

## The Danger Zone

By Florence Lillian Henderson

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"You can't see it my way, Nance?" "I am sorry to say I can't, Levi. I fear I never will."

"Fear! sorry!" scorned Levi Blair, with a dark scowl. "It's well enough to be polite, but I'd speak the truth if I were you. There's someone else, that's what's the trouble, and I'd like to run across him. And I have a dim idea who it is. He's keeping close, and he'd better, for he's wanted, and if he's caught the crowd will surely settle him."

"You have said quite enough," spoke Nance Duryea with flashing eyes. "Don't you dare to come here any more." Slam! And Levi Blair found the closed door between himself and the object of his love. He shook his fist at an imaginary rival and went his way.

The Duryea house was connected by a covered passageway with the little one-story and loft workshop where John Duryea made boxes. He had originally been a cooper, but there was no demand for barrels or kegs in the district since the moonshiners had been driven into exile. At Mayville, twenty miles away, however, a small shoe factory had been started. Labor was cheap and there was a local tannery, and the shoe people had given Duryea a permanent and quite profitable contract to supply them with shipping cases.

The value of the contract and the necessity of business expansion had about influenced Mr. Duryea to remove to Mayville, and Nance hated the prospect with delight. There was nothing at Crofton to attract a young girl. The men were rough and uncouth, the women led a humdrum, slavish life and the town and the district was dominated by a fierce, law-defying group, familiarly known as "The Hillers."

They were called that because at the appearance of anyone in collision with the law the moonshiner up among the mountain ranges welcomed the refugees to shelter and protection. The two elements were in friendly communication and stood by each other in a signal way when occasion required.

The advent of a stranger was always hailed with suspicion. The rough element looked for an excise officer or a government spy invading their territory in every newcomer, and when Bert Knowlton, a young lawyer from a distant city appeared in the interest of a client relating to a large tract of coal land, he was advised by the local head of justice as follows:

"Get through your job quick as you can and stay in nights."

"Why? What's the particular danger?" inquired the self-possessed young man rather coolly.

"You're hitting the gang, that's the particular danger," responded the tavern keeper. "As you know, the squatter rights of the tract in litigation rest with the Widener family and they're strong and powerful with the folks hereabouts. They'll block you. I warn you, and if you stick too close and too long, it will be a load of buckshot some dark night."

"I shall try to take care of myself," said Knowlton with his habitual composure, and went on his way, undeterred and unafraid.

By the merest chance once or twice he had met Nance Duryea. The first time was when he overtook her in a sudden rainstorm, and his umbrella, as he escorted her home, afforded her timely shelter. She was duly impressed with this neatly groomed, clear-eyed young man, whose courtesy and attentions made her remember him. There had been a half understanding between them that he was to call upon her the evening when Levi Blair made his plea and threat, but Knowlton did not come, much to the disappointment of Nance.

It was the next afternoon just about dusk when loud voices and a general commotion in front of the house called her to the front door. She was startled to observe her father with set face and wrath-filled eyes confronting half a dozen rough-looking men, one of whom was holding a bloodhound in leash, Levi Blair was the leader.

"Search my house," John Duryea was shouting, and his honest face fairly bristled with indignation and resentment. "Why, I'll wing the first dastard who crosses the threshold."

"That's all right, John Duryea," spoke Blair, "but our dog has traced the blood marks in this direction. We are after that spy, Knowlton, and we're going to get him. He wounded two of our men and he escaped, but with a good dose of buckshot in one leg."

"You coward," cried Nance, stepping into plain view. "How dare you insinuate that Mr. Knowlton came here. My father scarcely knows him by sight and I have not seen him for two days. Double craven you are, to hunt down a stranger who comes here among us on legitimate business."

"You can go your way," spoke Mr. Duryea. "I have always been neutral in your affairs, attending strictly to my own. I'll tell you this, though: some day you'll go too far and the police down at Mayville will come up here and clean you out, root and branch."

Reluctantly and with vengeful eye Levi Blair led his crowd away. Nance went to her own room. She was agitated and in tears. Analyzing intuitively an emotion of rare interest in the hunted man, she dared not confront her father with her tell-tale face.

Nance did not go to bed at her usual hour. She could not sleep thinking of the handsome, manly young fellow who had fallen under the ban of the Hillers. She had watched her father and his hired man piling the packing cases on the great hayrack truck, a full load for Mayville. Then the hired man went to his home nearer the village to get his supper and have a lunch put up to last him through his long trip.

Suddenly Nance bent her ear and listened. A scraping sound echoed from overhead. She thrilled as it was followed by a distinct groan. Her heart stood in her mouth as she took up a lamp and went up the loft stairs. A quick suspicion had come into her mind. It was verified as, seated upon the floor, she made out Knowlton.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried spontaneously, and then flushed with confusion. "I mean, that you have escaped those cruel men."

Knowlton was pale, one limb was bandaged from the knee down, but he smiled with swift appreciation of the kindness of that gentle nature. "I was just trying to find something that would do for a crutch," he explained. "I feared I might compromise your father by remaining here, where I stole in early this morning. I must get to Mayville and get some of the buckshot picked out of my limb. My wounds are not serious, but I cannot stand on the foot unsupported."

"Yes, you must get away, and I must help you," spoke his practical little friend, meditatively. "Oh, I have it!"

First to see that the bandages were in place, then food and water, and then, Nance supporting him, he was helped down the back stairs to the truck, the cover of a rear-most box removed, and within he ensconced himself.

"You are an angel of mercy," he said feelingly, as he kissed the fair hand that had succored him. Nance set the cover lightly in the box, securing only two nails.

"Inside of three hours you will be within the safety zone," she spoke. "In eight at Mayville. I am so glad!"

She returned to her room, but only to watch and wait until the hired man returned. In the distance she caught the echo of some rickety wheels in the town engaged in drunken frolic, and shuddered. She heard the truck wheels grate over the stony road leading to the river ford. Insensibly she drifted into slumber, her head on the window sill, to start up wildly an hour later at the voice of the hired man came up to her from the yard below.

He had two horses, wagonless, and he was shouting excitedly for her father, who came hurrying out to him.

"What's the trouble? Where's the wagon?" cried Duryea sharply.

"Burned up, boxes, truck and all. I met Blair and his crowd, roaring drunk. They tipped over the wagon, set the boxes on fire, and are now dancing about the ashes like fiends and boasting that they have taught you a lesson for siding with that stranger, Knowlton, who escaped them."

With a wall of terror unutterable Nance Duryea sank to the floor senseless. She was like some crushed flower, when she came downstairs the next morning. Amid his troubles her father failed to notice the haunting terror in her face. She was too stricken and anguished to tell him of the fate of the man she had befriended.

"You're to get ready to have the hired man take you to Mayville at once," her father told her. "I shall follow. It's getting too hot to hold us down here."

She was like one in a dreadful trance all the way to Mayville. Her aunt noticed the cloud that hung over her and spirit like a ball. Nance for several days was confined to her room under the care of a physician. She came downstairs weak and attenuated. The horror of that night at home, it seemed, would never leave her.

She was reclining at an open window, in an invalid chair, one day, when a man, aided by a crutch, passed along the street. It was he!

"Oh, it cannot be!" she cried. "Mr. Knowlton, oh, come into this house." "Just out of the hospital," Bert Knowlton told Nance, "and bent on going back to Crofton to thank you, if only Hillers stood in the way."

"But you were burned up—"

"Quite the reverse. I was nearly drowned," said Knowlton. "The box I was in fell off the load as the wagon crossed the ford. I floated for five miles, managed to get ashore, and—But you have been ill?"

She burst into tears of relief and gladness, and then her story, and then—

In the tender eyes of the lonely girl beside him, Bert Knowlton read a token of love that assured him that there was no shadow of another parting.

How Do Men Break Down?

Be assured that there is no chance of your breaking down—although there will be times when you will try to fool yourself with this idea. This thought of breaking down indeed is one of the illusions of mediocrity. It is the excuse which every lazy man presents to himself. It is moral astigmatism. The great fact is that men do not break down from overwork so much as is commonly supposed. As they go upward in the scale of increased activity, increased responsibility only acts upon them as a natural stimulant and carries them along. If hard work and worry killed men so easily, most of the successful business men of America would be dead already. No! What kills men is due more to what they take into their stomachs rather than what they take into their minds.—Thomas L. Masson, in Physical Culture

## RIGHT CARE FOR CABBAGE FIELDS

Plant Sanitation Will Prevent Many of Injurious Diseases of This Plant.

### CROP ROTATION IS FAVORED

Seed Bed is Often Source of Infection and Greatest Pains Should Be Taken to Insure Healthy Plants—Use Lime Freely.

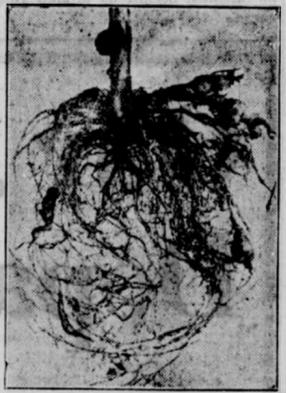
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Cabbage diseases which have been known to destroy practically entire crops are preventable in the main by simple methods of plant sanitation. Crop rotation is one of the chief foes of these diseases. Rotations should be practiced, avoiding crops which belong to the cabbage family, such as cauliflower, turnips, Brussels sprouts, and kale. Keep down mustard and weeds which harbor cabbage pests. Drainage water and refuse from diseased cabbage fields may carry infection, as will stable manure with which diseased material has been mingled. The seed bed is often a source of infection, and the greatest pains, therefore, should be taken to insure healthy plants. Locate the seed bed on new ground if possible, or sterilize by steam the soil that is used. Disinfect all cabbage seed before planting to prevent black-root and black-leg. Clubroot is avoided by the free use of lime and by setting healthy plants.

### How Diseases Are Spread.

Fungous and bacterial diseases are carried from one place to another by various means, such as insects, infected seed, transplanting from an infected seed bed to the field, drainage water, cabbage refuse and stable manure, farm animals and tools, and wind. In view of these facts the chief aim of the farmer should be to prevent, if possible, the introduction and distribution of destructive diseases on his farm. In order to accomplish this, several precautions should be observed, of which the more important are the disinfection of seed, the location and care of the seed bed, and crop rotation. To disinfect seed, use one ounce of formaldehyde (40 per cent) to two gallons of water, or one teaspoonful to a teacupful of water. Soak the seed for 20 minutes in this solution, dip in clear water to wash off the formaldehyde, and then spread in thin layers to dry, stirring if needed.

To Disinfect Soil. To avoid danger of spreading the disease to noninfected fields by means of the plants from the seed bed, the following recommendations are made for disinfecting the soil in which the plants are grown: Sterilization by means of drain tile laid in the bottom



Roots of Cabbage Plant Infected With Root-Knot.

of the beds, through which steam is passed; by means of an inverted pan under which steam is admitted; or by drenching the soil with a formalin solution consisting of 1 to 100, or 1 to 200 solution of formaldehyde.

Crop rotation is an essential practice whether or not it is necessary in the control of any plant maladies. There are numerous fungus diseases which appear year after year on the same field. Some of them, such as clubroot of cabbage, are strictly soil parasites and cannot be controlled by any fungicide. About the only method left to get rid of the organisms is to starve them out, and this can be done only by a well-planned system of crop rotation. For ordinary practice, a rotation of four or five years is sufficient to reduce greatly the loss from most parasites. Deep and frequent cultivation by means of which the organisms are exposed to air and sunshine assists in exterminating them.

### ENCOURAGE BOYS AND GIRLS

Little Money Required and Current Expenditure May Be Reduced by Using Wastes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Boys and girls should be encouraged to start in the poultry business. It requires little money to invest, and the current expenditure may be reduced in part by utilizing farm and home wastes. If the project begins with a laying flock, the return begins early, especially by supplementing the food supply of the home.

## CAMPAIGN AGAINST INSECT CRIMINALS

Many Birds Carry on Active Warfare on Various Pests.

Little Feathered Songsters Approximate Police Force as to Make Interesting Study—Pewee Acts as Traffic Cop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Maybe you have never thought of the birds as an organized police force. Maybe they have not—but, under the marvelous and mysterious chief, the Balance of Nature, they approximate a police force so closely as to make an interesting study.

You see a great number of black-birds—grackles, mostly—literally covering the ground in some particular place. There has been an outbreak of insect criminals that the regular forces were not able to quell and the reserves have been called out.

You see a pewee, a kingbird or a great crested flycatcher sitting per-



One of Policemen of Feathered Family.

fectly still and silent on a dead branch or a mullen top or a bunch of leaves, then suddenly making a dart into the air, wheeling and returning to his perch. That is the traffic cop on duty at the crossing of busy insect thoroughfares.

You see—rather, you do not see unless you are very keen-eyed and patient, but he is there none the less—the yellow-billed or the black-billed cuckoo slipping silently, like a sleuth in gum shoes, from branch to branch and from tree to tree. He is the plainclothes man, relentlessly hunting down the wily enemies of nature's social order.

There are special policemen, watch officers and the like, for various special duties. The woodpecker, with the brown creeper and the nuthatch to help him once in a while, stands guard over the tree trunks while the warbler and the vireo do duty on the leaves and little limbs.

But most interesting of all, perhaps, are the patrolmen of the air, tirelessly going their rounds, from dawn to dusk and from dusk to dawn, policing every foot of "the space 'twixt the earth and the sky." At twilight, the night patrolman—nighthawk and whip-poor-will—go on duty. In the gray dawn they are relieved by the day patrolmen—swallow and swift.

And these day patrolmen are of the greatest importance, not only in protecting man's property, but in making living conditions tolerable. If the mosquitoes, gnats and flies that swallow and swifts consume were permitted to run riot, living would be increasingly a thing of pain and sorrow. It follows, then, that swift and swallow, like all good policemen, are entitled to be kindly thought of by the people they protect.

### GREAT DEMAND FOR POPCORN

Short Crop Last Year Has Almost Exhausted Reserve Supply in the United States.

The enormous increase in demand and a short crop last year has almost completely exhausted the reserve supply of popcorn in the United States. In previous years the reserve has always been maintained. In 1916 the popcorn raiser sold his 1915 crop. In 1915 he sold his 1914 crop, etc. But now that reserve is gone, and the 1917 crop is on the 1918 market months before it would be marketed normally. And popcorn that usually brought two cents per pound in the field two years ago is now bringing five and six cents, and may double in price within the next year.

The 1917 crop will be barely sufficient to supply the country's demand for this delicious confection until a new crop is harvested. But the price of corn in the field is bound to increase materially.

Until a few years ago the average man gave little thought to "the corn that pops." He looked upon popcorn as a business for street vendors.

Here is an opportunity that every farmer should investigate. The United States department of agriculture has issued several bulletins on the production and marketing of popcorn.

Write for bulletins numbers 202, 553, 554.

### BRIEF NEWS ITEMS FROM ALL OVER POLK COUNTY

Aphis are damaging vetch at Sunny Slope.

C. M. Lewis of Lewisville has a new automobile.

Miss Hazel Akers of Parker is in a Salem hospital.

Mrs. Lida Wilson of Parker is at a Salem hospital.

Clayton McCaleb of Sunny Slope has bought a Ford.

Wilbur Bush of Peedee has sold his mohair at 45 cents a pound.

Tom Tuck is cutting ten cords of wood for R. M. Bosley of Sunny Slope.

The Dalley hop yard at Antioch has been plowed up and sowed to wheat.

Mrs. Winnie Braden has been appointed food administrator for Polk county.

Merlin Prather of Buena Vista has gone to Eastern Oregon for an extended visit.

Myrtle E. Vincent of Rickreall is seeking a divorce from her husband, E. D. Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Dow Hamar of Sunny Slope were trading in Independence last Saturday.

Pearl Fishback of Sunny Slope was a business visitor in Independence last Saturday.

Citizens of Rickreall have called in the sheriff to put a stop to rowdy dances at that place.

Miss Leonilla Smith, who is at present teaching at Buena Vista, has been elected to a place in the Dallas schools.

Lieutenant H. W. Brune, formerly of Dallas, may have to give up army life because of poor health.

Captain Walter L. Tooze at his own request has been relieved of the command of Co. K, 361 Infantry at Camp Lewis and transferred to the depot brigade.

An auction sale of farm stock and miscellaneous articles will be held at Monmouth, Saturday May 18 for the benefit of the Red Cross. Everything donated by patriotic citizens.

John Nash of Buena Vista, who enlisted in the navy when war was declared, and who has been in a naval hospital for a number of months, will soon be able to come home.

The Antioch Union Sunday School has elected the following officers: Supt., V. A. Fishback; Asst. Supt., Mrs. E. L. Comstock; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Nella Johnson; Chorister, Mrs. Maggie Holman.

All Polk county young men in Class I of the military service will meet in Dallas on Saturday, May 18, and at the courthouse will be addressed by a number of men on subjects pertaining to the military.

The Ladies Patriotic League, an auxiliary to the Home Defense Guards, has been organized at Buena Vista with the following officers: Mrs. Rose, president; Miss Plant, vice president; Miss Rose, secretary and treasurer.

The Dallas Woman's Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: Mrs. J. S. Sweeney, president; Mrs. E. K. MacNamara, vice president; Mrs. R. C. Virgil, secretary; Mrs. H. L. Crider, treasurer; Mrs. W. D. Collins, chairman of Civic Section; Mrs. W. I. Ford, chairman of Literary Section; Mrs. D. A. MacKenzie, chairman of the Music Section; Miss Margaret Hussell, chairman of the Young Woman's Section.

### YAMHILL FARMERS ON 2ND. ANNUAL EDUCATIONAL TOUR

McMinnville—The second annual farm home study tour, conducted in Yamhill county under the auspices of the County Life Council and Edna L. Mills, county home demonstration agent, took place last week. Farmers and their families spent one day in visiting the farm homes of the county, take notes, exchange ideas and experiences and learn from each other the better ways of adding to the comfort and convenience of the farm home. The first tour, taken last year, was entirely successful.

### VISITORS BARRED FROM VANCOUVER BARRACKS

Vancouver, Wash.—No visitors or civilians will be permitted in Vancouver Barracks unless on a government mission, according to orders received from Washington today. Persons entering the post will be escorted to the guard house. Soldiers, after 11 P. M., will suffer a similar fate.

### CONSUMER WILL WELCOME McNARY REGULATION BILL.

Albany, Ore., May 13—To the Editor—I have lately been reading with interest the bill introduced in the United States Senate by Senator McNary on April 10, which promises to be of vital importance to both producer and consumer. This bill, known as Senate Bill No. 4240, aims to amend the Act of Congress of August 10, 1917, which gave the president important powers respecting the licensing of the manufacture, storage, mining or distribution of any necessities, and the prescribing of regulations therefor. It is under this act that the president has the power to fix the price of wheat. The bill introduced by Senator McNary very properly extends the power of the president to the fixing of the prices of petroleum, hides and skins, and their products, hemp, jute, cotton and wool products, farm implements and machinery, wheat substitutes, corn, rye, barley, oats, and their products, wherever and whenever sold, either by producer or dealer, and further provides that if in the opinion of the president, any producer or dealer fails or neglects to conform to the prices or regulations promulgated by the president, or to conduct his business efficiently under such regulations, then the president is given power to take over and operate the same, or cause the same to be operated, during the period of the war.

In the face of the unprecedented rise of prices, the consumer will welcome legislation of this kind, which will tend to stabilize prices and prevent profiteering. And, while this bill gives the president the power to fix the price of nearly everything the farmer raises, it is aimed at the middleman rather than the farmer and should prove of real benefit to farmer by curbing the middleman and stabilizing prices. Every farmer who raises stock has a quarrel with the distributors of feed on the one hand and the packing house on the other, and this bill gives the president the right to interfere, to the advantage of the farmer. Further, the farmer is in a position to protect himself by curtailing production along any line in which he deems himself unfairly treated, and he need hardly fear that the president will take his plant away from him.

On the whole, this is a good bill, and Senator McNary has done the people of Oregon a good turn by introducing it and working for its passage.

S. G. TALIA.

### OREGON EXPERTS WILL TRY TO END DONKEY'S BRAY

Salem—Can the vociferous ass be deprived of his bray so as to preserve quiet during the night hours? That is a question to be determined by a clinic of veterinarians in Portland some time in June, according to an announcement just made by State Veterinarian Lytle.

Dr. Lytle says that they have accomplished the feat in France, but so far the secret has not been relayed across the Atlantic. It is believed by some deft operation either on the throat or what is known as "the false nostril," or by cutting a muscle in the donkey's tail, that he will become bereft of his strident voice.

If this is successful, an effort will be made to determine whether the duck may be deprived of his quack. Numerous complaints have been received as to the noisy duck.

### LATE RAINS HELP FARMERS; LINCOLN IS PROSPEROUS

Toledo—Heavy rains have fallen in this county the past week and the moisture has been of great benefit to pastures, ranges, farms and gardens.

The demand for vegetables and berries, on account of the presence of loggers, soldiers and other workers in spruce production has been largely increased and gardeners along the bay are looking ahead to a prosperous season.

With business humming, due to spruce activities and bar improvements, the Yaquina Bay section probably will enjoy great prosperity for some time, and Toledo is feeling the impulse of new conditions in various ways.

### NUMBER OF VOTERS IN STATE INCREASED 64,294

Salem—When registration closed approximately 305,776 voters had signed their names in the registration books of Oregon, and classified by political affiliation as follows: Republicans 176,806; Democrats 84,443; Progressives 1270; Prohibitionists 8086; Socialist 7202; Miscellaneous 9369.

Compared with the registration of two years ago, the Republicans lost 2.65 percent, the Democrats gained 2.53 percent, and the others, except the Socialists, decreased.

Keep on buying Thrift Stamps.