

# SERIAL STORY

## 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 his party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine.

#### CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

He felt her eyes upon him, seriously sweet and questioning, and frowned slightly, wishing he had held his tongue, though aware that he could not have, caring as he did.

"Why not tell me? I'm waiting, Garrett."

"Well, . . . It was difficult: an impertinence; incredible, besides. But now that he has committed himself, he stiffened a resolve and plunged. It was said that your engagement to this man Blackstock would be announced before long."

"That out bluntly he caught a long breath and, divided between fear and faith, sat watching her."

"The seconds of her silence spun for him an hour of anguish."

"Katherine . . . She turned . . ."

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked involuntarily, and at once regretted it.

"What do you wish me to say?" Her tone was dull, as if she spoke mechanically, with a mind detached.

"Either affirm or deny. You owe me that, at least."

"Do I?" She seemed surprised. "But what," she pursued, rising, "does this man Blackstock—"

"You know I don't like him, Katherine. I can't."

"But I can and do, Garrett. There was simplicity in that, almost confessional. His tears assailed him more imperiously."

"Then it's true? Don't tell me that!" "What does Mr. Blackstock say?"

"I haven't interviewed him, of course. I seemed too absurd—"

"Why?"

"The only report he had at command was pitifully inadequate: 'Because I love you.'"

"Is that any reason why Mr. Blackstock should not?"

"There are reasons why you shouldn't let your name be coupled with his."

"And they are?"

"She put it crisply. His heart sank, foreseeing defeat. He veered at a tangent, evasive. 'You haven't answered me. Is there any truth in this rumor?'"

"Not yet."

"You mean it may be true—later?"

"It's possible," she affirmed quietly. "Mr. Blackstock has asked me to marry him; he hasn't as yet had my answer."

"Katherine! . . . You can't really—care for him?"

"I'm trying to be sure, Garrett, before I tell him so—"

"But—but you mustn't! . . . The thing's impossible. . . . You—"

"You'll tell me why?"

Her composure was sobering. He got himself more in hand; she was not to be moved by storming, he knew. Reason, logic, an appeal to her intelligence; she would require these of him. Yet when put to it he could not bring himself to tell what he knew of the man by hearsay, if very credibly. Personal defects, lack of breeding, and the like were all unstable objections. . . . In the end the answer he could do, since some sort of an answer was essential, was to frame a halting, inconclusive: "He's not the sort."

"She misinterpreted his confusion. 'I know what you're thinking; that he's not a spoke in our particular wheel. . . . You're an outsider. Must I concede him for that? Are there no right men, Garrett, but yourself and others of our set? I know he has my lacks; I fancy you'll call him crude, if you weren't wild with me. But men of his genius, his upbringing, his intellect—"

"Not that I concede any crudity in him; it's hardly that; he merely lacks—something—difficult, to name it; not cultivation, not sensibility, but, I'd say, friends."

"He has many."

"So she cared enough to fight for him? There was bitterness, surpassing the bitterness of aloe, in that discovery."

"I mean, the right kind, yourself, for instance; friends to bring him out. He's quick, adaptable, of a good family, of a good family—"

"Coast fell back upon the one mentionable objection of which he had certain knowledge. "His' got a villainous temper."

"Friends would teach him to control it. And there are excuses for that; his sight—his eyes are in a bad way. He injured them seriously, somehow,

in his work—something about the spark, I believe."

"Those wireless experiments of his?"

"Yes. He's going to do great things, Garrett."

"Late in the field,"

"He leads it today; they all look to him. His favortions, discoveries, improvements, will make wireless as everyday a thing as the telephone."

"I don't mean he couldn't win without friends: he's strong enough."

"Men have little use for him, Katherine."

"Women have."

"Coast struggled temptation. . . . He has magnetism."

"That and strength, ambition, enthusiasm. He's worth being a friend to. I want you to know him better, to like him, Garrett."

"After a little he managed to say: 'I'll try, if you wish.'"

"I do wish, please, Garrett."

"Then I'm to understand you seriously contemplate marrying him?"

"Her 'Yes!' was absolute."

"Don't you see—he hated himself for this—he's after your money, Katherine!"

"Garrett, that is unworthy of you."

He said nothing, doggedly taking what comfort he might from the knowledge that he was right."

"Gradually he comprehended that in the course of their conversation the card had left Fifth Avenue at the Plaza and was crossing Central Park at the Seventy-second Street entrance."

"We're near the gate," he said abruptly. "If you'll drop me there, please—"

"Certainly, Tell Patrick."

Coast groped for the speaking tube and communicated with the driver. . . . He sat back, he was anxious of the woman's softening regard."

"You're not angry, Katherine?"

"No, Garrett; but I'm very, very sorry."

"I've seemed presumptuous—"

"To me, Garrett." Can you remember the time when we were not—"

"Friends. . . . I want you to understand that it wasn't altogether because I want you myself—need you, because I love you—as you know—have loved you for years. . . . It was jealousy of your happiness. I said nothing that I didn't believe."

"I know, but you were—am I mistaken. You'll come to understand."

"I don't want you to make a mistake. Wait, Katherine; wait a little before deciding. I'm sure of your heart; it won't misguide you."

"I believe not. I know my heart and mind."

"You know mine," he said gently, and no more."

"She stabbed her; she yined, wondering why; but the personality of Douglas Blackstock stood forth so largely, lined in such vivid coloring, in the foreground of his consciousness, that there was left little room, even for old friends such as Garrett Coast."

Afoot, Coast lingered at the door, keen eyes searching here almost plaintively."

"I'll drop in for tea tomorrow, if you ask me, Katherine."

"Have you ever needed an invitation, Garrett?"

"When I'll come."

"He nodded to the driver and the car swept away."

Long after it had shot out of sight, he stood staring. Then discovering himself harassed, but and still in a haze, an object of amused regard, with a curt laugh of confusion and awakened self-consciousness, he turned back through the park."

"CHAPTER II."

Reigning with little reluctance his place at the card table at Dundas, whose turn it was to cut in, Coast

lighted a cigarette and wandered round the dining-room of Blackstock's club, inspecting the half-dozen hunting-prints that adorned the green burlap walls."

"Unspeakingly bored, he went to the buffet, where he poured a very little Scotch into a tall glass, drawing it up by charged water. He had refused to drink up to that moment, and was thirsty, but as he sat sipping and watching the players, Van Tuyl's unnatural pallor, moist hair and fixed stare, attracted him with a faint disgust, and he put the glass aside, not half-emptied. His brow knitted in his concern for the man, who had been drinking heavily and would pursue that madness until satisfied, or so he thought; but as he was unmanageable as a wild horse, and as spirited."

Slender, graceful, high lord of Devil-may-Care, Van Tuyl sober was inimitable, more loved than feared in spite of, perhaps because of, the wit he wielded like a whip-lash. Excesses fanned that brilliancy to a burning frenzy; at such times he knew his friends, and those who knew him avoided him; his wit, submerged, frothed with a satiric humor that etched as indelibly as an acid when he did not lay on with a bludgeon of vituperation. A dangerous fellow, Blackstock Coast thought, comparing them, wondering that they were so much together. Contrasting them he thought: fire and ton, rapier and broadsword!

Blackstock was the broadsword of that comparison, heavy and cumbersome if capable. Without an effort he dominated the others. Van Tuyl always excepted; the sheer weight of Blackstock's personality forced them into the background. Little Dundas, with his deferential smile, delicately plaid face and permanently rounded shoulders, seemed the veriest shadow of a man; Blackstock's shadow he had apparently constituted himself. Trux, round of face and blandly prac-

tical, if unquestionably independent, was only less loved by his host. "A good bridge!" Blackstock in the current slang; giving himself wholly to the game, playing to win, "wielding the tricks," Van Tuyl told the comment brought a darkish smile to the man's face.

"What'd you want me to do with 'em?" he growled semi-humorously, flipping a card from his hand and as swiftly making his play from dummy. "Make you a present of 'em?"

"Play to that, now; come through with that ten-pony!" He checked as he dealt card from dummy. "That'll teach you to doubt my original make, I guess. . . . Game and rubber, Dunny; six without, doubled, and a little slam. Get that down?"

"Tough luck, partner," Trux objected, served to Van Tuyl. "You couldn't help doubling on your hand, of course, and equity of course I had to be cheater in hearts."

"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuyl blandly, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different.

"Why, a year ago you told me this place was easily worth \$15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than \$10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it for you."

Foreign Health Resorts.

According to the latest statistics furnished by visitors from foreign countries who take the "cure" at the natural mineral spring resorts in western Bohemia, along the Erzgebirge (Ore mountains),

# ROMANCE IN VARIOUS INDEMNITY CLAIMS



WASHINGTON.—Lovers of adventure and makers of romance have overlooked one of the richest mines of imagination and fact that is stranger than fiction—the federal pigeon-holes and dozers in which the pathetic appeals of the eternal claimant are embalmied in red tape and buried for the curiosity of the future. Mark Twain's story of the interior of John Wilson McKintze's claim for 60 barrels of beet contracted to be furnished to Sherman's army, which provisions decayed when the contractor was trying to catch up with Sherman on his famous "march to the sea," is no exaggeration of the stuff of which humor or romance are made to feed the imagines of Uncle Sam at Washington.

Thousands of claims are on file in the archives of the United States government. The famous French spoliation claims, growing out of the deplorable capture of American merchant craft plying between the Ameri-

can coast, Holland and the Indies have been handed about Washington, from Capitol to White House to court of claims and back; for more than a century, but never paid in full. Of all the claims in American history these are the most associated with great events and great sacrifices.

These spoliations occurred during the trouble between this country and France at the close of the eighteenth century. There was no declared war between the two countries, but almost a state of war. There were two frigates captured in which the American frigate under Truxton won both fights, but never a declaration of war. The whole number of American merchant vessels despoiled by France was 2,280. The original estimate of their value was \$20,000,000. Some \$7,000,000 has been paid, but this is all. France was liable for these losses.

There are in this batch of British-American pecuniary claims some that are based on grants of lands to Indians by the British government in colonial days. These are only some of the stories of adventure, great fortunes made and lost, captivity, deprivation and suffering, even or humor, figuring in the story of the claimant. Laying his appeal before Uncle Sam at Washington.

# Population Gains Faster Than Farms

CENSUS Director DUNDAS has given out an important statement from the bureau of census containing additional figures and details of the agricultural statistics of continental United States collected April 15, 1910.

During the ten years which followed the census of 1900 the population of the United States increased 21 per cent, but the number of farms did not keep pace with the increase in population. From 5,737,372, in 1900, the number grew to 6,240,357, an increase of 602,985, or 10.5 per cent. For the whole United States this is the lowest rate of increase which has been noted since the number of farms was first recorded in 1850. The increase in the total acreage devoted to agriculture, was only 35,317,000 acres, or 4.2 per cent. The actual area in farms was \$38,592,000 acres in 1900 and \$73,729,000 acres in 1910.

Improved land, however, increased more rapidly than the total farm acreage or number of farms, the advance being from 414,490 acres in 1900 to 474,690 acres in 1910, an increase of 60,200 acres, or 15.2 per cent, in ten years.

In striking contrast with the slow growth in the number and acreage of farms and the area of improved land during the ten years is the enormous rise which has come about in the value



of farm property. Farm land, exclusive of buildings, which was valued at \$12,838,000 in 1900, had more than doubled before 1910, being then returned as having a value of \$25,335,770,000. The enormous increase here recorded of \$12,527,770,000 represents an advance of 101 per cent, in the value of all land in farms.

Of the factors contributing to this increase in the average value of land the most important is doubtless that of advancing farm prices of agricultural products. This has increased the income-producing power of the farm and correspondingly influenced the selling price or value of farm land. It is probable also that, in calculating the value of farm lands it has become customary to capitalize the income-producing power at a lower rate of interest than formerly. This might be true, despite the fact that interest rates in general have probably not fallen, because of the reduction in the risk of the farming business.

# Resignation of Officers Army Menace



THE War department recently has refused to entertain in its ranks the resignations of young officers who have just finished their education at West Point or Annapolis at government expense. In the last few weeks eight or ten midshipmen at the academy have presented their resignations with reasons sufficient to cause the department to accept them. Both the war and navy departments are periodically confronted with this question.

The withdrawal of young officers from the service before they have given the government some return for their education is discouraged by both departments. A resignation is accepted only when it is believed there exists an impediment to the profitable retention of the young man. The navy suffers more than the army as to the

number of reasons which disqualify an officer, one special disqualification being susceptibility to seasickness, which necessitates resignation of many young men.

During the last year, it is said at the war department, very few cadets or second lieutenants have presented their resignations. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, has refused to permit a lieutenant in the cavalry to get out of the army to engage in civil pursuits because he was about to be married. He, however, granted the young man a three months' leave of absence for his honeymoon.

The lottery is a profitable scheme in Cuba and the returns to the war department show that last year the Cuban government received from this source \$2,300,000 profit, which represents ten per cent of the entire annual receipts from all sources.

But despite the revenue the Cuban government is seriously contemplating gradual abolition of the lottery in view of the enormous weight of evidence to show that it is impoverishing the laboring classes and creating great distress generally.

# Watch Smugglers in the Philippines

THE manner in which the Moros carry on smuggling in the southern seas is systematic, according to information given to a Washington correspondent by Captain Giddes of the customs cutter Skua. It is stated that the Moros have an unusually high tree on the Tawi Tawi group, from which they can see the coast of Borneo and also see the smoke of his cutter when miles away from the spot.



"When everything is clear the smugglers make a dive for the little group of islands that dot the sea between there and Zamboanga, and almost always escape my observation," says the captain. "As they know that my boat in the best of weather can only make seven knots, and with the tide against me in fine weather only two knots, I am sure that with these the Moros coast could be patrolled so thoroughly that smuggling would almost become a thing of the past."

# MUNYON PREACHES HOPE PHILOSOPHY

New Association Gaining Many Members.

FAITH'S CURATIVE POWER

NOTED HEALTH EXPERT GIVES REASON FOR BIG SUCCESS IN MEDICINE

Tremendous success has attended the organization of the new Munyon "Hope Club." Professor Munyon claims that he has secured more converts than he anticipated, and says that his "Hope Club" is growing in leaps and bounds. It is said that the total membership of the association in the United States is now well over the half million mark. In a statement for publication, Prof. Munyon said:

"I want to state to every sick, ailing and despondent person in this city, I want to reach my new creed to them. I want to tell them about my new philosophy of health, which is the fruit of a lifetime of study and experience in dealing with sick folk."

"I think that probably a million persons at least in the United States have had the best remedies medical science had to offer. I have always contended that there is now virtue in medicine. My followers who have the best, but I mean the best that more than one of those who have been lifted to health from the bondage of chronic illness, through taking my medicines, have been really cured by me. It is the best of the best in medical lore at my command, and the Hope this inspires."

Write today, addressing Prof. J. M. Munyon personally and your letter will have a special care.

# AWFUL SURPRISE.



Magistrate—This officer says you approached your wife, spoke to her and she faints.

Rastus—That's right, Judge.

Magistrate—What did you say to her?

Rastus—Jes' tole her dat I loved her, sah.

# 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 a few days a nasty rash came out 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, itched and fared, at different times. 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 more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad 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 Ointment. After using 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 Burrell St., Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to Cuticura, Dept. 14, Boston.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.