

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Luke Farnsworth, his wife, and their daughter Anne start down the Columbia River unexpectedly one morning on the Ahti, the Farnsworth yacht. Anne feels a certain mystery about the trip, but before she can make her father explain a storm makes it necessary to put in at Astoria. Anne recklessly decides to jump in the steadily landing boat, and realizes in midair that she cannot swim. A strong arm encircles her.

Chapter Two
JOHN NEUMAN

"All right now?" The arm relaxed.

Anne steadied herself against the other arm, the hand of which seemed to have loosened its hold on a cable. She looked at the hand, saw the cruel red welt across the palm, the broken skin between the thumb and first finger.

And then she looked up into a bronzed face, topped by a shock of wind-tossed hair. Looked up into eyes so intensely blue they seemed unbelievable. Disturbing eyes, she decided in the scant fraction of a second it took her to steady herself.

"Sure you're all right?" Again the young fisherman spoke to Anne.

"Quite," she answered, then impulsively "kittokzia."

The blue eyes widened in surprise.



"Sure you're all right?" asked the fisherman.

"At onstst," he responded, quickly. "I say, man, that was quick thinking." Luke Farnsworth was on the boat with them, his voice broken, his face blanched. "I'm deeply indebted, why John, I didn't recognize you, might have known you'd do a thing like that. Not many young men capable of reasoning such a rescue in a split second, would have the strength to carry it through."

"Anne, this is John Neuman, John, my daughter."

"John Neuman?" Anne looked up. To think she could have forgotten him. "Of course," she said, "you were half-back for the Aggies, and I danced with you at Multnomah, two years ago."

"And you wore a yellow dress with a lot of shiny thingamabobs."

"Imagine your remembering that." Anne found it difficult to meet the steady scrutiny of his eyes.

"Imagine my forgetting it," he countered, gravely.

"Anne," interrupted Luke Farnsworth, "do you appreciate the fact that this young man saved your life; have you thanked him?"

"She has," Neuman replied, "and in my own language. She speaks Finnish like a native."

"I once had a Finnish nurse," Anne explained.

WITH the advent of the Ahti, and the news that Neuman had rescued the cannery owner's daughter, a crowd had gathered on the wharf above them. Anne, seeking relief from the blue eyes studying her so respectfully, glanced up, then started in surprise. Looking down at her, stern disapproval on his handsome face, was Rob Crocker, her fiancé, whom she thought was in Portland.

"Dad," she pulled at his sleeve, "there's Rob."

She wondered if she had imagined a nervous jerk at her words. Luke Farnsworth looked up. "What are you doing here?" he barked at the man on the wharf.

Rob Crocker dropped lightly to the float and without looking at Anne, faced her father. "I heard there was labor trouble brewing here. You neither left word of your

leaving... you might be reached so... came down to see what I could... in the emergency."

"Labor trouble?" Luke Farnsworth turned to Neuman. "Know anything about it, John?"

Anne, unobserved, watched the three men breathlessly. Her father physically big, his strongly cut features showing the mark of years of well-earned authority; Rob Crocker, with the well-groomed appearance of the successful young business man; and John Neuman, youngest of the three, but with a look of manhood about him.

Rob turned from looking at Neuman contemptuously. "You don't suppose the Finn would tell you the truth, do you?" he snapped.

Anne tensed. She admired Rob's courage in facing a man so superior in physical strength, and yet was it courage to taunt a fisherman, dependent upon selling his catch to their canneries?

"What do you mean?" barked Farnsworth.

"Mr. Crocker means," Neuman answered, choosing his words carefully, "that if he injures me with you, first, then he'll be safe if I chose to tell the truth, the whole truth." He started to turn away, then added, "you needn't worry, Mr. Crocker."

ANNE, whose sense of justice had been flicked by Rob's attitude, held out a detaining hand, and half in anger at her fiancé, half in an earnest attempt to express her gratitude spoke again in Finnish—"Kittoksia, John Neuman, and Hyvasta!"

"You are welcome, Miss Farnsworth, and goodbye to you."

"John," Luke Farnsworth halted him, "just a moment. I'd like to talk to you in the office. Rob," he turned to Crocker who stood watching him intently, "take Anne through the canneries."

Crocker hesitated a moment, eyed the two walking away with a look of consternation, then turned to Anne and grasped her arm possessively. When they were out of ear shot he turned with a flashing smile which quickly dispelled her growing suspicion that Rob might have an unpleasant side, heretofore, unnoticed.

"Nice trip?" he asked.

"Heavenly," she answered.

"Glad to see me here?" he quizzed.

"I was until you barked at Mr. Neuman, after he'd saved my life."

"Saved your nothing," Rob derided. "I could see everything from the wharf. You'd have struck the float all right, and even if you'd dropped in you'd have swam out, a fish like you."

"Rob," Anne's voice was low, troubled, "I don't understand your attitude. I should think you'd be grateful!"

Anne turned to him. It seemed this dark haired, dark eyed man, with his flashing white teeth, and small close cropped moustache, was a stranger, some older man who looked down at her from his fifteen years seniority, rather than the lovable comrade she was to marry.

"I happen to know that what John Neuman did down there was done not in an attempt to save your life, but to make it appear he had. He wants to put your father under such heavy obligation that he'll have to meet Neuman's demands in the row he's hatched up."

"What is the row?" Anne asked.

"Monday, Anne meets still another friend out of the past."

BRAIN TRUSTER TUGWELL VISITS STATE ON TOUR

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 22—(AP)—Smiling and affable Rexford G. Tugwell, under secretary of agriculture and prominent "brain-truster," visited in Portland Monday, expressed confidence President Roosevelt would be re-elected and politely parried questions as to the continuance of the new deal policies by asking "did you ever hear of the supreme court?"

Tugwell arrived Sunday from San Francisco after a trip to Mexico City and said he would leave here tonight for southern California.

In commenting on a question as to the permanence of present executive policies, Tugwell in a pre-arranged press conference said:

"There are some things outside the control of the new deal. Did you ever hear of the supreme court? ... We are acting under an executive emergency order that may be taken

away from us tomorrow... No one can commit congress, you know," Tugwell said he was making his present trip merely to establish definite and friendly relations with the 11 regional resettlement offices, and conferred here with Walter A. Duffy, regional administrator for Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

BUCKINGHAM'S HOME - MADE CANDY. English Toffee. Regular 60c per lb. Special 40c per lb. The Great, 239 So. Central.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOU ARE A RADIO!
YOUR BODY IS CAPABLE OF PICKING UP ENOUGH RADIO ENERGY TO LIGHT A LAMP BULB!

EUGENE V. DEBS
RECEIVED 919,799 VOTES FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHILE HE WAS IN A FEDERAL PRISON! -1920-

BILL ROBINSON -
Famous tap dancer,
Also holds the
World's record for
Running backwards -
100 yards in 13.2
seconds...

ATTALUS III -
KING OF PERGAMUM WHO DIED WITHOUT HEIRS WILLED HIS ENTIRE KINGDOM TO ROME IN 133 B.C.

10-22-35
McNaghten Syndicate, Inc.

Eugene V. Debs, foremost American Socialist leader of his time, and five-time candidate for the presidency of the United States, conducted his last campaign behind the bars of the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas, serving sentence there for war-time violation of the espionage act because of his pacifist activities.

Under special conditions, and in close proximity to a transmitting device, the human arms may serve as a radio antenna, picking up enough electrical energy from the air to light an electric light bulb. Experiments proving this have been conducted at Schenectady, N. Y. The arms are held in a loop, outstretched from the body, and with an electric light bulb in the hands so that one hand forms one contact while the other completes the circuit. Energy transmitted from a loop antenna below the arms is picked up by the arms and carried through the bulb, causing it to light.

Tomorrow: Pelson Health.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Captures El Liberator!

FILLED WITH FOOD, EL LIBERATOR WADDLED INTO THE LIVING ROOM OF THE CASTAMETO HACIENDA JUST IN TIME TO MEET TOMMY--AND THE "BUSINESS ENDS OF TWO VERY POWERFUL APPEARING PISTOLS.

23/8

BEN WEBSTER'S CARRER—The Challenge

YOU'VE RULLED YOUR LAST FREE RIDE ON THIS BUS, MR. WISEGUY!

AW, LEMME ALONE!

COME ON BACK HERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, YOU BIG BULLY!

BEN WEBSTER, A WITNESS OF THE SCENE, HAD HURRIEDLY TIED LONESTAR TO A BRIDGE POST, AND RUN DOWN TO THE HIGHWAY--

DIDJA SEE WHAT THAT GUY JUST DONE TO ME? / CERTAINLY TOLD HIM WHERE TO GET OFF AT!

---YEAH, BUT I AIN'T GORE, AND WAS HE BOILIN'! IT'S A GOOD THING HE DIDN'T COME BACK--I GURE WOULD'A SOCKED HIM! SAY, WHERE AM I?

© 1935, by Jay Jerome Williams

THE NEBBS—Sour Grapes

YOUR HEAD IS MUCH COOLER THIS MORNING-- YOU JUST MIND YOUR NURSIE AND YOU'LL BE DRAGGING US OUT TO A DANCE SOON!

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HIM, BUT SHE CAN JUST WIND HIM AROUND HER FINGER-- IF IT'S MAKE-UP HE LIKES, I'LL SLAP IT ON-- I'M A BIT OF AN ARTIST MYSELF.

I'LL RELIEVE YOU, MISS RAWLSTON-- THE NURSIE WILL LOOK AFTER ME-- GO AND WITH YOU FOR AWHILE.

NO FANNY, YOU GO AND REST YOURSELF-- THE NURSIE WILL LOOK AFTER ME-- GO AND WITH YOU FOR AWHILE-- SOMETHING YOU NEED A CHANGE-- YOU LOOK A LSO, WORN OUT.

10-21

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

CAUGHT PLAYING FOOTBALL IN HIS BEST SUIT AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE INTERCEPTED A FORWARD PASS WITH A CLEAR FIELD AHEAD, THE STAR HALFBACK DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO SCORE THE TOUCHDOWN FIRST OR WHETHER TO YIELD IMMEDIATELY TO THE INEVITABLE

10-18
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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

'MATTER POP--

DON'T WHISTLE WHILE YOU ARE EATING!

POP, I WASN'T EATIN'!

THEN WHAT?

I WUZ WHISSLIN'!

10-19
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By HAL FORREST

YOU TELL YOUR SOLDADOS THAT YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE WITH US, MY FINE FEATHERED FELLOW-- AND NO TRICKS!

HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

YOU'VE RULLED YOUR LAST FREE RIDE ON THIS BUS, MR. WISEGUY!

AW, LEMME ALONE!

COME ON BACK HERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, YOU BIG BULLY!

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By SOL HESS

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10-21

9 OF WASHINGTON KILLED BY AUTOS

SEATTLE, Oct. 22—(AP)—Motor vehicle accidents in Washington Saturday and Sunday claimed nine lives and injured at least 17 persons. Deaths and injuries by counties are: Pierce—Dead, six; injured, 12. King—Dead, two; injured, two. Lewis—Dead, one; injured, three. Five were fatally hurt at Tacoma Saturday night as a truck loaded with men en route to a state transient workers camp at McKenna sideswiped another truck two blocks south of the city limits and crashed into a building. Eleven were injured.

Phone 842. We'll haul away your feure, City Sanitary Service.

FOUR SHARE BLAME IN HUNTERS DEATH

YELM, Wash., Oct. 22—(AP)—A victim of a hunting accident, Donald Hayes, 20, lay dead today while authorities sought to determine from which of four guns was fired the bullet that pierced his heart.

Hayes was killed yesterday near Yelm while hunting deer with his brothers, Charles Hayes, 22, and Gano Hayes, 16, and Roy Riechel and Mario Schneider, of Yelm.

The four shot at a deer while Donald was across a clearing from them. One of the bullets struck him. None of the boys knew which one fired the shot.

GUNSMITH repairs for all makes of guns. Sims Bros., 23 N. Fir.