

CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee
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The Leading Characters.

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.

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. Back in Scottsdale he and

PATSY JANE, Eddie's pretty wife, agree 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 neighbor, pays the Forbes a visit and intimates that there are some back taxes for the young couple to pay. Sealman offers to give Eddie a job after he goes down to Long Portage, a nearby town, and learns about the taxes. The next day while walking about their property they discover a mysterious mound that contains outcrops similar to salt. At the tax office Forbes learns that the back taxes amount to over eight hundred dollars and that the certificate are held by a Chicago capitalist who is eager to obtain the property. Eddie has five months to pay. A few days later he helps a booze truck out of the mud and is presented with a bottle of whiskey which he hides before walking over to interview Sealman.

CHAPTER IX.

An Offer

Sealman was not at home, a woman of middle age who answered his knock told Eddie. He was down-town. She looked at him with the curiosity of people who see few strangers. He could feel her eyes boring into his back from the small-paned windows after he had turned away and was retracing his steps.

Now what to do? he thought disheartenedly. There was plenty of wood cut. He didn't want to stop up and read. There was nothing else, except an exploratory tramp. That was it: He would follow the road north, to find out where the booze truck came from.



"I don't believe I care to sell," he said, and Patsy Jane's eyes telegraphed approval.

He stopped at the house to tell Pat and then turned into the sinuous double track, along which the broad tires had left their impress. When he was opposite the point where the liquor was hidden, he turned to the jutting rock and thrust his arm into the hole. He withdrew the flask and thrust it into his pocket without looking at it. He swung northward for a mile without pausing. Then he stopped abruptly, snatching out the bottle, removed the cork with feverish haste and took a long drink.

The liquor was potent. He coughed and shuddered, but the effect of the stimulant was immediate. A genial glow coursed through his veins. He became optimistic. He whistled lightly as he fell into a distance-creating stride that took him due north.

Mile after mile was reeled off, for he was determined to find the end of the road. The soil was so poor that there were no settlers, no human habitation—nothing but the track, dipping into the hollow and surmounting the long sandy knolls with sparse jackpine covering.

He stopped occasionally to drink again. The exercise kept the effects of the whiskey down. At last, long past mid-afternoon, Lake Huron, cold and gray, under the assault of the rain, broke on his vision. The lake filled the entire horizon ahead. The road ended at a dock which thrust itself into the shallows. Proudly waveslets broke upon the white sand. Pines of good size fringed the shores of the cove.

up here. But as they get down where there are more towns, they must lay up days."

He took out the bottle again. His potations had reduced the contents considerably. The stuff was beginning to take effect. "Well, another little drink won't do us any harm," he said aloud with a reckless laugh. "And I guess it's time to hit home now then. It's a long, long way to little old Tipperary down there by the creek."

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary," he sang, unsteadiness creeping into his footsteps.

Darkness had fallen when he slumped against the door of the cabin. The raincoat had impeded him. Somewhere back along the trail he had thrown it away. So that it was a dreary figure that toppled to the floor when Patsy Jane lifted the latch.

She got him undressed and to bed, somehow, lips compressed, eyes glowing with resentful inner fires. He was inert as a log. He slept the night through, without moving. Really it was more of a stupor than of sleep, for the liquor had the effect on his senses of a shrewdly-swung mallet.

He was sick next day, sick with a sense of failure and remorse and worthlessness, but physically ill as well. The exposure in the cold rain itself was a venomous drug. The adulterants which had been added to give bite and volume by the various handlers bordered on deadly poisons and they clawed and tore at stomach and intestinal linings.

It was not until the second morning, after he had eaten breakfast in a dressing gown, that Patsy steered herself against the pity which kept welling up at sight of his pale face. She had tended him uncomplainingly, ignoring his fretful repinings and self-scourgings.

"Now, Eddie," she said gravely, across the breakfast-table, "we'll have a little talk. I'm not going to say much. Nagging won't do any good. But we must have an understanding."

She hesitated before going on: "I don't need to tell you what liquor does for you. You know where it brought you—where you'd be if it weren't for the governor. Eddie, I won't stand any more. I can't stand any more. This is the last time. If you get drunk again I'll leave you."

He searched the and, piquant little face. The gray eyes were steady, the tender mouth firm. The finality of her words struck a chill in his heart. "But, Patsy! What would I do if you left me?" he burst forth, involuntarily, and then flushed at the childish selfishness of the remark.

"I don't know, Eddie. It might cure you. I can't seem to cure you by staying." There was not bitterness in her words; only sadness.

He leaned forward to take her hands. "You won't have to go, Pat," he assured her, his voice trembling with eagerness. "I'm through with

booze! Oh, I know I've said it before, but this time I mean it. You'll see. Never another drop as long as I live." He meant it. He was sure of himself. The chains were broken. The conviction that he was his own man shown in his eyes. She thrilled with faith and conviction. She squeezed his hands joyfully.

There was a knock at the door. Sealman, the aleek, stood in a background of brilliant sunshine when Patsy Jane opened it. "What's the matter, Mr. Forbes—sick?" he asked his keen blue eyes roving as he took a chair.

"A little under the weather," returned Eddie, shortly. "I was over to see you the other day, but you were out."

"Yes. You have looked up the taxes I suppose. What did you find?"

"Well, I have better than eight hundred dollars to raise in five months. That job you talked about begins to look pretty good, Mr. Sealman."

Sealman considered his hands folded over his rounded stomach, his lips pursed beneath his glossy beard. "Rather a lot of money," he said, meditatively. "Have you ever considered selling?"

"O, yes, we've talked it some," replied Eddie. "But I don't suppose it would bring much more than the taxes—the whole thing."

"It isn't worth any more," agreed Sealman. "That it, it isn't worth any more to anyone except possibly myself. I wouldn't mind owning this quarter-section. It would round out my property nicely. I could run stock on it after it was fenced. You consider an offer?"

Eddie looked at his wife. Her face

did not reveal her thoughts, but he knew that beneath the surface, she disapproved. The idea of selling was repugnant. "I'll listen," he said, non-committally.

"Well, the actual value is perhaps a thousand dollars. It might bring that if you had time to search for a buyer and interest the right party. Not a cent more. And it might take a year to find your man. Suppose I advance the money to satisfy the taxes, and give you a thousand dollars besides?"

A thousand dollars! The offer was surprisingly generous. It meant that Sealman considered the place worth practically twice what the average person would pay. Well, if it was worth more than eighteen hundred dollars to Sealman, it must be worth that to them.

"I don't believe I care to sell," he said, and Patsy Jane's eyes telegraphed approval.

CHAPTER X

Another Truck

Sealman showed his disappointment. "That's a good price, Mr. Forbes, a big price. You won't get another such offer."

"Maybe not."

"You've admitted that there's a chance you can't raise the taxes. You may lose everything."

"That's a chance I mean to take," returned Eddie, smiling. He felt better that the refusal was behind him.

"Hum," Sealman digested this for a time. "I'm not justified Mr. Forbes, not justified at all. In fact, I'm probably foolish for doing it. But I might raise it to twelve hundred."

"No, thank you."

Sealman rose. Displeasure was struggling to show through the sleekness of his manner. "Fifteen hundred! That's positively the last word, Forbes."

"No, Mr. Sealman. I think I can make it worth that by keeping it."

The roving blue eyes encountered Eddie's for an instant. "Anyone else been making you an offer?"

"No, I haven't talked with another soul about it. By the way, how about that job? Does it look as though you could take me on as a farm-hand?"

Sealman paused at the door and turned, his hands on the latch. "I've changed my plans somewhat, Forbes. I don't see how I can use you. Good day."

"Why, the old hoptoad!" ejaculated Eddie. "What's gotten into him? Is he sore because we wouldn't sell, or what?"

"I don't know, but I'm glad we didn't," returned Patsy Jane stoutly. "I don't like him any better than you do, Eddie. I'm glad you're not to work for him. What did he mean when he asked if anyone else tried to buy the place?"

"He meant that he's mighty anxious to get it. We haven't heard the last of him, Pat. Well, we'll have to jump in and pull out of the fire. If he wants it and Brover wants it, there must be more to it than we've realized. I can get a job, easy, I know."

His optimism was not justified. Most of the settlers in the vicinity had little good land, and that was ill-cultivated. They preferred hunting and fishing and getting outposts to farming, for which they had neither capital or equipment.

When he crossed the creek, however, there was a ray of hope. The Davenant ranch, plaything of a wealthy Detroitier, had a resident foreman. He told Eddie that the owner had ambitious plans for the year in the way of heavy planting and much clearing. He might need several men. When Mr. Davenant came up in a week or so, and made final decision, he had better be on hand.

Eddie felt that he could not afford to wait even a week. He went to town. But Long Portage was overflowing with labor. The married men who had been in the woods all winter were trooping back. Their summer jobs were kept for them. There was no chance for an outsider against their long-established claims.

The week passed dully. He dug and chopped out pine stumps, for their roots and pitchy knots made excellent firewood. The hard labor of sawing and chopping smothered his homesickness and drowned in fatigue the craving for liquor which was ever near the surface.

He filled the washbasin to the eaves and even piled a tier around the inside of the garage, a slab shed with sloping roof. He made three trips to the Davenant ranch. But the owner had not yet arrived.

Another rainy day found him chinking the logs of the cabin with mud from the banks of the creek. It did not really need it. But restlessness was devouring him, and the demand for liquor was rising like a prairie fire. The intensity of the passion frightened him. Back home, in normal surroundings and with a regular occupation, he had been able to keep it somewhat within bounds. Especially as the little town and its uncompromising opinions imposed restraints upon him.

But here, the frontier still, where life was much more open and simple, the restraints were fewer. The wilderness, grim and unfriendly in storm, gay and sparkling in sunshine, invited one to live his own life, un-caring. There were few to see and to comment. It was, he fancied, like the early days in the west. Some of the settlers here were failures who had come to the jackpine country to forget the past. They did not ask too personal questions. Because they would resent such questions from others.

Just after noon, while he was at

the creek for sudden earth, there was a hail from the north road. He recognized the guard of the liquor-truck whom he had assisted when it was mired. "Got a big wrench?" asked the man. "The nut's worked loose on this axle and one of our hind wheels was about ready to drop off when we noticed. Don't know what he's thinking of, but Jake hasn't a wrench in his toolkit."

"Just a minute," replied Eddie. He brought the wrench from the cabin and, with a tumultuous admixture of feeling, accompanied the man up the road to the truck. It was but the work of a few moments to twist the nut home on the jacked-up wheel. When it was done the guard, with a knowing smile, reached for the box under the seat, but Eddie stopped him.

"Not for mine," he said. "The last bottle nearly put me away. I think it had arsenic in it!"

"But this is good stuff," assured Jake, eagerly. "This is a little private stock we keep for ourselves and our friends. We were all out last week."

"All right, kid, it's up to you," said the guard, when Eddie refused again. "She's clearin' off. Come on and take a little ride."

Eddie responded to the invitation. He did want to do something besides fight his own thoughts. He would ride a few miles toward town, drop off, and walk back through the barrens, which were beginning to exercise a powerful fascination for him. Of course he wouldn't drink any of their beastly liquor.

While the truck went on, to wait or him below the ridge west of the house, he ran in to tell Patsy Jane. "Go ahead; it'll do you good," she urged. "And then she added: 'Who are your friends?'"

"Oh, a couple of fellows I met while ago," he said evasively, as he kissed her.

The booze-runners proved to be entertaining companions. They took it for granted that he was a kindred spirit, and they talked freely and with humor of their calling—its dangers, its adventures, its sordid tangle of plot and crossplot.

The first time they produced a bottle and drank from it, he refused their invitation to join and the second; but the third time he succumb-

ed to their urging to "take just a sip." "Which was only the start."

(Continued next week.)

WILL HOLD RAM SALE.

(The Oregon Woolgrower)

The Oregon Woolgrowers' Association will conduct a ram sale at Pendleton August 19th, 1927. Consignments already received number some thing over seven hundred head of rams. Approximately four hundred of these will be Hampshires from the best flocks in Oregon, Idaho and Washington. There will be about two hundred head of Rambouillet rams; about one hundred Romney; fifty head of Delaines and twenty-five head of Lincolns. The consigners of Hampshires are Carl Whitmore of Joseph, Oregon, J. D. Bobbin, La Grande, Robert S. French, Cove, Frank Brown and Sons, Carlton, Ore., H. H. Huron, Imbler, Link Wilson, McMinnville, Dave Waddell, Amity, Cambridge Land and Livestock Co., Cambridge, Idaho, Thousand Springs Ranch, Wendell, Idaho, University of Idaho, Moscow, H. G. Keyt, Perrydale, Oregon, H. Stanley Coffin, Yakima, Wash., C. H. Hubbard, Sunnyside, Wash.

Rambouillet: Cunningham Sheep Co., Pendleton, E. C. Burlingame, Walla Walla, University of Idaho, Moscow, Dave Waddell, Amity, Ore.

Delaines: J. E. Smith Livestock Co., Pendleton, Ore.

Romneys: H. Stanley Coffin, Yakima, Wash.

Lincolns: University of Idaho, Moscow, Dave Waddell, Amity, Ore.

These rams will be specially selected for this sale and are among the best rams produced in the Northwest. Even should you be fully stocked up with rams for this year, it will pay all range growers to come to this sale and look the rams over. One of the best authorities in Idaho, discussing the Idaho lambs the other day made the assertion that Idaho has put on each lamb from ten to fifteen pounds weight, by the use of better rams. While many good rams are in use in the Oregon flocks there is still considerable room for improvement and it would be well if growers attended this sale to size up the class of stuff in the pens and then compare it with the rams at home.

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The value of a Ram Sale has been demonstrated by the National Ram Sale held early in Salt Lake City. Competition to obtain the top price in the different breeds there is very keen and the grower obtaining the top price for a pen of twenty-five year-

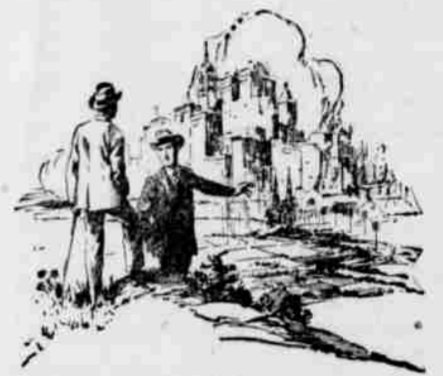


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The Forward Look

TOMORROW'S telephone requirements must be foreseen today; the service of the future must be provided for in the present.

In the America of tomorrow new industries will develop, trade will increase, residential sections will replace the vacant areas of today. There must be new telephone buildings and switchboards; millions of miles of new wire and cable; yet a larger army of men and women to build and operate the ever increasing facilities; more and more trained executives to manage and direct.

It costs about \$385,000,000 a year to keep ahead of America's demand for telephone service. If this vast sum is to be spent wisely and efficiently, future demands must be forecasted with as much precision as is humanly possible so that materials, money, manpower will not be lacking when the need comes. Only through the forward look is the telephone kept ready to meet the growing demands of a growing nation.



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY BELL SYSTEM One Policy - One System - Universal Service

Modernize Your Home



On the left is the home of Mr. C. P. Constantine, of Seattle. This home was well built, but out of style.



On the right is Mr. Constantine's home after he had it reshungled with Western Red Cedar Shingles over the old roof and side walls. The work was not at all expensive and the home is now in keeping with the modern houses which surround it.

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If your home is out of style, yet in a good neighborhood, don't sell it at a sacrifice—remodel it. You can lay Western Red Cedar Shingles over the old roof and sidewalls for very little more than the cost of repainting the building, and your upkeep will be much less. Reshingling, in this manner, cuts fuel bills too, because your outer walls and roof are double thick and hold heat that much better.

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