

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

**SYNOPSIS:** Anne Farnsworth has learned that because her foster parents, Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth, have failed to adopt her, she will not inherit their large estate. Her "relatives" plan to drive her from the Farnsworth house, and Rob Crocker, her fiance, has been surprisingly cool and uncommittal since she learned she needed him most. But she hopes that tonight he will be himself.

## Chapter 14 ROB'S VISIT

BUT if she was to see Rob tonight she must relax or she'd look wretched.

Anne lay on the sofa and waited for sleep. She had slept only fitfully since that first dreadful night. Now she dozed, tossed, dozed again.

When she awakened the storm had stopped. She arose, went to the wide window and looked out. The sun had broken through the western clouds and was sending the last shafts of light east, to where Mt. Hood's snow-covered peak gleamed lemon-yellow. She looked down at the city roofs, shining with their late drenching at the curving line of the river, visible here and there where the wharves were low.

And then she looked down at her own yard which sloped to a ravine, and caught sight of a familiar car on the driveway which rimmed the ravine. Rob's car. He was there and she had left orders not to be disturbed.

He hadn't waited to telephone. He had rushed to her. Quickly she brushed her hair, wound it in pin-wheels over her ears, slipped into a gray dinner frock and hurried out on the long balcony which circled the hall. Rob was just leaving. She started to call to him, but noticed he was talking to her uncle.

Anne stepped to the railing, then caught sight of Sharlee. She couldn't call with that girl listening avidly to every word.

"I am sure you can explain this to Anne."

The girl on the balcony straightened. Was he leaving without having seen her?

"I feel like a rotter about it, but Mr. Farnsworth, it's better to be honest. It's as though I'd fallen in love with one person, then found that person didn't exist. Understand?"

Lee Farnsworth nodded his head, heavily. "Reckon you mean you felt knowin' her blood kin, you'd know her. Not knowin' them made her strange-like."

"That's it. That's it exactly. Tell her I'll write her as soon as I reach Chicago, and when I return I'll look her up and we'll know whether or not it's best to go on."

He was going away; going to Chicago and he wasn't taking her. He was leaving her to face everything alone. He was going without even saying goodbye.

"Rob," she whispered the name in an incredulous tone. "Rob!" she muffled the heart-broken cry with her hands as Sharlee stepped forward, passed an arm possessively through Rob's, and went with him through the door.

ANNE stepped back into the shadows of the upper hall. She heard the door click, heard Lee Farnsworth go into the library, and heard the clink of brass as he pulled the portieres to see. She felt cold, numb, wondered if she had strength enough to reach her room, to turn the key in the door.

"Miss Anne!" Yvonne, who had slipped into an ell of the upper hall when Anne came out on the balcony, rushed forward, "Oh, Miss Anne."

Later Anne remembered being propelled into her room, Yvonne rubbing her feet. Mrs. Harney bustling in to hold her head and smooth the hair back from her brow. Buttons standing inside the closed door alternately insisting that Maggie go below and complete dinner preparations, or asking Harney if there wasn't something, anything, he could do.

"You're coming home with us, lamb," Mrs. Harney informed her. "Buttons and I've talked it over. Between us we've money enough for one of those little chicken ranches out beyond Mt. Scott, so we're marlyn' and we'll look after you."

And when the others had gone below, Yvonne came forward with her suggestion. "I did not tell you, Miss Anne, but Laurette D'Orsay, she it is who is cousin to my papa, has asked me to come to Hollywood. She says I can quickly find work with her. We will go. I will work for her until she can find the way to make you the star."

"That's dear of you Yvonne, but I

couldn't let you do that. I'm glad, though, that your cousin can help you find a nice position."

Even Maggie lumbered up after dinner was safely served. She brought with her a thumbled brown bank book, showing the sum total of her savings. "Yours to use, Miss Anne. I'd never had them if Mister Luke hadn't started this. My sister Nora's a widow and that anxious for me to be livin' with her these past few years, so I won't be needin' it."

Warmed by their love and relieved to find each one with a ready haven, Anne faced the realization of Rob Crocker's actions. She could have forgiven him anything but having discussed his feeling for her with another person, and before Sharlee. The burning humility of that was something she couldn't overlook. And he wouldn't face her; couldn't face her. He wasn't man enough.

"I should be glad I've found him out in time. He said 'it's better to be honest.' Well, I can be honest too. He fell in love with the heir to Luke Farnsworth fortune and when he found I wasn't the heir... oh Rob—"

She had been standing at the window, looking down on the city, misted with twilight, sparkling with night lights. Now she swung around into the room. "I've got to get out of here. I can't stand it any longer."

There was a light knock at the door. She opened it and found Buttons, a truly comical look of concern on his face.

"Mrs. Farnsworth says you are to come down and have dinner with the others; that there are to be no more meals sent up here. But Miss Anne, if you want them they'll be served here."

"I don't, Buttons, I couldn't eat another meal here. I'm going out. When Yvonne finishes her dinner have her come up, will you?"

AS SOON as Buttons closed the door, Anne went to her desk. She'd need her bank book, Yvonne could burn her personal letters and save the few receipts she had filed there; Harney would have the most important ones. There were notes to pen to her six best friends, girls who were to have been her bridesmaids. She owed it to them to tell them what had happened.

Brief notes they were, and Anne wrote them with her lips set in a firm, straight line—"And I am only the foster daughter of Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth, and as such, do not share in the will. Under the circumstances I have decided to break my engagement with Robert Crocker. Forgive the brevity of this, I will write you later when I know more of my future."

Yvonne came in and Anne turned to her. "Pack my overnight bag, and one of the larger ones. A couple of street dresses and hats and lingerie. Then my trunk, and Yvonne, there are several evening frocks you've admired; keep those for yourself. Better get them out of the house to night."

Anne dressed in a warm street suit, then sat down to write her last note, this time to Judge Kellogg. In her moment of longing to escape she had decided upon her course.

Dear Judge: I'm slipping away from here tonight, but please do not worry about me. I feel my old nurse, Tecla Sorli, of Astoria, knows something about me. I am going to her, and I am depending upon her to keep my whereabouts a secret. You are the only person left whom I can trust.

Please send my trunk and keep them with the boxes you have had Harney to pack. The list of trunks and the keys are enclosed. I will send for them as soon as I know where I will settle.

Enclosed, also, is the ring Robert Crocker gave me. Please return it to him for me. I have not seen him to talk to since I told him what you told me. However, I overheard him tell the lady that he was going to Chicago and we would discuss whether or not marriage was advisable upon his return. It seems it was Luke Farnsworth's heir he loved.

I do not worry about me, Judge. I will propose to do nothing definite without first consulting you. I also promise to do nothing that Luke and Lucinda would be ashamed to have me do.

Sincerely, Anne.

"Yvonne," she turned from her desk, "please take this box, which contains a letter to Judge Kellogg, to his home as soon as I leave the house. I want these other letters mailed special delivery."

"In this envelope is a check which will cover your fare to Hollywood and give you enough to live on until your cousin finds work for you. Send me your address through Judge Kellogg."

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Anne finds her "Aunt Charlotte" more contemptible than she had believed, Monday.

## FORGET-ME-NOT SALE FOR AID OF DISABLED VETS OPENS ON NOV. 8

Beginning the morning of November 8, the Disabled American Veterans of the World War will have the

famous, symbolic Forget-me-not on sale on the streets. Sale of the flowers is conducted each year by this organization, the proceeds going to the disabled men in the hospitals, for legislative measures for the benefit of the disabled and for rehabilitation work.

All sales work is done by volunteer workers principally from the auxiliaries of the D.A.V., Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion. There are thousands of men in the hospitals throughout the land that are not drawing federal compensation, and they need cigarettes, tobacco, and personal things, for which they have no money to pay. That is one of the uses this is put to.

For those that wear buy NOLDE & HORST Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



The part of the United States that is now Florida has been under the flags of Spain, France, England, West Florida Republic, East Florida Republic, Venezuela, Argentine, Mexico, United States and Confederate States. It fell into the hands of the Spanish by right of discovery. Later, France laid claim to it by right of colonization.

In 1763 England took Florida in a trade with Spain. In 1810 and 1811 Florida established for herself independent government in the form of the Republic of West Florida and the Republic of East Florida. The former joined with Louisiana as French territory. The Republic of East Florida, after three years of independence, ceased its rights and holdings to the United States.

The sixth and seventh flags to fly over Florida were those of Venezuela and Argentina. In 1817 a soldier of fortune, named McGregor, took over Amelia Island, fortified and claimed it for himself under the pretext of having the support of Venezuela and Argentina. These nations disclaimed him, but McGregor shifted his allegiance to Mexico and flew the flag of the nation over his "kingdom." United States troops drove him out in 1817.

Florida passed into the hands of the United States by purchase in 1821. In 1861 it seceded from the United States, claimed status as an independent nation, then joined the Confederate States.

In Mexico City, following an old Spanish custom, some streets have a different name every block. In downtown sections, almost every street's name changes every three or four blocks. One street, running eight blocks has eight different names, and another has 14 names in 19 blocks. Efforts of the government to revise street names on an orderly basis have met with popular disapproval.

Tomorrow: The Queen Mother of the King of Sports.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Lib. Is Kept "On Ice"!

THERE WAS A HAPPY REUNION WHEN TOMMY, INEZ AND DON CASTAMETO, WITH THEIR CAPTIVE EL LIBERATOR, ARRIVED AT THE OLD ADOBE TO SEE BETTY, SKETER, CONCHITA AND HEMMING, WHO ALSO HAVE A PRISONER, JOSE JOLLA— BUT REBELS HAVE SURROUNDED THE PLACE—

2336

LET ME FREE, SENOR— AN I TAK' M! OATH— WE PART AS FRIENDS— BELIEVE ME— I AM MAGNANIMOUS— I AVE THOSE TENDER HEART—

THAT TENDER HEART OF YOUR'N WILL STOP BEATIN' IF YOU DON'T QUIT HOLLERIN'!

MY SAINTED AUNT! I BELIEVE THE BEGGARS ARE GOING TO CHARGE US!

SEÑOR... SKEE-TAIRE, DO NOT RELEASE HIM— IT WOULD BE DEATH TO ALL OF US—

DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD, CONCHITA— HE'S GONNA STAY IN COLD STORAGE!

DOG OF A PEEG!—MI SOLDADOS SHAL SOON LIBERATE ME— AN THEN— A-H-H-H! YO SHAL CURSE THE DAY OF YOUR NATIVITY!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—More from Crip

BEN LISTENED INTENTLY AS THE LITTLE CRIPLED BOY CONTINUED HIS STRANGE STORY, PAUSING EVERY NOW AND THEN TO RECAPTURE SOME VAGRANT THOUGHT OF THE PAST—

THEY WAG SWELL TO ME IN THE HOSPITAL— YOU KNOW, BEN, I WAS IN THERE FOR FIVE YEARS. THEY MUSTA THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET WELL—

BUT I FOOLED 'EM! COURSE I NEEDED A CRUTCH, JUST LIKE I DO NOW, BUT EVERYTHING WAS GOIN' HUNKY-DORY 'TIL THEY MOVED ME INTO THE HOME—

WHAT HOME, CRIP?

THE CHARITY HOME!

BOY, WHEN I LEARNED I'D USED UP THE DOUGH THAT HAD TOOK ME THROUGH THE HOSPITAL, AND THEY'D PUT ME IN A CHARITY HOME, I LIT OUT O' THERE LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS! AN HERE I AM!

## THE NEEBS—What's Your Guess?

WHERE TO AMBY, IN ALL THE GORGEOUS RAIMENT? IT CAN'T BE YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED AGAIN?

NO, IM JUST STOPPING TO SEE RUDY TO SEE HOW HIS GETTING ALONG

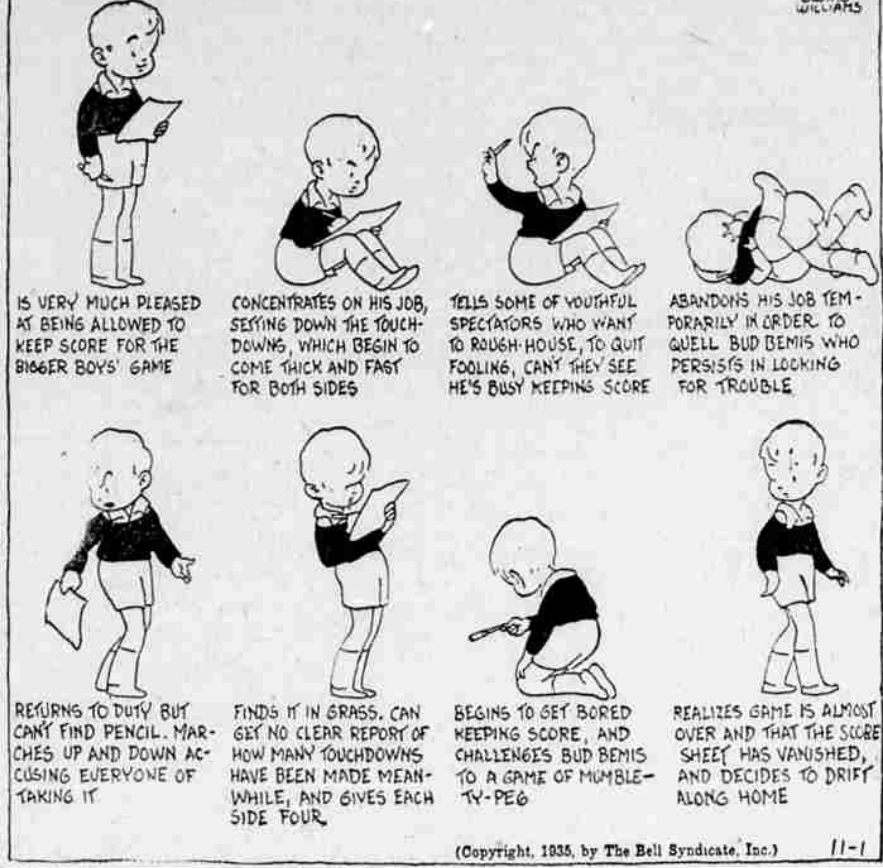
WHY ALL THE ADORNMENT TO SEE RUDY? HE WONT EXPECT IT— MAYBE THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE YOU'RE DRESSING UP FOR— IM GOING TO GIVE MYSELF TEN GUESSES AND I ONLY NEED ONE

IT'S OPEN SEASON FOR THAT OLD POOL RIGHT NOW— IF THAT NURSE EVER THREW HER HOOK TO HIM SHE'D BRING HIM IN BANK AND ALL!

WINDOW GLASS— We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

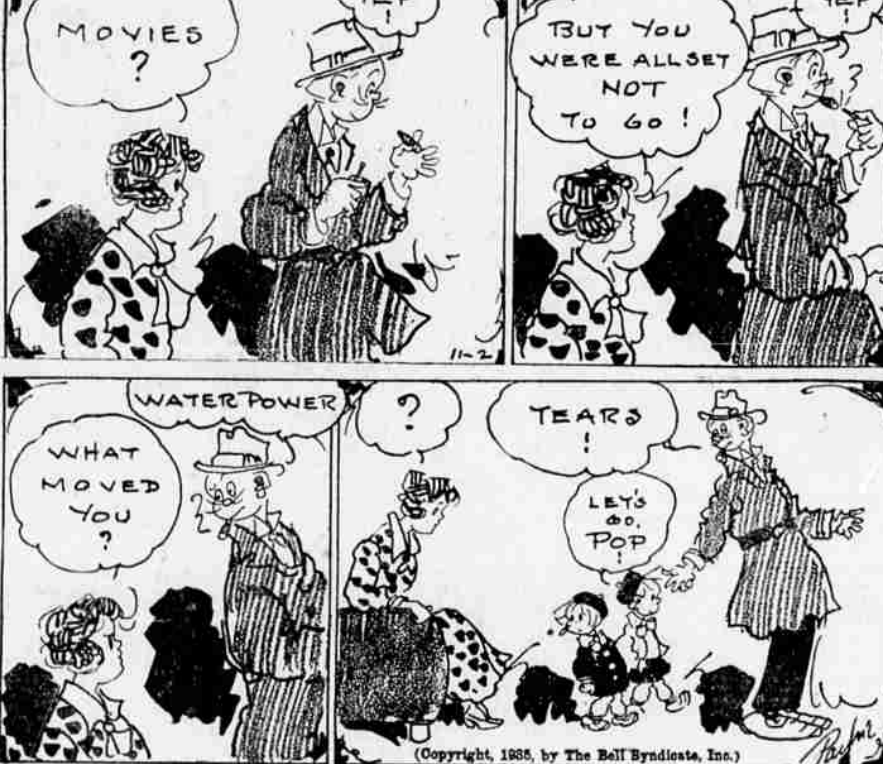
## SCOREKEEPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



## PEARL PARABLE USED BY NAZARENE PASTOR IN SUNDAY'S SERMON

Speaking Sunday night on "Finding the Treasure Secret," Fred M. Nazarene, pastor evangelist of the Nazarene church, took his text from Matt. 13:44-46 inclusive.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking good pearls, who when he had found the one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like a hid treasure. The figure is that while digging he found a treasure which was more than his anticipation. The secret is, dig and the Kingdom of Heaven yields its treasure of eternal life. Every personality who will permit the scriptures to dig up the hid places in his life and confess and forsake them, will find more in the revelation of God's truth than he anticipated.

"To the soul of God's kingdom revealed, there is a treasure in every ray of light. A gem on every sparkling page of the Bible, and a satisfaction which no mind can bestow. Of the Bible every book is a field its treasure to yield if we dig.

"Life is a search for goodly pearls. Every man is at home here in the world of pursuits the object is to find the pearl of adoption. It may chance to be merchandising, banking, mining, mechanics, aeronautics, writing, speaking, literature, or art.

"Examine yourself and tell me if you are not seeking for goodly pearls. You want it in money; another wants it in exploration; a third seeks it in books, another in music, etc., but each seeks his pearl.

"To find the one pearl suited and need to all, we must join the merchant man and seek the prize to which we would sacrifice all to possess."

Two accepted Christ on the profession of faith.