

SERIAL STORY

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 leaves him a letter telling him to go to No Man's Land, a remote spot in the Canadian wilderness. Coast goes to No Man's Land, where he meets Blackstock, who is a millionaire. Blackstock tells Coast that he has a plan to make No Man's Land a great resort. Coast agrees to help him. Blackstock tells Coast that he has a plan to make No Man's Land a great resort. Coast agrees to help him. Blackstock tells Coast that he has a plan to make No Man's Land a great resort. Coast agrees to help him.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Not entirely," he was saying, still with his evil secret smile, "I don't mind telling you since you are my own Mr. Coast. I did have the devil's own time with my eyes for a while, and believed I'd lost my sight entirely. I honestly went abroad on their account alone. One of the few horrors of a man's life, by the way—if you don't find the interpolation obnoxious."

His laugh rang bitterly in Coast's hearing.

"My friends the German specialists, however," he resumed, "worked wonders. I found my strength of vision returning, but was temporarily amused to continue the make-believe. It was immensely diverting for a time. I received consideration that I wouldn't have, otherwise, and I saw a lot I wasn't expected to see. And then, slowly, as I began to see more and more clearly, I realized the immense advantage it would give me to keep on pretending. . . . You can figure it out yourself, from your own ridiculous experience."

A slow, dark flush colored Coast's face. Then, he asked a question that was very plain to him. "Why are you giving yourself away now?"

"Because it diverts me extraordinarily, by your leave," Blackstock told him with uncontrolled amusement. "You mortified me, your annoyance—'It's rich, my word it is! Besides, the necessity of keeping you in the dark's eliminated. In an hour, my giddy girl of dames, is being told of a fond farewell to a very pretty farce, while I, lashed, and I'm immensely obligated to you for making such an uncommon ass of yourself for my benefit, but the curtain's about to ring down. Hence these open remarks," said Coast slowly, "do you think you mean?"

"Literally what I'm announcing to you," Blackstock raved affectionately. "The plain truth is, he continued, "I'm a mocking pretence of candor, 'I'm a bit bored by this place. It served its purpose well enough—I owe it no particular ill-will, and I've had my fling down here and made my little money; but now—no thanks to you, by the way—this neck of the woods is growing a trace too hot for me. So I'm going to beat it and leave you cock of the roost."

"You mean you're going to try to escape in that cabot?" Coast nodded toward the craft in question without removing his regard from Blackstock.

"That tub? Never! No—inquisitive, but I don't mind—I'm going to take a motorboat from here in a nice little, tight little motorboat that's now on the way down from New Bedford, kindness of the same friends who sent me. De Corsair—which you interfered with. As for that shall . . ."

"Then why?"

"See for yourself," Blackstock nodded.

Coast turned to look—retaining with some difficulty his grasp upon the dog collar. Interferently while Blackstock talked the blind collie had been making vicious attempts to break

away, apparently infuriated by the man's harsh and sardonic accents. And mechanically Coast had been restraining him.

Indistinctly in the falling light he made out the tall, gaunt figure of the Chinaman poised with lifted arms on the gunwale of the boat, preparing to shove off. That the boat itself was riding lower in the water. At first he failed to make the connection between the two. Then, as he gazed, Chang leapt lightly up and out, turned in midair and entered the water as neatly as an arrow, with barely a perceptible splash.

"You see," commented Blackstock with a note of impatience, "I thought I'd remove at least one burden from your already overstrained intelligence."

His insolence fanned to a flame the smoldering resentment in Coast's bosom. "What the devil are you getting at?" he demanded hotly.

"You," returned Blackstock, unmoved. "I had an idea you were making sheep's eyes at my little boat, so I decided to deliver you from temptation, and sent Chang out to sea. A simple matter—watch her setting now!—just a strong twist of the wrist and out comes our blithe plug and in comes the water and—down she goes!"

Coast, cowering with despair and rage, in silence, saw the prediction verified to his bitterest relief. Then he swung back to his tormentor, quivering with indignation even as the dog he had quivered and strained against restrained.

"Damn you!" he cried despite himself.

Blackstock laughed again, by all



"You Can Figure It Out Yourself."

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, you see, and not to the electric chair, either. I shall just quietly drop out of your ken for good and all—and some day you'll be grateful. Look what a cute little island I'm making you a present of—God knows I've no further use for it; you're welcome. Same way with my wife: I was rather fond of her, once, but now you can have her. Of course there'll be some delay about the blessed respectability and of it—the divorce—grounds—desertion—and all that—'Tut, still, if you're half as keen a lover as you are a fool—"

"You contemptible hound!"

"Steady, steady!" Blackstock's voice dropped to a dangerous key. "Remember—"

He found no time to finish. As he spoke Coast, beside himself, released the dog and whirled the tiller about his head. With a grunt Blackstock stepped back, tugging at the weapon in his pocket, but before he could drop it the electric free and ranting, launched itself like a bolt for his throat and, blind though it was, springing by instinct toward the sound of his voice, found its mark. Coast's bludgeon, sweeping for his head with deadly accuracy, none the less missed its mark, so quickly the dog staggered and carried Blackstock off his feet.

In a twinkling they were down. Blackstock underneath, grappling readily with the frenzied collie whose jaws were snapping wickedly at his throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Affectionate Daughter. Sweet Girl (affectionately)—Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?

Papa (fondly)—Indeed, I would not, my darling.

Sweet Girl—Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Forncip. He is willing to live here.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

MAKING UNIQUE EXPERIMENTS

Establishes Garden on Pacific Coast for Culture and Propagation of Holland Bulbs—Compare Favorably With, if They Do Not Surpass the Imported Article.



A Fine Turnip Field in Holland.

Comparatively few know of the interesting experiments that are being carried on at the bulb garden near the town of Bellingham, Washington, under the direction of the secretary of agriculture.

For years the United States has been sending to Holland and European countries many thousands of dollars annually for hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, and crocus bulbs. The purchase of these bulbs had constantly increased until the past year, when over a million dollars' worth were imported.

In 1908 the secretary of agriculture decided to establish on the Pacific coast a garden for the culture and propagation of Holland bulbs, and a point on Puget Sound near to the town of Bellingham was selected as having a suitable soil and climate for this work. A tract of ten acres was leased through the Bellingham board of trade and the necessary buildings erected and turned over to the department of agriculture for the purpose of demonstrating whether or not the Holland bulbs could be grown successfully at that point.

The department commenced work at once, and the same year planted over 170,000 bulbs. From that time the work has gone on increasing until the present year, when over 550,000 bulbs were planted. The increase in the number of bulbs raised has been very gratifying; each bulb yielding the same number of young ones, which have proved equal, if not superior, to the results obtained in Holland.

It is believed that bulbs can be grown on the Pacific coast, and of a quality that will compare favorably with those of the Holland bulbs, and in many ways surpass, the imported article, the cost of production and marketing being now the chief obstacles.

An effort being made to overcome the differences between the high price of labor in America and the cheap labor of Europe by inventing appliances to lessen the hand labor required in bulb production, and the substitution of horse power for many of the operations performed entirely by hand in Europe has reduced the cost of production considerably. In this way it is hoped that bulbs in the United States will be able to compete successfully with the European bulb growers.



Gathering Hyacinth Blooms in Holland.

at the disposal of anyone who may wish to take up bulb growing.

Last year a very interesting experiment was made on the trial grounds of the department of agriculture at Washington; where a test was made of the bulbs that had been grown at Bellingham in comparison with those grown in Holland. Fifty bulbs of the same varieties of tulips were planted side by side and given the same treatment. Those from Bellingham opened their flowers from seven to ten days earlier than the Holland bulbs, were of better quality in color and of flower and in color, and were remarkable for the almost total absence of disease, while the imported bulbs showed a large number of diseased plants, and many of them failed to produce a flower.

As the demand for such flower roots is increasing rapidly and bids fair to double in value within a few years, it offers a promising field for the investment of American capital and the establishment of a new and profitable industry in the soil itself through the action of frost, water and tillage, and hence the use of clover will enable the farmer to keep his land constantly in a very high state of fertility, while the absence of it will enable him to make it more absolutely and utterly barren.

Clover has properly cured makes an acceptable food for all stock. It is not usually considered a satisfactory hay for the horse, the dairy carrier proving very detrimental. A limited quantity of good clover hay may, however, be fed to horses of all kinds with favorable results. If the hay is dusty, it should be moistened with a little water before feeding.

CLOVER IS ONE OF BEST CROPS

Valuable for Storing Up Nitrogen in the Soil in a Form Available for Other Plants.

Clover is at the same time one of the best feeding crops and one of the best tillage crops. It acts both as a subsoiler and a main crop. The subsoiler and clover and fertility are closely interwoven, and although they are as old as history to many farmers, they are a new thing, and there are many problems connected with them which are not yet solved.

The abuse of clover consists in growing it for the sole purpose of hay or grain to be sold off the land. The use of it consists in growing it for storing up nitrogen in the soil in a form available for other crops, which in

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CANADA

Those who are wondering why the number of Americans going to Canada year by year increases in the rates that it does, would not be so surprised were they to accompany one of the numerous excursions that are being run under the auspices of the Government from several of the states, and remain with the settler until he gets onto the free homesteads, which, as stated by Speaker Champ Clark, in the U. S. senate the other day, comprises 160 acres of the most fertile soil and with remarkably easy settlement conditions. Then watch the results, whether it be on this free homestead of 160 acres or on land which he may purchase at from \$15. to \$20. per acre, fully as good as the \$100. and \$200. per acre land of his native state, and which his means will not permit his purchasing. On the part of the members of the U. S. Senate and Congress there is nothing but praise for Canada. Canadian laws and Canadian lands although the reasonable desire is shown in their remarks, that they pass legislation, (which is very praiseworthy) that will make the land laws of the United States much easier.

It is the success of the American settler in Canada that attracts others, and when experiences such as the following are related to the friend "back home" it is all wonder that increased interest is aroused and a determination arrived at, to participate in the new-found way up in Canada that means wealth and health and all that accompanies it.

William Johnston, who formerly lived at Alexandria, Minn., settled in the Albert District near Battle River and in writing to one of the Canadian Government agents, located in the United States says: "We have had no failures of crops during our nine years here. I threshed 1208 bushels of wheat and 1032 bushels of oats in 1911, off my 160 acres. This is a beautiful country. I keep six good work horses and milk seven cows, getting good prices for butter and eggs. We get our corn for \$2.00 per ton at the mill, about one mile from the farm. An about one and a half miles from a fine school. As for the cold weather it is much milder than at different times when I lived for 21 years in Minnesota. It is 35 feet deep and we have fine water. Wild land is selling for \$18. to \$25. per acre. Improved farms are much higher. I am well satisfied with the country, and would not sell unless I got a big price, as we have all done well here."

Good reasons to account for the number going to Canada.

THERE ARE OTHERS.



"Drut buys more than he can pay for."

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY

Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland about a week, baby became very itchy all over his body. We took him to a doctor who gave us medicine for him. The trouble started in the form of a rash and was all over baby's body, head and extremities. It irritated, and he would scratch it with all his might. The consequence was it developed into sores, and we were afraid it would leave nasty scars on his face.

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave me medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so that the child could not sleep. He was completely covered with it at different times. It was at this time that my mother advised us to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. We have no further trouble with baby's skin. Nothing stopped the itching, and allowed baby to sleep but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Gunn, 29 Bull Street, Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura (Soap and Ointment) are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.

Incident of Traffic.

"Didn't you tell me the specimen you sold me was galled?" asked Uncle Rabsberry.

"Dat's what I told you," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "and dat's what he is. He's varietized."