

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has left the great house in Portland which she has lived in since she was a child. She has come to Astoria. For Anne has learned that she cannot inherit the large estate. Her relatives and her fiancé have deserted her. She does not even know her own name. Now John Neuman, a Finn who has done her a great service, has overthrown her car to save her the cup of her gas tank, which she had lost.

Chapter 15
TECLA SORKI

His face cleared of the oil which had disguised him at the service station. John Neuman stood beside Anne's car studying her strained, pale countenance, plainly revealed in the reflection of lights from the dial board.



Anne found she couldn't wait.

evident in the tone of her voice. She felt she should feel resentment towards this man who had caused trouble between Luke and Rob. But Luke had admired John, and Lucinda had liked him. Perhaps Rob had been wrong.

"That's mighty nice of you," he returned, then told the boy in the other car to go on, after retrieving his bag.

Turning to Anne, he laughed boyishly. "Say, would you think it nifty of me if I asked to drive? I've never owned a boat like this... my she's a beauty. Would you trust me at the wheel?"

Anne took still-trembling hands from the wheel and moved to the opposite corner of the seat. She found she was chilled through and reached for a robe to tuck about her.

John Neuman crawled under the wheel, examined the controls, then put the gears into place softly and easily and they slid away.

"What a car!" he exclaimed in admiration. "Look at her climb. Some time I'm going to have a trawler like this. I'll call her the Astoria, sea nymph, that means, and she'll take the waves like this."

He talked on as they whirled up the grade. The road seemed to drop behind like an unbound ribbon. The curves became shorter, sharper. He slowed the car's speed, taking each one easily, surely.

Anne tensed. These were the curves; which were the long ones, which the short? Which would be the third, the one where the "brush is all flattened, and the little fr broken off?" She didn't want to know. She had to know! Had Lucinda looked out on the darkness that moment of her life, like she, Anne, was looking?

"That curve!" The words spurted from her lips. "Which one is it, the one that Dad—"

"Oh, we passed that long ago," John Neuman answered easily, swinging the car sharply as the yellow eyes of a bolted car speeding east rounded a cut in the cliff. "As I was saying, there we were, storm riding in from the sea and not a chance to make the channel. We thought of cutting our purse loose, but it takes high courage to back

through three thousand dollars worth of net." High courage, Anne found her interest diverted. She realized they had topped the ridge and were rolling smoothly down the western side. She watched John Neuman's hands on the wheel, big hands, sun-browned, square tipped, capable hands.

Occasionally she glanced up and saw his profile in the reflection of lights from the dial board. Strength in every line. She liked the way his eyebrows swept up and out like the arched wings of a sea-gull, and the way his hair reached back from a near center part in the same fashion, as though the brows had set the pattern.

Anne relaxed, eased back in the seat, ripped the small hat from her head and loosened the braids so they fell across her shoulders school-girl fashion.

SHE had learned lots about John Neuman in the last hour. She had glimpsed the effort it had cost him to go through school, though apparently he didn't consider it an effort. Summers on the water, winters in school, sometimes a lapse of a year between terms, as he went north with the Alaskan packing fleet.

"This summer I'm out to earn

money for my own boat," he said, as they sighted the blue street lights of Astoria on a nearby hill, "and after that... well, who knows. I'm ambitious in a way." He stopped, suddenly contrite.

"Here I've talked a blue streak about myself and haven't even allowed you the courtesy of one word. I suppose you're going to the hotel?"

Anne couldn't tell him she understood why he had "talked a blue streak," and so she said, "I've been interested in every word, it's made me forget... other things. About the hotel I'm... I'm not going there. I want to go to Tecla Sorki's. Do you know where she lives?"

There was no curiosity in his glance or his answer. "Of course."

"I don't want anyone to know I'm there. Do you suppose she'll have room for me to spend the night?"

"There's always room for a guest in a Union Town home," he answered, and added, "would you like me to put your car in Dik Jo-kunen's garage?"

"If you would," she answered gratefully. She blessed him for asking no questions. They sped on through a sudden shower into Astoria, through Astoria and over the hill to the main street of Union Town.

It might have been that other night, Anne mused as she saw Neuman scurrying into doorways out of the rain.

Neuman drove the car up the steep street and turned into the shell-like street Anne remembered, drawing up before the wooden stairway.

"You'll want my coat," Neuman remarked, and unrolled a white slicker, which had been strapped to his one bag. "Better wait here until I waken Tecla."

But Anne found she couldn't wait. She heard Neuman pounding on the door, heard a window open and a voice say something in Finnish, then heard the window close.

Slipping out of the car quietly she hurried up the steps, saw lights appear in the front windows and then a single light flare above the narrow stoop.

(Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

Anne finds, tomorrow, what she needs most—friends and allies.

huge prison area for work or recreation. He checks his pass record four times a day by roll calls at many points on the grounds.

The captain's desk resembles the working place of a train dispatcher. His work must be just as accurate. If he finds an error in his records, all activities at the penitentiary halt until the missing man is accounted for. Before coming to Northeastern Penitentiary when it opened in 1932, Lloyd was responsible for the whereabouts of the inmates of Lowerworth Penitentiary for three years.

Moart, when a child genius one was locked up by Adelaide, sister of the unlucky Louis XVI of France until he proved his ability by writing a concerto for violin. She thought Leopold Mozart, the boy's father, was playing a trick.

BUCKINGHAM'S Frosty Molded Whip, a grand new desert special qt. 20c. THE CHEST, 200 S. Central.

DETAILED CHECK KEPT BY OFFICER ON 1300 FELONS

LEWISBURG, Pa. — (UP)—Something like the "old woman who lived in a shoe." Capt. E. J. Lloyd has so many charges he always has plenty to do.

His responsibility is that of knowing at all hours of the day where on the 1,500-acre reservation of the federal Northeastern Penitentiary each of the 1,300 convicts may be found. Lloyd issues passes, allowing inmates to go to various parts of the

CANADA IS URGED TO DEVELOP HUGE GOLD RESOURCES

MONTREAL (UP)—Canada, with its almost limitless undeveloped gold

and other mineral deposits, is in a strategic position to lead the world out of the depression, Robert Hunter, Santa Barbara, Cal., economist and sociologist, believes. Interviewed during a visit here, Hunter declared the Dominion could attain a standard of prosperity as yet undreamed of—provided that no unforeseen government obstacles are imposed. The problem, he said, was to get these resources, especially gold, out of the ground, and the Canadian government should offer every inducement to foreign capital to come into the country.

"If you can get \$100,000,000 a year of outside money to be spent in this country for exploration purposes, and another \$100,000,000 to be used in development of the deposits discovered, you would solve the unemployment problem in this country in no time," he asserted. "And you would have 10 to 15 years in which to repay the investment, which would have cost you nothing in the meantime." German state railway officials are proud of their record in transporting 1,700,000 persons to Nurnberg for the annual Nazi convention, using 1,042 special trains.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



HYDROGEN IS "POURED" INTO A CONTAINER BY HOLDING IT UPSIDE DOWN



SARAH JOSEPHA HALE—AMERICA'S MOST VERSATILE WOMAN... SHE WAS SPONSOR OF...



BEE SWAX HAS NEVER BEEN SUCCESSFULLY DUPLICATED BY MAN...



ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES—IN THE GULF STREAM HAVE 6-FOOT TIDES ON ONE SIDE—AND 6-INCH TIDES ON THE OTHER...

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES DOMESTIC SCIENCE MOUNT VERNON NATIONAL MONUMENT THANKSGIVING DAY WOMEN'S PROPERTY RIGHTS CHILD LABOR LAWS PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS CIVIC HEALTH LAWS VASSAR COLLEGE INCREASED PAY FOR WOMEN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION SEAMAN'S AID SOCIETY WOMEN TEACHERS PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN DAY NURSERIES BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

"SHE WAS THE AUTHOR OF A SCORE OF BOOKS AND 100 POEMS—YET SHE DID NOT START HER CAREER UNTIL NEARLY 40 YEARS OLD!"

11-7-35 McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc.

Sarah Josepha Hale is America's own "first lady of achievement." Crowded into her busy career, which was not started well until she was past 40 and a widow, were activities which were to be the foundations of many of our institutions and customs of today. She campaigned for intellectual advancement of women and fought to give them property rights, physical training, better pay, instruction in domestic science, and positions as teachers in schools. Vassar college owes its foundation in part to Mrs. Hale. It was she who almost singlehanded

fought the long battle for recognition of Thanksgiving day as an American holiday, and she raised the money for Bunker Hill monument. The movement to make Mt. Vernon a national shrine had lapsed to obscurity when Mrs. Hale rescued it. In civic activities she was a successful advocate of elementary education, day nurseries, public playgrounds, civic health, and law against child labor. She sponsored the first medical missionaries, organized the Seaman's Aid society—all these things she did, and still had time to write a score of books and 100 poems, among them one of the best known in the country

"Mary Had a Little Lamb." Hydrogen is lighter than air, and when it is "poured" into a container the container is inverted. As the hydrogen enters it rises to the top, displacing the air. A more practical method is by displacement of water. In this way the container is first filled with water, then inverted while the opening is held under water. Hydrogen is bubbled up through the water into the inverted container, and as it rises it displaces the water.

Tomorrow: The Phantom Inspiration.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Rebels on the Run!

WHILE EL LIBERATOR IS BEING HELD PRISONER, WITH JOSE JOLLA, BY TOMMY AND HIS FRIENDS IN AN OLD ADOBE, WHICH IS NOW BESIEGED BY THE 'GREAT PATRIOT'S' ARMY. LET US SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE MAIN REBEL ARMY—



THROUGH THE HELP OF EL CONDOR, THE RIGHT WING OF THE FEDERAL ARMY REFORMERS! AND THE REBEL AIR FORCE DISHEARTENED BY THE LOSS OF ITS LEADER, BECOMES DEMORALIZED—

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Telling Crip



GEE, PRIAR, IS THIS SOME HONEY OF A PLACE!



ALL RIGHT, CRIP, LET'S GET ON THE JOB—IT'S GOING TO BE UP TO YOU TO LOOK AFTER LONESTAR FROM NOW ON—

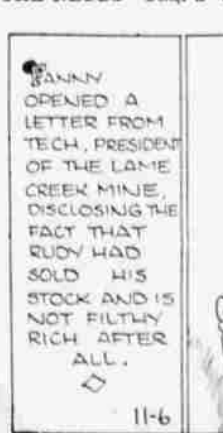


I'M GIVING YOU THE STRAIGHT DOPE, CRIP—I'M GOING TO ENTER LONESTAR IN A RACE TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY, AND WE'VE JUST GOT TO WIN THE RACE—



AN' YOU WANT THE BIG FELLOW IN SHAPE, EH? ALL RIGHT—THAT'S MY MATE, I'LL HAVE HIM READY FOR YOU!

THE NEBBS—That a Girl!



FANNY OPENED A LETTER FROM MR. TECH, THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINING COMPANY, SAYING HE WAS SORRY YOU SOLD OUT



NOW, DON'T WORRY ANYMORE—GET WELL—WE HAD A LOT OF FUN BEING POOR—GETTING RICH MAY MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN BOTH OF US

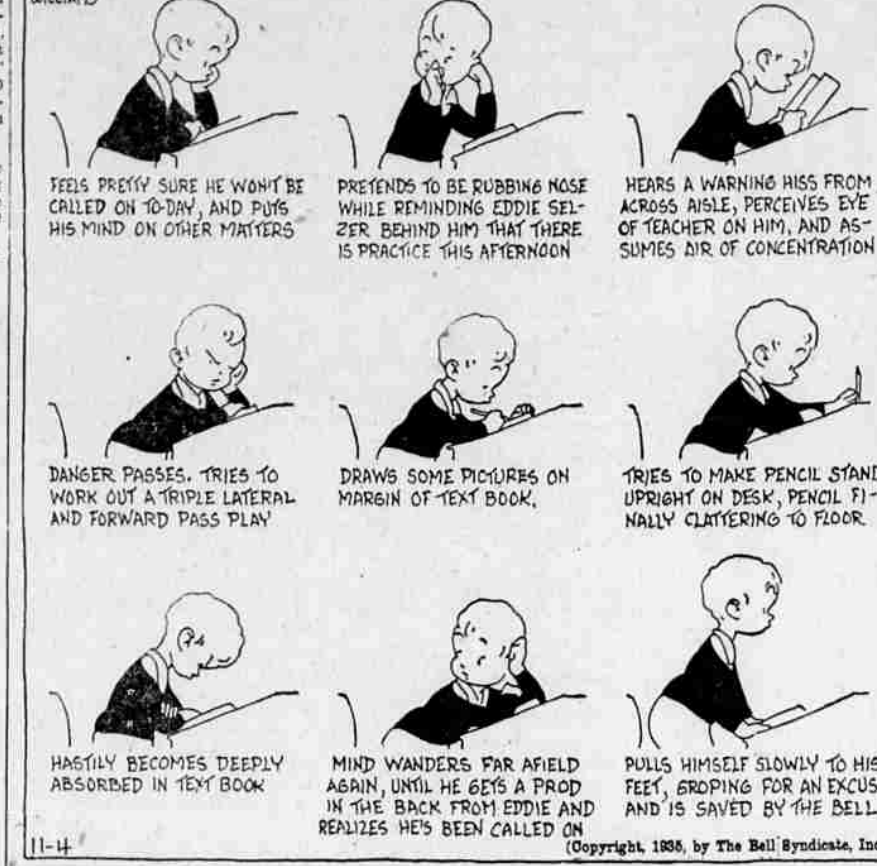


THERE'S A WIFE! I GUESS I WAS DUMB WHEN I PICKED HER!! I THOUGHT I SOLD MY GOLD MINE BUT I STILL HAVE IT!

11-6

IN CLASS

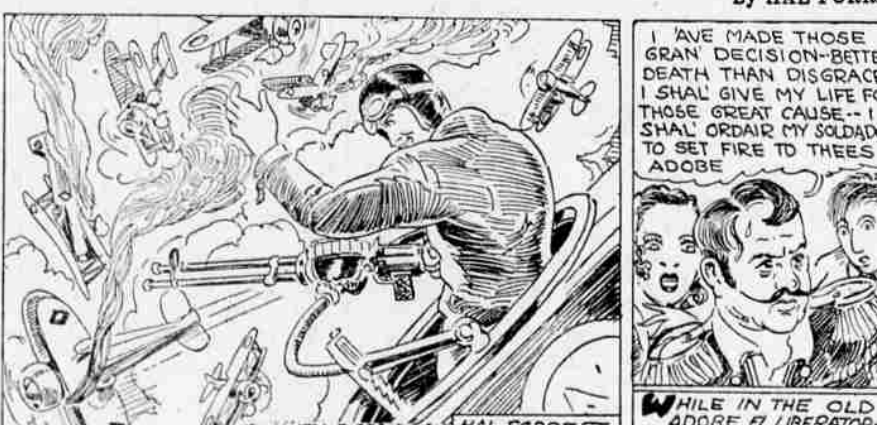
GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP—



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

