

CEDAR SWAMP

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talked incessantly the atmosphere became lighter. The mist, little by little, began to dissolve. A cold wind came up and swept away the remnants. The clouds turned from a dreary dark gray to a lighter shade. The became heavy; patches of blue sky appeared. The rain stopped.

"There she is!" several voices cried at once. Only a few hundred yards away, heading straight ashore, was a squat, broad-beamed fishing tug. She was low in the water; there was a bone in her teeth and spray dashed over her square bows.

A plume of steam rose from the cart, and a single inquiring note of her siren rolled over the water. One of the men raised a long bamboo pole on which was a square of white cloth, and waved it vigorously. It was the "All clear signal."

For everything was all clear, of course. The runners would be unmolested up here in this jumping-off place in the barrens. The tug drove on. The canvas which swathed her sides to a height of ten feet was being stripped off. It could be seen that the deck was piled high with pine boxes of handy size. They were cases of Canadian liquor, hundreds of them, retailing at current quotations at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per case. The cargo was worth a fortune.

The skiffs put out from the dock, rowed briskly by two men in each. A man in the bow of the tug raised his hand and shouted. She had come ashore as far as it was safe and, with the reversal of her engines, the forward motion ceased. The crew gathered at the rail, removing the final lashings. As the skiffs came alongside and were made fast, they handed down the cases.

The small boats came back cautiously to the dock, laden to the water's edge. The waiting group formed a chain. The cases were passed from hand to hand until they were piled up on the nearest truck. In a few minutes the skiffs were empty, and were rowed to the tug again.

Two motorboats shot out from a notch in the shoreline, just above the cove. High banks on either side of the shelter and thick, overhanging vegetation had effectually concealed them before. The boats were long, high in the bow and equipped with roaring engines that sent them flying through the water at racing speed. Each was manned by a half dozen young men, in the forest-green uniform of the Michigan state police. Every man was armed, and a machine-gun thrust a ominous snout forward from the bow.

All hands went up on the tug and the skiffs. There was no hope. The tug was too slow to run away and her crew could not hope to stand off this superior armament. The completeness of the surprise made the thought of organizing resistance out of the question.

The crowd on the shore looked on the flying craft with horrified amazement. The jig was up-up most emphatically. It was every man for himself. The trucks furnished them with a means of escape and they turned frantically to the waiting vehicles.

They faced a skirmish line of forest green. More troopers had arisen from among the sand dunes. These were armed with rifles and automatics. And each held a dark metal object, about the size and shape of a goose-egg, in his right hand. The line was a fearsome one. Over each head was drawn a dull cloth bag that fitted tightly around the neck and ended in front in a sort of elephant's trunk. Two great staring glass disks were turned forward like merciless eyes.

Only one man was not so equipped, but his mask rested on his head, ready for adjustment. He stepped forward toward the huddled, doubtful booze-runners. "Gas-bombs, boys," he announced quietly, holding up his own goose-egg. "No false moves, or—" He drew back his arm slightly, "and it's a painful way to die."

The truck crews were made up

mainly of men who had dodged service in the great war. They had abundant courage, and would have shot it out with the troopers. But they knew nothing of gas, and they feared it with a panicky fear. Every hand clutched at the sky including the plump, tapering figure of a rotund person with silky brown beard who stood in the foreground.

Every hand? Not quite. A man on the wharf, protected in part by the trucks above raised his automatic with a desperate gesture and fired at the leader of the troopers. He missed. But the sergeant who answered it did not. The man on the dock clasped his arms about his stomach and fell into the shallow water.

"Steady!" commanded the leader. "He's done. Don't throw men."

Eddie Forbes ran from among the troopers, throwing aside his gas mask as he came. "I'll get him out!" he cried. For the runner who had fallen was too valuable to be drowned. It was Scouts Libbey, whose mishandling of a liquor truck months before had started all his trouble.

It was within a few minutes of five o'clock, closing time in the county offices, when Eddie mounted the steps of the new brick building wearily. A sense of responsibility had kept him with the state police until the prisoners could be lodged in the county jail. For it had been his telephone call of the night before which had precipitated the most successful liquor raid in the state's history.

Fortunately, a troop of the state police, working on shore with motorcars and horses, and on the water with their fast motor cruisers, had been beating the north for rum-runners, and were stationed only a few miles away. Orders from Lansing had started them during the night to the rendezvous he had selected. The rain had helped them to establish themselves undetected in position to spring their coup.

Now there was a let-down, a despairing sense of loss and failure. He was conscious that he had eaten only sketched for two days, that he was not shaven, and that his misshapen, wrinkled clothing had been wet by the rain, had dried upon him, and had been wet again to dry again. He wondered rather stupidly why he was going to the courthouse at all, he had no money to meet the taxes.

Peter Whimple had company, Eddie found. There was the youth he had beaten up for trespass. He was sitting on a straight-backed pine chair, and Nance Encell was beside him. A keen young man in city clothes was tilted against the wainscoting of the side wall.

Eddie advanced a few steps and paused uncertainly. The stranger lowered the front legs of his chair and prepared to rise. His late adversary scowled, but Nance smiled and said cheerily, "Hello, Eddie. Well, I see you made it, after all."

Made it? He had made nothing but a mess of it. Why had he come here to be laughed at by Nance Encell and her companion, of all people? And why was this other chap staring at him so curiously?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers and the kindness shown during the illness and death of our loved one.

Mrs. Norval Powers.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Powers.
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Powers and family.

TOWN AND VICINITY

Westfir Man In—Roland Parker of day.

Goes to Portland—Clara Jones was a visitor in Portland early this week.

Fishes on Lake Creek—Phil Phillips fished on Lake creek in the Stuslaw country Sunday.

Lorane People Here—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parrish of Lorane spent Sunday in Springfield, visiting relatives.

Visit At Corvallis—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Petticoat and children were visitors over the week-end at Corvallis.

Kester At Marcola—Dr. Eugene Kester made a professional call to Marcola Friday.

Here From McGlynn—Mrs. F. F. Molenda of McGlynn, Oregon, was a Springfield visitor Monday.

Mortensen at Pleasant Hill—Dr. R. P. Mortensen made a professional call at Pleasant Hill Saturday.

Dehan Is Better—M. J. Dehan, who has been in the Pacific Christian hospital, is much improved and has been dismissed, according to his physician.

Make Sunday Visit—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frese were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase at Chase Gardens.

Visitors from Marshfield—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Collins of Marshfield were visitors Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Collins, Springfield.

Visitors From Westfir—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Griffin of Westfir were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Collins.

Has Infected Foot—A. C. Petticoat has been away from his work at the Booth-Kelly mill due to an infected foot.

Visiting at Marshfield—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Collins left early this week for Marshfield, where they will spend a week visiting their son, E. W. Collins, Jr., and family.

Visitors From Noti—Visiting at the Sam Montgomery home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. R. Lowe of Noti, and Mr. and Mrs. "Doc" Montgomery, mother of Sam Montgomery.

Orval Eaton Overcome By Heat—Orval Eaton, while working for the Lorane Timber and Milling company late last week, was overcome by heat and taken to the Pacific Christian hospital. He has completely recovered.

Speak At Baptist Church—Kenneth Tobais and Mr. Martin of the American Sunday school union spoke Sunday evening at the Baptist church on the work of their organization.

Here On Bend Trip—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baker and Dr. and Mrs. Saver of Wendling were here Sunday en route to Bend for a few days visit.

Miss Brattain Operated On—Miss Ruth Brattain underwent an operation at the Pacific Christian hospital Monday morning. She is reported recovering satisfactorily.

Returns From Springs—Mrs. W. H. Pollard returned Saturday from Kitson Springs, where she spent a week with Dr. Polhard, who is attempting to recover his voice during a rest at that resort. She reported little improvement in Dr. Pollard's throat as yet.

Mrs. Odell In—Mrs. Joe Odell of Waltherville was a visitor in Springfield Monday.

Returns to Jasper—Mrs. O. W. James and baby son have left for their home at Jasper from the local home of Mrs. Phoebe Nelson.

Burns Cuts Head—Dewey Burns is reported recovered from injuries to his head received in an accident last week at the Booth-Kelly lumber mill.

Hamlin on Vacation—Postmaster F. B. Hamlin is taking his annual vacation, and left early this week for Drew, Oregon. He is allowed 10 days.

Wisconsin Man Here For Winter—Joseph Boutin, father of Mrs. Harry M. Stewart, has arrived from his home at Bayfield, Wisconsin, to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart.

McLagan At Marshfield—W. C. McLagan went to Marshfield early this week to attend to business of the Mountain States Power company, of which he is steam superintendent.

Returns to California—Mrs. L. M. Myers of Fontana, California, sister of Mrs. W. H. Adrian, left yesterday on the return trip to her home. Mrs. Adrian took Mrs. Myers to Portland by automobile, and there she will take boat for California. Her small son, who has been in Mrs. Adrian's care, was taken with her.

Cox Out Of City—H. J. Cox, president of the Lorane Timber and Milling company, is finding his business so demanding that he has been forced to spend much of his time out of the city, either at the mill or elsewhere. Offices are still maintained, however, in the bank building on Fourth street. **Rev. Sykes Is Honored**—Honoring Rev. Gabriel Sykes and Mrs. Sykes, who have been returned to the local Methodist pastorate by the annual conference, a reception was held at the parsonage late last week. A program of welcoming talks, response, and music featured the event.

To breed ewes to lamb before they are two years old is poor practice, declares the O. A. C. extension specialist in animal husbandry. Only the healthy, active ewes are successful breeders. Listless unthrifty ewes seldom produce good lambs.

MISS SWEENEY TO TEACH AT UNIVERSITY H. S.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oct. (Special)—Miss Thelma Emma Sweeney, of Springfield, has been selected from the school of education of the University of Oregon as a practice teacher in the University high school, it is announced by R. U. Moore, principal of the school.

A total of 35 seniors in the University are now doing practice teaching. Actual experience in teaching is gained in this way, and graduates of the school of education go forth to positions next year fully prepared for their work.

The school of education also maintains an appointment bureau, where schools throughout the state can apply for experienced teachers. More than 200 teachers were placed by the bureau this year.

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk to the following: William Allen Luse, and Diana Doyle, both of field; John Hacker, Portland, and Violet Hawley, Cottage Grove; Roy Fellows and Eula Blakley, both of Eugene; Orville Clark and Ruth Howard, both of Cottage Grove; Leon Morton, Cottage Grove, and Jean Ward, Eugene; Ralph Brickley, Springfield, and Olga Erickson, Eugene; Warren Collingwood, and Mary Chapman, both of Eugene.

EUGENE MAN WOULD UNITE CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

A desire for joint chamber of commerce directors meeting with a view of carrying out a county-wide development program is expressed by J. E. Shelton, newly elected president of Eugene Chamber of Commerce. His idea would be to have the directors of the Eugene, Springfield, Cottage Grove and Junction City, Chambers of Commerce meet collectively and at regular times to work out ways and means of fuller development in Lane county.

A similar organization has existed in Marion county with good results. The idea of bringing the Chambers of Commerce into joint and harmonious relationship meets with favor in Springfield and it is believed will also get a good reception in other towns if Mr. Shelton decides to go ahead with his plans.

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