

CEDAR SWAMP

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two," he reported. "Seems pretty heavy taxes on poor land, but they built two roads and widened and deepened Portage creek, all in the same year. Then the penalties are heavy. It makes it pretty binding, even

though the improvement costs were spread over three years." Eddie went out with his nose in the air. He had given the tough old world an under hold and pinned its shoulders to the mat, first flop. He had licked booze and he had saved his home. Now to find Patsy Jane and tell her what pride had forbade his

telling before; The identity of his companion the night of the accident. And, also, take her home. For he needed but three hundred and fifty dollars, and he had more than that sum in the Long Portage bank. He consulted the stub of his checkbook. He had about five hundred dollars—a young fortune! And more in his pocket.

Of course he had no job. But he could get one. Of that he felt certain. And he would begin building up his land against the day he would crop it and stock it and make it pay good dividends.

He went into the bank to deposit the Davenant check and the loose cash he was carrying. There was three persons behind the cheap partition of white pine stained to look like hard wood, and iron grills stained to look like bronze. Gray little Gilman, the cashier; Harold Faunce, the young bookkeeper; and Sealman, slick and rotund, combing his beard with his fingers as he talked earnestly.

"We were just about to get in touch with you, Mr. Forbes," began Gilman nervously, as he swept the currency forward and checked the deposit slip.

"Why?" asked Eddie. He felt Sealman's bright, bold eyes upon him.

"I wanted to notify you of your overdraft—Mr. Forbes." The latter exclamation was a flustered remonstrance. For Eddie, thrusting an arm through the wicket, seized his deposit and pulled his bankbook from the cashier's fingers, so that the uneasy pen left a long, black mark down the page.

"Now say that again," commanded Eddie.

"Your account is eighty-four dollars overdrawn," returned Gilman. He glanced over his shoulder in hunted fashion as if to make sure that Sealman were there in support.

"You're crazy," was the brief retort. "Here are your vouchers. See for

yourself," invited the cashier, defensively.

Eddie leafed them over. They were all in order—Hold on, the check to Sealman for the pig had been raised from five dollars to five hundred.

"Looks to me as though the bank is out four hundred and ninety-five dollars," he announced. "This check has been raised. Of course you know that, Gilman. This man has told you it was written for five dollars."

"I haven't told him anything of the kind," returned Sealman.

Eddie turned the check over. It was endorsed "I. Sealman," but just below was another signature in a smooth and flowing script. "Henry W. Robbins." He reverted to the face of the check again. The forgery had been cleverly done, though close scrutiny revealed how the "hundred" had been cramped because of limited space.

"Any jury would call that a raised check," said Eddie, scornfully, shoving it back. "Looks as though this bank was negligent in taking it."

"We'll have to ask a jury to decide it," returned Gilman. "This bank disavows responsibility. You were negligent in drawing it. If the line after 'Five' had started closer to the 'e' and had been drawn clear through, there would have been no negligence. But you left a space and the forger took advantage of it."

So that was it. Maybe Sealman was not responsible for the forgery, but he was taking advantage of it to tie up his funds until after the passage of tax-day, two weeks away. He thrust his head and shoulders through the wicket, so that the flimsy grill creaked under the strain.

"Sealman, you damned crook," he said harshly, "you've been trying to swindle me out of my place ever since I came here. You've connived at this trick to tie up my money. But it won't do you any good. You'll never put a finger on a grain of that white

sand. You hear?"

"This is slander, Forbes," warned the other, his combing fingers moving agitatedly. "I have witnesses."

"Witnesses be damned," retorted the angry man. "You daren't go into court." He turned on his heel and strode out, banging the door violently behind him. He had barely reached the street when he heard his name called. Sealman must have made up his mind rapidly, for he was in the tiny vestibule of the bank. He came huddled toward Eddie.

"Now Forbes, there's no use in having trouble over this," he began, placatingly. "I don't deny the check was for five dollars. I passed it on for a load of huckleberries to a stranger. He didn't want to take them to town because it was late. I've never seen him since. How was I to know he'd raise the check?"

"Well, what else?" demanded Eddie.

"I don't want you to lose your place and get nothing for it. I want it, Forbes, it goes well with my land. I'll make you a good offer."

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, I'll give you thirty-five hundred."

Eddie's answer was to place the heel of a work-roughed hand against Sealman's high-bridged nose and push violently. The bearded man tottered from the edge of the walk into the gutter. Whereat he uttered a venomous oath, quite out of keeping with his sleek placidity.

Eddie went on up the street, thinking rapidly. That morning he had had two strings to his bow. One had been snapped. He could not borrow from Davenant. But the governor remained.

The postoffice at Long Portage occupied a corner of the largest general store. Eddie bought a pencil tablet. He stood at the post office desk and wrote the governor, outlining his situation and asking for a loan of three hundred dollars. He told of his

battle with liquor, and how he had won, of his plans for the future. He stamped it and affixed a special delivery postage. He carried it to the station himself, and handed it to the clerk on the southbound train. The governor would have it early next morning in his office in Lansing.

Always there had been with him the thought of Patsy. Now he went to Attorney Kinnane's office. The old lawyer was alone. "Where's my wife, Mr. Kinnane?" he asked.

"Not here just now, Mr. Forbes. She's out in the country for a few weeks."

To Eddie's look of bewilderment he added: "She comes in quite frequently. If you wish to reach her a letter in my care will be delivered promptly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Notice of School Meeting

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the legal voters of School District No. 19 of Lane County, State of Oregon, that a SCHOOL MEETING of said district will be held at High School on the 28th day of October, 1927, at eight o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of discussing the budget hereinafter set out with the levying board, and to vote on the proposition of levying a special district tax.

The total amount of money needed by the said school district during the fiscal year beginning on June 30, 1927, and ending June 30, 1928, is estimated in the following budget and includes the amounts to be received from the county school fund, state school fund, elementary school fund, special district tax, and all other moneys of the district:

BUDGET		
ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES		
Personal Services:		
Principal, 1,	\$2200.00	\$ 2,200.00
" 1,	1260.00	1,260.00
" 1,	1250.00	1,250.00
Teachers, 1,	1215.00	1,215.00
" 3,	1170.00	3,510.00
" 1,	1125.00	1,125.00
" 3,	1080.00	3,240.00
" 13,	1035.00	13,455.00
" 2,	1012.50	2,025.00
" 1,	595.00	595.00
" 1,	825.00	825.00
Janitors, 1,	990.00	990.00
" 1,	1045.00	1,045.00
Clerk		300.00
Other services		945.00
Total		\$33,980.00
Materials and Supplies:		
Furniture (desks, stoves, curtains, etc.)	\$ 1,234.70	
Supplies (chalk, erasers, etc.)	1,069.33	
Library books	161.11	
Flags	6.99	
Playground equipment	225.00	
Janitor's supplies	701.25	
Fuel	300.00	
Light	260.00	
Water	290.00	
Postage, stationery, printing and telephone		290.00
Total		\$ 4,282.89
Maintenance and Repairs:		
School buildings and grounds		\$ 1,724.05
Assessments (Highways, Roads, Streets, Bridges):		
10th Street and sidewalk assessment		\$ 74.84
Indebtedness:		
Bonded, and interest thereon		\$ 3,849.80
Warrant, and interest thereon		8,111.41
Total		\$11,961.21
Insurance:		
		\$ 1,066.69
Miscellaneous:		
		500.00
Emergency:		
		950.00
Total estimated amount of money for all purposes during year		\$54,539.59
ESTIMATED RECEIPTS		
From county school fund during the coming school year	\$ 8,195.00	
From state school fund during the coming school year	1,217.88	
From elementary school fund during the coming school year	5,009.09	
Estimated amount to be received from all other sources during the coming school year	7,766.00	
Total estimated receipts, not including proposed tax		\$22,187.88
RECAPITULATION		
Total estimated expenses for the year	\$54,539.59	
Total estimated receipts not including proposed tax	22,187.88	
Balance, amount to be raised by district tax		\$32,351.71
The indebtedness of District No. 19 is as follows:		
Total bonded indebtedness	\$ 71,000.00	
Total warrant indebtedness	35,194.13	
Total amount of other indebtedness	379.03	
Total amount of all indebtedness	\$106,569.16	

Dated this 5th day of October, 1927.
Attest: R. W. SMITH, District Clerk. Wm. G. HUGHES, ROY W. CARLTON, W. P. TYSON, W. C. WRIGHT, D. B. MURPHY, Budget Committee.



Isolation

ROBINSON CRUSOE had no telephone. There was no one on his island to talk to but Friday who was never beyond the reach of Crusoe's voice. But there is no reason for any one in the United States to live like Robinson Crusoe. Anyone's telephone reaches anywhere and everywhere in the land. It will put people in touch with the nearest village or most distant city. It will run errands through rain and snow just as cheerfully as on sunshiny days. It helps people keep in touch with their neighborhoods and it makes one neighborhood of the whole country. Moreover, it is the constant aim of the Bell System which serves the country to make its service better and to fit it more closely to the particular needs and desires of its telephone users.

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