

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth... which they soon realized she could not answer.

Chapter Five HAPPY FAMILY

THE drive was short. The car soon moved up the shrub-lined driveway to the house where Anne had spent the early years of her life and upon which she now looked with affectionate interest.

Sharlee was at the door to meet them, bracelets, necklaces, dangling earrings and curls fluttering and laughing with her animation.

"Where's your mother?" demanded Mrs. Charlotte Farnsworth, appearing from an inner room, her perpetual look of discontent more deeply etched on her almost masculine features than ever.

Anne explained that she had been detained by her father, who was late in getting in from the cannery. "Lee got in early enough," Mrs. Farnsworth countered. "I don't see

Nor did they gain more satisfaction after the arrival of the Luke Farnsworths.

"Going on business," was Luke's terse reply to the storm of queries, and with that, they had to be satisfied.

The dinner wasn't a pleasant affair. Luke, obviously upset over something, paid scant attention to the remarks addressed to him, and Lucinda, trying to defend or mediate, seemed as distrustful as Anne, observing them, was uncomfortable, and when she caught an occasional glimpse of Rob, seated on the same side of the table but below her, she found he was studying her parents with a grim, suspicious air.

Only Sharlee seemed at ease. Sharlee and Milna, Sharlee's high laugh echoed above the monotone of talk and occasionally her rapid staccato chatter caused the others to pause and listen.

Anne won her aunt's displeasure by conversing with Milna as she served, and was relieved when the dinner was over and they were allowed to repair to the living room.

"Anne," Luke Farnsworth beckoned, "and boys, Lee, Tom and you, Rob. I want to talk to you all in the library."



Sharlee was at the door to meet them.

what Luke thought he had to do. He should know by this time that Lee's capable of managing affairs down here, Portland too for that matter, and without interference."

Anne was saved the embarrassment of a reply by the sudden switching of the conversation. "Beautiful cape," observed Mrs. Farnsworth, grudgingly, "must have cost a fortune. Milna—a slim, pale blond girl came in from another room, smiled shyly at Anne, and took the cape.

"Anne, you do wear the plainest clothes," she went on as the smartly designed coral frock was revealed, "and with all the money you have to spend! But then, plain girl, plain clothes. Let's go in the living room. I left a platter of hors d'oeuvres, on the table beside Mabel, and at the rate she was sampling there won't be one left. That woman could eat her way through a cracker factory."

Anne smothered a smile, and followed her aunt in to where Mabel Farley, a feminine replica of Lee Farnsworth and faintly resembling her own father, was nibbling on the last toasted oblong.

"Lee just insisted I take it," she apologized under the condemning gaze of her sister-in-law. "Hello, Anne, pretty dress. My but you're thin. Ought to eat more. But then, girls in love, eh, Tom? Remember how thin I was before we were married?"

ANNE, lips twitching, caught the ardent look Tom Farley cast his wife, before turning his attention to her. "I suppose we'll have to wait until the millionaire Farnsworths arrive," he observed biting, then turned to Lee, who had answered the telephone and was now looking at them with a bewildered expression which sat incongruously on his fat, pleasant face.

"Luke called," he explained, "says he's leaving for Portland right after dinner, want's to use my car."

Anne listened to her uncle in fresh consternation. What had happened to cause Luke to rush back to Portland in such a storm?

The others wondered the same thing and pined Anne with questions.

HE waited until the men were seated and Anne perched on his chair, then he began. She listened with growing wonder at his obvious displeasure.

"Anne," he said, "I'm sorry I haven't taught you something about the business which provides you with your livelihood. You'd understand better what I'm about to speak of to the boys. However—" he turned to them. "I'm not pleased with the way things are being handled down here."

"You all know my views on fish traps. You know I'll consent to buy from them only after the supply offered by the fishermen has been exhausted. And yet I come down here and learn that you are working with the trap owners, giving them preference over the fishermen."

"Now, Anne, this is the way things are handled among the cannery men. Each cannery either owns its own boats which are used by specific groups of fishermen, or they cater to groups who serve them and so on else. These fishermen depend upon the canneries to buy their haul, as much as the canneries depend upon the fishermen."

"The Farnsworth Fisheries have always dealt with the Finns. I lived among these people as a boy and learned to appreciate their integrity and dependability."

"I've prided myself upon matching these qualities."

"Now, Anne, there are certain seasons when the run of fish is greater than others. There are also closed seasons, a time allowed the fish to pass unmolested up the river to their spawning grounds. During this closed season, the fishermen mend their nets and their boats, and our canneries put the equipment into perfect running order."

"We are nearing a closed season. During the past few years there has been a shortage of fish, and everything points to a record spring run. The spring run, you see, is the greatest of the year."

"Sometimes, during a record run, the canneries are over-taxed."

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Anne witnessed, tomorrow, a quarrel between two men she loves.

NEWEST COMET RACING TO SUN

WILLIAMS BAY, Wis. (UP)—Like some gigantic insect lured by the light, the new comet discovered at Yerkes observatory is rapidly approaching the sun and will be nearest to it on Dec. 9, when it will begin swinging away.

cribed here by Prof. George Van Biesbroeck, discoverer of the new-comer, who has computed the comet's path.

is expected to increase until the middle of December—but it will almost certainly remain beyond observation with the naked eye.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A PIANO HAS MORE THAN TWICE AS MANY STRINGS AS IT HAS KEYS—

COLON PANAMA, ONCE HAD 2 OFFICIAL NAMES— COLON AND ASPINWALL— U.S. RECOGNIZED ONE, PANAMA THE OTHER, AND NEITHER WOULD DELIVER MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE TOWN IT DID NOT RECOGNIZE—



W. A. HARPER— ST. LOUIS HAS PRODUCED ENOUGH STAIR BALUSTERS AND OTHER LAID WORK TO ENCIRCLE THE EARTH—

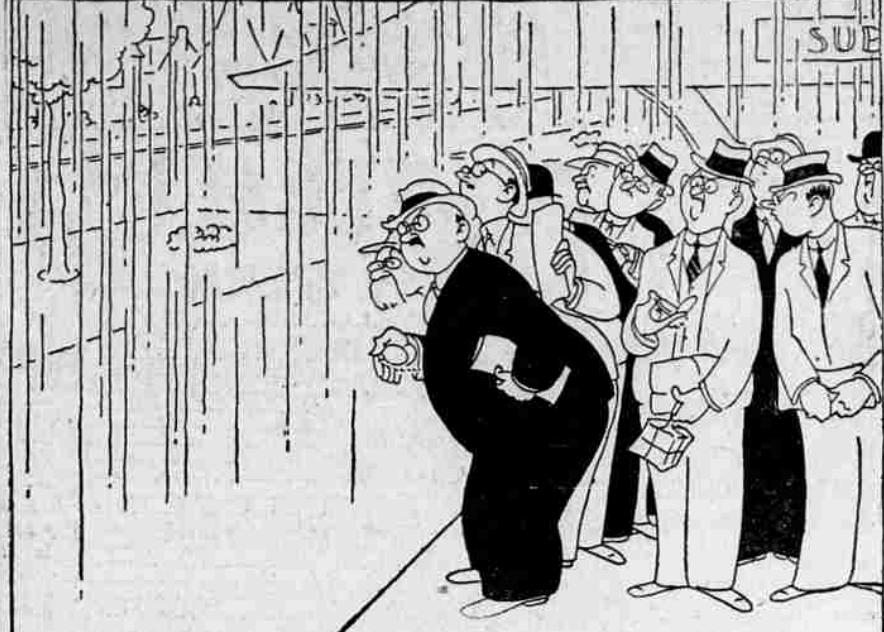
THE TYRANT'S TRIUMPH! DIONYSIUS, Tyrant of Syracuse, UNMOVED BY HIS MANY VICTORIES IN BATTLE, DIED OF JOY WHEN HE WAS GIVEN A PRIZE FOR HIS POETRY!

One town with two names and two nations each refusing to recognize the name the other had given it— this was the situation that existed for a time at what is now known as Colon at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. The United States named it Aspinwall in honor of the father of the Panama railway. Panama refused to deliver mail addressed to Aspinwall and the United States, on the other hand, insisted there was no such town as Colon. Finally the situation became impossible—and the United States gave and poverty—these were fortunes of war and power; whatever joy or sadness went with them were small compared to the joy he felt when one of his poems won a prize. Exiled and impoverished after his reign, Dionysius entered his poems in competition many times without success—but even so he was prouder of them than of his victories. And one day when news arrived that he had won a prize in poetry he died in a spasm of sheer joy.

Tomorrow: Dangerous Nothing.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

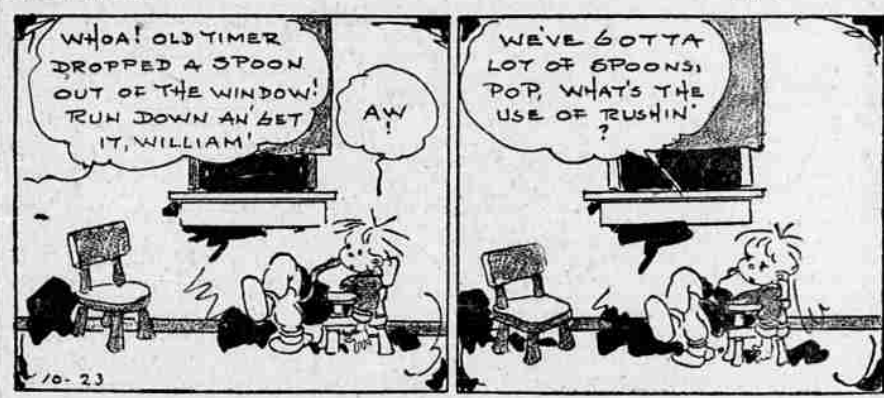


THERE WERE MANY DOMESTIC CRISES AFTER THE LAST MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S BRIDGE CLUB WHICH, OWING TO AN ARGUMENT OVER THE BIDDING OF THE LAST HAND, DID NOT BREAK UP ON TIME, LEAVING THE HUSBANDS RETURNING ON THE 5:15 WITH NO TRANSPORTATION FROM THE STATION

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MATTER POP—

By G. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Will They Escape?



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Chase!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Brother



By SOL HESS

Placer gold mines are worked by Gallia in the south and west provinces of Ethiopia.

Consumption of fresh fruits in Great Britain broke all previous records during the last year, amounting to nearly two million tons.

Celery grows wild in England by the sides of ditches and in marshy places.

China plates and dishes are considered objects of the highest value in Ceram, an island of the Dutch East Indies.

