

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** Anne Farnsworth has found that she is not the heir of Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth, because she is not their real daughter. She learns also that her "relatives" plan to humiliate her, and leaves the home she had considered hers in Portland to try to find out who she really is. She has met John Neuman, an unusual young Finnish fisherman, and he has taken her to Tecla Sorbi, her old nurse, who lives near Astoria.

Chapter 17  
MORE FACTS

Blinded by the light, Anne stumbled across the raised threshold. Tecla followed, calling at her own stupidity. "I was asleep, I waken, quick, I do not see well for t' moment and I think you are t' ghost. That white coat, your hair hanging in braids."

"The ghost of whom?" Anne asked quickly.

"Oh," Tecla shrugged her shoulders, "that I do not think for sure. Perhaps my sister."

"Your sister is dead?" Anne demanded, "when did she die; where?"

"Before I come to this country. She die in Ulesborg maybe thirty year ago, no, thirty-three. She was young, like you. Younger, sixteen, she had just taken confirmation."

They were in the room now and the momentary interest Anne had had in Tecla's sister had waned. She supposed she did look ghostly coming in out of the dark in that white slicker. Tecla had pulled a wooden rocker close to the cook stove, in a room which seemed to be used for living as well as kitchen purposes.

Anne sank into the rocker, then looked up. The room seemed filled with sober, round-eyed children who stood silently watching her.

Tecla rapped out an order in Finnish and they vanished as silently as they had appeared. When the last had disappeared through a narrow door, and the sound of bare feet pattering on a wooden staircase had ceased, Tecla turned to John.

"I'll bring your keys back, after while," he said, and he too disappeared, leaving them alone.

Tecla crossed the room, stirred up the fire, then came to stand before Anne, and look down at her. Anne felt she was a child again and that somehow Tecla had come into her nursery during the night, to frighten away a bad dream with her presence.

"You wish to tell Tecla, or not? Maybe to bed now go, yes?"

"No," Anne stood up, "I—"

"You have had trouble," Tecla cried, impulsively her arms went out and Anne went into them.

When the sobs had quieted under the steady stroking of the woman's hand, she spoke. "There is trouble. There is more than grief, Nikki?"

"Yes," Anne straightened up, and smiled at her old nurse through her tears. "I'm ashamed Tecla, but," she shrugged her shoulders, "it's good to be here."

Tecla nodded. She looked about the big kitchen, the living room of her home, and smiled. It was spotlessly clean. Against the starched whiteness of her window curtains, was the delicate tracery of hanging ferns and potted plants in painted tins. Dishes gleamed from shelves, accented here and there by old world pottery in rich blues and buff.

"Yes," she concluded with pride, "home is always good. You are at home here."

tell what I say, but," she shrugged her shoulders. "I only tell him the men grow angry at the cannery buying first from the fish traps. I bring him the petition written by the fishermen. He ask me who own these traps. I tell him what I think. He asks me to prove, but that I cannot do."

Anne was satisfied she was telling the whole truth. Luke's attitude later, proved this. However it did not explain the reason for a change in his will. And now she thought of the other reason for her journey there, the principal reason.

"Tecla," she began, cautiously, "why do you call me Nikki?"

"Annikki, is the Finnish for Anne. Sometime I call you Annikki, sometime just Nikki."

"Nikki, just Nikki." She brooded over the name. "Tecla, that's who I am, Nikki... a nobody!"

"No!" Tecla's voice was sharp, "never you are to say that again, never, hear me?"

Anne looked up in surprise. "Then you know I'm not Luke Farnsworth's daughter," she challenged.

Over Tecla Sorbi's face there spread the queer immobility of expression which Anne was to learn was the protection of the Finn against his enemy.

"Tecla," she insisted, "you have to tell me. Did you know?"

"Yes," the answer came defiantly. "Then you have talked to mother about this? Tecla, help me please. Tom Farley is intimating that my own mother was sort of a waif who drifted into the hospital, literally out of the night."

AND now Anne saw the anger of the Finn, a slow, inarticulate burning anger. She swung away from Anne to attack the fire, to slam stove lids and strike at interfering pieces of wood.

"Tecla—" The woman turned. "Tom Farley is a fool. He is also a liar. He does not take from you just your home and your money, he take your name."

"Then I have a name? Tecla, do you know it? Did Lucinda ever say anything to you about my parents?"

"Yes." Again the peculiar defiance. "This much I tell, Mrs. Farnsworth, she say to me 'Tecla, now I am happy. My baby she come from a father who is strong and brave, from a mother who is the fine lady.' That she say to me."

"I hadn't thought of my father," Anne declared, softly, and repeated, "a father who is strong and brave. Tecla, I'm going to find him, will you help me?"

Tecla stooped and patted Anne's hand. "No, Nikki, I tell you something else Mrs. Farnsworth say: 'now they are both dead so Luke and I will be like her own.' That much I tell."

"Had he died before my mother came to the hospital, do you know?"

"I don't know," Tecla confessed and her brow furrowed. "Only I know Mrs. Farnsworth say he die that same night. No more I know, she concluded with set stubbornness."

Anne was satisfied she knew more but she was also satisfied with what she had learned. She would stay near and gradually she would learn more. Now she relaxed into the chair, conscious of the warmth that penetrated to her chilled marrow, of the simmering tea kettle, the cozy crackling of the fire and the pattering rain on the window panes.

## YIELD OF PEACHES WILL HOLD STEADY

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—(AP)—A stable peach crop the next five years was predicted today by the agriculture department.

A forecast of future peach conditions said there might be a slight decline in the number of bearing trees but offsetting factors were better care

of commercial orchards and improved growing conditions.

The report said a moderate increase in supply would not cause market surpluses.

The report said the trend of California production from the peak of 3 1/2 years ago probably will continue slightly downward; but for the next few years the production of clingstone peaches in California in season of good growing conditions is likely to continue above the needs of the canning industry.

HILLSBORO, Ore., Nov. 8.—(AP)—A \$12,798 steel and concrete bridge is being built over Gales creek at the

proposed junction with the Wilson river highway. The project, under the Works Progress Administration, will employ 20 men.

5 Die In Crash  
MONTPELLIER, France, Nov. 8.—(AP)—A big tri-motored army bombing plane crashed today in a forced landing near Montarnaud, instantly killing its five occupants. The dead were an officer and four non-commissioned officers.

Nevada led all the states in the union in the ratio of automobiles to population with one car to each 2.92 persons.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CAUSTEN BROWNE, Seattle, Wash.,

"CAN HIT A 1-INCH TARGET AT 20 PAGES 9 TIMES OUT OF 10 WITH A SLINGSHOT!"

PURE WATER HAS NEITHER TASTE NOR ODOR— BUT IT DOES HAVE COLOR...

A CUCUMBER MEASURING 26 3/4" WAS GROWN BY A. W. SLIGHT, Havre, Mont., 1935

**TSCHAIKOVSKY—**  
DEDICATED SOME OF HIS GREATEST WORKS TO NADEJDA VON MACK— BUT NEVER MET...  
THEY CARRIED ON A ROMANTIC CORRESPONDENCE FOR 13 YEARS BUT NEVER SPOKE A WORD TO EACH OTHER!

The chances are you have never drunk any pure water. If you have, you were probably impressed by the flat tastelessness of it. Most water has a little mineral and salt content and, more important to the taste, a little air dissolved in it. Pure and devoid of air, water is tasteless and odorless. Yet, strange as it seems, pure water has color. In large quantities a bluish tint is discernible.

properties we generally think of it as having.

of his personal life and later wrote to him. Their friendship grew through letters between them, and eventually Tchaikovsky was persuaded to accept financial aid from her. She gave him 6,000 rubles annually until 1899 when she became financially embarrassed.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Interview for Publication!

EL LIBERATOR, HELD AS A PRISONER IN AN OLD ADOBE BY TOMMY, SKEETER BETTY AND OUR OTHER FRIENDS, WHO ARE BESIEGED BY REBELS, TRIED TO BLUFF HIS CAPTORS INTO RELEASING HIM, BUT TO NO AVAIL! HAROLD PLUSHKART, MEANWHILE, THE AMATEUR WAR CORRESPONDENT—



I THINK I SHALL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LULL IN THE FIRING TO INTERVIEW EL LIBERATOR—FOR THE PRESS!

MR. EL LIBERATOR, MAY I HAVE YOUR— REACTIONS AS A PRISONER OF WAR?

PERRO! ARAÑA! TOAD! REPTILE! VISCOSO! COCHINILLO! CULEBRA! ESCORPION! DEMONIO!!!

INDEED!— AND MAY I QUOTE YOU AS SAYING THIS?

PEEG! DOG! SOON MIS SOLDADOS SHAL CAPTURE YOU ALL—AHHH! THEN I SHAL TORTURE YO— WEETH MI KNIFE I SHAL CARVE YO SLOWLY—AHH— SO SLOWLY—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Opinion!

LONESTAR, I'M GOIN' TO MAKE YOU SHINIER THAN PATENT LEATHER.



NOT BAD, HORSIE! HOW ABOUT IT, BROTHER? THINK HE LOOKS PRETTY SLICK?



YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', BRIAR? YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST DOG IN THE WORLD, LONESTAR'S THE LUCKIEST HORSE AND I'M THE LUCKIEST KID! AN' YOU KNOW WHY?



OH, I KNOW YOU DO, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ANYHOW— WE'RE ALL THREE OF US WORKIN' FOR BEN WEBSTER AN' HE'S THE SWELLEST GUY IN PANTS!

## THE NEBBS—Open Secret

I MADE \$2500 IN THAT GOLD-MINING STOCK DEAL—I DIDN'T GET RICH BUT WITH YOU, SLIDER AND FLINT TELLING ME TO SELL, I STILL MADE MONEY.



NOW I WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND BUY A SWELL FURK COAT— LOOK PROSPEROUS— FOLKS DON'T HAVE TO KNOW I SOLD MY STOCK— YOU DIDN'T TELL ANYBODY DID YOU?



I ONLY TOLD MRS. SLIDER— SHE WAS IN THE MORNING I READ THE LETTER.



WELL, IT'S AN OPEN SECRET NOW, SHE'S THE BIGGEST WOMAN CIRCULATOR IN THE WORLD, ANYONE AROUND HERE WHO DOESN'T GET IT WILL HAVE TO HAVE SOME CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



JUST AS YOU'RE SAFE AROUND THE CORNER YOU HEAR A HALLOO FROM HOME WHICH MAY MEAN FORGOTTEN CHORES, OR THAT UNCLE GEORGE WILL TAKE YOU TO THAT MOVIE YOU WANTED TO SEE

## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

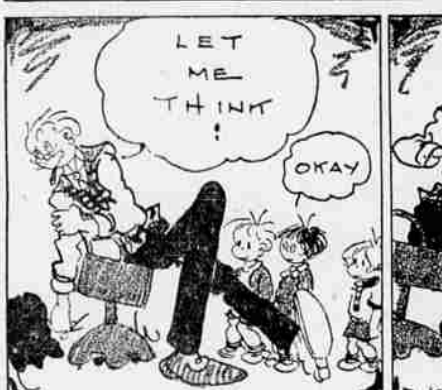


MISTER WIMPUS, KIN YA TELL CORRECT, WHAT MONTH HAS TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS?



H-M-M, IT ESCAPES ME FOR THE MOMENT!

YOU'LL NEVER STICK POP!



LET ME THINK!



ALL OF THEM!

AW, SHOOOSH! SOMEBODY MUSTA TOLD YOU!

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

**WRIGLEY'S ALWAYS COMES THROUGH WITH QUALITY**



**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**  
AFTER EVERY MEAL

R. F. Importer Dies  
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Charles Davis Willis, importer, died yesterday at the age of 68 and funeral services will be held tomorrow. He established the importing and exporting firm of Willis & Patterson in 1901 with the late I. L. Patterson, who later was governor of Oregon.

Swastika Replaces Cross  
BERLIN, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The Nazi swastika replaced the monarchy's iron cross as Germany's war emblem today. The new flags were raised for the first time when contingents of Adolf Hitler's conscript army took military oaths at all military garrisons.

11-7

11-5

11-5