

# HIGH COURAGE

by Joanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** Anne Farnsworth feels the mystery behind her father's sudden trip to his Astoria fish cannery. She is further disturbed when her father, Rob Crocker, meets a Finnish boy who resembles her from the river, and objects to her talking to Tecla Sorli, her old nurse. At the Astoria hotel Anne's mother asks whether Rob thanked John Neuman, her rescuer.

## Chapter Four HINT FROM MOTHER

"No, mother, he didn't," admitted Anne. "He insisted Neuman merely made a gesture to put Dad under obligation to him. What do you think?"

"I could be arrested for what I think... of Rob," Mrs. Farnsworth confessed, laughing. "I don't believe John Neuman had time to identify our boat or you. He saw the need for action and acted; I understand he's like that."

"Well, Rob was jealous, mother. Anne hastened to defend her fiancé. "He seemed to object to Neuman's putting his arms about me. I suppose I should be proud that he thinks that much of me, shouldn't I?"

"That's for you to decide," Mrs. Farnsworth evaded. "Well... I suppose we should dress for dinner."

"Mother, you're looking forward to this family dinner about as much as I am," accused Anne. "Rob says the Farleys are going to be there."

"They would be," murmured the woman, with her whimsical laugh. "There are times when I rejoice that my relatives are as distant in kin as they are in geography. As much as I love Luke, the two his brother and sister married are all the in-laws I can stand in one lifetime. Not that I'd tell him know," she hastened to say. "Lee is still his funny little brother and Mahel, in spite of her girlish, a little sister to be cared for."

"I wonder why Rob has never taken me to see his mother and father," Anne mused. "They don't live so far away; live on a farm in the southern part of the State, he says. I'd like to know them; maybe I'd understand him better."

"Daughter," Mrs. Farnsworth arose and came over to Anne, "what do you mean by that? Do you feel you don't know Rob well enough to go on with your marriage?"

It seemed to Anne that her mother's voice was tinged with hope. "No, not that," she hastened to say, "only I believe that, knowing a person's parents and childhood, you can tell better how they will react to certain trials. I never know how Rob will act in a crisis, like today, for instance."

"Anne," Mrs. Farnsworth leaned over her daughter, dark eyes troubled. "Why not postpone your marriage to Rob until next winter? Will you do that, dear?"

ANNE studied her mother in consternation. Put off her wedding with the bridesmaids chosen, the new home they would occupy nearly completed?

"Mother, why do you ask?" "Oh," Mrs. Farnsworth's mood seemed to change. "Just the desire of a silly old hen with a lone duckling," she explained. "I do want you to be as happy as Dad and I have been, and if you feel any uncertainty at all, I want you to know we wouldn't mind making plausible excuses for you."

Anne laughed in sheer relief. "Don't worry, I'm not uncertain." "Then we'd better dress. I had Yvonne pack that new coral velvet. Charlotte is piqued if we don't dress for her dinners and jealous if we do, so we might as well give her something to be jealous about."

Anne came flushed and rosy from her bath to find Mrs. Farnsworth had gone to the other room. Methodically the girl brushed her long, golden brown hair, plaited it, then after slipping into the coral velvet, bound the braids about her head.

She studied her image in the mirror, impersonally. In spite of what her mother had said, she wasn't pretty. Her eyes were a nice rich brown, but they were set too far apart and her brows were too black for such pale brown hair.

Fortunately she had perfect teeth, for her mouth was generously proportioned. She waded forward, surveyed the creamy tone of her skin. It wouldn't be long before it was rosy tan, two or three days in the open... Neuman was bronzed, and his eyes were sea blue, no, sailor blue.

A blast of wind struck the building and rattled the windows, then whirled off around the eaves. The storm was coming in, flaying the panes with long streaks of rain.

ANNE walked to the windows and looked out. The river was smothered in darkness. Lights on the wharves flickered blue, and the nearby electric signs smoldered in red and unearthly greens.

"Makes me think of one of Tecla's stories," she mused, "one of those weird nights that blow in on sea-coast towns. Yes?" she spoke aloud, as someone rattled the door knob.

"Oh, Dad, hello," she greeted, opening the door, "and Tecla, come in."

"Mother dressed?" asked Farnsworth, abruptly.

"Yes, Luke," Mrs. Farnsworth, in a dress as silver as her hair, came from the inner room. "What's wrong, dear?" she asked, apprehensively.



Anne studied her image in the mirror.

"Tecla wants to talk to us," he answered. "Anne, Rob's due in the lobby in a few moments. Go down and meet him and go on to Lee's with him. And, daughter, it won't be necessary to mention to him, or the others, that Tecla is here with us, will it?"

"No, Dad," she faltered, "not if you don't want it known."

"Good girl, run along now. I wish to goodness we didn't have to stop for that meal but I suppose Charlotte would have a fit if we didn't."

The closed door cut off the explanation which must have followed these words.

Anne threw a long fur cape over her shoulders, discovered a Sorist's box on the night stand, paused to fasten a spray of gardenias along the lower line of her frock's square neck and then went into the hall.

More mystery from which both she and Rob were excluded, and in which Tecla Sorli, a comparative stranger, was included.

She stepped from the elevator, a regal young figure, chin up, no hint of trouble showing in her eyes, as she walked the few steps to meet Rob. She felt again a thrill of pride in his distinguished appearance.

"We're going on alone," she told him, after thanking him for the gardenias. "Why? Oh, I suppose Dad is having his usual wrangle with his tie. They'll call a cab, so we needn't wait."

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Luke Farnsworth astounds his relatives with a sudden decision, tomorrow.

## HEALTH SURVEYORS GIVEN INSTRUCTION IN PORTLAND CLASS

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 24.—(AP)—A federal health survey training school opened here today under Dr. R. G. Nebelung of Detroit.

A health survey is to be made in 10 states, and Portland is one of the chief training centers for workers.

Five Washington State "students" who will supervise the survey in Washington are Dr. A. S. Baker of Seattle and director for that state; Norman Engle, Bertha Swartz and Ellsworth Bauer, all of Seattle, and R. M. Wiley of Spokane.

K. H. McGill of Oakland, Cal., Pacific coast director for the public health service, is here helping start the program in Oregon and Washington.

"This survey is the greatest effort yet made by the United States government to ascertain the relation between diseases and loss of time by workers who would otherwise be employed," explained Arch B. Clark of Portland, who is supervisor of the survey for Oregon.

"We will have 44 enumerators in Portland and 110 in Oregon," he said.

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

GUNSMITHS—Repairs for all makes of guns. Sims Bros. 23 N. Fir.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



GRAND SLAM OF GOLF!  
BOBBY JONES WON THE 4 GREAT CHAMPIONSHIPS WITHIN 4 MONTHS... NO OTHER PLAYER HAS WON ALL 4—EVEN IN DIFFERENT YEARS!

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS ARE LISTED AS DREGGES IN THE U.S. MARINE CORPS INVENTORY...

**MOZART**  
COMPOSER-GENIUS, LIVED ONLY FOR HIS MUSIC FROM CHILDHOOD ON... YET AT HIS BURIAL, NOT ONE NOTE OF MUSIC WAS PLAYED OR SUNG, NOT EVEN HIS OWN IMMORTAL REQUIEM...

THE JUMPING SPIDER CAN WALK BACKWARDS AND SIDEWAYS AS WELL AS FORWARD—BUT PREFERS TO TRAVEL BY JUMPING...

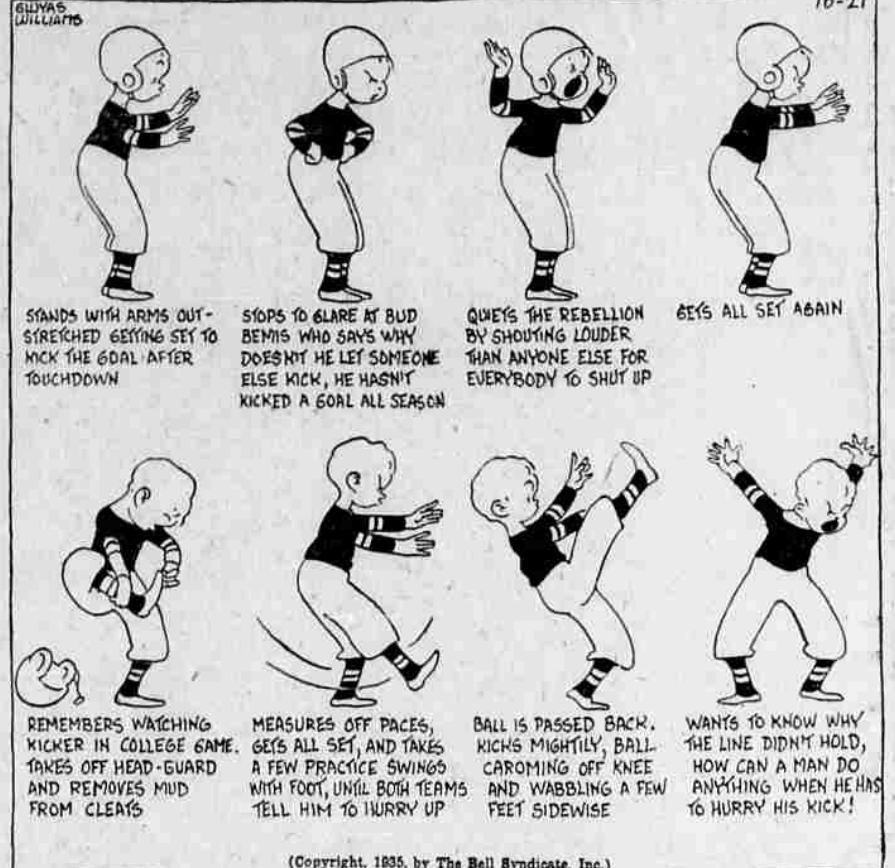
Mozart, prodigy, genius, master of harmony and composition, lived and died for his music—to him little else was important from the time he was a toddling child of two until, 35 years later, exhausted and debilitated, he died in his shabby home, attended by his wife who didn't bother to mark his final resting place, and friends who let a rainstorm keep them from his graveside. Yet, strange as it seems, not a note of music was played or sung at the funeral of the music master. Not even his Requiem that he worked on during the last days of his life was heard. It is about the composition of this Requiem that one of the strangest stories of musical history is told.

Mozart, during his last illness, was visited by a stranger who declined to give his name, but who asked the composer to write a Requiem. Later the stranger came again, but the piece was not completed. Mozart, by this time, had become obsessed with the idea that the stranger was a messenger of death—and that the order for a Requiem was a warning that his own death was close at hand. During the last few days of his life, Mozart wrote some of the best music of his career into the Requiem. When the stranger came the third time, Mozart was dead, and the Requiem, still unfinished, was completed by a student.

In 1930, in the space of four months, Bobby Jones won the four great golf championships of the world—a feat that no other golfer has been able to accomplish in a lifetime of playing. First, the British Amateur at St. Andrews, then the British Open at Hoylake. The following month he won the U. S. Open at Interlaken, and finally the U. S. amateur at Philadelphia.

Tomorrow: Triumph of a Tyrant.

## POINT AFTER TOUCHDOWN



STANDS WITH ARMS OUT—STRETCHED GETTING SET TO KICK THE GOAL AFTER TOUCHDOWN

STOPS TO GLARE AT BUD BEMIS WHO SAYS WHY DOESN'T HE LET SOMEONE ELSE KICK, HE HADN'T KICKED A GOAL ALL SEASON

QUEYS THE REBELLION BY SHOUTING LOUDER THAN ANYONE ELSE FOR EVERYBODY TO SHUT UP

BOYS ALL SET AGAIN

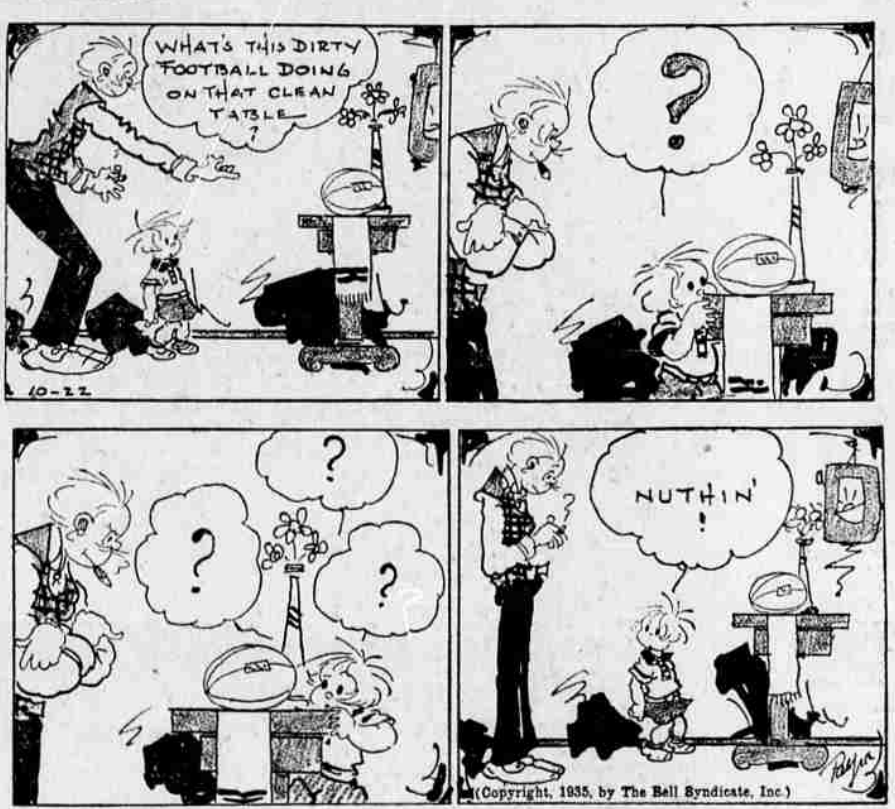
REMEMBERS WATCHING KICKER IN COLLEGE GAME. TAKES OFF HEAD-GEAR AND REMOVES MUD FROM CLEATS

MEASURES OFF PACES, GETS ALL SET, AND TAKES A FEW PRACTICE SWINGS WITH FOOT, UNTIL BOTH TEAMS TELL HIM TO HURRY UP

BALL IS PASSED BACK. KICKS MIGHTILY, BALL CAROMING OFF KNEE AND WABBLING A FEW FEET SIDEWISE

WANTS TO KNOW WHY THE LINE DIDN'T HOLD, HOW CAN A MAN DO ANYTHING WHEN HE HAS TO HURRY HIS KICK!

## SMATTER POP—



WHAT'S THIS DIRTY FOOTBALL DOING ON THAT CLEAN TABLE?

NUTHIN'!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Liberator Makes a Speech!



AT THE POINT OF A GUN, TOMMY HAS FORCED EL LIBERATOR TO MAKE A SPEECH TO HIS REBEL ARMY WHICH MAY MEAN FREEDOM FOR OUR FRIENDS, INCLUDING INEZ AND HER FATHER, DON ALVARADO CASTAMETO—

GO AHEAD—SPEAK YOUR PIECE.

SOLDADOS—I AM ESCORT MI VER' EXCELENTE'S AMIGOS TO HIGHWAY—LOE WEEESH TO GO ALONE

## By HAL FOREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sheriff's Disgust



COME ON, LET ME MOUNT YOU ON MY HORSE!

ARE WE GOIN' TO THE SHOOTIN'?

THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'RE HEADING—NO LONESTAR, I CAN'T LET YOU GET WITH ALL THIS WEIGHT—

## By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad



NEBBS WAS GETTING ALONG NICELY WHEN FOR NO REASON HIS TEMPERATURE JUMPED UP TO WHERE IT IS A SERIOUS MATTER

WHAT NOW?

NO, SIR, I WOULDN'T SELL A SHARE OF MY GOLD STOCK! NOW IF YOU TWO GUYS WILL BE ON YOUR WAY, I'LL HAVE A WHEEL BARROW FULL OF GOLD IN FRONT OF THE MINE FOR YOU AND DON'T FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE DIVIDING IT!

WHAT I DON'T LIKE IS HE RUNS A TEMPERATURE ALL THE TIME BUT I CAN'T FIND OUT WHAT CAUSES IT

IT'S GREAT EXCITEMENT WITH A MENTAL CAPACITY UNABLE TO HANDLE IT—JUST LET HIM RIDE AND I'LL PROMISE YOU IF HE GOES, THE FLOWERS WILL BLOOM AND THE SUN WILL RISE AND SET JUST AS THOUGH HE NEVER WAS

WHO WERE THOSE TWO CHISELERS WHO TRIED TO BUY MY MINE? AFTER THIS DON'T LET ANYBODY IN UNLESS THEY'VE GOT A PASS FROM ME!

THOSE MEN ARE YOUR DOCTORS AND IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF THEY WON'T HAVE TO COME BACK HERE ANYMORE—AND IT WON'T BE BECAUSE YOU ARE WELL

## By SOL HESS

## PORTLAND SHANTY KANSAS BOY WINS CLEANUP SOUGHT FARMING LAURELS

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 24.—(AP)—Chief of Police Harry Niles today called upon the city to clean up Portland's shantytown districts where he said several shootings, two slayings and numerous drunken fights have occurred.

Mayor Joseph Carson referred the matter to the city council.

To ease the housing situation of unemployed during the depression, drifters and down-and-outers were permitted to erect makeshift shacks about the base of Howe Island bridge and near Oceanic terminal along the Willamette river.

They now have become not only unsightly, but a constant source of trouble to police, Chief Niles said.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Paul Lenz, who has done almost as well with little pigs as Walt Disney, is the year's acknowledged number one going farmer of America.

Lenz, 18 years old and with no intention of becoming a school book farmer, was crowned the "star farmer" at the American royal stock show here yesterday.

The Washington, Kas., youth won the award on the basis of his first-year success with an original investment in 10 pigs. His records showed a current inventory of \$2900, to which the weekly Kansas City Star added another \$500 as its star farmer award.