



CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee
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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.

Scots 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 Isaiah 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.

After ejecting the intruder finding that he seems to be in league with Sealman, Eddie goes to Long Portage and sees Patsy, who is working for Kinnane, a lawyer. She announces that she will not join him until he definitely quits drinking. Determining to comply, he finds a job with Davenant, a rancher, and for several weeks abstains from the bottle that cheers. But one Sunday, Eddie walks on the lake trail and encounters a series of truck smugglers. Among them he recognizes his "friends" who shanghaied him to Chicago—notwithstanding, Forbes hails them in greeting.

After a few preliminaries Eddie is convinced of their present good will and then accepts a bottle of booze. Putting it away, he plunges through a dense underbrush, suffering the tortures of temptation, which he manfully overcomes. Arriving back at the ranch house, the battle is won; he has not touched the liquor and he rejoices at his fortitude.

CHAPTER XVII. An Old Sweetheart.

"Well, Forbes, are you ready to sell this place yet?"

It was Sealman who asked the question on the following Sunday morning. "It's not on the market."

Sealman combed his sleek beard with plump fingers as he leaned against the garage and watched Eddie sharpening an axe on the grindstone. "I thought perhaps with you working over to Davenant's and your wife not here—" He paused significantly.

"I'll hang on just the same."

"My last offer was fifteen hundred. Things are going pretty well with me. I might be able to borrow a little more at the bank. Suppose we say two thousand."

Eddie ceased operations on the axe to look the sleek one sharply in the eye. "With the taxes, that's more than twenty-eight hundred you're willing to pay. That's seventeen dollars an acre. Why is this worth so much?"

The blue eyes flickered away. The combing fingers, sifting through the glossy beard, did not change their cadence. "It isn't, Forbes. But is adjacent my property. I could use it to advantage."

"Why not sell out and buy some where land is cheaper?"

Sealman smiled. "I might ask you the same thing, he replied, and Eddie secretly acknowledged the justice of the thrust. "This is my home. I have an affection for it. I don't want to live somewhere else."

"I suppose that's true," said Eddie slowly. "But I'm not selling; that's

final."

"You may lose it on the taxes—" "The taxes will be taken care of when the time comes," retorted Eddie. "By the way, they tell me you have some young pigs. Wonder if I could deal for one of them? Bull offered to let mine run with their hogs till fall. A good thriving pig should make me some money."

When Eddie left for the ranch that evening a chubby young porker scrambled ineffectively in a gunny-sack in the tonneau of his car. The little animal had cost five dollars. But his new owner could see his value multiplied by four against the day of tax-reckoning.

The perspective of a little distance from Sealman made the man unconvincing. His explanation of why he wanted the Forbes tract did not explain. He was not the type of man who would let sentimental consideration stand in the way of his making a dollar. Home was a house that sheltered him, to be abandoned without regret if the abandonment would bring money.

"I feel somehow, that Sealman was mixed up in those two runners feeding me drugged whiskey," mused Eddie. "They had no reason of their own for getting him out of the country. I was sent out by freight so the motor-tramp could come in and jump my claim. He was to keep me off with his gun. It wasn't an accident that he was talking to Sealman on the road that day after I drove him out."

"The long and short of it is that Sealman wants my place. He wants it badly, because it has a greater value, somehow, than appears on the surface. I wonder what it is?" He pondered fruitlessly. "Well, no matter. I'll hang on tighter. The reason will come out."

Summer advanced inexorably. The fund in the Long Portage State bank mounted surely, though much too slowly. Almost every cent of his wages from Davenant went into it. He could not possibly, of his own efforts, earn all of the tax-money. But he was reasonably sure that the deficit would be made up from one of two sources.

One source was Davenant, and his confidence seemed justified. The city man, big, incisive and iron-gray, acid-tongued in reproof and treasuring his words of commendation as though they were jewels, nevertheless showed that he approved of Eddie. The latter worked hard and intelligently. In July Davenant raised his pay five dollars a month. This, from Davenant, was the essence of eloquence.

In the unthinkable event that Davenant failed him, there was the governor.

His months on the ranch had taught him much. His quartersection was not so worthless as he had deemed it. Seeding, cultivating and the prevention of further furring-over by forest fires would build it up. He could raise stock upon it, which would support them while it enriched the land. There was more depth to the soil than he realized. All this would take work, and plenty of it, but he was willing to work and to wait. He felt that his future, his and Patsy Jane's was somehow bound up with this scraggly oblong in the wilderness.

The liquor which the bootleggers had given him remained in his bag. It was a trophy of victory, the scalp of a vanquished enemy. Sometimes he took the bottle out to look at it quizzically, to shake it until it gurgled sullenly. There was still spells of longing. But the "No" of a bronze-hard resolution drove the beasts of appetite speedily to their lair again.

Things were moving, if not happily at least with sober satisfaction, the Sunday morning that Nance Encell drove to the door of the wilderness cabin. He was squaring the uneven walls of the living room, preparatory to giving them a coat of paint, when the imperious blast of a motor-horn called him to the door.

The girl left her car and advanced to meet him, hand outstretched. "Hello, there Eddie!" she called piously. "Gee, but it's good to see you."

"Nance!" There was more of surprise than pleasure in his manner, which she noted with a humorous grimace. "Where did you come from?"

"Just as glad to see me as though I were the smallpox," she commented. "Oh, well, once it wasn't so. Where did I come from? Our place on the North Fork."

The Encells had, he recalled, a lodge in the pleasant country due north of Long Portage, perhaps twenty miles from where his cabin

stood. It was not a long drive, even for sandy wilderness roads. Only, he wished that she hadn't come.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me in?" she rallied him.

"Of course; I want you to see the improvements I'm making."

She stood in the center of the floor and looked smilingly about her. Nance Encell was a superb and striking figure, vividly blonde. Her bronze hair was rough, not from lack of care, but from the excess of the owner's energy, apparently. She wore whipcord riding breeches that fitted with revealing perfection and a thin, brown silk shirt, its collar femininely rolling, cut low and held loosely in place by a flowing red tie. She looked a daughter of the Vikings, but sophisticated modernized and raised from Viking stolidity by a complex modern civilization.

"Eddie, as a housekeeper and carpenter and landscape gardener you're the antelope's ankles," she announced, flippantly. "I remember stopping at this old cabin last summer. It was deserted then, and certainly forlorn enough." She sat down.

It seemed good to see someone from home, though Scottsdale belonged to a past epoch in his life. She told him the news of the little town, flavored with a humor slightly embittered, slightly ironic. "Now tell me your troubles, buddy," she ordered, when Scottsdale as a topic of conversation was exhausted.

"None to tell," he smiled. "Everything's fine. I'm working at Davenant's."

"Don't you think I'm too old a friend to be kept on the outside, looking in?" she shot back, with smiling earnestness that was impressive. "Come across, now; tell your name."

CHAPTER XVIII. Patsy Sees

"Nothing to tell, really," he reiterated.

"Bunk!" The word was freighted with contemptuous impatience. "I know what I know, Eddie. You know I'm interested. I've been inquiring around. You've had trouble over this place. There is a lot of tax money nearly due. You've been putting on some bouts with old John W. Barleycorn and losing spectacularly. And Patsy's left out."

"You astonish me," he said lightly, though the red crept up in his tanned cheeks. Really, it's all in the way you say it. Those things are so—and they aren't so. Mr. Barleycorn and I did do considerable scrapping and I got mused. But I've licked him. He's out for keeps. There is some tax money due. But I'll have it before the redemption period closes. As for your other assertion—well that's quite wide of the mark, too, Nance."

Miss Encell rose from the long, log, slab chair with the ease and grace of a leopard uncoiling. She strode over to where Eddie was sitting. The slender hands, with amazing strength in their fragil-looking roundness, closed on his shoulders. She all but lifted him to his feet. They confronted each other, her hands still on his shoulders.

"See here, Eddie," she said, decisively. "It won't do. I know what I'm talking about. We'll admit booze is out. But that doesn't help you much. There's a lot of money due on your

land, aside from this year's taxes. You haven't enough to meet it, and you won't be able to get enough. Tell the truth, now. Will you?"

"I haven't all of it, he admitted. "I know where I can borrow it if I have to."

She nodded and went on: "Patsy has left you, Eddie. All Long Portage knows it. She's a stenographer in old Kinnane's office. She's living at their home. So—"

Again the red flowed into his cheeks. And you're still off on the wrong foot, Nance. Everything is all right, really."

She shook him impatiently. "Can it, Eddie; I know it isn't. Now, what I came here to say was this; I— and then she stopped as if quite unable to go on. But she shrugged and plunged bravely ahead. "I have money enough to wipe out those taxes and never miss it. Won't you—"

"No, Nance. Thank you just the same, but it isn't necessary. I can get it all right."

It was not his turn to stop, embarrassed, for the eyes into which he looked were slowly filling with tears. "I'd like to do a little something—" she began, again. "Sure you can get it, Eddie?"

"Sure, Nance. But I'm mighty grateful to you, just the same." A smile broke through. "All right, old independence," she said, with hard gaiety. And before he realized what her next move might be, she leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth.

It was Nance who realized first, a shade before Eddie did, that there was someone in the back yard, someone who saw them through the open door. He could feel her grip tighten as she laughed loudly and maliciously. "Come soon," she said raising her voice.

He turned his head. Patsy Jane had come up in the Kinnane car, and had stopped in the driveway near the garage. She had seen the kiss, heard the words of invitation and the laugh. She turned on the instant, her head high, got into the car, swung it swiftly and was off on the road she had come.

Eddie was confused, resentful, indignant. He was angry with Nance. Yet good taste kept him from saying

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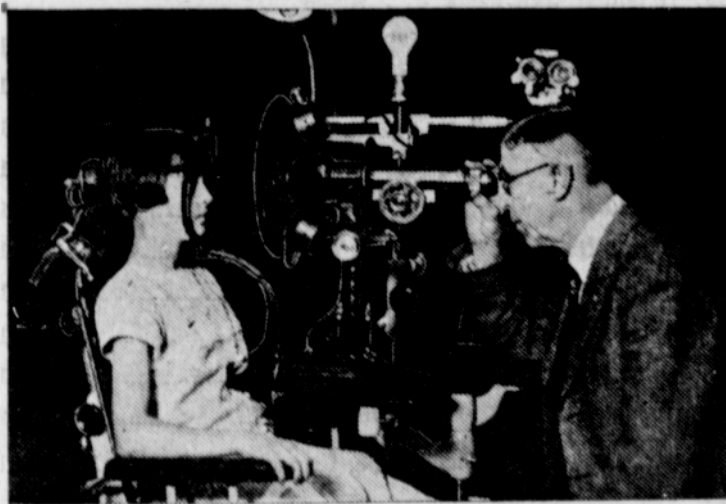
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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon and County of Lane on September 27th, 1927, in a suit where-in Commercial State Bank of Springfield, as plaintiff, recovered a judgment against Grant J. Covelling in the sum of \$250.00 and interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum from September 23, 1926 until paid; the further sum of \$35.00 attorney fees; the further sum of \$303.35 and the sum of \$24.32 costs of said suit, and a decree of foreclosure against the said defendant, which said decree was entered and docketed in the office of the County Clerk of said County on September 27th, 1927, and an execution issued thereon by the Clerk of said Court on September 27th, 1927. I am commanded to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the Northwest corner of the following described tract in Creswell, Lane County, Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at a point 14 chains East of the Southeast corner of Lot Nine (9) in Section Fourteen (14) Township Nineteen (19) South, Range Three (3) West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, and running thence West 21.18 chains to the middle of the County Road, thence following along the said County Road North 7 1/2 degrees East 11.35 chains, thence East 14.81 chains, thence South 23 1/2 degrees East 12.28 chains to the place of beginning. For a beginning point the tract hereby intended to be conveyed, thence East 212 feet, thence South 420 feet, thence West 271 feet to the center of said County Road, thence Northerly along the center of said County Road 425 feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Lane County Courthouse in Eugene, Oregon, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell at public auction, the above described real property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment with interest thereon and costs to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States, said sale being subject to redemption as by law provided.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
S 29: O 6-13-20-27:

Literal Lea

"This is perfectly stunning," gently screamed the college man as the burglar socked him one on the head.

REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order and decree of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, made and entered in the Cause wherein Laura Walker was plaintiff and Harold Steinhauer, Sr., Harold Steinhauer, Jr., Nelson J. Brooks, Elizabeth Brooks, Alfred Walker, Malcolm Walker, Grace Walker, Mildred Walker and Donald Walker were defendants at a regular term of said Court on the 20th day of September, 1927, appointing the undersigned, R. R. Wells, Referee with an order to sell the following described real property belonging to the plaintiff and defendants in fee simple and as tenants in common, situated in Lane County, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at the northeast corner of section 14, in township 18 south range 3 west of the Willamette Meridian in Lane County, Oregon, and run thence south 12 chains more or less, to the middle of Berksbire slough, thence southwesterly along the middle of said slough 6.50 chains more or less, to a point 4.916 chains north of the north line of the Washington L. Riggs donation land claim No. 40, thence south 89° 33' west parallel to the north line of said claim No. 40, 41.56 chains to the east line of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company's right of way, thence northwesterly along the east line of said right of way to the west line of lot three of section 14, said township and range, thence north on west line of said lot to a point 136 feet south of the northwest corner thereof, thence east 600 feet, thence north 136 feet to the north line of said section 14, thence east on section line to the place of beginning, all being in Lane County, State of Oregon.

I will sell the said land in one body, or in lots or parcels of land to suit purchasers, in the way to obtain the best price at public auction, at the Southwest front door of the Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on Saturday, the 22nd day of October 1927, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M. of said day, to-wit, at one o'clock P. M. Terms cash in hand.
R. R. WELLS, Referee.
S 23-29: O 6-13-20:

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