

NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who is looking for a rare pearl. 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 Dandus and Van Tui. There is a quarrel and Blackstock shoots Van Tui dead. Coast attempts to arrest the weapon from him, but the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he is being taken away, Dandus names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast is freed from jail and Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and has Coast purchase a motor and other things. A man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Applewood. Coast arrives at a lonely island known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He approaches a man who is a house for some Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband under the name of Black had bought the island. He said it was a waste of money and that her husband married Van Tui. Coast says Blackstock is a man who is a lover of a man. They live at him, but he is named by Applewood, who gets him to the island in safety and then he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been waiting for the arrival of the island, suspecting that the criminal Coast is anxious to follow the mystery of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Applewood believes that Black and his gang make a stronghold of the wireless station, to conduct a smuggling business. Coast penetrates to the heart of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine breaks the room and passes him a note which tells of the danger. Coast looks at the Blackstock suspects him. Applewood and the police discover Coast. Coast informs Katherine of his protection, and she informs him that they are to abandon the island immediately. The island is a trap. The coast guard superintendent Coast, who afterwards comes to the island, is washing to him. They discover a trail which leads to the coast. It is the coast guard's boat.

thing now—just a strong twist of the wrist and out comes our bilge plug and in comes the water and—down she goes!"

Coast, choking with despair and rage, in silence saw the prediction verified to his bitterest letter. Then he swung back to his tormentor, quivering with indignation even as the dog he held quivered and strained against restraint.

"Damn you!" he cried despite himself. Blackstock laughed again, by all tokens enjoying himself immensely. "But why," he asked lightly. "Why damn me for taking a simple measure toward self-preservation—obeying Nature's first law, and all that sort of thing? I want you to stick here until tomorrow morning, at the earliest; that gives me a chance to make a clean get-away. Why should I leave you the means to gum up my plans? Thanks, I'm many kinds of a fool, I know, but not that bad!"

"You'll never leave this island free," Coast muttered. "Oh, what's that? Oh, you think not—so? Believe me, my gallant, I'm wise to all you're banking on. It's true you had me guessing for a time—I wasn't sure about you at first; that immature beard you've been growing recently is quite some disguise.

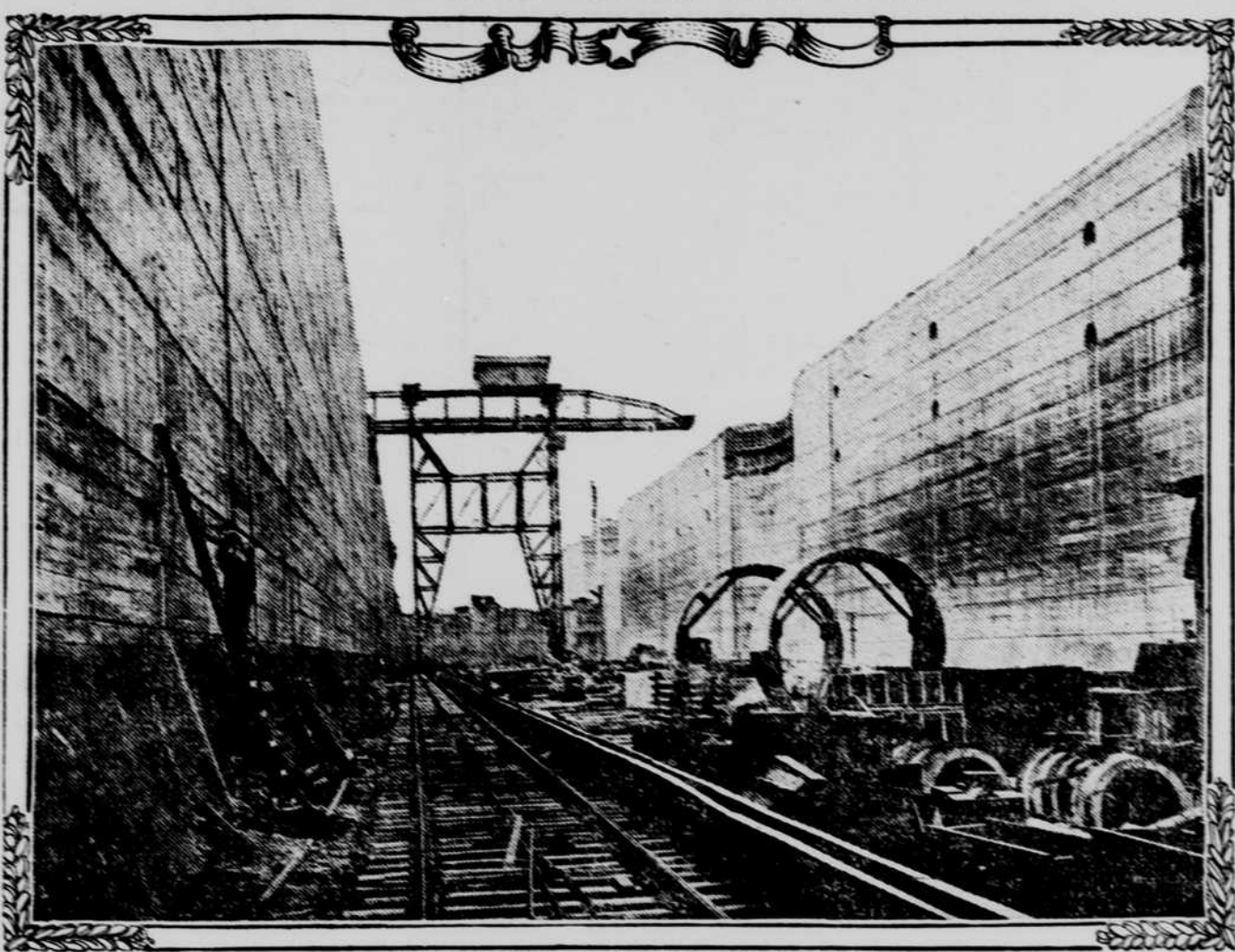
Just now—merely satisfied with the case. . . . Well, as I was saying, I worked the wireless pretty steadily—was happy enough to pick up a message to the Scylla—a revenue cutter, I take it—ordering her here to bust up a nest of smugglers, and spiked that gun with another message, a couple of hours later, revoking the order as being based on false information. And, finally, I got my friends on the mainland to make up a little party to fetch me off. So, all things being pleasant as afternoon tea, I came down to gloat over you a little. Hope you don't mind."

"Why," said Coast—"since you'd made up your mind about me—why did you hold off this long? To laugh at me?"

"Partly, Mr. Coast, partly. There were other reasons. One was I don't bear you any ill-will, which you'll allow is pretty decent of me, considering the rotten way I've treated you. I don't kill in cold blood without a pretty good reason. Van Tui's mouth had to be shut, you know—or rather, you don't know why, and likely never will; and Power was threatening to split on the game here, so he had to be taken care of. But you . . . I'll be candid; to begin with your life wasn't worth a tallow-dip; I made up my mind to eliminate you with neatness and dispatch—when your back was turned, for choice. But then I began to think the game was about up, so far as No Man's Land was concerned. So, what was the use of making a bad matter messier? You were harmless, and I didn't hate you hard enough to want you murdered—unless you made it necessary. So I voted for the laugh instead of the funeral."

"Do you think for an instant I intend to let you go?" "You? What've you got to say about it? Don't be silly; I'm going—

GREAT CANAL NEARING COMPLETION



LOCK CHAMBER AT MIRAFLORES

Our photograph shows one of the immense lock chambers of the Panama canal at Miraflores nearly completed.

DOCTORS UP BOOKS

New York Woman Chooses Odd Profession.

Receives Calls and Makes Visits Like Any Physician, With All Book Lovers as Clients—Attends Great Libraries.

New York—Miss Janet C. Lewis has taken up a work which, in all probability, is the most novel profession in the country. She is a book doctor. That is literal, for she receives her calls and attends her patients in much the same fashion as any other doctor. The diseases to which she ministers are various, and only too well known to librarians who have to deal with old and valuable books. The chief of these is dry rot or disintegration, due to various causes.

The use of sulphuric acid in tanning, may be an excellent preventive for worms, but, on the other hand, leather so treated soon loses its natural oil. The present conditions in nearly all libraries do not tend to preserve old and valuable bindings. Direct sunshine is one of the most potent factors in disintegration, as are also gas and, to a lesser degree, electricity. The best way to secure good, fresh ventilation and a proper supply of light, while barring the sunlight, is to have the windows and globes of the lights tinted red, green or yellow. Green gives the best results.

USE ENGINE IN THIEF CHASE

Railway Policeman Orders Engineer to Pursue Thief and Makes a Capture After a Fight.

Oakland, Cal.—Pressing into service a switch engine, J. J. O'Connor, state railway policeman, pursued a burglar along the rails on the Oakland mole, caught up with the man after a four blocks' chase, engaged him in a hand to hand encounter and finally subdued and arrested him. The prisoner is Ed Rensen, and he is in jail charged with petty larceny.

The capture was made late last night. O'Connor noticed Rensen and another man removing about one hundred feet of lead pipe from a freight car at the Oakland mole. He ordered the men to halt, but they took to their heels and ran down the footpath along the rails. O'Connor followed, but the men were too fleet for him.

Seeing that he had no chance of capturing them on foot, he ran over to a train which was being switched about and ordered the engine driver to assist him. The train started after the burglars with O'Connor in the engine cab. When the engine was at rest the fugitives O'Connor jumped off. He sought to arrest Rensen, but the latter fought. O'Connor was the stronger in the scuffle and downed and handcuffed his man. In the meantime the other man disappeared in the darkness.

Exonerated for Death. Springfield, Ohio.—A jury acquitted Pearl Elder, white, charged with manslaughter for the killing of James Sanford, a negro, alleged paramour of Elder's mother, September 28, 1910.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Can Figure It Out Yourself."

and besides you'd changed your way of talking; his lordship's languid drawl was missing; and you look like any other ordinary nut, out of your pretty clothes—but I got your number in due course of time. That break you made about the gun when I was pulling my bluff about knowing people by the feel of their faces—you forgot yourself then, and I hadn't any more doubts. I did some tall figuring before I got completely hep, but a little work with wireless rounded the story out. You see, you had the yern of the Corsair's trouble down too pat and glib for it to be without a grain of truth; you gave me that much to go on. . . . And then—well, we knew one man certainly, and probably two, had been on the island in the fog yesterday morning and butted in on the funeral obsequies of my ill-advised young assistant, Power, and it didn't seem in reason they'd be content to let the matter rest at that—specially after going to the trouble of breaking Chang's head in return for being shot at. . . . So I got busy, as I say, and the fog helping I fixed things up very prettily.

"I warned Voorhis—he's sloping for safety now; sent the tug after the Corsair, unhappily too late—it's evident your friend, the Secret Service sleuth."

"How did you guess that?" Coast demanded huskily.

"Considering what I've been up to, what was the likeliest guess? I wasn't sure until you gave it away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marble Quarries in Italy

Though Wastefully Operated for 2,000 Years, the Supply Is Still Inexhaustible.

Twenty centuries ago men were digging out the side of the Apuan mountains, in Italy, for as far back as that time they realized what could be done with the marble which composes so much of this mountain range. The mines or quarries are only within a few square miles of territory, but an army of 5,000 men and boys are continually employed, their earnings supporting 100,000 of the people of northwestern Italy. No one knows how much marble is contained in this range of Italian mountains. Though they have been opened for 2,000 years, and, as stated, the mining methods are attended with enormous waste, it is known that vast beds of the marble still exist. By digging longer and longer tunnels and shafts an inexhaustible supply can be obtained, for the beds are so extensive that some

of the mines are worked at a height of over a mile above the sea, while many of the workings are over 2,000 feet above the sea. This is a great advantage to the Italians, however, because methods are still in use in quarrying and getting out the marble which are hundreds of years old. But little advantage has been taken of the modern labor-saving machinery, such as electric and compressed air drills and saws, the principal tools being steel bars and chisels, mallets, while not only dynamite but gunpowder is placed in big holes, exploded, and frequently the side of the mountain will be so shattered by the explosion that the waste marble is much more than the block which is loosened.—Albert Wilhelm in Cassier's Magazine.

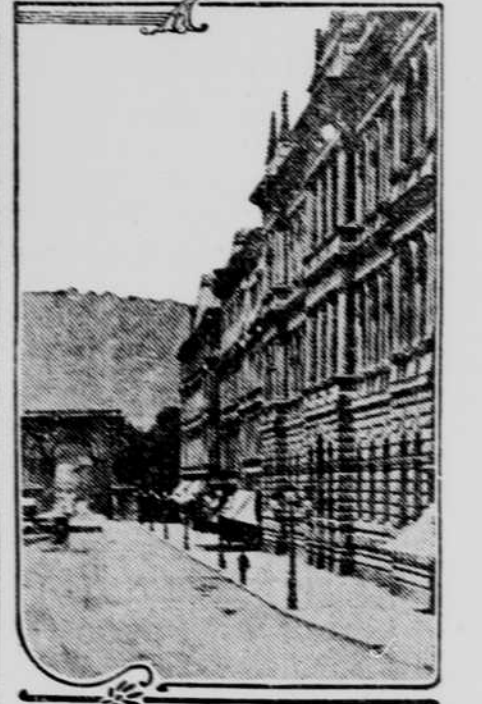
The Other Extreme. "I haven't enough money to startle society with my gowns." "In that case, why not go in for barefoot dancing?"

BIG COAL DEPOSITS

Russian Scientific Explorer Tells of Sakhalin.

Declares its Agricultural Possibilities Are Small, but Says There Is Good Pasture for Cattle—Deep Borings Made for Naptha.

St. Petersburg—Sakhalin, the far-lorn easternmost island of the Russian empire—once the grimiest of convict settlements, and now, since the Portsmouth treaty, Japanese territory in its southern part—is attracting considerable scrutiny as to its natural resources. Russia is doing much to open up her Amur territory, and the process would be helped if Sakhalin, "the cork of the Amur bottle," were to prove an economic asset. A Russian scientific explorer, M. Polovoy, has just given the St. Petersburg Geographical society an estimate of its resources.



Facade of Government Buildings.

Its agricultural possibilities he rates as low, but there is good pasture for cattle. The meat trade, however, is not organized at all. Viadivostok, close by, gets its supplies in cold storage from Australia.

Coal is probably the best of its ascertained properties. He believes that there are at least ten million pounds of it in the island. It would find a good market in the western states of America, besides in Japan. Deep borings are now in progress for naptha, which is in as good position as the Baku wells and should be able to compete with American petroleum in east Asia. Gold prospecting has not had success. There is a great supply of timber, of which no use was made until in 1906 a firm began to export railway sleepers.

The population, which a dozen years ago consisted of 20,000 Russian deported convicts, and about half as many free persons, sank to about 6,000 after the Japanese war. The convicts had got their liberty on condition they volunteer for the war. Russians sold their houses for next to nothing. A whole village was left to caretakers for 50 rubles. Last year the ex-convicts who had served in the war and returned were declared free peasants and settled near Alexandrovsk, the seat of government.

Sakhalin's weak side, as M. Polovoy found it, is in its cut off condition, not so much geographically as through want of steam navigation. Moreover, the coasting trade is closed against foreign shipping. There are very few roads into the interior, even the roads prospected by the Russian prisons department have fallen back into waste. Harbors are scarcely to be found at all. Labor is unskilled and there is no ascertainable general rate of wages. Evidently the planlessness that has hitherto marked the administration of the important "cork of the Amur" will need to be changed if its great coal and lumber resources are to get a chance.

WON'T SELL JEFFERSON HOME

Congressman Levy, Owner for 35 Years, Announces He Will Not Dispose of Monticello.

New York.—Congressman Jefferson M. Levy has no intention of selling Monticello, once the home of Thomas Jefferson, to the government or any one else. The idea of the purchase of Monticello by the government, recently proposed by patriotic societies in Washington, is distasteful to him, he declares, in a statement given out here.

Mr. Levy has been the owner of Monticello thirty-five years and during that time the property has been scrupulously maintained. Visitors have been admitted to the estate freely, Mr. Levy explains, and the condition of the property is better than it would be if owned by the government.

Hen Hooks a Long Ride.

Winsted, Conn.—A Thomaston, a grain dealer, received a car load of baled hay from Canada this week, and when the shipment was being unloaded a white Leghorn hen was discovered between the hay tiers. Biddy had laid several eggs while in transit. The car containing the hay and hen left Canada two weeks previous and Biddy had no food or water during that time.

Home Rule Bill Liked.

London.—John O'Callaghan, national secretary of the United Irish League of America, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by nationalist members of the house of commons. T. P. O'Connor praised Premier Asquith's bill as the best measure for home rule ever introduced in parliament.

Promise Reduced Rates.

Liverpool.—Frank L. Brown, chairman of several committees, called on the Mauretania with the promise of several steaming companies to grant reduced rates for European visitors and exhibits for the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Brave Diver Saves the Ship

Goes Under Water Amid Sharks to Fix Propeller.

Boards Up a Hole Made in Boat by Storm in the Gulf of Mexico and Enables British Vessel to Reach Its Port.

San Francisco.—One of the most remarkable feats ever performed by a diver is related by the offices and crew of the British sloop of war Shearwater, which is undergoing repairs at the Union Iron works. J. P. Lirgane, a young Irish shipwright, boarded up the propeller well while the vessel was rolling in heavy seas and so enabled her to make the voyage to this port.

The Shearwater was cruising off the coast of Mexico when in a storm she lost her propeller. Resort was immediately had to her sails, but it was found that steering was almost impossible, because the big arch or well under the stern in which the propeller had revolved made the rudder's propeller ineffectual. The officers decided that if they were to bring the ship to port this well must be boarded up.

Lirgane was sent down to do the work. Though hampered by his heavy diving suit and by the weight of water, he was able to adjust himself to the bad rolling of the ship and to handle the heavy timbers that were passed to him. He fastened the boards so securely that they had only shifted in one place when the Shearwater

reached this port, even though she had been battered by heavy seas on the way. Naval men have given high praise to the young man for what he did and a special report on it has been sent to the British admiralty.

A trial to the nerves of the young diver while he was at work was the presence of several sharks, which at times swam close to him. Armed men on the warship, however, kept them from attacking him.

GIRL GOES INTO A CAISSON

Clad in Gym Costume, Overalls and Jumper, Miss Ruth Kenney Watched Sinking of Piers.

Kansas City, Mo.—Miss Ruth Kenney, teacher of mathematics in the Rosedale high school, descended the narrow, muddy ladder to the bottom of the pneumatic caisson which is being used to build the foundation for the James street bridge in Kansas City, Kan., and remained half an hour thirty feet below the bed of the Kaw river.

Miss Kenney wore her gymnasium costume and over that a pair of overalls and jumper, just like the "mud hogs" who work down in the slime at the base of the piers.

She had been told by the foreman just how to take a full breath and slowly exhale, so as not to be affected by the air pressure.

"Often I have read how these piers are sunk," she said, "but I never had an opportunity before to inspect one in course of construction."

TRAMP SEIZES A FINE HOME

Leavenworth, Kan.—Caretakers Make Odd Discovery at Cheever House.

Leavenworth, Kan.—When caretakers for the house on Miami street formerly occupied by Col. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Cheever and now owned by Mrs. Cheever entered they found that a tramp had taken possession. The house is richly furnished and has been without a tenant except the tramp. He had slept on the spotless linen in the massive brass beds, washed his hands in marble basins, dined with his brogans on the oriental rugs, eaten from silver plate and drunk from cut glass goblets.

Cans of imported dainties and cobwebbed bottles taken from their musty hiding places in the cellar bins.

Child Slid Down Pipe to Furnace.

Altoona, Pa.—While looking for his mother's thimble, Morris, the two-year-old son of Robert Templeton, stepped into a hot-lair pipe this week and slid down to the furnace. His mother, frantic with fear that he had been roasted alive, tore down the pipe, and found that the child had saved himself by making a wedge of his arms.

Costly Joke on Detective

Philadelphia Took Seaman on Leave for Deserter From United States Navy.

Philadelphia, Pa.—As a result of a boast that he was a deserter from the navy, Owen Martin, a seaman on the battleship Idaho, at League island, was arrested in Pittsburgh, and brought back to his vessel two days before his leave of absence had expired, while the detective who paid the expenses of bringing him back to his ship in the hope of obtaining the customary reward of \$50, returned to Smoky City without the money, a sadder but wiser man. Martin had been visiting his home in Sellersville, Ill., and was on his way back to Philadelphia when the incident occurred. In a spirit of fun he declared that he had deserted the Idaho several weeks previous.

Without waiting to write or telegraph to the Idaho for particulars, the detective, whose name is Miller, took Martin into custody and boarded the first train for this city. Martin denied that he was a deserter, stating that he had made the assertion in fun, but Miller was obstinate and insisted on accompanying him back to his ship.

Arriving on board the Idaho at League island the detective found that Martin had been on a leave of absence and still had two days to his credit before reporting for duty. Miller could only retire as gracefully as possible, while the crew of the Idaho gleefully bombarded him with potatoes.

Child Slid Down Pipe to Furnace.