



# CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee  
Copyright Michael J. Phillips  
Released thru Publishers Autocaster Service

### THE LEADING CHARACTERS —

Edison Forbes, a young resident of Scottsdale with an inherent craving for liquor, is held for the death of a woman who has been killed by a bootlegging truck. Circumstantial evidence points to Forbes and rather than tell the truth of the episode which would clear him but cast another friend in a bad light, he stands trial and is sentenced to a long term in prison. The governor of the state, an old friend of Eddie's father, believes him innocent and pardons him shortly after his arrival at the jail.

Scotts Libbey, a worthless character, who has smashed his machine into another car, killing its lone occupant, a woman. Forbes' companion and Libbey quit the scene hurriedly, leaving the former alone to face a constable who reasons that Eddie, with the scent of whiskey about him must be connected in some way with the accident. Accordingly, Forbes is arrested.

Patsy Jane, Eddie's pretty wife, agrees that public sentiment runs too high against him. Accordingly they migrate up north to some land that has been in the family for years. Settled in their log cabin

Isiah Sealman, a shifty neighbor who is anxious to buy their land. Eddie learns that the back taxes amount to over eight hundred dollars but as he has five months to pay he decides to refuse Sealman's offer of \$1200 and try and get final title to his property—Sealman's offer having led him to think is very valuable. But things do not go well. Eddie drinks heavily from some bootlegger's potions, is forgiven by Patsy, but soon after falls in with the same gang, gets drunk, and wakes up in a freight car in Chicago—many miles away. Stricken with remorse he returns to his cabin but finds his wife has left and in her place a ruffian, who orders him out. A fight ensues in which Eddie finally knocks his opponent stone cold.

A short distance from town they saw two motor cars ahead of them in the road. One, was bulging like a fat man carrying many packages, Eddie recognized it as the property of the tramp, when their car came into view the other one, headed toward them, was started and the conference which had been going on was broken up. The eastbound automobile Eddie noted as it passed them, was occupied by Sealman.

He went first to Long Portage's largest garage; His car was there, the attendant told him readily, glancing curiously at his disfigured face the while. The missis had brought it in a week or so ago. She said he'd call for it. "She's working in Mr. Kinnane's office," he added, watching Eddie to see how the information would be received.

"Thank you," returned Eddie, non-committally, and drew back to cover the charges. He drove two blocks up the street to the one-story frame building which served Lawyer Kinnane as an office.

Mr. Kinnane was in court. Patsy Jane was alone in the sunshiny main room when he entered. The color left her face and her hand flew to her throat when she saw his disfigurement. "Eddie!" she breathed, "you're hurt!" But she kept the tall pine railing between them and recoiled when he attempted to take her in his arms.

"Not much," he replied, with a rueful smile at the repulse. "A tramp had our house and didn't want to leave. But I got him out, finally." She surveyed him anxiously.

"Don't you want to hear about it—where I've been?" he went on, eager to justify himself, and restless under hmer grave, unsmiling eyes.

"Why, yes, Eddie."

So he told her everything. He blamed himself fully and made no excuses, though his boyish, disarming smile pleaded for him. "I know I've said this before," he concluded, "but this time I mean it. I'm through, Pat. Never again. I'm off the booze for life. There's nothing in it for any standpoint."

"Besides, the stuff's getting worse and worse. It's downright dangerous. But it won't catch me. I'll never take another drink. So you just quit here and come on back home. I'm sure of a job on the Davenant ranch tomorrow."

### CHAPTER XIV A New Job

"Poor kid," he rattled on, for her

attitude nob her expression had not changed. "It must have been tough, that night alone in the house, not knowing where I was or what had become of me!" Concern and contrition overspread his face. "I'm a beast, Pat; a selfish beast. But it's the last time. Where you staying?"

"With Mr. and Mrs. Kinnane. They're nice old people."

"Well, we'll forget all this and start out on the right foot. I'll see Mr. Kinnane and explain—"

"No." The word stopped him in midsentence. "I can't do it, Eddie. This has not been an impulse. I've thought it all out. I don't dare go on any longer. Drinking is a habit with you. It will become more of a habit as the years go on until you are just a sot." She drew her breath sharply. "It will never be any easier to stop than it is now. You have a fight on your hands, a terrible fight. It must be made right away, if you're to win."

"But, Pat!" There was hurt and bewilderment in his eyes and his tone. "I know it; I know all that. But the fight is won. I've told you I'll never touch another drop. When the craving for the stuff comes you must be there to help me fight it."

She smiled sadly. "I've been with you before when the craving came and it didn't make any difference," she reminded him. "You're mistaken, Eddie. The fight isn't over. You can't win it with crutches. You must win it alone."

"But I can't win it without you!"

"You can't win it with me. That's been proven."

It was a wretched hour that followed, painful for both of them. Eddie pleaded with all the power of a lovable personality. It grew harder and harder to hold out against him, but somehow Patsy Jane did. "No," she would say. "I don't dare. If I give in now, Eddie, you'll never win. I know it. You'll always be a drunkard, if poisonous liquor doesn't kill you before your time. Please don't ask me."

He gave over at last, his face sullenly clouded. "Well, when are you coming back?" he asked, more unkindness in his tone than he had ever displayed toward her before. "When will this cure be complete?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know," she replied drearily. "There hasn't been a single month since our marriage that you haven't had liquor; that you haven't been drunk. Maybe six months or a year—"

He echoed her words with angry incredulity. "Why don't you get a divorce and be done with it?" he demanded. "I think that's what you're aiming at!"

He slammed the door violently as he went out. But remorse overtook him before he reached the car. He went back to find Patsy bowed in tears over the typewriter.

"I'm a beast, Pat," he said, remorsefully. "I'm not worth crying over. It wasn't true, that nasty thing I said. You're right. It will have to be fought out. And I suppose I must do it alone. I can see you sometimes?"

She nodded and smiled through her tears.

H. P. Davenant decided to go through with his ambitious schemes for the ranch, and Eddie was hired as one of his farmhands for the summer. The wages Davenant paid were above the usual scale. But he demanded superior service. There was plowing and planting in the older fields; the breaking up of new tracts with a tractor; and, when the planting was done and before the need of cultivating the removal of great pine stumps.

As Eddie worked his mind engaged in endless calculations. Even if he saved every cent, sold the car and their household belongings, he could not, by several hundred dollars, raise enough money to pay the back taxes. But he had a vague idea that money could be raised elsewhere. Perhaps the governor, or Davenant, would advance it. Anyway, he would not worry until worry was necessary.

He lived at the ranch but spent Sundays at his own cabin. Usually he left Davenant's early, so that he might have many hours at home. It was his first impulse to seek Patsy in town every Sabbath, but her pleadings and his own pride changed that. She had urged him to stay away, thus making it harder for both of them. So only occasionally he went to Long Portage for dinner with Patsy at the Kinnane's, returning to the wilderness in mid-afternoon.

One Sunday in late May he was at

the cabin unusually early. He was replacing a broken board in the floor when he heard the ponderous throbbing of an automotive engine. He looked out curiously. A big truck, its load closely watched, swung down from the north. It made the turn in front of his door and went on toward Long Portage. Within half an hour there was another, and inside a similar lapse, another.

"Must be a liquor ship in the landing," he thought, putting away his tools. "Guess I'll go up and see what she looks like."

Curiosity was not the only motive for going. He had not conquered the craving for liquor. At times the appetite swooped down like a tidal wave, utterly submerging him. Then he clung to one anchor: The thought of Patsy Jane.

"You'll lose her if you slip," he warned himself. "You'll lose her forever. And what kind of a world would it be without her? She believes you can beat the booze. Show her she's right. She's worth fighting for. You're the luckiest man in the world that she loves you enough to give you a chance."

He had beaten the wave so far, because there was no liquor available when the appetite rolled the highest. There was none on the Davenant ranch, principally because Davenant hated it, and would not have on the place a man who drank. So victory of a sort rested with Eddie.

When the craving subsided, it left him, some times, sullen and resentful toward Patsy. He would tell himself that she was deserving of no consideration; that any fight for her sake was fruitless because she had abandoned him in time of need. This unreasonable mood soon passed, however. Then he would acknowledge she was right. Love welled up anew, and he resolved to make the fight for her sake. If he did win, it would be for her.

But on this Sunday his heart beat recklessly as he left the house and went along the lonesome road to the north. His eyes were alight, his step buoyant. There was in his air something of the fearful exhilaration that men exhibit as they go into battle.

Soon he passed a fourth truck. There were two men on the seat in front, a third perched on the rear of the load. All eyed him suspiciously

as they jolted by. Another two miles and he came on a fifth truck in the bottom of a little valley. The crew of three changing a tire. His hands clenched involuntarily and blood surged into his eyes. He recognized two of the three—Jake, the driver, and Culley, the big guard. They were the men who had given him drugged whiskey and laced him in the car bound for Chicago.

There was no retreating, for Culley had looked up and the recognition was mutual. He saw the guard's hand go swiftly to his hip pocket. He saw him speak cautiously out of the corner of his mouth. Whereat the other two men straightened and stood in an attitude of waiting, ready to snatch out a weapon if the necessity arose.

He decided on a course of action, and throttled the rage that possessed him. He brought a smile to his face. "Hello, there, sports!" he called gaily. "It's a long time since I saw you fellows. Where have you been?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that Gravel L. Prindel, Administrator of the estate of Hiram M. Prindel, deceased, has filed his final account and report as such, and the Court has set Saturday the 24th day of September 1927, at the hour of 10:00 A. M. to hear objections to the same, at the County Court Room, at Eugene, in Lane County, Oregon, and for the final settlement of said estate.

GRANVEL L. PRINDEL, Administrator.  
WELLS & WELLS, Attorneys.  
Au. 26; Se. 1-8-15-22

### TO HOLDERS OF SECOND LIBERTY LOAN 4 PER CENT BONDS

### EXCHANGE OFFERING OF NEW TREASURY NOTES

Second Liberty Loan Bonds have been called for payment on November 15th next, and no interest will be paid after that date.

Notice is given of a new offering of United States Treasury notes in exchange for Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds. The new notes will be dated September 15, 1927, and will bear interest from that date at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. The notes will mature in five years but may be called for redemption after three years.

Interest on Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds surrendered and accepted in exchange will be paid to November 15, 1927. The price of the new notes, at 100 1/2, holders surrendering Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds in exchange will receive, at the time of delivery of the new notes, interest on such Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds from May 15, 1927, to November 15, 1927, less the premium on the new notes issued.

Holders of Second Liberty Loan Converted 4 1/2 per cent bonds who desire to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain Treasury notes of the new issue, should arrange with their banks for such exchange at the earliest possible date, as this offer will remain open only for a limited period after September 15th.

Further information may be obtained from banks or trust companies, or from any Federal Reserve Bank.

A. W. MELLON,  
Secretary of the Treasury

Washington, D. C., September 6, 1927

### O. A. C. BASKETBALL TEAM TO PLAY IN EAST

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Sept. 15—Games in Utah, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Montana are on the Oregon Aggie basketball barnstorming schedule for the Christmas vacation. This trip, considered one of the most extensive made by any college team in the west, takes the place of the annual invasion of the Orangemen into California. Ten players, accompanied by R. H. Hager, Coach, will make the trip. Here is the schedule:

- Dec. 17, Brigham Young at Provo, Utah.
- Dec. 22, Creighton, at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Dec. 23, Creighton, at Omaha, Nebraska.
- Dec. 28, St. Louis, at St. Louis, Missouri.
- Dec. 30, Lombard, at Galesburg, Illinois.
- Jan. 2, Wisconsin, at Madison Wisconsin.
- Jan. 3, Chicago, at Chicago, Illinois.
- Jan. 4, Marquette, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Jan. 7, Montana State, at Bozeman, Montana.

### FINAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Sarah Glick has filed her final report and account as administratrix of the estate of L. J. Glick, deceased, and the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, has set Saturday October 15th, 1927, at the County Court room at 10 O'Clock in the forenoon at Eugene, Oregon, as the time and place for final hearing in said estate and all objections should be filed or presented on or before said time.

Dated and first published September 15th, 1927.  
SARAH GLICK, Administratrix.  
WHITTEN SWAFFORD, Attorney.  
S. 15-22-29; O 6-13

### This Way Out

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," said the tactless idiot as he tried to explain something to his sweetie.

HOP PICKERS BOOKS—Printed and in stock at The News office. \$2 per hundred.



### Dr. Ella C. Meade Optometrist

Successor to the  
Watts Optical Co.  
at No. 14 8th Ave. West,  
Eugene, Oregon.

When you are in that city and in need of Optical Work she will be glad to serve you.

**Eye Strain—Nerve Strain**  
Eye strain means nerve strain—correct glasses improve vision and nerves. Our methods assure accurate examinations.

The Science of Optometry  
Skill and experience in the profession of optometry cannot be acquired in a month or a year. Modern optometry is the result of long and exhaustive study. Such experience is our bid for your patronage and good will.

**Rexall**  
HEALTH SALT

Start the day Right

Gives you Pep.  
Makes you feel fine.  
Cleans the stomach.  
Promotes health.

A refreshing effervescent laxative for indigestion constipation and sour stomach.

50c

Flanery's  
Drug Store  
The Rexall Store

### Coming to EUGENE

### Dr. Mellenthin SPECIALIST

in Internal Medicine for the  
past fifteen years.

DOES NOT OPERATE

Will be at  
Osborne Hotel, Saturday October 1st.

Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ONE DAY ONLY  
No Charge for Consultation

Dr. Mellenthin is a regular graduate in medicine and surgery and is licensed by the state of Oregon. He does not operate for chronic appendicitis, gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsils or adenoids.

He has to his credit wonderful results in cases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bladder, bed wetting, catarrh, weak lungs rheumatism sciatica, leg ulcers, and rectal ailments.

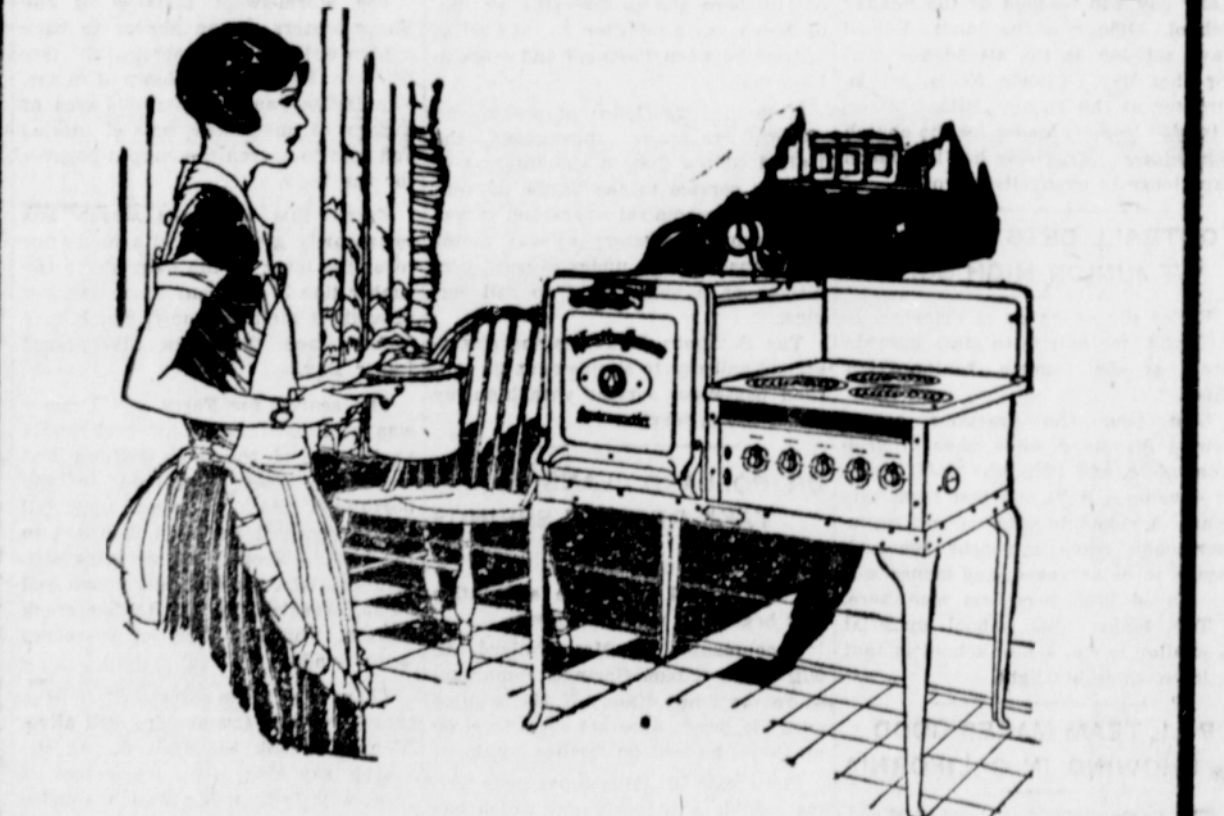
Below are the names of a few of his many satisfied patients in Oregon who have been treated for one of the above named causes:

- Elmer Booker, Condon. Chas. Desch, Portland. D. G. Horn, Bonanza. Fred Shields, Klamath Falls. Daniel Stelson, Allegany. R. E. Neal, Central Point. Joe Sheeships, Gibbon.

Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

Married women must be accompanied by their husbands.  
Address: 211 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

### The Key to Better Cooking



### The Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range

Only **\$750 DOWN**

Electric Cookery is Clean, Convenient, Accurate, Simple, Safe, Sure, and Modern.

BALANCE IN 18 MONTHS  
Liberal Allowance for Your Old Range  
See us about it

Mountain States Power Company