

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has found the tolerance of her relatives almost as hard to bear as the sudden and tragic death of her parents. Now Judge Kellogg, an old family friend, has told her that she is not the daughter of the Farnsworths, but the daughter of an unknown mother—not even adopted. Unable to trace adoption, she will not inherit the large Farnsworth fortune. And Tom Farley, one of the relatives plans further persecution.

Chapter 11 CAMPAIGN PLAN

FURTHER persecution? Anne stared at Ansel Kellogg in bewilderment. "But what else can he do?" she asked.

"He had planned to break all of this to you tomorrow at the reading of that part of the will ready to be made public. He had planned, I believe, to do it in so cruel a fashion you would try to retaliate."

"There is a provision, made by Luke, that should any person contest the will, that person will be cut off from any participation in the estate. You wouldn't know that. He would."

"And then there was the publicity he intended to have directed towards the clouding of your name, or lack of name."

"Aside from that, he intends to try to keep you from taking one article from your home. I can forestall him there. I want you to make a list of everything you own from fur coats to bath soap, all monies you have spent on the house, on anything or anyone other than yourself. Will you do that?"

"But there is so much, you know mother and Dad were both interested in my new home and were constantly buying things and storing them in the house because our new home wasn't ready for them. I know," she said, suddenly, "Yvonne, can list my clothing and personal things, and Harney... say," she began with sudden illumination, "this is why Mrs. Farnsworth freed Mrs. Harney this morning."

"She explained to the Judge. 'Of course,'" he agreed, "Charlotte and Tom would be working together. By getting Mrs. Harney out of the way, they could question your right to things and should she appear for you they could say she was doing it in retaliation for being discharged."

"Well, we'll fix that little game," he declared in triumph. "You have Mrs. Harney come to see me."

"She's down-stairs now."

"Send her up. Then you'd better go on home and have Yvonne pack your clothes, and in the meantime I'll try to figure out a place for you to stay."

"You won't have to appear at the reading of the will, tomorrow. I'll represent you, that will save you from some of their dowdiness."

"Now, feeling all right? Think you'll be able to get home alone?" Anne nodded.

"You've been a fine brave girl, Anne," Judge Kellogg told her in parting. "Luke would have been proud of you."

Anne carried this thought with her. To have Luke proud of her had always been her ambition. She cherished the thought no less now. She felt that he and Lucinda would have told her themselves had they not been sure their secret would never be revealed, and had they lived Tom Farley would have kept silent.

ANNE drove methodically. She stopped at the red lights, went into gear on the amber and released her clutch on the green, and all the time her mind tried to assimilate what she had learned in Judge Kellogg's office.

A traffic officer, seeing the sleek black car pass with a pretty girl at the wheel, talking aloud to herself, looked at a nearby clock. Too early in the morning for intoxicants; she must be angry. His wife talked to herself when she was in a temper; nevertheless he watched the car until it was out of sight.

"I am not the daughter of Luke and Lucinda. I am not adopted. Tom Farley wants me to challenge the will, but why need he? If I do not belong to these parents, I'm not kin, and therefore I won't receive a share. He wants to disgrace me publicly."

"Why? So I can't fight, I suppose." She turned into her own driveway, looked up at the big house which had been her home. Already it had taken on the look of another's. And then she saw Rob's car in the driveway.

...ob, he would take care of her. He would find her real parents, give her a name, and once she belonged to him, Tom Farley would be afraid to do anything. Tom was a little afraid of Rob, she'd always thought.

"Let's get out of here so we can talk," she said, and looked up at him as if wanting visible assurance of his presence.

"We'll go up to the house," he agreed, "this place has a thousand eyes and two thousand ears. Sharlee entertained me until she saw you coming. She thinks she's an animated mystery story. She kept saying, 'what a surprise you're in for.' Do you know what she means?"

"Yes," answered Anne, as Rob tucked her under a robe in his car. "I'll tell you when we reach... home."

"Fine." He started the car and as they drove along he talked of the canneries. "Tom Farley tried to get hold of me a couple of times. He was at Westport, but I didn't know that until I phoned the office from the house there. Wonder what he wanted? He said it was important. But then he thinks anything he does or says is important."

"Anne, I'll be mighty glad when I can run things my way. They're still raising Cain down there about the fish-traps."

"Rob, you know what father said about that."

"I know. But Anne, you're going to trust my judgment, aren't you? Wouldn't you think me crazy if I tried to go into a motor race with a horse and buggy? Same idea, when you're in a competitive business you have to use modern methods. Well, here we are."

HE PARKED the car but made no move, and Anne, sitting beside him, looked down on the house, white against the fir trees. Lonely looking this day. A hammer was pounding somewhere inside, echoing dimly.

"Anne," Rob spoke cautiously, "wouldn't you feel more at home in the big house? You know we could sell this easily because it's a modest size and it won't be so easy to dispose of the other place. It's a bit old fashioned and all, and you'd like to keep the old servants with you, wouldn't you?"

He had thrown his arm about her, and Anne, weary and heartless, was curled into the nest it made, trying to find the strength she would need to face this last trial.

"About the first thing I'd do," he went on, "is run that crowd out. They act like they own the place."

"They do," came in Anne's quiet voice.

"They what?"

"They own the place. Father, Luke Farnsworth left it to Uncle, to Lee and Mabel."

"Well, what do you know about that? Rob's voice was flat. He was edging a moment, then, "perhaps it's just as well, I'd like to move down to Astoria for a while. Our house won't be dried out enough to live in for two or three months and that would give me time to straighten things out at the canneries."

"I like Lee, but he's lazy and things are slack as the deuce. I'm going to have to jump into the harness and work like the dickens if your interests are to be taken care of properly."

"Rob," Anne looked up at him, anxious to catch each shading of expression as he listened to what she had to say, "they are not my interests."

"What do you mean?"

"Luke left the canneries and the rest of his interests as an estate. Anne, what are you saying?"

Rob had taken his arm from her shoulders and had turned to look at her in incredulous surprise.

"I am to receive only my usual allowance of one hundred dollars a month."

"There's something wrong, someplace, Anne. Your father told me soon after we were engaged that he wanted me to learn the business thoroughly because if anything ever happened to him, you would be left with the entire responsibility of the canneries."

"He said he'd already made out his will leaving you the only heir." "He changed the will," the girl interposed. "He changed it while you and I were waiting to see him. If you'll remember, that man who came out as we went in was an attorney."

Anne sustains, tomorrow, a still worse blow.

you can find in great-grandmother's oaken chest."

The police are fed up by the difficulties of enforcing the order, following the embarrassments which they have suffered from enforcement of a previous order requiring that feminine promiscuity shall not wear shorts shorter than two inches above the knee.

Fish Hatchery Overstocked. ASTORIA, Ore. (UP)—The Klaskanine fish hatchery was faced with the prospect of having to turn 2,000,000 silver-side salmon loose in the Columbia river because of food shortage. A fishermen's strike cut off supply of food.

Thieves Display Humor. CINCINNATI, O. (UP)—An ironic sense of humor was displayed by the thieves who robbed the New Thought temple. Before leaving, they took the church's burglary insurance policy and left it carefully caught in the safe door.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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When men set out in sailing ships and by overland caravan in the 14th century and later to seek out the mysterious and unknown hinterlands of the world, they started the golden age of great explorations. And the one thing that inspired them to adventure more than anything else was a single book—"The Book of Marco Polo."

This book, strange as it seems, was written in prison while Marco Polo was a captive in Genoa during the war between Venice and Genoa in the late 13th century. In it he told of his amazing adventures in the Orient, of strange men and animals, of wealth and spices, and the splendor of the court of Kublai Khan. Many thought the book was pure fabrication—but a sufficient number of adventure-minded men took it seriously enough to change the map of the world.

It was this book that drove the Portuguese into unknown waters around the Cape of Good Hope toward Hindustan. Tales of Indian wealth set many expeditions in motion—a trend that was climaxed nearly two centuries later when Columbus set out westward across the ocean in hope of finding a short passage to the East.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Exterminates the "Nest!"



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Price War?



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THE NEBBS—The Cut-Up



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S'MATTER POP—

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'HALTERS' RULED OUT AS STREET ATTIRE FOR BERMUDA MAIDS

HAMILTON, Bermuda (UP)—A police order forbidding the wearing of "halters" or handkerchiefs above the feminine waist, instead of a more ample covering, while on the streets, has caused an outburst of merriment as well as a storm of objection among Bermudians.

There is talk of organizing a parade of protest, in which women and girls will march arrayed in hoopskirts, crinolines, bustles, voluminous petticoats, pantalettes, corsets, and, to quote the Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily, "anything"