

CEDAR SWAMP

(Continued from Page 3)

Well.

"It completely exonerates me. I was convicted of manslaughter in your court because of that accident."

"Yes; the evidence—"

"Was mostly prejudice. I was really convicted of taking a drink."

"Granted that may be in a measure true. What is your purpose in coming to me? The press will publish this, and you will be set right in the eyes of the community."

Eddie leaned forward. "Judge," he said, "the newspapers published a statement from you after the governor pardoned me. You said his action was a 'miscarriage of justice' and a 'travesty.' You did all you could to ruin me. Now—"

"I did make such a statement," agreed the jurist. "I was not trying to ruin you. But you were half-drunk when the accident happened. You had liquor illegally in your possession. You had been drunk before. In the circumstances, I consider the statement quite justified."

"All right," replied Eddie, easily. "I wanted to get your ideas on the subject. But I came for something else, really. You own—"

The door of the judge's study opened. A dark, weak-faced young man entered. "Hello, dad," he began, and stopped. "Didn't know you were busy." He scowled as he recognized Eddie. "What's he been telling you?"

"He has been trying, because of certain circumstances," said the judge firmly, "to force me to reverse myself on that accident of last spring. He has told me—"

"You sneak!" interrupted the dark young man, passionately, turning on Eddie. "So you had to come and spill it that I was with you that night. I was coming to tell him myself. We agreed, Nance and I, it was the thing do. And you spoil—"

"Randolph!" His father's hard voice stopped him. "Do you mean that you—you were Forbes' companion—that you were on a drinking bout—"

He paused to stare fixedly at his son, whose attitude confessed guilt. Confused by his blunder, Randolph stood with head bowed and a hangdog look.

"He told me nothing, sir," resumed the jurist. "He has protected you, as he protected you at the trial. He accepted a prison sentence at my hands while he spared my son." He turned to Eddie:

"Mr. Forbes, I have reconsidered. I shall publish a statement making amends to you. And I shall say in it that my son was with you that night."

"Dad!" implored Randolph.

"Be silent!" commanded his father.

"Hold on, Judge," interpolated Eddie. "I asked Ran to go with me. I bought the liquor. He wasn't as much to blame, by a long way, as I was. That's why I kept still."

"He shall learn to bear the responsibility of his own acts," replied the judge, implacably. "If he hadn't been a coward and run away, he wouldn't have put me in this—this humiliating position."

"As a favor to me, Judge, please don't mention him—"

The judge raised his hand. "You said there was another matter you came to see me about, Mr. Forbes."

"Yes. I've had the sour earth from that mound on my place analyzed too, Judge. It's precisely the same composition as your supply in Texas, which is about exhausted."

"Do you mean to tell me that the mound which Randolph discovered near Long Portage is on your property?" The judge's surprise was obviously genuine.

"It certainly is. Ran left a sack when he came to get samples a few weeks ago. The name 'Mineral Medicine Corporation, Austin, Texas,' was printed on it. I found out that your mound not far from Austin is about exhausted. That the 'ore' in your mound, known as sour earth by the Indians and settlers, is a sandy material containing salts of calcium, magnesium, sodium and iron and free acid. That it was overlaid by a solid vein of rock salt—a sort of cap."

"I discovered that it has a tremendous sale when reduced to solution by boiling to free the medical salts, and that it is bottled and sold under the trade name 'Mineral Magic.' I know that hundreds of thousands of people regard it as a panacea for rheumatism and indigestion and things like that."

"You've been combing the country for another supply, especially where geologic conditions were somewhat similar. You became, a couple of years ago, principal stockholder in the Mineral Medicine Corporation by the death of your uncle. When the analysis of my stuff proved up—well, I thought you might want to see me."

The judge permitted himself a grim and appreciative smile. "That was considerate. Because, when Randolph made his report, I should certainly have had to look you up. Apparently we are to be rather closely associated, Mr. Forbes. Had you thought of any basis of doing business; say a sale of this mound outright to us?"

"Not an outright sale, Judge. I'm getting some money to play with. I

years now for a steady income. I've set my heart on a royalty—say a certain percentage of the price of every bottle sold."

The Forbes family occupied the one large and comfortable chair in the cabin on Portage creek. It was night; and outside the northern lights were putting on a show with half the sky as their stage. Bars and pennons and lances of white radiance, the greatest of them in dimension like Lake Huron set on end, blazed from horizon to mid-heaven. The air was crisp with coming frost, and winey with the tang of the pines and the aromatic wild growth of the barrens. The creek, swollen by autumn rains, splash and murmured beyond their front door.

Eddie sat in the chair and Patsy sat in his lap, her knees well up to her chin. His arms were about her; her head on his shoulder. They were engaged in that most delightful of occupations—the building of air-castles which have a solid foundation of practicability and possibility.

"I want to stay here until after the first deep snow," said Patsy, dreamily.

"The deer season's early in November," answered her husband. "We'll get our deer and stick around until the snow comes up to the window sill. That suit you, Pat?"

"I'll love it," breathed Patsy. "Anyway, till the novelty wears off. Then we'll follow the sun southwest for the rest of the winter."

"Next spring we'll come back here," Eddie pursued the thread, "and I'll study up cattle-feeding with Davenant. He's a good old scout, after all, Pat. He apologized like a man for threatening to lick me over the bottle that squarehead got. We'll live here—"

"But the dam: Won't this be all under water?"

"They won't start construction until a year from next April. Malone says we may have this house all next summer, because I'm going to buy a ranch from them somewhere near here. They have a lot of acreage they don't need above the new water level."

"Isn't it wonderful?" sighed Patsy Jane, in utter content.

His arms tightened about her. "Not so wonderful as you, Pat," he whispered.

THE END

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk to the following: Ambrose Dennis and Lillian Wallace both of Eugene; Edwin Alberkson, Salem, and Eula Cothrell, Eugene; Earl Mathis, Eugene, and Emma Hodson, Marshfield; Ernest Liska, and Elsie Isaacson, both of Veneta; Raymond Peterson and Ruth Hibbard, both of Eugene; R. S. McCafflin, Portland, and Lois Parker, Eugene.


County Gets Share Buss Fees

The county treasurer has received from the Public Service commission \$929.45 in fees collected on seating space under the motor transportation act covering motor vehicles for hire. Under the law the county gets one-fourth and the highway department three-fourths of the fees collected. Although this law was passed in 1925 this is the first allotment that has been made to the counties.

Visits Whitney Home—Aileen Norton of Southerlin, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney of this city, visited the Whitney home Sunday from O. A. C., where she is attending school.



You never fail with Crescent—the Double Acting Baking Powder



In Confidence

Readers desiring a personal reply can address Miss Flo, in care of this newspaper.

CHILDREN'S DISRESPECT—ITS ORIGIN

Dear Miss Flo—

I am the father of two children—sixteen and eighteen years of age. Neither one of them has the slightest bit of respect or affection for me. Yet I have done everything within my power to make them happy and to give them advantages which I never had. They seem not to appreciate in the least anything I do for them and are always asking for something more. Who in your opinion is responsible for this state of affairs—the father, mother, or the children themselves? I personally believe that in this instance their mother is to blame. At least, she has done nothing to promote consideration and love, and in every instance has aligned herself with the children against me.

W. J.

It is the natural and normal thing for children to love their parents, to admire them, and to consider them their best friends—and when they do not, it is usually the fault of the parents. In rare cases only is it the fault of the children.

It is possible that in this case it has been the mother's fault—for too often women fail in the important duty of teaching the children to love their father. Rather—perhaps through carelessness and a lack of thought—they are apt to kill the natural affection which is there, for the attitude of children toward their father is almost entirely determined by their mother—whether they look upon him as a superior being to be adored and worshiped or merely as a cash register to be used when they want money.

There are women who teach their children to hate their father by making them fear him. When the children are had they are threatened with what father will do when he gets home. Some women teach their children to regard their fathers simply as money-making machines that exist solely for their own use and benefit. What the children want they must have at any cost to father, and a mother will nag him until they get it. The children,

seeing that mother has no consideration for father grow up having none. Still other women teach their children to disrespect their fathers by always criticizing them for being poor business men, for lacking in enterprise, for being too easy—for being high-tempered and hard to get along with—for this and that weakness, until the child's mind is embittered with the idea that their father is inferior to other men—amounts to nothing—and with silly opinions that need not be respected.

And this is unjust and unfair—for father hood calls for just as many sacrifices as motherhood does. And the only way in which these can be rewarded is with affection and gratitude, and if he is denied these he is cheated.

On the other hand, if a father wants his children's love, he must make a personal effort to win it. In the language of advertising experts, you have to sell yourself to them. The idea that children must love and respect their parents because it is their duty to do so will not work, and you must deliberately try to make yourself attractive to your children, and make as much effort to ingratiate yourself with them as you would with a stranger. You must try to impress your children with your ability, your wisdom, your up-to-dateness as you would any man or woman with whom you are trying to do business.

And you must begin making the effort while your child is still in the cradle—then it will be natural for the child to love you and respect you as long as you deserve it—and believe me—once you have convinced your children that you are worthy of their esteem it will take an awful lot to make them change their opinion.

When a child does not love its father it is a cruel thing to both child and father, for it robs them of so much joy in each other that they miss.

FOR SALE—Carbon paper in large sheets, 26x39 inches, suitable for making tracings. The News Office.



The "know how" Gained by long practical experience gives you better service.

Dr. Sherman W. Moody
OPTOMETRIST - EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST
Suite 831 Miner Bldg. Eugene, Oregon, Telephone 362

WE GIVE D.W. GREEN DISCOUNT STAMPS



The Fires of Life

Five-sixths of the food we eat goes to keep us warm. Death by starvation is in reality death by cold. If the nutrition of the body is insufficient, the body itself is consumed.

Growing thin or wasting away is a process of burning up. In order to stop the process, increase nutrition, supply fuel.

Cod Liver Oil

is the best remedy to use in all cases of wasting diseases. It provides material for fuel and produces increased strength and energy.

Just the Thing for Throat and Lung Troubles
Price — \$1.25

Ketels' Drug Store

Your Last Chance

Clubbing Offer of the Springfield New, Oregonian and Telegram

Expires Monday, October 31st

This is your last opportunity to get local and world news at a bargain. HERE IS THE CLUBBING OFFER for Mail Subscriptions:

MORNING OREGONIAN	\$6.00	BOTH 1 YEAR
THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS	\$1.75	For \$5.50
TOTAL	\$7.75	SAVE \$2.25
DAILY AND SUNDAY OREGONIAN	\$8.00	BOTH 1 YEAR
THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS	\$1.75	For \$7.30
TOTAL	\$9.75	SAVE \$2.45
THE PORTLAND TELEGRAM	\$5.00	BOTH 1 YEAR
THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS	\$1.75	For \$4.00
TOTAL	\$6.75	SAVE \$2.75

These Bargain Offers End October 31 and your chance for a saving from \$2.25 to \$2.75 is gone.

Old or New Subscriptions Taken at this Price. If You are Now Paid in Advance Have Your Subscription Extended.

\$10,000.00 Accident Insurance Policy

With each subscription to the Portland Telegram a \$10,000 one-year accident insurance policy can be had for \$1.00 extra. This is a wonderful offer seldom before made.