

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth just has been told by her friend, Judge Kellogg, that she is not the daughter of the wealthy Farnsworths, and that therefore she cannot share in their large estate, under the provisions of Luke Farnsworth's will. Anne does not know who she is, she anticipates comfort from Bob Crocker, her fiance and general manager of the Farnsworth concern, however. She is telling him the situation, sitting in his car in front of the house they have built.

Chapter 13

CAD IN ACTION

"Why, he can't do a thing like that," began Rob, belligerently. "We'll take that to court. It won't be hard to prove that accident impaired his reason. Why Anne, no father who adored his daughter as Luke seemed to adore you would leave his own flesh and blood with nothing but a hundred dollars a month when he had millions."

"I know Rob, but this was different. You see," she hesitated, because she herself did not clearly see what lay behind Luke's sudden desire to change his will. "You see, dear, I'm not his daughter. I'm not even legally adopted. Rob," she sobbed, she had suppressed throughout the entire morning burst in her throat. "Rob, I don't know who I am. Just nobody."

Fumbling in her bag for a handkerchief, shoulders shaking with sobs, she waited for the comforting arms. Startled into calm by their absence she dried her eyes and looked at him. He was staring straight ahead, a baffled, bewildered expression on his face.

"Rob," she cried, "don't, don't look like that."

"It's been a shock," he muttered. "I... I don't know what to say."

She must be understanding, must not crowd him with the questions, with the demands for reassurance of his love, which came rushing to her lips.

"She must... perhaps if she thought of something else. He was lighting a cigarette. She heard the click of the lighter as it snapped back in place. She would think of the house.

She looked towards it. A carpenter had appeared at the windows of the breakfast room. She thought of the curtains she had chosen for them, golden yellow, so that always the light filtering through would seem like sunlight; so that always they would start the day off with a glow.

"Rob," she could be silent no longer, "say something, anything."

"I'd like to go home now, please," she said softly.

Rob didn't answer. He started the motor, backed away, then with a savage meshing of gears sent the car hurtling down the steep hills to the great grey house which spelled a monument to all his hopes.

"I won't come in," he said as he helped Anne to alight.

"But I'll see you tonight!" the sudden doubt, caused Anne's voice to falter.

"I don't know Anne," he answered, frankly. "This has about knocked me for a goal. I'll telephone."

She watched as he turned to the car. Not a word of sympathy for her. He went down the driveway and disappeared around the turn without waving. She mustn't cry. Sharlee would be watching from behind the curtains.

"Glad you're home, Miss Anne"; Buttons greeted her warmly as he opened the door.

"Thank you, Buttons." Her voice trembled. "Will you come up to my room in half an hour and bring Maggie, and if Mrs. Harney comes in tell her I want to see her, also."

Realization of their impending troubles made her own of less importance for the moment. She must put off the luxury of tears until she had forewarned them of the change.

Yvonne was waiting for her, a velvet lounging robe and slippers warmed, a hearth fire crackling.

"Maggie's sending up a tray. She says she has made the scones you like. And Mrs. Harney came in a moment ago and very mad about something. She has already had the bad words with Mrs. Farnsworth."

Yvonne smiled in memory of the fray. "Mrs. Harney has such excellent language which to silence that woman."

RESUME SLAYING OF T. B. CATTLE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Officials of the agricultural department's bureau of animal industry announced today it had authorized a resumption of slaughtering of cattle reacting to tuberculosis tests.

They said states instructed last week to stop appraisals and all slaughtering because of legal technicality had been telegraphed instructions they could resume work. The government furnished part of the funds to indemnify farmers for cattle killed as tuberculosis reactors.

The officials said, however, there might be some delay in adjusting claims on cattle killed in the month preceding the halt order.

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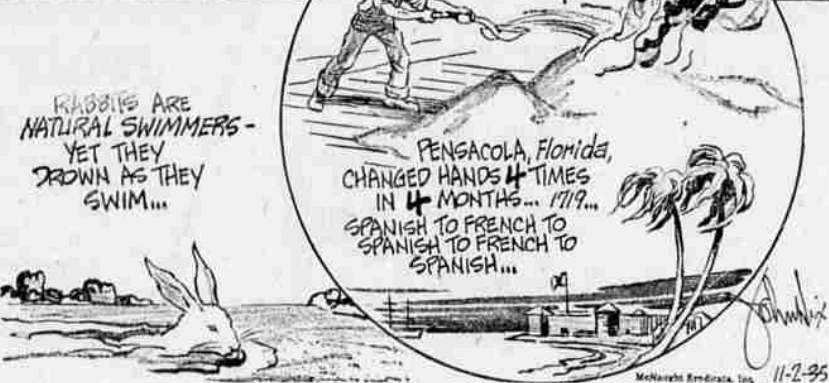
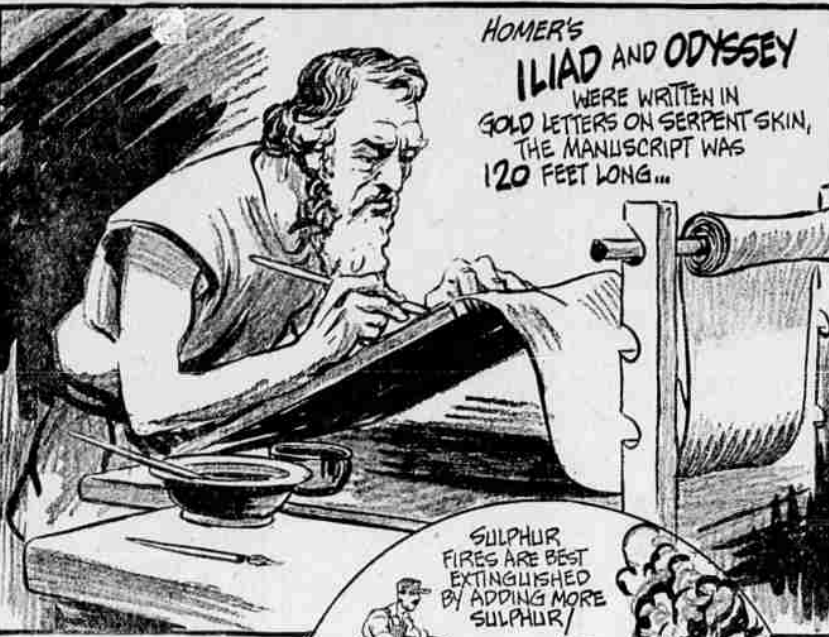
Bomb Mexican Rebels
MEXICO CITY, Nov. 2.—(AP)—A dispatch to the newspaper El Universal from Guadalajara today said two federal planes bombed and fired machine guns at rebels near Santa Maria Del Valle in the state of Jalisco, killing and wounding 25.

TOKYO, Friday, Nov. 2.—(UP)—The Tokyo branch office of Dollar Steamship lines was ordered closed today. The order, it was said, came from San Francisco offices of the company.

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Like most all animals except man

NOT INVITED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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CHINESE PREMIER SHOT BY ASSASSIN IN RADICALS PLOT

NANKING, China, Nov. 2.—(AP)—An assassin's fire today critically wounded Premier Wang Ching-wei, generally regarded as pro-Japanese leader, and one other official of the Chinese nationalist government, at a meeting of Chinese leaders considering Japan's advance in north China. Chang Chi, former president of the Judicial Yuan, was injured slightly,

while the assassin, Sun Ming-Hsun, was wounded critically—either by his own hand or by others—as bodyguards of the officials returned his fire.

Wang Ching-wei, 50 years old, was struck by at least three bullets and was removed to the central hospital in critical condition.

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