HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has managed to survive the sudden death of her parents—with the help of her fiancé, Rob Crocker. Rob is away settling some trouble in the Farnsworth canneries, and Anne is alone in her big Portland home, afflicted with a plague of hypocritically sorrowing relatives. The four Farnsworth servants have just demanded to see her; she asks them lightly if it is mutiny.

Chapter Nine

BODY BLOW

"IT is that," declared Maggie, "it's mutiny agin thim there trash below stairs. It's just one word I'm wantin' and I'll run 'em out."

"I'd consider it a privilege, Miss Anne, if you would allow me to suggest their rooms are needed for friends," broke in Buttons.

"You can't any of you do that," Mrs. Harney interposed sharply, "they're staying for good and always. Mrs. Lee Farnsworth just fired me for talking back to her."

Anne sat before the four who had served her parents so faithfully. She felt incapable of handling this situation. She must talk to Rob. Perhaps he could reason with Aunt Charlotte, who seemed to like him unusually well. But by what authority did she dismiss Mrs. Harney?

"Please be patient," she begged of them, "I'm going out for a few moments. When I come back we'll talk things over. Harney, I don't know what to say, but don't leave the house until I return. Buttons, will you have Carl drive my car to the servants' entrance, and Yvonne, I want the coat to this, the black hat, and you'd better bring my silver fox throw."

Maggie and Buttons left the room but Mrs. Harney remained. "Anne, see these bills? All made out to you for things those people have bought. They even had the nerve to charge their floral pieces to you . . . and you're not going to pay them. I know you've been using that five thousand your father gave you for your birthday."

"Harney, I'd sooner pay them than fight about it. As soon as the estate's settled I'll have plenty. You know I can't draw on any of Dad's money until then."

"If you can draw on it then," declared the housekeeper gloomily.

"What do you mean?" asked Anne, alarmed at her manner. "Tell me, what's wrong?"

"I'll tell you what I've heard and for the first time in my life I've eavesdropped aplenty. Tom Farley's folks have sent for their belongings. That's why Tom's away; but Mabel and Charlotte are arguing over which floor they're to have for their own. So I imagine the Lee Farnsworths are staying on, too.

"Miss Sharlee put in a bid for your suite and when her father spoke up, sharp for him, and told her you were to have that for your own, always, she says 'She won't stay here when she finds out.'"

"Finds out what?" questioned the girl.

"I don't know, but at that Mabel says in her good-natured way, 'well let the child have it until she marries.' And then Sharlee says 'if she marries.'"

ANNE was frankly bewildered, "I can't imagine what they mean. Perhaps father left them the house, knowing I'd be moving into my own, soon."

"It's something deeper than that; something about a disgrace."

"But what possible disgrace could I be in?"

"You couldn't be in any disgrace," the housekeeper defended stoutly. "We've all of us known you from the day your mother came home from the hospital, all pale and trembly and proud with you in her arms. Never once, Miss Anne, have you been guilty of even an unkindness."

"Harney," Anne mused after smiling her gratitude, "I believe I'm going to know what this is all about, shortly. A friend of Dad's telephoned a few moments ago and I'm going to see him now."

"If it is something unpleasant you are to hear, I will go weeth you," announced Yvonne, appearing with Anne's wraps.

"No," countered Mrs. Harney, "I'll go, then if Miss Anne faints I can tend to her. She'd knock you over failing, you're that much of a wisp."

Anne looked at Mrs. Harney's bulk and at Yvonne's slim prettiness and smiled. "That's nice of you both, but I never faint, and I'd better face this alone."

Mrs. Harney left, but when Anne, dressed in street clothes, slipped down the back stairway to her coupé, her father's gift to her at Christmas, she found Mrs. Harney settled in the car, a look of defiance on her face.

"I'm going along," she announced firmly.

"Good of you," the girl assured her absently.

What on earth could Ansel Kellogg have to tell her that must be told to her at once, and before she met either Rob, or any member of the family?

She wheeled into the curb—"Wait here a moment, Harney," she said "I want to run up and see Judge Kellogg. If a policeman comes along with a tag, smile, Harney, smile."

She left the woman sputtering went into the building and as the elevator shot up its shaft, her apprehension mounted with it.

The judge was awaiting her. It was too early for his office help to appear so he conducted her to an inner room.

"Anne," he began seriously, "you were with Luke and Lucinda on that last trip, weren't you? Do you happen to know what caused them to try to rush back here?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "Dad was disturbed over the cannery buying from fish traps, in preference to fishermen, but I don't think that was it. He told Uncle Lee and the others that he wanted the fishermen given first consideration. However, that was all settled before he left. Why do you ask?"

"Because Luke telephoned me long distance from the cannery, about five-thirty that afternoon. He told me he wanted me to meet him at the house; said he wanted me to draw up a new will."

"A NEW will?" repeated Anne questioningly. "I suppose that would have explained the trouble."

"It hasn't," Kellogg said, bluntly. "He made it. He forced himself to live until some attorney down there in the country had prepared the thing and he'd signed it, and if he hadn't telephoned me of his intentions I'd be willing to swear that accident had affected his brain.

"Anne, girl, he's done the queerest thing. He's cut you off from everything, with only an allowance of one hundred dollars a month."

Anne looked at Judge Kellogg inquiringly, and then she thought of her father. If he had done that, he had had some underlying reason. Brow furrowed, she tried to see this reason.

"That's my regular allowance," she mused, then brightened. "I know, Judge Kellogg. You see I'm engaged to Rob Crocker, we're to be married next month. Rob has always said he wished I were poor, so we could build our future together. That's what Dad was trying to do, to give us a chance to grow, together, as he and mother did."

"But Anne, he left your home to Lee and Mabel and their families."

"That's all right. Rob and I have a home of our own. He knew I wouldn't want the big house, and he knew of course that I could live on with Uncle Lee and Aunt Mabel until my marriage."

"How much money have you?" Kellogg asked, abruptly.

"About two thousand, I guess—"

"Where's the five thousand Luke gave you on your twenty-first birthday?"

"I've been paying household bills with that. You know, I couldn't draw on the estate money and there was the doctor and those other things.' Her voice trembled. "I only made partial payments there, then with all the relatives living at the house, the bills have run."

"Do you mean to tell me that they are letting you pay things like that?" stormed the judge.

Anne looked up in surprise. "Yes," she answered, and added, "they probably thought as I did, that could draw from the estate."

"They did not!" Judge Kellogg shouted. "Tom Farley's known all along. He reached the doctor's office in time to listen to part of the new will—"

"Well . . ." at the mention of Tom Farley's name, Anne shuddered. "well . . what's so . . so queer about the will, don't you know any of the . . whatever you call them?"

"The provisions? I don't know much," the judge admitted. "Most of the provisions are to be kept secret for five years. The estate is to be carried on as an estate for that length of time and then it is to be divided among the kinfolk."

Anne's hidden smile burst out. "And isn't a daughter kin?" she inquired whimsically.

The old man looked down at her eyes shadowed with tenderness and pain at the cruelty of the message he was forced to deliver.

"Yes Anne," he answered, softly "daughters are kin. But you are not the daughter of Luke and Lucinda."

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Anne's predicament becomes more desperate, tomorrow.

ROGUE VALLEY BOSCS TEMPT TRAVELERS IN PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT

According to information received here yesterday from Theodore A. Precht, district freight agent for the Pennsylvania railroad in Portland, Medford Bosc pears are being featured in the Growers' Promotion booth at Pennsylvania station in New York City. The exhibition is prominently situated, it having been statistically proved that an average of 150,000 people pass the spot daily.

Display of the fruit was begun last week, and is expected to run from three to four weeks, all brands of Boscs being given a display. Each brand is expected to have two displays before the demonstration is completed.

Also noted were several Bosc pear recipes printed in the New York Herald Tribune, particularly commenting on the fact that the Bosca now shipped to eastern markets reach the consumer ripe and ready to eat, not hard and green as formerly. This improvement has resulted in substantially higher prices per box.

CARDINAL WISHES ITALY SUCCESS IN ETHIOPIA

MILAN, Italy, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Cardinal Schuster of Milan today wished "peace and protection" for Italy's armies, which "are opening the doors of Ethiopia to the Catholic faith and Roman civilization."

The cardinal spoke to fascists of Milan, gathered at the cathedral for a mass for the dead in the fascist march on Rome.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Lotteries—frowned on, forbidden and outlawed today—were once a very respectable way to raise money in the United States. When money was needed for projects deemed worthy by the state, permission was given to conduct one. Harvard university got two buildings that way.

Holworthy Hall on the north side of the Yard at Harvard university was built in 1812 from the proceeds of such a lottery. It was named for Sir Matthew Holworthy whose bequest of $5,000 made in 1678, was the largest single gift received by the college in the seventeenth century. Another building at Harvard, Stoughton Hall, just north of Holden Chapel, was built seven years earlier, most of the money for it coming from another state authorized lottery.

Aged and virtually retired, a man notorious for his love for ease and inaction, John of Brienne was roused to action when a horde of 100,000 Bulgarians marched on Constantinople and 300 enemy warships jammed the adjacent waters. With only 2,000 soldiers and 160 knights, John marched out to meet the enemy—and when the fight was over, the routed Bulgarians were counting dead in 45 of their 48 squadrons.

Civilians and soldiers alike caught the spirit of their leader's actions—and to complete the victory they swarmed over the enemy warships, capturing 25 of them.

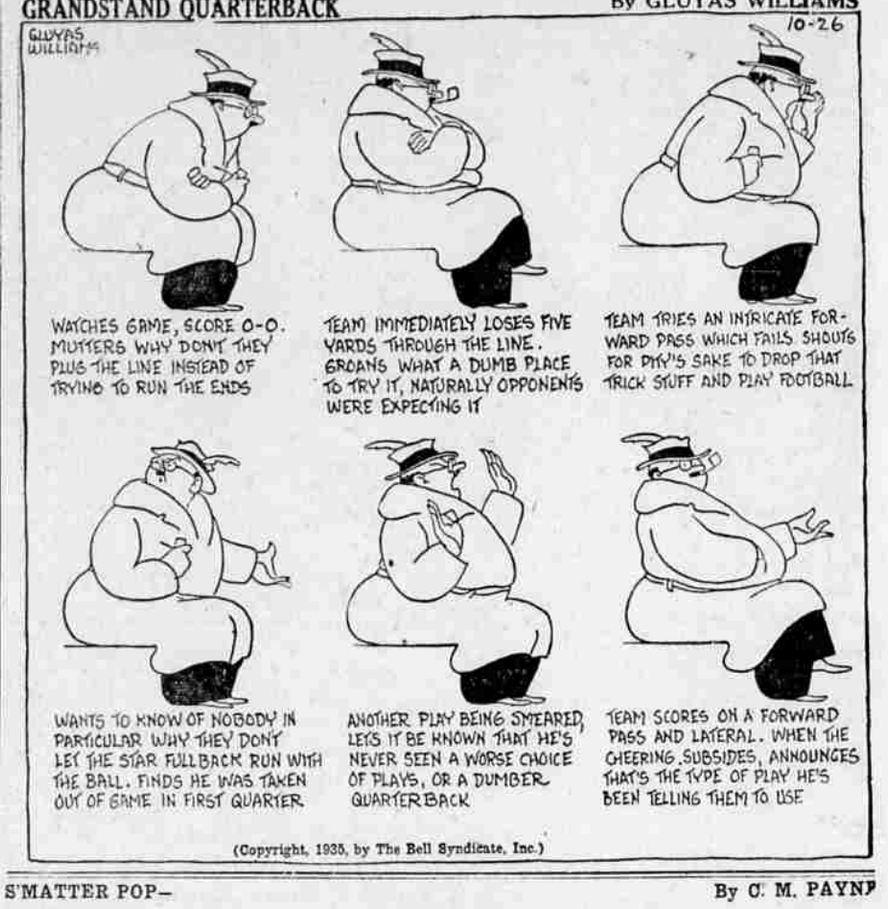
Tomorrow: The snuffbox dole.

COURT STENOGRAPHER WRITES LONG NOVEL

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Oct. 28.—(UP)—William Meincke, who "would rather write than play golf," has averaged 10,000,000 words a year for the past 30 years as court stenographer. Today, he announced completion of a 100,000 word novel, written in his spare time. The opus deals with college life and has a kidnaping and murder thrown in for "excitement."

GRANDSTAND QUARTERBACK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

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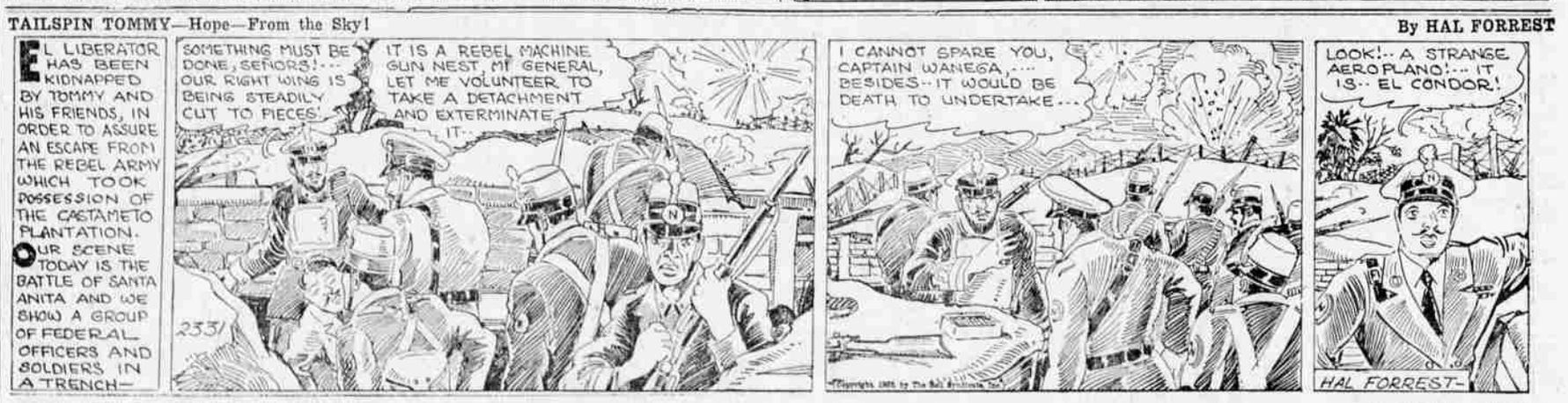
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hope—From the Sky!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Gratitude!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Magnet

By SOL HESS