.
A fond Chicago mother is to give a coming-out party for her son. Of course, we have no means of knowing the youth, but we fancy he must be exactly that kind of son—and we await with bated anxiety a full description of the coming-out costume.
"What will be done with the gentle youth after this severe social ordeal isn't stated, but it can be believed that he is to be rushed around to all sorts of society functions—and, of course, carefully guarded against the matrimonial designs of fortune-hunting females."

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NOTES of SPORTIDOM

Baseball is becoming so popular it has spread to the penitentiaries.

The pitcher's box should be on the level, the same as the pitcher, some critics contend.

Garry Herrmann has decided the new leagues will burn out faster by not fanning the flames.

When the major leagues expand they will never permit a minor circuit to do their expansion for them.

The expansion of the American association is no new thing at all, for it has been talked by the magnates for at least two years.

Tip O'Neil, president of the Western league, is thinking seriously of invading Chicago, but is not certain just when or where he will light.

"Wee Willie" Keeler of the old Orioles is still a prominent figure in baseball. He will coach for Brooklyn this season and chances are the Superbas will know just what to do if they are unable to win everything they would like.

Gotch, the fans are told, turned Zbyszko down for a handicap match in New York. He also refused to meet Leo Pardello and the Mysterious Waffles.

Billy Evans and Jack Sheridan are unamused that honesty is the bulwark of baseball. Other umpires weren't asked, but it is thought there will be no objection to this stand.

John Franklin Baker, the tall third baseman of the Athletics, still thinks that Snodgrass spiked him purposely last fall during the world's series. It was not the fact that he hit him with the spikes, but what he said when he hit him, that convinced Baker.

William Dorsch, utility infielder with the Superior team of the Nebraska State League last year, has been named manager.

Jimmy Collins is not yet ready to pass up the good old game, and may break loose in the New York State League the coming season.

Frank Holohan, the Manhattan College star, will be a candidate for the first base position on the Albany team of the New York State League.

Ross Thornton has signed for a try-out with Terre Haute. He may find that Springfield, Ill., may have something to say about where he plays.

Fred Fitzgerald, Griffith's new groundskeeper at Washington, has reached the capital and Griff has put him at work on reconstructing the field.

Because he received a cut in his salary Eddie Zimmerman, the fast third baseman of the Newark Indians, has announced that he will quit baseball.

Jack Dunleavy, the veteran outfielder, is now making his home at 108 East Seventh street in St. Paul. He is a free agent and looking for a minor league berth.

Frank Chance is not so badly off for first basemen, even if he is unable to play the bag himself. He has Bransfield, Hofman, Saier, Agler and possibly Zimmerman available.

Connie Mack is far from being a chronic kicker, but the great and only baseball sphinx set up an awful holler about the American League schedule, if he was reported correctly.

Evidently Manager Doolin of the Phillies did not think so well of Tom Downey as did Horace Fogel. Fogel bought him from Cincinnati and Doolin said he had no place for him.

Clark Griffith was praised in Washington for his trade of Gabby Street for Jack Knight, but the Naps' officials in Cleveland are being "panned" for trading Stovall for Lefty George.

Good Thing to Do.
Telegraph poles are lined up so that their crooks are turned in and not seen as you look along the line. Turn your twists away from people and not at them.