

# CEDAR SWAMP

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Illustrations by Harry H. ...  
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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, he stands trial, which results in a long prison sentence. He is soon pardoned, however, but back in Scottsdale he and

**PATSY JANE**, his pretty wife, agree that public sentiment against him would warrant their migration up north where Eddie has a quarter section of land. While there they form the acquaintance of

**ISAIAH Sealman**, a shifty neighbor who is anxious to buy their property. Eddie learns that the back taxes total over eight hundred dollars and must be paid in five months to avert forfeiture. Sealman makes a generous offer which is refused—Eddie thinking the land must have some value unknown to him to warrant his neighbor's interest. Things do not go well. Eddie fails to get work and succumbs to his old yearning by falling in with a bootlegger's gang, getting drunk and being shanghaied to Chicago. Upon his return he discovers that Pat has left him and will not return until he has quit drinking. This he determines to do. He secures work on a nearby ranch, run by Davenant, and after many temptations at last beats his enemy, John Barleycorn. All this time he is slowly earning money but realizes that when the tax is due he can't possibly have enough. Sealman renews his offer and is again refused. One day—

**NANCE ENCELL**, his former sweetheart calls, finds him alone, offers to pay the deficit but is rebuffed. Then Nance kisses him—and is seen by Patsy who had called to attempt a reconciliation with her husband. Pat leaves without listening to his explanation. Broken-hearted, Eddie tries harder than ever to earn the money and one morning early while berry picking, notices fresh tire marks on his property.

Eddie discovers that two men, one of them the youth who deserted him the night of the truck accident are carting away the soil from a mound. He stops them, whips the young coward and gets the address on a bag they have used. At Long Portage he learns there is only three hundred and fifty dollars instead of eight hundred for his first year's taxes, which would enable him to pay, but at the bank he also discovers that a check he gave Sealman for five dollars for a pig has been raised to five hundred, completely wiping him out. Then he tries to see Patsy, but learns that she is not at home.

A week slips by and just before the fatal day on which his property will be forfeited Eddie is instrumental in the wholesale capture of all the rum-runners by the State police. Somewhat encouraged at this turn of affairs he drifts into the tax office and there finds Nance Encell, the youth he encountered on his property before, and another stranger. Nance congratulates him—but Eddie cannot understand.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

Saved!

"Eddie!" He started quickly at his name, called in those soft tones, and turned. Patsy Jane stood in the doorway. She was smiling and beckoning. He went to her wondering, and closed the door behind him.

"I've been watching for you all the afternoon," she said, smiling. "You haven't—any money?" He shook his head bitterly. "Not enough."

"I know, Mr. Kinnane is attorney for the bank. He knew about the raised check and warned me your account would be held up. Here."

She thrust a roll of bills into his hands. Amazed to the point of speechlessness, he took it automatically. He saw that the dear little face was pale; that the warm little fingers were stained purple.

"Where did you get it, Pat?" he asked, kissing the fingers.

"Huckleberries," she smiled. "I saw that what I was earning wouldn't make it. So I arranged to do Mr. Kinnane's work evenings. I've been in the marshes for three weeks. It really wasn't bad. I was a good picker."

"It wasn't exactly necessary," she went on, giving him time to recover. "The Kinnane's would have loaned it to me. They're the dearest people, Eddie! They treated me like a daughter. But I wanted to get it myself. Go in now; it's nearly closing-time." For an instant he held her close, with a tender violence that left her breathless though starry-eyed. Then they went back together.

"Here's your money," said Eddie, briefly, counting it out. There were a few small bills left when he had

done so. Peter Wimple grinned as he recharged his pipe.

"Sort o' thought you'd do it," he said. "Your place is safe for a year now. No one can take it away from you. We'll fix up the papers tomorrow, but I'll give you a receipt now. I'm acting as his agent," he pointed with his penholder toward the dark, scowling young man, "just as I was for Mr. Brower." It was plain that he did not share his principal's ill-humour over the turn affairs had taken; markedly plain.

Nance rose from her chair, sauntered to Patsy Jane, who stood with averted eyes by her husband. She linked her arm through Patsy's. There was a motion of aversion and resistance, but the smile on Nance's wilful, attractive face only deepened. "Come on outside, Patsy," she commanded. When they were alone in the vestibule she placed both her hands on the other girl's shoulders, as she had on Eddie's that Sunday, "Don't be a fool," she admonished, with a gentle shake. "You have a husband that's a real man, Pat. You've had a lot to do with making him. But you're taking chances on spoiling him now."

"I suppose you believe with stupid old Scottsdale that I was with your husband the night that a woman was killed?" She paused for a reply, but there was none. "You couldn't understand that a chap could be big enough and generous enough to keep another's secret, even at considerable risk to himself. You thought there must be something disgraceful to conceal."

"That seemed so silly to me, knowing Eddie. You see I knew him better than you did." Patsy Jane made a movement to free herself but the supple, slender hands held her. "He was doing a big thing and a brave thing. I was about the only one that appreciated it. And I couldn't go to him and tell him how I admired him." She tossed her head good humoredly.

"I didn't care about the gossips, but I knew if I were talking to him it would make the case worse. And—well, Pat, I was a little nasty, too. You'd come in and taken him on the wing. I felt sometimes as though I wanted you both to suffer. That's all the clinic stuff. Do you know who was really with him that night?"

"You know I don't," returned Patsy. Nance tilted her head toward the room they had just quitted, and the other girl's eyes widened in surprise. "Not—" she began, and stopped. "Yes. He told me so just the other day. He was a pretty weak sister, Pat. He let Eddie all but go to prison because he didn't have the moral courage to face his dad and the rest of Scottsdale. He hasn't much moral courage yet. But I'm working on him."

The color rose in Patsy's cheeks. She knew it was so. Many remarks that Eddie had made, even while guarding closely his secret, fitted in. And she had distrusted and disbelieved him. She had joined in the uncharity of feeling toward Nance.

"I'm sorry, Nance," she said, simply. The hands on her shoulders became subtly caressing. "In a way you weren't to be blamed," she smiled. "Now that that's off my chest, I'll tell you something else. You know that Sunday morning?"

"I'd been hearing things. I heard that Eddie was drinking hard and headed straight for the bowwows; that he was going to lose his property; and that you had left him under fire, when he needed you the most. So I went there to find out for myself and to—grab him if you'd been so foolish as to cut him adrift. "But I know Eddie pretty well—I've told you that—and I found out that Dame Rumor was about 99 per cent wrong. I saw that he had the booze whipped. That while you were away you hadn't left him. And that he thought the world of you. I revised my opinion of you, Patsy. I had thought you a little simpleton, without brains or character, mostly because that's what I wanted to think. But that leaving him to fight liquor his own way was really a masterpiece. It was the only thing that would have cured him." She paused to smile whimsically.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

The Judge

"When I saw there weren't any pieces to pick up—That kiss you saw was goodbye. The 'Coms soon' I threw in was just pure cussedness. That finishes that. No, you know, Patsy, the mending idea is like any other. When you set your heart on picking up pieces and making over into a better model—So I'm going to marry—" And she moved her head backward again.

"I'm glad, Nance." "Oh, I've undertaken a job," the girl went on with her astonishing frankness. "But the difficulty makes

it all the more fascinating. Did you know Eddie thrashed him the other day?"

"I'd heard something about it." "That was a forward step. That young gentleman thought for awhile he was going to take your land away from you. He bought the tax title from the Browers, you know. But I wouldn't have permitted him. If you two hadn't found the money, I'd have paid it myself."

"You're good, Nance," said Patsy, gratefully. "Get out!" she scorned. "It's better fun to shoot straight. That's all." Meanwhile the city stranger had drawn Eddie into Wimple's private office. "Been waiting to see who'd get that quarter-section, so I could deal," he began, briskly. "Mr. Forbes, I'm Malone, of the National Power. You know us. We furnish light and power for the Great Lakes states, manufacturing the juice from water-power wherever we can. We're planning a big dam five miles below your place on Portage Creek. We need your quarter-section."

Light flooded a landscape long darkened. "Then Sealman—" began Eddie.

"Yes, Sealman!" The other spat out the name scornfully. "Maybe you're surprised we're out in the open, and Sealman's the answer. We tried to do it under cover, so we wouldn't be held up. He was our agent. But we found out he was taking about half the options in his own name. He was to be his own holdup man."

"Some of the land he had to buy outright. He needs quite a wad of money, quick, and he ran in a cargo of liquor to raise the wind. That was his booze the state police captured today. So he fell down, and I've been over to the jail and gotten releases out of him."

"Now, this quarter-section of yours, Forbes. We've been paying on an average around sixty dollars an acre, and that's more than the stuff is worth. Yours—"

"Will cost you a hundred, but I reserve the mound above the water line."

"Ouch! You're certainly careless with your language, young fellow." "But you have to have it. That's my price. It's a little high, but it'll compensate for some of the things that crook agent of yours did to me. By the way, I reserve that mound on the southwest corner. It must be away above your proposed water-line."

The dark youth waited patiently in the outer office. When Eddie and Malone came out, he approached the former sulkily. "About that mound, Forbes—" he began, but Eddie cut him short.

"I'll deal only with headquarters. You know why."

It seemed to Eddie that, as he read, Judge Randolph Perkins shifted his thick white hand until it threw a shadow on his face, making its expression impossible of interpretation. But when he had quite finished, the jurist's head went up and his big jaw was thrust out.

"This purports to be a confession by one Herman Libbey that he was driving the truck which collided with a motor car on the River road last summer, causing the death of Mrs. Maria Knowles," he said, in measured, colorless tones.

"It is a certified copy of the confession," Eddie corrected him, quietly.

The judge bowed. "So I see. 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 formidably, "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 to 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 this blunder, Randolph stood with head bowed and hangdog look.

(Continued next week)

**MCCORMICK PICTURES AT ART INSTITUTE**

Cyrus H. McCormick's private collection of paintings, embracing many valuable and famous paintings by English artists, such as Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable and Raeburn, as well as works by such masters as Israels, Diaz, Jacques, Van Marcke, Ziem, Daubez, and the Americans, Wyant, Inness, Metcalf, Redfield, and others, are on view in the East Wing Galleries of the Art Institute until October 17.

**MOST ACCIDENTS ARE DUETO CARELESSNESS**

**Chicago Motor Club Warns Against Jay Walking and Manner of Crossing**

Most street accidents are due to carelessness, according to the accident prevention department of the Chicago Motor club.

Pedestrians should remember to not jay walk; never cross the street on a run; to watch for cars coming from the left when crossing the street, and when the center of the street is reached to watch for cars from the right; to cross only when the way is clear; to never pass from the rear of a street car; to not cross the street diagonally; to walk against the traffic on country roads, not with it.

Motorists should remember: to observe the speed laws; to watch the street at all times; to not cut in and out of traffic; to slow up at street intersections; to always be ready for a pedestrian who may try to cross in the middle of the block, or who may appear from behind street cars or parked cars.

It is a question of co-operation, and without it no set of laws can be drawn that will improve the situation. There are laws enough now.

**WANTS MUSEUM TO TAKE CARE OF TOTS**

**Woman Seeks to Make Nursery Out of Place; Has Wrong Idea of Purpose**

"I'm leaving town in an hour to stay away a month; here are my two children; please take care of them until I come back."

This was the unusual request made to an attendant at the Field Museum of Natural History yesterday by a young mother who arrived laden with grips and dragging a pair of small youngsters.

It developed that she had interpreted a recently published invitation issued by the director of parents to send their children frequently during vacation months as an offer to provide summer resort room and board for the mat the institution. It was explained to her that children are always welcome at the museum, and admitted free, during museum hours which are from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

A Lafayette wife says there are worse things than being forgotten by friend husband on one's birthday. For example, just imagine being forgotten on pay day!—Lafayette Journal and Currier.

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