

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne, whose father, Luke Farnsworth, owns large fish canneries in Oregon, has gone to Astoria on an inspection trip with her father and mother. A presentiment of trouble in her mind has already been instilled by a quarrel between her father and the relatives associated with him over the matter of buying fish from traps. Now she is parted with Rob Crocker, her fiancé, watching the stern-towmen tug her over the beach—seen Rob has had words with Luke Farnsworth.

Chapter Seven
ALONE

TO ANNE, fresh from the emotional turmoil of the previous hour, it was peaceful inside the car. The rain slashed at the windows, the wind howled around the hood. She looked expectantly at Rob. Wouldn't he make some explanation of his anger at her father? It seemed he wouldn't. He wasn't even curving his arm out in pillowed rest for her head, but was tapping the wheel nervously.

"Anne," he barked suddenly, "why did your father decide to go back to Portland tonight?"
"Why Rob, I don't know."
"Think, did he receive a wire at the hotel, a long distance message or anything?"
"No, but one might have come to the cannery."
"Didn't," returned Rob. "Tom

gone on immediately and crossed the grade in semi-daylight, before the core of the storm had burst.

"See," came in triumph from Charlotte Farnsworth, "just as I told you. She cares nothing for either one of them, she never has. Time after time I've noticed it... and Lee's car, brand new—"

Anne broke from Rob's arms and charged forward. "You would think of your car before you could think of anything as precious as lives, you... you... you person!"

"Anne, Anne, quiet, girl." Rob caught the hands which struck wildly at the livid face of Charlotte. "Quiet, she didn't mean it that way. She meant your father wasn't accustomed to that new model; maybe he drove too fast and the motor froze, that happens in new cars. Maybe the steering gear was stiff and didn't respond on the sharp turn."

ANNE stared at him mutely. Why hadn't she gone with them?
"Well, aren't you going to cry?" demanded Sharlee indignantly.

"Cry?" repeated Anne. She tried to draw a deep breath. It caught in her throat, caught in her breast, pressed on her heart. The face of Charlotte and Sharlee, were splashes of white against a dim background. In their place was the

BIG COUGAR ATTACKS FARMER ON TRACTOR IN REGION OF DALLAS

DALLAS, Ore., Oct. 28. — (UP)—Farmers of the Buel area today organized a hunt with dogs and rifles for a vicious cougar that defied woods tradition and attacked with-

ous provocation a farmer working in his field.
The big cat was believed crazed. Farmers feared for the lives of their children.
Virgil Thomas, 28, was dising a field with a tractor in an area of many farms.
"The disc struck a rock and I turned to look," said Thomas. "There was the cougar, following the disc and near enough to spit on."
"I grabbed a wrench just as he sprang and struck at him. He missed me. I raced the motor to scare him, but he didn't scare. He came around to the other side of the tractor, lashing his tail and snarling, and

jumped again. That time he passed over the tractor right in front of me, and I swiped at him again with the wrench. He started loping after the disc again."
Fearing for his life, Thomas said, he pulled the pin which unbacked the tractor from the disc and drove toward the farm house at top speed of 15 miles an hour. The cat followed for some time, but finally gave up the chase.
Teff, a kind of millet with pinhead grains, is the common bread grain of Ethiopia.
Fossil centipedes occur in amber of the Oligocene age.

READING PERIOD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ON ORDERS FROM PARENTS WHO WANT A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET, GETS BOOK AND RELUCTANTLY SITS DOWN TO READ

BEGINS TO ASK HOW LONG HE HAS TO READ? CAN HE DO WHAT HE WANTS AFTERWARDS? AND OTHER QUESTIONS

SETTLES DOWN TO READ, SPELLING OUT DIFFICULT WORDS IN LOUD CLEAR VOICE TILL ASKED NOT TO

TELLS FATHER THIS PART IS PRETTY EXCITING, WOULD HE LIKE HIM TO READ IT ALOUD TO HIM?

OFFER BEING REFUSED, READS TO HIMSELF IN AN UNDER-TONE THAT CARRIES ALL OVER ROOM

COMES ON A NEST OF WORDS HE CAN'T MAKE OUT, EACH OF WHICH HE HAS TO GET FATHER TO PRONOUNCE FOR HIM

FINDS A POSITION HE LIKES AND IS QUIET FOR FIVE CONSECUTIVE MINUTES

WRIGGLES AND LOSES BALANCE, PARENTS DECIDING HASTILY THAT READING PERIOD HAS LASTED LONG ENOUGH

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-24 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

4,000,000 IRISHMEN MIGRATED TO AMERICA BECAUSE OF THE IRISH POTATO!

JERRY JOHNSON MADE 15 PARACHUTE JUMPS IN ONE DAY... EACH FROM 2,000 FEET... —Minneapolis, 1935—

ANNIE SMITH PECK—FAMOUS MOUNTAIN CLIMBER CLIMBED MT. MADISON, 5,380 FEET, WHEN SHE WAS 82... —1935—

THE FEMALE PHALAROPE IS LARGER AND MORE COLORFUL THAN THE MALE... SHE DOES THE COURTING AND HE HATCHES THE EGGS...

The potato, famous food of the Irish, failed in the 1840's—and by its failure it started the influx of Irish immigrants that brought four million Irishmen to America in 20 years. Strange as it seems, the crop failure of the potato which drove the Irish out of their own country had its origin in North America—the land to which they fled.

The potato blight appeared in North America in 1844 and by 1845 had reached Europe where it wrought havoc with the crops there. The two following years were the worst, and the Irish, who depended so much on the potato for daily food, were the heaviest hit. Families of hundreds of thousands died immediately and started the wave of immigration to America.

It is the almost universal rule in higher forms of animal life that the male is the larger, stronger and more highly colored of the sexes. The phalarope, however, presents a striking exception to the rule. The female is highly colored and beautiful. She is larger than the male and she does the courting. She lays the eggs—but the male has to stay home and hatch them.

Annie Smith Peck, professor of Latin at Purdue University, gave up her career as an educator at 45 to take up her hobby of mountain climbing seriously. At 37 she conquered Mt. Huascarán in Peru, 21,812 feet—a record that stands today for both men and women in the Western Hemisphere. Her last important climbing feat was the scaling of Mt. Madison in New Hampshire, 5,380 feet, at the age of 82.

Tomorrow: Unknown King.



checked there. Well, let's get back." Hurt, Anne sat in the far corner of the car seat. They drove in silence until they caught their first view of the Farnsworth house. Anne looked up in surprise; it seemed every window was gleaming with light.

"I wonder what's going on?" she asked of Rob, as they drew up before the veranda.

At the sound of their brakes, the front door swung wide, throwing a carpet of yellow light down the stairway. Lee and Tom Farley stood there in overcoats. Mabel, hanging to Farley's arm, was crying. Sharlee was screaming hysterically.

Rob jumped out of the car and opened the door for Anne. Then above the rush of wind and patter of rain they heard Sharlee cry out, "Anne, your mother is dead and Uncle Luke is dying."

Anne reached for Rob's arm. It wasn't there. He had dashed up the steps. Alone she stood, rain peppering down on her bared head, spluttering the coral frock where the cape fell open.

Someone was talking, she must listen. "They drove off the third curve on the crest. Service station below heard the crash. They telephoned here because Lee's name was on the registration card. Lucinda died immediately. No hope for Luke."

SHOCK is an anesthetic. Looking back from the time—numbed security of years, Anne was to realize this. Now, while her intellect grasped the meaning of the tragedy, her emotions failed to respond.

She saw Rob hurry back down the steps, place an arm around her and lead her up to where the family had knotted into a group of staring eyes.

For a moment the sobb were stilled in expectancy, then Charlotte Farnsworth stepped forward. "She didn't hear what Sharlee said," the woman declared, "Rob, make Anne understand that her father wrecked Lee's brand new car, killed Lucinda and may be dead himself, by this time."

Anne's mind, scorded these three facts, then she heard a shrill laugh. She looked around in surprise. Sharlee was starting, open mouthed. Even Mabel, her fat face puckered, seemed frozen into ludicrous astonishment at the sound.

"This is no time to laugh," snapped Charlotte.

Anne stared at her, and up from years of secret malicious insults at the hands of this woman welled hatred, in some unreasoning way she blamed her for the tragedy.

If it hadn't been for insufferable pride, her father and mother would not have been forced to sit through that family dinner. They could have

indistinct form of a man, bending over her. Luke Farnsworth. They were in the woods—

"Catch her she's fainting," screamed Mabel.

"No," Anne whispered. Luke was telling her that her leg was fractured, that people with courage didn't faint, they stuck their chin out, squared their shoulders. He was going to need her to help him. "Courage, Anne, high courage," he said.

Anne Farnsworth squared her shoulders, thrust out the soft white chin. The room came into focus.

"Rob," she turned to Crocker, "take me to Daddy, quick!"

"Miss Anne, oh, Miss Anne. You say I should call you at seven o'clock. It is now seven."

Anne stirred, then burrowed her head into her pillow. It took courage to open her eyes.

As long as she could keep the lash-fringed barrier between her sight and the outside world, she could pretend that when the barrier did lift, she would find that world as it had always been. She could pretend that she would hear her mother's voice with its teasing, "sleepy-head." And then her father's, "come down and have coffee with us, lazy."

When she opened her eyes she would know those two voices had been stilled for all time.

At least her awakening would not be all sorrow. She'd find some gift of flowers from Rob, placed where her opening eyes would find it, by Yvonne.

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Anne, tomorrow, confronts reality.

Seek Hit-and-Run Rike.

Eugene Has Fire.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 28.—(UP)—Mrs. Sarah Herman, 64, was knocked down last night as she was crossing the street. Her leg was broken. Today police searched for the hit run driver—a bicycle rider.

EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 28.—(UP)—Fire raged interior of the Potter Manufacturing company's plant here Sunday with an estimated damage of \$25,000. The plant manufactured fabricated materials.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Great Battle of Santa Anita!

THE GREAT BATTLE OF SANTA ANITA IS UNDER WAY--IT IS THE DECIDING CONFLICT OF THE REVOLUTION. SHOULD THE REBELS WIN--EL PRESIDENTE IS DOOMED--ALSO TOMMY, BETTY, SKETER--AND OUR NAZILIAN FRIENDS, WHO HAVE BECOME SO ENDEARED TO US--ALL WE CAN DO IS HOLD OUR BREATH AND HOPE...

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HERE WE SHOW--IGNORANT HUMANS LED INTO A RED MIRAGE--OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR--

THE PURPOSE OF THIS STORY IS TO SHOW HOW PATRIOTISM CAN BE MISGUIDED--BY EDUCATED MEN--IN POWER--INSPIRED BY GREED--TUNE IN ON THE NEXT STRIP FOR A REAL THRILL. HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Making Friends

LISTEN, OLD TIMER, WHEN I SAW YOU HAULED OFF THAT BUG, AWAY OUT IN THE DESERT, I FELT SORRY FOR YOU--

YOU FELT SORRY FOR ME?

SURE I DID--I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO HAVE TOUGH LUCK MYSELF--

I AIN'T ASKIN' FOR GYMPATHY--I CAN LOOK OUT FOR MYSELF--

OKAY BY ME THEN, BUT I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THE FACTS--

THEN THE SHERIFF AIN'T GON' TO RUN ME IN FOR HITCH-HIKIN'?

THE SHERIFF WON'T EVEN BOTHER YOU--

SAY, Y'AIN'T A BAD GUY, GOT ANYTHING TO EAT UP AT THE HOUSE?

THE NEBBS—Everything Will Be All Right

I FEEL SO LOW TODAY.. DO YOU THINK I HAVE ANY CHANCE TO GET WELL?

THAT DEPENDS ALTOGETHER ON YOU. YOU CAN'T GET WELL CARRYING ON THE WAY YOU DO.. IT SAYS YOUR VITALITY

WE'LL LEAD YOU BACK TO HEALTH IF YOU DON'T HANG BACK TOO HARD--YOU HAVE A DISPOSITION THAT WOULD FIT A HUNGRY WILDCAT WITH PRICKLY HEAT

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By SOL HESS