

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

Mrs. Luke and her daughter... to shelter from an approaching storm...

answered, "we're stopping at the hotel, you'll come up and see me won't you?"

Chapter Three

OLD NURSE

"I wouldn't understand," Rob answered, evasively, and turned Anne's attention to a canvas hopper before which they had stopped.

"Here's where we begin. They weigh the fish in here, then send them through that chute there where they're washed and cleaned, scaled, headed and washed again...

"Sharee was at the office when I drove in," Rob went on, "she invited me up to dinner with the family..."

"How did she know we were in town?"

"Seems your father telephoned Leo at some unearthly hour last night. As you folks haven't a car



Anne impulsively rushed into the waiting arms.

here, suppose we all drive up from the hotel in mine?"

"All right," Anne paused, because they had entered the cannery proper, a great silver grey room where machinery whirled and roared.

"Will there be anyone there, excepting us?" she asked as they moved on.

"Just the Farleys."

Anne hoped her quick grimace of distaste hadn't been observed by Rob. She turned quickly to where a woman in a green and grey uniform watched a machine which deftly took a flat piece of tin, cut it, twisted it into a cylinder and passed it on.

"Here's how they're packed," droned Rob, in a flat uninterested voice.

They had paused beside another machine which was carrying empty cans along a groove, filling them with matched sections of fish, and passing them on. The woman who guarded this glanced up as they stopped, and suddenly her serious stolid expression changed to one of radiant recognition.

"Nikki!" she cried, looking at Anne.

"You must be mistaken," Anne paused. Nikki, the name strummed at some dim chord of memory.

"Nikki!" repeated Anne, then "Of course, that's what my nurse used to call me." She looked at the woman a second time, then impulsively rushed into the waiting arms.

"Rob," she cried, "this is Tecla, Tecla Sorli, who took care of me the first six years of my life. It's been ages since I've seen you, Tecla, not since I was ten. What are you doing here?"

Tecla Sorli's face lost its radiance as the mild blue eyes encountered those of Rob Crocker. "I work," she answered stolidly. "You will stay in Astoria for a while?" she asked.

"A couple of days at least," Anne

answered, "we're stopping at the hotel, you'll come up and see me won't you?"

"Yes," agreed the woman. "Maybe I tell you some more stories," she added, and Anne noticed the blue eyes were twinkling, with mischief.

"Will you? I've never forgotten those you used to tell. Remember the one..."

"Anne, we'll have to hurry," Rob interposed.

"I know," she agreed. Then to Mrs. Sorli, "when will you come up? Tonight, I'm going to have to go to the Lee Farnsworths for dinner."

"Yes," nodded Tecla, "my Milna, she waits 'till there, tonight."

"I'll be glad to see her, and Orvi, how is he? You know, Rob, her son Orvi was only two months older than I and he used to boss me..."

"Anne," Rob caught her elbow in a firm grip, "if you intend to make the rounds of the cannery and return to the hotel in time to dress..."

"All right," Anne jerked away from his arm. "Tecla I'll be looking for you," she said, and moved away.

As soon as they were out of hearing she turned to her fiancé. "Rob, what on earth possesses you, today?" she asked.

"If you mean why didn't I want you standing there getting chummy with a cannery worker, I'll explain. There is such a thing as morale among the workers and it can't be maintained at its impersonal standard of efficiency, if the owner's daughter is going to rush into the arms of the first person she recognizes."

As troubled as the waters which swirled below her, she stared down at them. What was the matter with Rob, with her father, with everybody? They all seemed to be ready to snap at the slightest provocation.

Could it be that there was trouble brewing between her father and her fiancé? Luke had certainly been unpleasantly surprised at finding Rob in Astoria. He hadn't felt full confidence in Rob, or he would have told him his destination, and wouldn't have warned her to say nothing of their intention to visit the fish traps.

"Anne," Rob had wheeled through the door and was holding her in his arms. "Anne dear, forgive me. I've been upset all day. Everything's gone wrong. First, Yvonne calls me and tells me you've left town on some mysterious trip, then I reach the office and with work piled sky high comes the call from here telling of trouble among the fishermen."

"No trace of your father, and nothing to do but jump into the car and race down here, and you know that road. I reach here just in time to see you try to drown yourself..."

"I know, Rob," Anne agreed generously, "I know because I've felt the same way, all day long. Suppose you take me to the hotel, now, and we'll finish this tour tomorrow."

At the hotel, Anne found her mother still distraught from the experience of a thousand years before that young man grasped the cable and swung out to save you," she declared. "Did Rob thank him?"

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Anne's mother makes a strange suggestion, tomorrow.

MARTIN DEPLORES PAROLE SYSTEM

SALEM, Oct. 23.—(AP)—The condition of the Oregon parole system was deplored here today by Governor Martin, who declared the whole set-up was wrong and should be revamped.

The governor said he had been compelled to revoke nine paroles in the last 10 days, each case that of a paroled person who had committed a crime since his release from the state penitentiary, and also that he had been advised that other paroles, granted by circuit judges at the time of passing sentence, had been violated.

The governor set out as his purpose "to make a thorough study of the existing parole system and present some new legislation at the regular 1937 legislative session. If it were not for the capital construction program," he declared, "I would have

asked for this legislation at the present special session."

Keaton Unchanged
LOS ANGELES, Oct. 23.—(AP)—No change was observed today in the condition of Buster Keaton, solemn-faced screen comedian, whose nervous breakdown brought his removal from his home to a ward at the National Military home at Sawtelle. Keaton's illness continued to be described as "serious."

For Those that Wear Guy NOLDE & HORST Ebelwyn B Hoffmann.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Arsonic and many of its compounds are extremely poisonous—the white, flour-like oxide of arsenic is used frequently in poison murders. But taken internally it becomes an oxide with poisonous results. Strange as it seems, however, there is a large group of peasants in the Austrian province of Styria who habitually eat enough poisonous arsenic every day to kill ten men—and not only that, this lethal substance seems to give them health and fairness never possessed by those who do not form the habit. The men claim greater strength and hardiness because of their poison eating, and the women attribute their beauty to it. The results seem almost to prove the contention—for the men are tall and strong, and the women are noted for their beauty. Deprived of their arsenic they soon lose their vigor and strength. Some medical authorities believe that these peasants acquire an immunity to the harmful effects of arsenic through an antitoxin which is developed within them. Arsenic has its place in medicine, and is widely used in treatment of anemia, some forms of dyspepsia, certain skin diseases and other diseases. Poisoning from it, however, may result from its handling in the manufacture of products containing arsenic.

Simon Newcomb, one of America's most noted astronomers, discovered that the moon seemed to be lagging behind its scheduled course. For years he searched lunar records, delving into records of the past, until, in 1883, he discovered an error that had been made in calculations in 1675. This error had thrown off all lunar predictions for more than two centuries. Tomorrow: Dinner Table Dredges.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Desperate Plan!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Signal



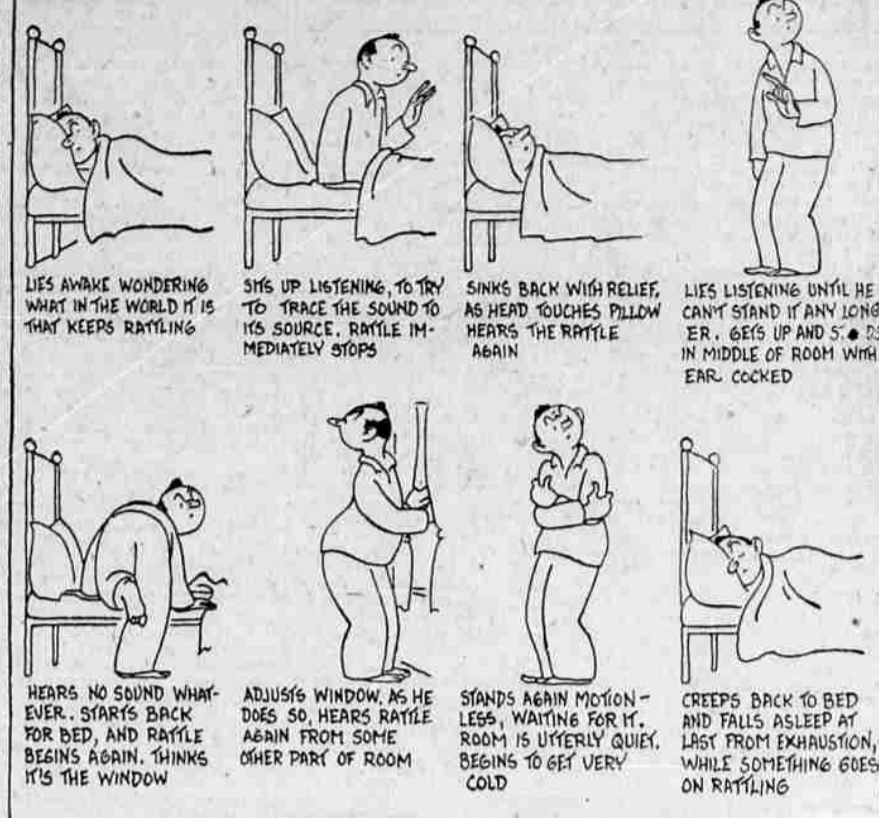
THE NEBBS—The Crisis



NIGHT RATTLE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

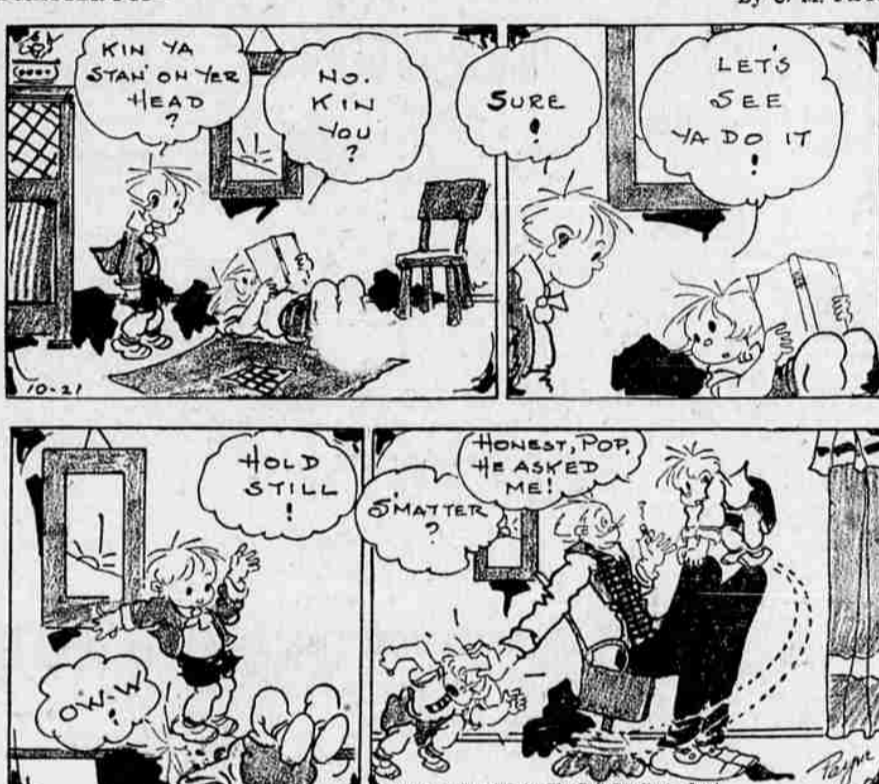
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



Wrigley's Spearmint Gum advertisement with image of a pack and the text 'THE PERFECT GUM' and 'THE FLAVOR LASTS'.

Nickel Abets Robbery

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—(UP)—A strange case of a boy named William Murphy a nickel because he told his mother was not at home. While William was spending the nickel the man entered the house and took a suit and dress and disappeared.

Shrimp Industry Thrives

MOBILE, Ala.—(UP)—Two thousand barrels of shrimp—the largest catch recorded so early in the season—were brought into Bayou la Batre during the first week of the shrimping season. One boat reported a catch of 200 barrels on one trip.