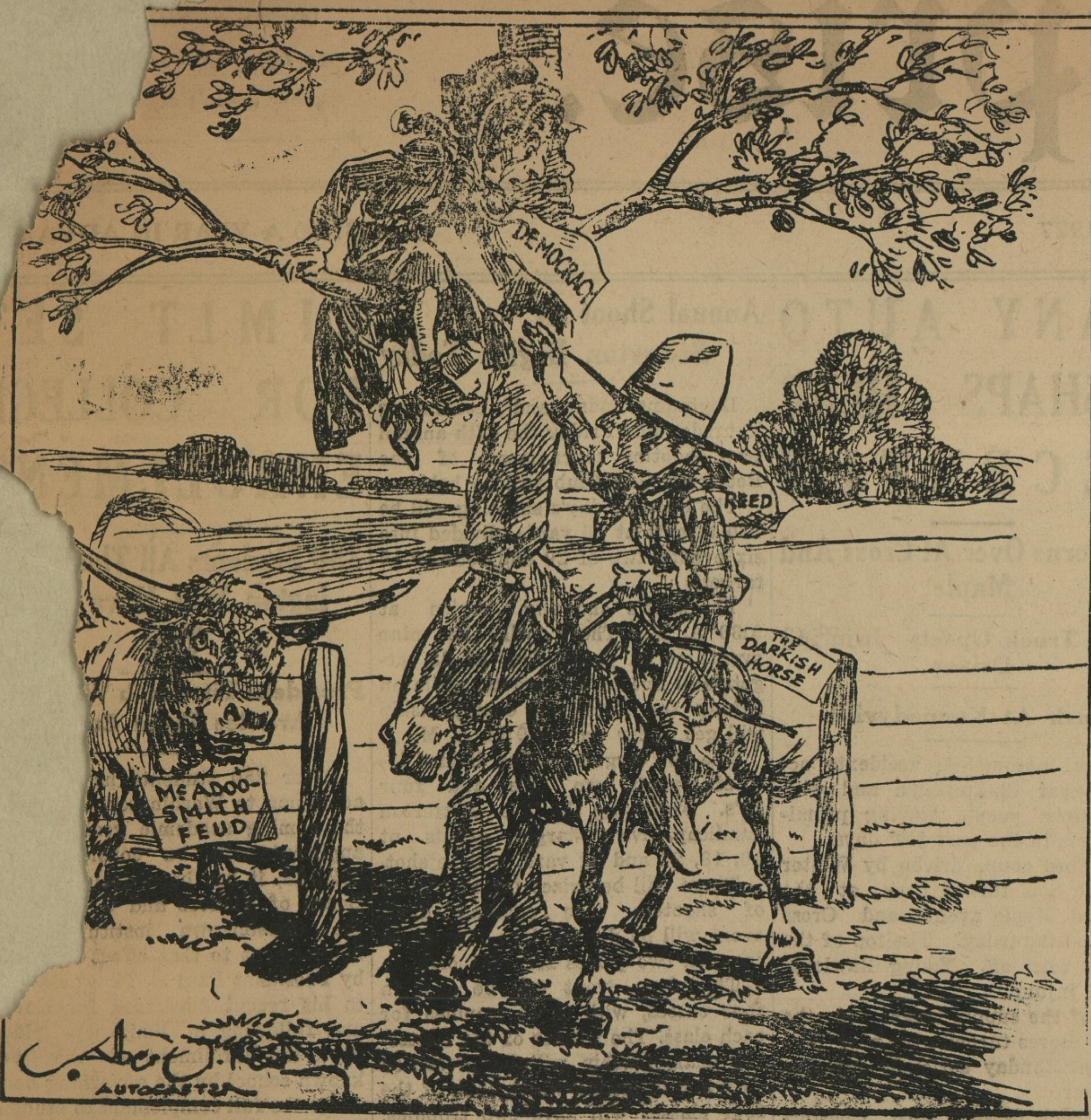


Thriller?

By Albert T. Reid



# CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee  
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## CHAPTER I A FATAL SMASHUP

Her little drink won't do us

Two men in the small ether, a reedy tenor baritone. They had road, coming south their home town, hour was 10 o'clock evening. A moon filtered by thin the road running well-timbered bluff lands id at the right, the river with a subdued light. It could splash about the rocks apids.

river of the little car brought up in the road. He had eyes and regular feet was considered good ough there was weakness and about the loose set of across with that bottle, Ed- commanded. He placed his against the side of the other's and pushed violently. He was and a little malicious. "it, you nut!" commanded orbes, knocking the other's sharply. He produced a the lower, outside pocket

It was a little over half he passed it to the other, who it eagerly, removed the cork tilted the bottle. The liquor gurd- through his throat. orbes jerked it away. "Hey, me matter with you?" he half-laughing, half-vexed- ing to get away with ten dol- worth of booze in one swal- He raised the bottle and ed at it humorously, trying to mine the exact quantity against moon. "Come home to your en old father!" was his address bottle. He too tilted it. liquor was Canadian whiskey, reproach to the name when ed to that imported before sage of the Eighteenth Amend- For this had been manufact- an illicit, eager, not too dis- trade. It had passed several hands before impor- Each middleman had done ing to cheapen and degrade it passing it on.

strong with the ad it lapped at omach-lining like young men gasped the barbaric stuff their eyes, and all A. There was an in- au savage kick to it. le close harmony now. old suggested the dark youth, ing Forbes on the shoulder, wung into a favorite of the g-camp quartets: rewell, farewell, my own true well, farewell—" gh-pitched scream of moral another; and then a crash and of glass, cut across the y stopped instantly. "that?" queried the tenor, his weak face. s like a smashup ahead," orbes, rapidly. "Let's go." her was unnerved by the of tragedy. He was trem-

by the shipload, and so was admit- tedly within the shadow of the law. Forbes himself had, only an hour before, persuaded the driver to break open one of the cases stacked beneath the shrouding canvas, and sell him a bottle from its contents.

"What'll we do, Eddie?" im- plored the dark-haired youth, shiv- ering from the upset to his nerves; "try to get her out?"

"We can't until help comes," re- turned Forbes. The river road was little used, except by the few farm- ers living along it. That is the rea- son the booze truck, making the long run to Detroit, had chosen the by- way. These cruisers avoided chance encounters whenever possible. "The coroner must see this jam before we move anything."

A light flashed through the tops of the trees above them and was gone. "Someone's coming," announ- ced Forbes. "That's a car climbing Wa- termen's Hill. Move the flivver to one side, kid, so they can drive up." He retained his grip on the driver of the booze-truck.

The dark-eyed youth climbed into his car. There was no passing on the left, or east, side, since the ditch was there, and the vehicles in collision. But on the right side one might with care negotiate the crest of the bluff.

This the young man did, driving urgently but carefully until he was in the highway on the Scottsdale side. There was a level space a few rods below where he might have parked. But he did not stop there. Instead, the engine whirring urgently, he wheeled the left into a byroad. This connected with the main high- way, a mile to the east. He turned off the lights as he fled. The moon furnished sufficient illumination, and the way was reasonably clear.

Forbes' lip curled at his compan- ion's cowardice. He made a quick inhalation, as if to shout, but thought better of it. After all, the fellow might as well go. There would be explanations to make. The fever who had to tell how they came to be on the river road that night, the bet- ter. Scottsdale was a small and Pur- itanical city, that hated and loathed the booze traffic and illegal drink- ing. It visited its displeasure on those who drank.

His companion was safely away when the light of the car which had shone a few moments before sur- mounted the hill. He turned ris- ing head to watch its approach and the next instant was on his back in the deep ditch. Libbey had no relish for facing trial for taking a human life. He had struck with surprising quick- ness and force, considering his roly- poly body and his semi-drunkenness. Fear had sobered him; that was evi- dent from the speed he showed get- ting away.

He ran across the road. As Forbes scrambled up he plunged recklessly over the side of the steep bank toward to river. It was a long and steep descent, but one not particularly perilous. The surface was grassy and soft with the melt- ing snows and the spring rains. There were bushes but few projecting rocks.

He jerked the man roughly about so that he could see the havoc his reckless driving had created. The little car, partly under the truck, and looking as though it were being devoured by the ruthless monster astride it; and the body in the tele- scoped seat. "You've killed that woman."

Forbes shook the driver savagely. Libbey's eyes opened wide. His jaws sagged apart. His nose broken and twisted in some past brawl, threw a grotesque shadow across his face. He backed away from the sight that Forbes' hands forced him to look upon. "Lemme go, Eddie," he urged huskily. "Lemme get away from here!"

Forbes was sinewy and strong. He was very little taller than the driver

The moon had temporarily con- quered the clouds and now shone brightly. They saw that the driver of the car, a woman, was dead.



and much lighter, but he held the bulging Libbey easily. "Get away!" he echoed contemptuously. "You'll get away with about ten years for manslaughter. They'd ought to hang you!"

## CHAPTER II

The other's shoulders slumped sul- lenly. His brief struggle had revealed apparently, that escape was impos- sible. He was an employee of a booze-ring which was smuggling con- traband liquor into the United States

than his own legs. A message to Lancaster and Loomis would re- sult inevitably in Libbey's being picked up.

He turned back to the wreck. He tried to wipe the blood from his face. But his nose was bleeding copiously from the chauffeur's blow and he succeeded only in smearing it about considerably. He felt a sense of responsibility for the ac- cident. It was evident that the driver had decided to become his own cus- tomer. But this was only after Forbes had persuaded him to break into the case of whiskey at Burley.

A restraint had been removed when the guard had habitually trav- eled with the truck. Barney Olk had been taken ill and compelled to go to bed at Burley. This left Scoots Libbey in sole charge of the cargo. And moral laws have little force with the drivers of booze trucks. By the very nature of their calling they are not of high calibre. Fear of fists and bullets is all that keeps them at all faithful.

Savage self-contempt possessed Forbes. This tragedy had ended the temporary exhilaration. His knees trembled; his stomach rose. Pan- dering to his cursed appetite had lighted the powder-train that ended in this snuffing out of a useful and blameless life.

The car from the south had drawn up and stopped, unheeded by him. He drew the bottle from his pocket and hurled it into the adjoining field. A shining arc was created that glit- tered in the moonbeams and in the light of the automobile.

A grave, bearded man, dressed in the barb of a farmer, left the vehicle and approached him. The new- comer was followed by a younger man, from his general resemblance to the other, his son. "What's this?" demanded the man with the beard. He looked with disapproval at the blood-stained face of Forbes.

"A booze-runner ran into that car and killed the woman," was the dull reply. He was still hearing the clamor only of his own mental battle- field. The two men surveyed the wreck verified his assertion, and came back to confront him.

"Where's the driver?" asked the spokesman.

Forbes waved his hand toward the west. "He ran away just before you came. We better telephone and

head him off before he jumps a train."

The two men considered. The older turned to his companions and said: "Stephen, you go over there and find what he threw away." The youth climbed the rail fence. His search was brief; the bottle was eas- ily seen against the brown earth of the field. He handed it accusingly to his father.

"You'll have to come with me," said the elder, coldly. "I'm Con- stable Wootton of Highlands town- ship."

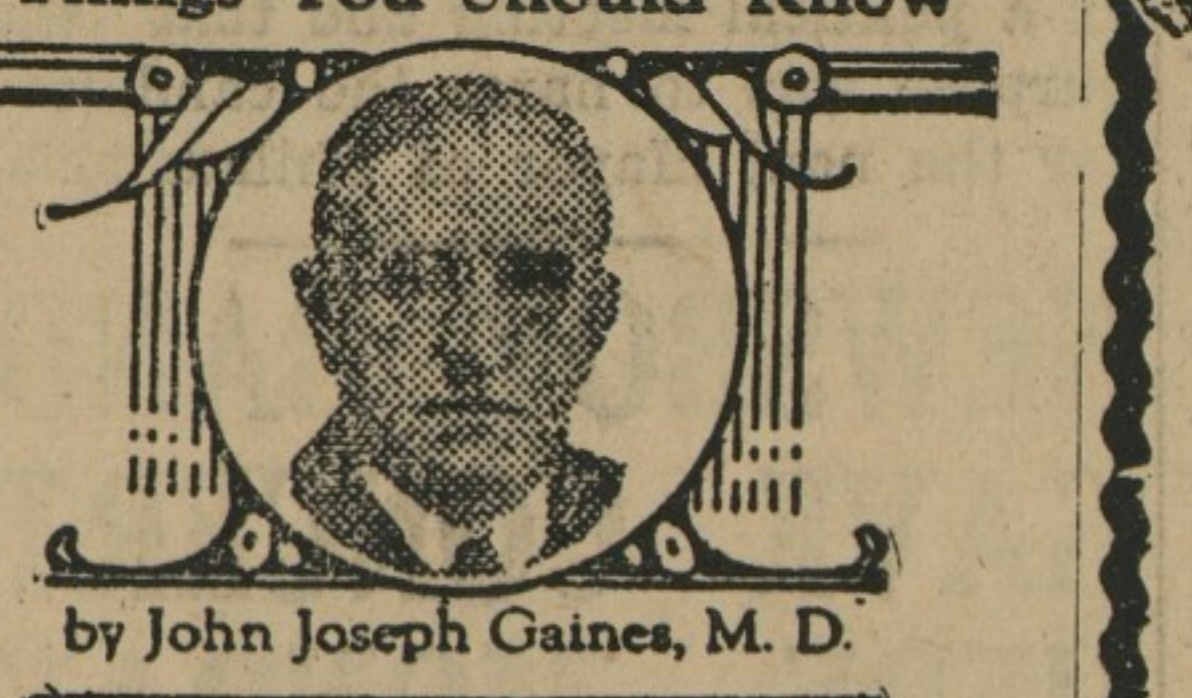
"Why should I go with you?" asked Forbes, in surprise.

"You just threw away a half bot- tle of liquor. You've been drinkin'. And your face is all blood. I'm go- ing to turn you over to the sher-iff as the driver of the truck."

"But I told you—" began Forbes,

## About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

### Rhus Poisoning

In the rural districts of our mid- die latitudes, the "poison ivy" grows luxuriantly, to the sorrow and pain of those who are suscep- tible to its influence. Only last week a victim came to my office, with face so swollen, that both eyes were almost shut out from light; with difficulty could he see to go about, because of the greatly dis- tended eyelids. Having no relatives near, or intimate friends, I sent him to the hospital for two days, until the inflammation could be subdued.

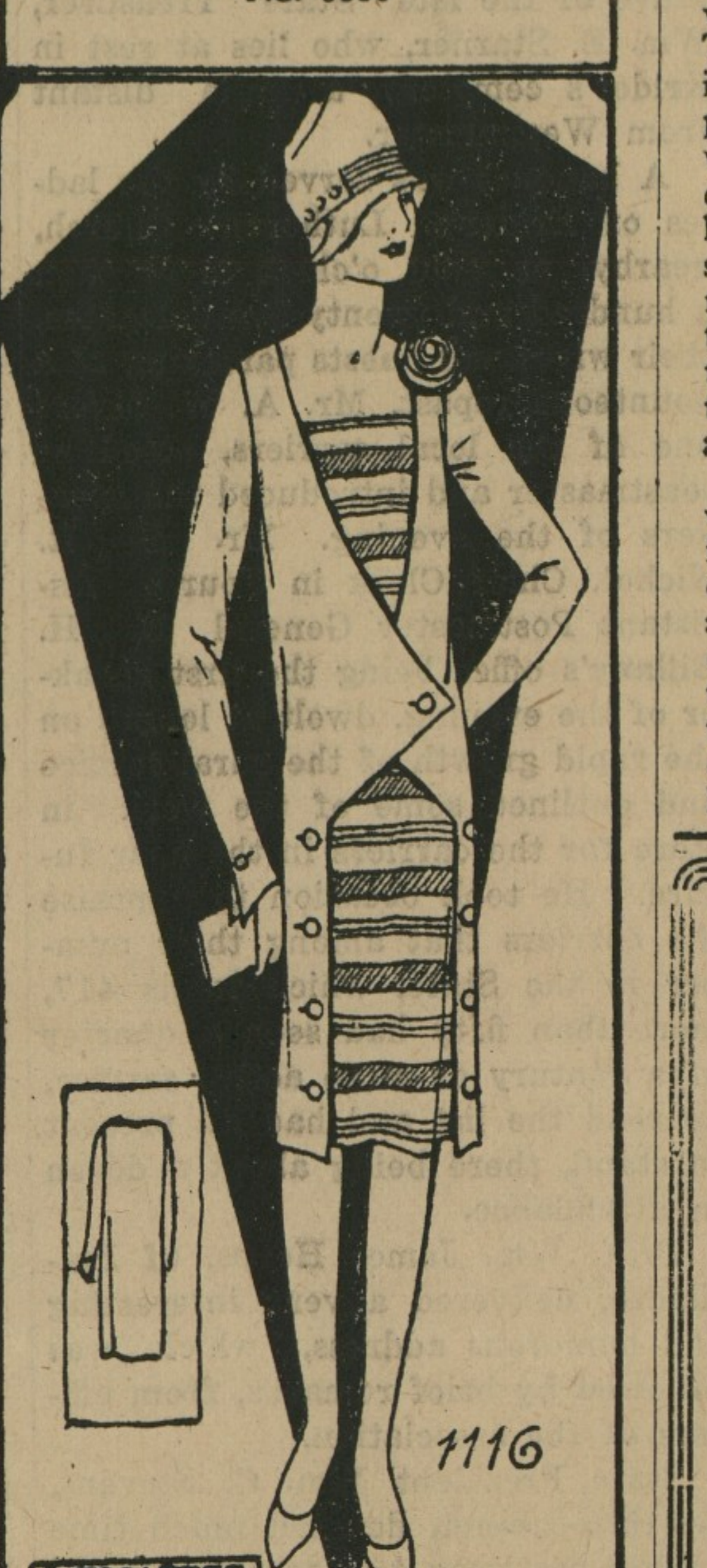
I wish to warn my readers against the mistake this man made, using ointments on a case of rhus poisoning; he had, to use his ex- pression, "piled on the salve" for two days and nights, only to in- tensify his suffering. The ointment effectually keeps the active poison beneath the layers of the skin—the very thing that should not be done, no matter how "soothing" the salves are reputed to be. I have seen small sloughs result in rhus dermatitis, when ointments were used erroneously.

Being an acid poison, our suc- cess lies in neutralizing the acid with an alkali, as soon as possible. The best remedy I have ever used, is, alcohol and lime water—equal parts, applied on cloths or gauze wet with the solution. The lime counteracts the acid, and the alcohol consumes the water from the swollen tissues; the treatment does not exclude air, nor does it keep the poison in. If any of the solu- tion should accidentally get into the eye, it does no particular dam- age.

Solutions of lead salts are used with good effect—but lead is harm- ful, unless used under the careful direction of the physician. The alcohol and lime water are equally efficient, and can be applied continuously without danger. The patient above mentioned was cleared of his affliction in seventy-two hours.

### Our Hand-Cut Pattern

No. 1116



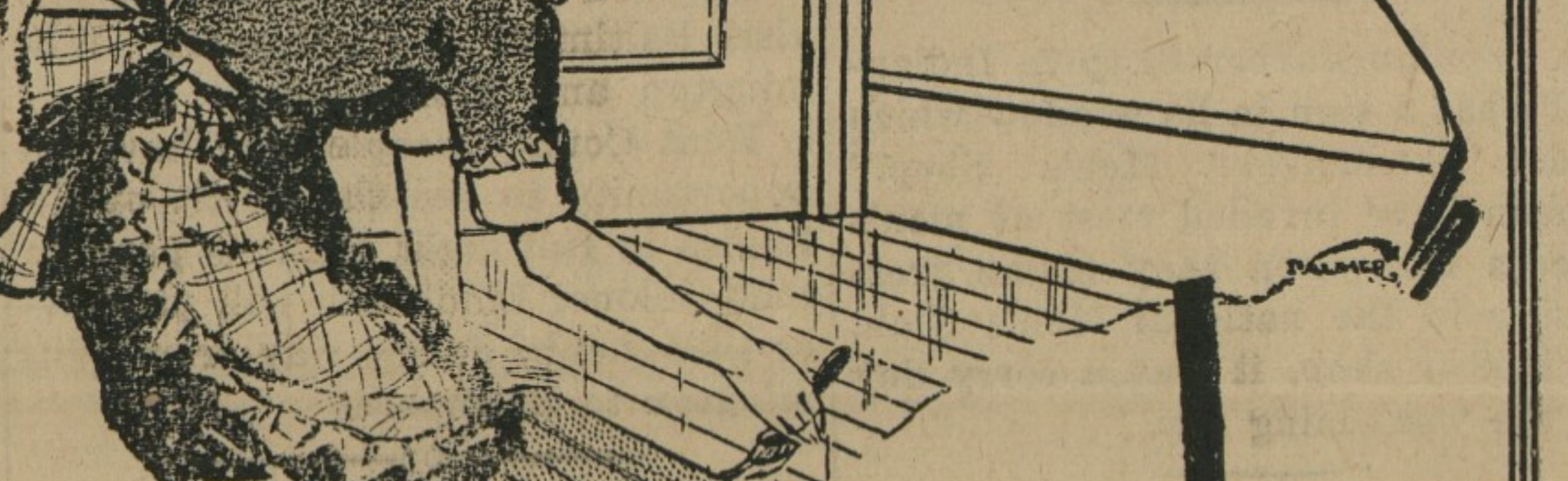
### ENTERPRISE STYLES

In spite of its very "Fifth Ave- nue" look, this design is very easy to make. The dress fronts lap over a vestee and skirt-panel, as you see, and if striped material is used, the effect is wonderfully smart.

As materials we suggest Jersey or light weight wool material in any solid color, such as beige, brown or blue. The front insertion is of the same material in a lighter shade of the same color or else in a sport's stripe to match. The pattern may be obtained in sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 2 yards of a yard of trimm- ing material. No dressmaking ex- perience is needed to make Design No. 1116 if you use these patterns which are individually hand-cut of heavy paper.

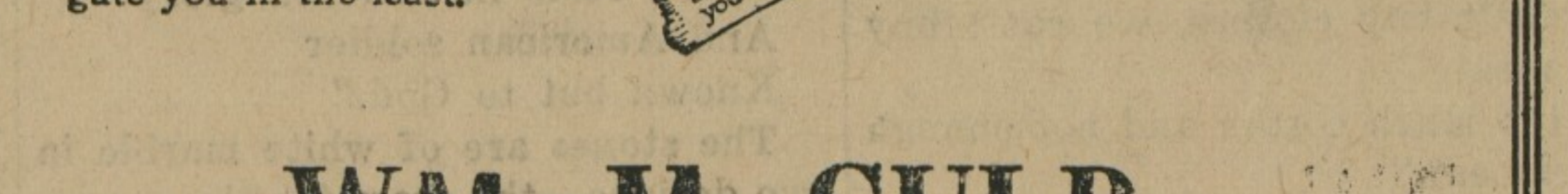
Patterns will be delivered to any or U. S. postage. Always mention size wanted. Address: Hand-Cut Pat- tern Department, 17 West 28th St., New York City, and always name this newspaper.

## FELTON SIBLEY Paints



### Do this now!

THE hardest part of refinishing your floors is getting around to doing it. After that it's easy enough. Just get a can of LAVA-VAR FLOOR FINISH and try it out. You'll be surprised at the results. And you'll be surprised at the way it stands the wear. It leaves a mirror-bright, waterproof surface, that won't turn white and won't show heel marks, etc. We have just the brush you'll want to use, too. Stop in and see us. It won't oblige you in the least.



## WM. M. CULP

The Hardware Store Chestertown, Md.

