

SERIAL STORY
No Man's Land
A ROMANCE
By Louis Joseph Vance
Illustrations by Ray Walters

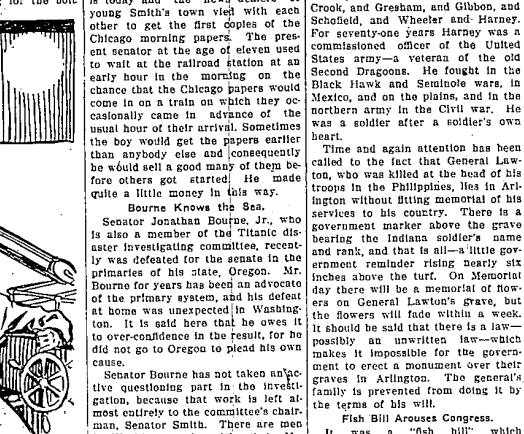
leaving only the ache of effort.
"The idea," he was unconsciously at the bottom of a pit of everlasting midnight, his limbs constrained in unnatural positions, his head racked by spitting pain, but finally, sated, pillowed, his face gently bedewed with drops of moisture, soft and warm. He struggled to rise, stirred, mused, mused, mused, and at last he fell into unconsciousness.
When the intelligence returned to him, there was light—a strong and yellow glare flooding the cabin of the Echo from the lamp-roaching in its gimbals overhead. A face bent above him—Katherine's, his head lay in her lap; and another face, Appleyard's, was close beside that farther one. On both he read anxiety, compassion and sympathy.
"Hello," he said weakly.
"Felling better?" asked Appleyard.
"Some," Coast asserted a smile, and made a failure of it, then with a sudden return to memory put forth an effort that cost him the agony of feeling a jagged tongue of flame lick through his brain, and sat up. "What's happened?" he asked thickly.
"A little something of everything unpleasant," said Appleyard. "Now that that sold, your skull, off your eyes. I've had a bit of a stroke-up, extremely detrimental to the admirable pose of my nervous system; and Mrs. Blackstock has experienced a shock and a fright that didn't do her any particular amount of good."
"Yes," but . . .
Coast reviewed their position in a comprehensive survey of the cabin; these three were prisoners, huddled to-

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, a private investigator, who is searching for a woman who has been murdered in the West. Coast falls in love with Katherine Thaxter, a woman who is being sought by Blackstock. Coast helps Blackstock in his search, and in the process, he discovers that Katherine Thaxter is the woman who was murdered. Coast helps Blackstock to find the murderer, and in the process, he falls in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast and Katherine Thaxter are married, and they live happily ever after.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
With this assurance Appleyard, reaching the Echo's side as Coast shipped his oars and the dory glided smoothly alongside the larger vessel.
"Steady on!" he said. "Coast, you first, and give a hand to Mrs. Blackstock. Now, you, you, you, Blackstock, when Coast had helped Katherine into the cockpit—'and step lively! Your companions in crime are a bit bit close for comfort. Coast, I suggest that Mrs. Blackstock step down until we get under way; there's a bit to be a bit of shooting, I'm afraid. If we don't look sharp."
Katherine sought Coast's eyes; he nodded a grave affirmation to her.
"Only a few moments," he said, offering her his hand. Without a word she accepted it and held herself firm to the dark interior of the cabin.
"Now, Coast, the anchor—lively!" Coast straightened up hastily. Blackstock was in his way, standing in the corner of the cockpit between the cabin-trunk and the counting, while Appleyard was busily taking up the engine-pit hatch. So the younger man stepped unhesitatingly to start-board across the engine-pit trunk to the very arms of calamity.
"What followed fell like a bolt from the blue and passed with its rapidity. Appleyard stood to port with his back to Blackstock in the act of swinging the hatch aside. Coast on the seaward side was the point of lifting himself to the top of the cabin, will intent to go forward and cast off the anchor. There was crossing in the mind the vertiginous of a suspicion that the blackness in the shadow of the unfurled canvas, above the cabin, was more dense and tangible than it should be, when this shadow, becoming to him like a cloud, towering as huge and terrifying, his black human bulk blotting out the blazing light, as the Tabled flames of the fisherman's boat leaped menacingly above him in the enormous nakedness of Chang, and fell upon him with the fury and ferocity of a panther.
For a few chaotic seconds he remained conscious, feeling himself crushed and borne down irresistibly to the deck, then lifted like a bag of grain and buried, directly into the black, gaping maw of the companion-

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
The door with the screw-driver—the only crowbar I could find—bent out of shape and yielded my private opinion is that both of them were pretty well shot up before they got away, and are now in no shape to go pleasure-boating."
"That sounds reasonable," said Coast, preoccupied. He reviewed the situation briefly, then heaved up and with the twisted screw-driver pried up one of the deck planks, which had been left unfastened, though tightly fitted, to facilitate the placing of ball-bearings in the aperture revealed a number of bricks of lead lay against the center board, stuck in a thin wash of big water. Coast picked one up, balancing it in his hand while he replaced the plank. The bar of lead was solid and very heavy—of the shape and weight technically known as a "floaty-silk."
"Right," commented Appleyard: "that may do the trick. Come over on the side of the cabin, please, Mrs. Blackstock," he added, as Coast rose and facing the door balanced himself as carefully as the scant headroom of the tiny cabin would permit; "if the door should hold by accident, that thing's liable to bounce back like a rubber ball, only much more so. You might as well keep out of the way."
When Katherine had quietly complied, Coast, the fifty-six, pulled her momentarily, waited with an even keel, then with all his might sent it crashing against the panels of the starboard door. They yielded like paper, leaving his shoulder, through which he thrust an arm, groping for the bolt

Two Senators on Titanic Investigating Committee Are Former Sailors.
SMITH MAKES FUNNY BREAKS
Chairman Amuses Spectators by Lack of Seamanship Knowledge—Perkins and Bourne Know Ship From Stern to Stern.
By GEORGE CLINTON.
Washington.—Senator William Alden Smith, who is chairman of the committee on inquiry into the Titanic disaster, was given the chairmanship of the body as a recognition of the fact that he was the first senator to offer in the senate a resolution of inquiry into the causes of the wreck. Mr. Smith is from Michigan and he is a newspaper proprietor and a lawyer. When asked about the newspaper business the senator always says that he went into it when he was a mere child, and so he did.
The Michigan senator was a little boy his father died leaving the widow and son virtually without any means of support. William Alden Smith, a mere boy, went to work to support his mother. It was three days transportation was not as rapid as it is today and the new dealers of young Smith's town vieled with each other to get the first copies of the Chicago newspaper. The present senator at the age of eleven used to wait at the railroad station at an early hour in the morning on the chance that the Chicago papers would come in a train which they occasionally came in advance of the usual hour of their arrival. Sometimes the boy would get the papers earlier than anybody else and consequently he was ragged both, through which he found quite good started, he made quite a little money in his way.
Bourne Knows the Sea.
Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., who is also a member of the Titanic disaster investigating committee, recently was defeated for the senate in the primaries of his state, Oregon. Mr. Bourne for years has been an advocate of the primary system, and his defeat at home was unexpected in Washington. It is said here that he owes it to over-confidence in the result, for he did not go to Oregon to plead his own cause.
Senator Bourne has not taken a negative questioning part in the investigation, because that work is left almost entirely to the committee's chairman, Senator Smith. There are men in Washington who would think that Mr. Bourne would ask more questions, for he is eminently qualified to deal with questions of the sea. His father was one of the great wharves of New England, a man who knew ships from stern to stern and from topmast to keel, and he imparted his knowledge to his son, not only in lessons, but by sending him away as a seaman. Senator Bourne was a shipbroker and went through many dangers like those which attended the rescue of the passengers of the Titanic.
Perkins Was a Seaman.
Senator Perkins, of California, who also is on the Titanic investigating committee, spent several years as an able seaman. He knows the sea and ships, and he has had the same many questions during the course of the investigation, he made many notes, and his judgment will be rendered on the case at its trial.
The sailors who have testified in the Titanic case have shown something very much like amusement, and possibly savoring of contempt, of the lack of seamanship knowledge as shown by some of the questions. It is probably needless to say that none of these questions were asked by the two members of the committee who were former sailors. Senator Smith had an idea that the engine-pit compartments were places of refuge for women and children, not knowing that they were depended upon to keep the ship afloat, and if the doors had been opened to admit any body or anything the water would have rushed in and everybody would have gone to the bottom. The ship's officer who was asked, who had the women and children were put into the engine-pit compartments was completely "dumbstruck" by the question. He, of course, was aware of the dignity of the occasion, but he had no idea that the women and children were put into the engine-pit compartments. The audience was not as self-contained as the sailor witness. His smile developed as he listened. It probably was the question proved that he is very much of a landsman.
Memorial Day at Arlington.
Preparations are being made in Washington for the annual Memorial Day, ordinarily called Decoration day, exercises in Arlington across the Potomac from Washington sleep 20,000 of the country's dead. Federal officers and soldiers and Confederate officers and soldiers-side by side. Arlington is the camping ground of an army that never again will bear arms.
The national cemetery is perhaps the most beautiful burial ground in all the country. It lies upon a hilltop where grow mighty forest trees and where the view is unbroken. A part of the old road to the Potomac. The caretaker at Arlington will tell you that no soldier ever saw the place in life without expressing the wish that he might be there after death. On Memorial day the soldiers of the



regular army and veterans of the Union forces of the Civil War will remember alike the graves of northern and southern soldiers. One week later, however, there will be another observance at Arlington and the Confederate veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy will hold special memorial services of their own in honor of the southern dead.
Great Chiefs Lie There.
Grant and Sherman, the greatest two of the northern war chieftains, sleep elsewhere, one on the shore of the Hicon and the other in a beautiful cemetery in the city of St. Louis. Their place is in Arlington. Generals, colonels, sergeants, corporals and privates are side by side in this monument of the dead. The silent tens of thousands of Unionists and Confederates are pitched not far apart and no guard stands between. Schofield (Federal) and Wheeler (Confederate) sleep almost side by side. They were friends, then enemies in war, and then friends again, serving under the same flag, both dying while in service of the United States.
There are soldiers of many wars resting in Arlington. Revolutionary veterans lie under the same trees that shelter their descendants killed in the Philippine Islands. Soldiers who were with General Sherman at Shiloh sleep side by side, and with them are the men who fell at Molino del Rey and Buena Vista. Sailors who served on the Constitution and on the Maine are in pots in Arlington.
General Sheridan rests under a noble monument not far from the Curtiss mansion on the brow of a hill overlooking the Potomac. Near him are Crook and Greathouse, Gibbon, and Schofield and Wheeler and Harney. For seventy-one years Harney was a commissioned officer of the United States army—a veteran of the old Second Empire. He fought in the Black Hawk and Seminole wars, in Mexico, and on the plains, and in the northern army in the Civil War. He was a soldier after a soldier's own heart.
Time and again attention has been called to the fact that General Lawton, who was killed at the head of his troops in the Philippines, lies in Arlington without fitting memorial of a government marker above the grave bearing the Indiana soldier's name and rank, and that is all—a little government resting nearly six inches above the turf. On Memorial day there will be a memorial of flowers on General Lawton's grave, but the flowers will fade within a week. It would be sad that there is a law possibly an unwritten law—which makes it impossible for the government to erect a monument over their graves in Arlington. The general's family has been from doing it by the terms of his will.
Fish Bill Arouses Congress.
It was a "fish bill" which caused congress to pass a joint resolution to direct the president to endeavor to bring about an understanding among the great powers which would result in incorporating in the permanent law the principles of exemption of all private property at sea from capture in war. It was known as a fish bill because it was intended to be a fish bill which would result in incorporating in the permanent law the principles of exemption of all private property at sea from capture in war. It was known as a fish bill because it was intended to be a fish bill which would result in incorporating in the permanent law the principles of exemption of all private property at sea from capture in war.
It has been said that it was a fish bill which led to agitation of the question of the exemption from seizure of property at sea in time of war. Doubtless it was a pure coincidence, but it was on the last day of one Lenten season that the attorney general introduced into congress a huge fish bill which was promptly referred to the committee on appropriations. This fish bill or rather collection of fish bills was simply a list of industries to be protected against the United States by the Supreme court.
Paid by Uncle Sam.
Uncle Sam paid for eleven boatloads of fresh fish, simply because the huge vessel was to be used for the first time in the matter of date line circumstance, but it was on the last day of one Lenten season that the attorney general introduced into congress a huge fish bill which was promptly referred to the committee on appropriations. This fish bill or rather collection of fish bills was simply a list of industries to be protected against the United States by the Supreme court.
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BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE
But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or degeneration. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and an enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony worthy, please you may publish it."—Mrs. G. L. WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. You will get a letter with the open read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Never Forget
that upon your physical condition depends your comfort and usefulness. That your condition will be bettered, your vigor increased—when your bowels are regulated, your liver stimulated and your digestion made sound by **BEECHAM'S PILLS**
Sold everywhere in boxes 10c, 25c.
The energy some men use in making fortunes of themselves would make a fortune in any other line of endeavor.

Fully Assimilated.

Ray S. Baker, the author, in an argument on Immigration at Lawrence, Kansas, stated that the French or French or what not, becomes assimilated into the national life.

"An instance of this assimilation occurs to me," he said. "I know a worthy Neapolitan, one Paolo Cecci, who came to this country three years ago. Paolo's little son, Francesco, an American citizen of seven, looked up from his school books, the other evening to ask:
"Say, pa, what year was it you Italians discovered us?"

How His Brother Identified Him.

Uncle Harris, an old negro, who has been a servant in the family of Colonel Stemmens of posts, told me that he had, four years, recently made a trip to Memphis. Upon his return he was telling the colonel's daughter of his trip and the discovery of a brother whom he had not seen for thirty years.

Miss Stemmens asked him how he knew his brother after so long a time.

And Uncle Harris replied:
"I was walking along the street when a spare bill looking man came up to me and says: 'Say, ain't you my brother?' and I said, 'Sure I is. Who is you?'"

What's the Use of Cooking
When you don't have to?
Post Toasties

are skillfully and fully cooked at the factory—ready to serve direct from package with cream and sugar if you like.

These thin bits of toasted corn (sold by grocers) are crisp, delicious, satisfying and convenient.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Pure Food Products, Battle Creek, Mich.