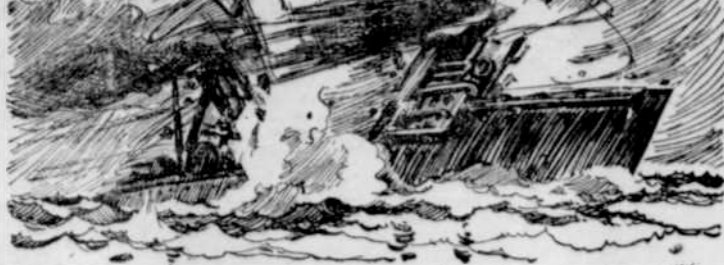


DANGER

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



Copyright, 1914, by P. F. Collier & Son

This remarkable story was finished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle last May just before his visit to America. He wrote it as a last anxious warning to England before she embarked upon another war. And the war came sooner than even he had feared.

SYNOPSIS.

A European power faces a disastrous war with England. Captain Sirius tells his king of a plan to bring the land to her knees. He goes to the British coast with a submarine.

Near the mouth of the Thames he sinks a big steamer loaded with munition, and several other food ships. An airtor hurls bombs at the submarine without success.

CHAPTER III.

The Fall of Blankenberg.

THE channel was covered with English torpedo boats, buzzing, whirling like a cloud of midges. How they thought they could hurt me I cannot imagine. Unless by accident I were to come up underneath one of them. More dangerous were the aeroplanes, which circled here and there.

The water being calm, I had several times to descend as deep as 100 feet before I was sure that I was out of their sight. After I had blown up the three ships at Boulogne I saw two aeroplanes flying down the channel, and I knew that they would head off any vessels which were coming up. There was one very large white steamer lying off Havre, but she steamed west before I could reach her. I dare say Stephan or one of the others would get her before long. But those infernal aeroplanes spoiled our sport for that day. Not another steamer did I see, save the never-ending torpedo boats. I consoled myself with the reflection, however, that no food was passing me on its way to London. That was what I was there for after all. If I could do it without spending my torpedoes all the better. Up to date I had fired ten of them and sunk nine steamers, so I had not wasted my weapons. That night I came back to the Kent coast and lay upon the bottom in shallow water near Dungeness.

We were all trimmed and ready at the first break of day, for I expected to catch some ships which had tried to make the Thames in the darkness and had miscalculated their time. Sure enough, there was a great steamer coming up channel and flying the American flag. It was all the same to me what flag she flew so long as she was engaged in conveying contraband of war to the British Isles. There were no torpedo boats about at the moment, so I ran out on the surface and fired a shot across her bows. She seemed inclined to go on, so I put a second one just above her water line on her port bow. She stopped then and a very angry man began to gesticulate from the bridge. I ran the lola almost alongside. "Are you the captain?" I asked.

"What the—?" I won't attempt to reproduce his language. "You have foodstuffs on board?" I said.

"It's an American ship, you blind beetle!" he cried. "Can't you see the flag? It is the Vermonia of Boston."

"Sorry, captain," I answered. "I have really no time for words. Those shots of mine will bring the torpedo boats, and I dare say at this very moment your wireless is making trouble for me. Get your people into the boats."

I had to show him I was not bluffing, so I drew off and began putting shells into him just on the water line. When I had knocked six holes in his ship he was very busy on his boats. I fired twenty shots altogether, and no torpedo was needed, for she was lying over with a terrible list to port and presently came right on to her side. There she lay for two or three minutes before she foundered. There were eight boats crammed with people lying round her when she went down. I believe everybody was saved, but I could not wait to inquire. From all quarters the poor old panting, useless war vessels were hurrying. I filled my tanks, ran our bows under and came up fifteen miles to the south. Of course I knew there would be a big row afterward as there was—but that did not help the starving crowds round the London bakers, who only saved their skins, poor devils, by explaining to the mob that they had nothing to bake.

By this time I was becoming rather anxious, as you can imagine, to know what was going on in the world and what England was thinking about it all. I ran alongside a fishing boat, therefore, and ordered them to give up their papers. Unfortunately they had none except a rag of an evening paper, which was full of nothing but betting news. In a second attempt I came alongside a small yachting party from Eastbourne, who were frightened to death at our sudden appearance out of the depths. From them we were lucky enough to get the London Chronicle of that very morning.

It was interesting reading—so interesting that I had to announce it all to the crew. Of course you know the British style of headline, which gives you all the news at a glance. It seemed to me that the whole paper was headlines. It was in such a state of excitement. Hardly a word about me and my flotilla. We were on the sec-

ond page. The first one began something like this:

CAPTURE OF BLANKENBERG!

DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY'S FLEET.

BURNING OF TOWN.

TRAWLERS DESTROY MINE FIELDS.

LOSS OF TWO BATTLESHIPS.

IS IT THE END?

Of course what I had foreseen had occurred. The town was actually occupied by the British. And they thought it was the end! We would see about that.

On the round the corner page, at the back of the glorious resonant letters, there was a little column which read like this:

"Several of the enemy's submarines are at sea and have inflicted some appreciable damage upon our merchant ships. The danger spots upon Monday and the greater part of Tuesday appear to have been the mouth of the Thames and the western entrance to the Solent. On Monday between the Nore and Margate there were sunk

under the keels of two British cruisers which were searching for us.

Halfway down channel we had trouble with a short circuit in our electric engines and were compelled to run on the surface for several hours while we replaced one of the cam shafts and renewed some washers. It was a ticklish time, for had a torpedo boat come upon us we could not have dived. The perfect submarine of the future will surely have some alternative engines for such an emergency. However, by the skill of Engineer Morro we got things going once more. All the time we lay there I saw a hydroplane floating between us and the British coast. I can understand how a mouse feels when it is in a tuft of grass and sees a hawk high up in the heavens. However, all went well. The mouse became a water rat, it wagged its tail in derision at the poor blind old hawk, and it dived down into a nice, safe, green, quiet world, where there was nothing to injure it.

It was on Wednesday night that the lola crossed to Etretat. It was Friday afternoon before we had reached our new cruising ground. Only one large steamer did I see upon our way. The terror we had caused had cleared the channel. This big boat had a clever captain on board. His tactics were excellent and took him in safety to the Thames. He came zigzagging up channel at twenty-five knots, shooting off from his course at all sorts of unexpected angles. With our slow pace we could not catch him, nor could we calculate his line so as to cut him off. Of course he had never seen us, but he judged and judged rightly that whenever we were those were the tactics by which he had the best chance of getting past. He deserved his success.

But, of course, it is only in a wide channel that such things can be done. Had I met him in the mouth of the Thames there would have been a different story to tell. As I approached Falmouth I destroyed a 3,000 ton boat from Cork laden with butter and cheese.

That night (Friday, April 16) I called up Stephan, but received no reply. As I was within a few miles of our rendezvous and as he would not be cruising after dark, I was puzzled to account for his silence. I could only imagine that his wireless was deranged. But, alas, I was soon to find the true reason from a copy of the Western Morning News, which I obtained from a Brixham trawler.

Stephan had done extraordinarily well. I had, of course, read in the London paper of his four ships on Tuesday, but he had sunk no fewer than seven since, for many of those which should have come to the Thames had tried to make Southampton. Of the seven, one was of 20,000 tons, a grain ship from America; a second was a grain ship from the Black sea, and two others were great liners from South Africa. I congratulated Stephan with all my heart upon his splendid achievement. Then, as we had been seen by a destroyer which was approaching at a great pace, we both dived, coming up again off the Needles, where we spent the night in company. We could not visit each other since we had no boat, but we lay so nearly alongside that we were able, Stephan and I, to talk from hatch to hatch and so make our plans. He had shot away more than half his torpedoes, and so had I, and yet we were very averse from returning to our base so long as our oil held out. I told him of my experience with the Boston steamer, and we mutually agreed to sink the ships by gunfire in case we were so far as possible. I remember old Horli saying, "What use is a gun aboard a submarine?" We were about to show. I read the English paper to Stephan by the light of my electric torch, and we both agreed that few ships would now come up the channel. That sentence about diverting commerce to safer routes could only mean that the ships would go round the north of Ireland and unload at Glasgow. Oh, for two more ships to stop that entrance! Heavens, what would England have done against a foe with thirty or forty submarines since we only needed six instead of four to completely bar destruction!

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THE COUNTY FAIR

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union

The farmer gets more out of the fair than anyone else. The fair to a city man is an entertainment; to a farmer it is an education. Let us take a stroll through the fair grounds and linger a moment at a few of the points of greatest interest. We will first visit the mechanical department and hold communion with the world's greatest thinkers.

You are now attending a congress of the mental giants in mechanical science of all ages. They are addressing you in tongues of iron and steel and in language mute and powerful tell an eloquent story of the world's progress. The inventive geniuses are the most valuable farm hands we have and they perform an enduring service to mankind. We can all help others for a brief period while we live, but it takes a master mind to tower into the realm of science and light a torch of progress that will illuminate the pathway of civilization for future generations. The men who gave us the sickle, the binder, the cotton gin and hundreds of other valuable inventions work in every field on earth and will continue their labors as long as time.

Their bright intellects have conquered death and they will live and serve mankind on and on forever, without money and without price. They have shown us how grand and noble it is to work for others; they have also taught us lessons in economy and efficiency, how to make one hour do the work of two or more; have lengthened our lives, multiplied our opportunities and taken toll of the back of humanity.

They are the most practical men the world ever produced. Their inventions have stood the acid test of utility and efficiency. Like all useful men, they do not seek publicity, yet fullness of machines sing their praises from every harvest field on earth and as many plows turn the soil in mute applause of their marvelous achievements.

The home is the greatest contribution of women to the world, and the hearthstone is her throne. Our social structure is built around her, and social righteousness is in her charge. Her beautiful life lights the skies of hope and her refinement is the charm of twentieth century civilization. Her graces and her power are the cumulative products of generations of queenly conquest, and her crown of exalted womanhood is jeweled with the wisdom of saintly mothers. She has been a great factor in the glory of our country, and her noble achievements should not be marred or her hallowed influence blighted by the

careless duties of citizenship. American civility should never permit her to bear the burdens of defending and maintaining government, but should preserve her unscathed from the allied influences of politics, and protect her from the weighty responsibilities of the sordid affairs of life that will crush her ideals and lower her standards. The motherhood of the farm is our inspiration, she is the guardian of our domestic welfare and a guide to a higher life, but directing the affairs of government is not within woman's sphere, and political gossip would cause her to neglect the home, forget to mend our clothes and burn the biscuits.

RURAL SOCIAL CENTERS

We need social centers where our young people can be entertained, amused and instructed under the direction of cultured, clean and competent leadership, where aesthetic surroundings stir the love for the beautiful, where art charges the atmosphere with inspiration and power, and innocent amusements instruct and brighten the lives of the young.

To hold our young people on the farm we must make farm life more attractive as well as the business of farming more remunerative. The school house should be the social unit, properly equipped for nourishing and building character, so that the lives of our people can properly function around it and become supplied with the necessary elements of human thought and activity.

Education is a developing of the mind, not a stuffing of the memory. Digest what you read.

Old men have visions, young men have dreams. Successful farmers plow deep while sluggards sleep.

The growing of legumes will retard soil depletion and greatly add to its power to produce.

Portland Semi-Weekly Journal and Coquille Herald, both for \$2.00 a year in advance.

When one's blue blood contributes to one's blue nose on a chill morning, there appears to be advantage in phlebotomy.

(To be continued next week)

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

Benj Gant et ux to Frank Morris w d timber on Henry H Woodward donation claim No 37 in sec 12 & 13 twp 31 s r 12 w m assigned by Frank Morris to A H Powers \$100

Marshfield Land Co to E H Campbell w d lots 13 & 14 blk 22 Bay Park \$10

I A Otto to Frank A Herson et ux w d lots 6 & 7 blk 18 Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$10

E J Micheal et ux to I A Otto w d 59.87 acres in sec 8 twp 29 s r w m \$10

I A Otto to W P Grandy w d 59.87 acres in sec 8 swp 29 s r w m \$10

W P Grandy to I A Otto b & s deed part of Herman ave between Forti & Harris st forger & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$10

W P Grandy to I A Otto w d lots & block in Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$10

J F Noyes to H J Keogh w d lots 4 & 7 & part of lot 5 Wimer's add to Myrtle Point \$500

E C Roberts et ux to L A Roberts w d 5.88 acres in sec 8 twp 29 s r 12 w m \$100

Northern Pacific Railway Co to G K Wentworth jr q e d lots 7 & 12 & n e q sec 19 twp 29 s r 10 w m \$24000

O T Bender et al to W P Grandy w d lot 7 blk 18 Border and Benders add to Myrtle Point \$25

Louis Ingram to Alvin Jackson w d parcel of land in sec 26 twp 28 s r 12 w m \$

R S Knowlton et ux to James Collier w d lot 10 block C Knowlton Heights Coquille \$280

C A Schlabrede et al to Eirst Christian Church of North Bend lot 16 blk 47 North Bend \$1

Guy H Chaffee et ux to Elizabeth Hill deed lot 26 blk 5 Sunset Park Bandon beach \$10

Fred A Evans et ux to R Reinson w d lot 5 blk 13 Graves add to Marshfield \$10

Elizabeth Stevens et vir to W C Stevens w d lots 3 & 4 blk 35, Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point \$10

Mary E Coke to Thomas Coke q e d e q sec 10 twp 28 s r 10 w m \$10

PROTECTION FOR THE HOME

The strongest desire of husband and wife is the welfare of their children.

The husband works hard to provide for them, and would be glad to know how best to safeguard them. The wife works hard, too—in the home—and is equally interested with her husband in sound insurance protection, such as that offered by the

Postal Life Insurance Company

Assets: More than \$9,500,000 Insurance in force: More than \$65,000,000

NET COST LOW IN THE POSTAL BECAUSE

1st. Commission Dividends corresponding to the commission other companies pay their policyholders.

2nd. Renewal Commission Dividends and Office Expenses Savings account by the

9 1/2%

guaranteed dividends, the Postal policyholders receive

3rd. In addition to the cash value of the policy, the Postal policyholder receives a 9 1/2% interest on the cash value of the policy each year after the first.

It will pay you to find out just what the POSTAL LIFE can and will do for you. The Company issues all the standard legal-reserve policies—it supplies full personal information to all applicants—men, women and young people—and distance from New York does not hinder. Just write and say:

"Mail me life-insurance particulars for my age" and be sure to mention this paper.

In your letter be sure to give

1. Your Full Name
2. Your Occupation
3. The Exact Date of your Birth

The request for information places you under no obligations and no agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life does not employ agents but gives its policyholders the benefit of agents' commissions—the first year and every other.

Postal Life Insurance Company
(Incorporated in New York)
Thirty-three Nassau Street, NEW YORK

WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO. ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS

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Louis Ingram to Alvin Jackson w d parcel of land in sec 26 twp 28 s r 12 w m \$

R S Knowlton et ux to James Collier w d lot 10 block C Knowlton Heights Coquille \$280

C A Schlabrede et al to Eirst Christian Church of North Bend lot 16 blk 47 North Bend \$1