

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Farnsworth has learned that actually she has no right to her name—that she is a nameless orphan brought up in the Farnsworth home but not even adopted. She learns after the death of her parents that she does not even have a share in their large fortune, and goes to Astoria to try to learn something about her past. She is in the home of Tecla Bork, her former nurse, who seems likely to help her. Tecla just has put Anne to bed in a little room which belongs to her daughter Milna.

Chapter 19 NEW NAME

"SLEEP well," Anne sat up, folded the pillow into a hump, thumped it and lay down again. A fresh rain storm was blowing up. It pattered on the roof like the feet of tiny mice. It reminded her of a camping trip she had taken with Luke and Lucinda, years before. They had stopped at a cabin in the hills and after they had retired, a pack rat and his family had scamped back and forth across the thin roof. The rain had a homey, comforting sound. Tecla was better when she smiled. She had dimples, high in her cheeks. John Neuman's eyes were so blue, sailor blue. He had nice hands, firm and strong, and such broad shoulders. Wasn't there a song about rain on the roof? No need to worry now, or think. She slept.

"Mom says it'd be better if you had one to start off with. She's telling the rest of the kids that that's who you are and only Aunt Lissa will know the truth. Aunt Lissa lives here with us you know. She's pa's sister.

"When he went back to the old country and forgot to come back, she moved in here and she's been helping keep things going. You'll like her. She's so cranky she's funny. She's book-keeper down at the cannery, you—" she caught her self, "at the Farnsworth Canneries," she finished, lamely.

Nikki Nelson. She rather liked it. It was so different from the other. Perhaps she would bob her hair. Let it bleach out the way it would naturally. Only Yvonne knew the trouble she took to keep it dark, because Lucinda Farnsworth's hair had been dark. Sunshine and wind turned it tawny gold.

"I'll cut it for you," Milna, offered. "Mom says you'd better not go down to town for a few days yet, and we could get Violet Jokuinen to give you a permanent if you could afford it."

LATER Anne sat before a mirror. A sheet draped around her shoulders. Above her stood Milna, lips pursed in a tight line as she lifted

LIFE, NO PAROLE, TO COOS SLAYER

COQUILLE, Ore., Nov. 11.—(AP)—Homer McJunkins, 33, of North Bend, was convicted of first degree murder by a circuit court jury here Saturday night. Jury recommended life imprisonment, with no parole.

McJunkins was convicted of slaying his wife, Verinda, who was shot to death as she was preparing dinner on July 23.

Circuit Judge Brand will pass sentence, mandatory life imprisonment, Tuesday.

North Bend police said McJunkins told them after the shooting he killed his wife "because she was no good." He later denied this statement. Three small children now are living with relatives.

Most earthquakes originate only 31 miles below the earth's surface.

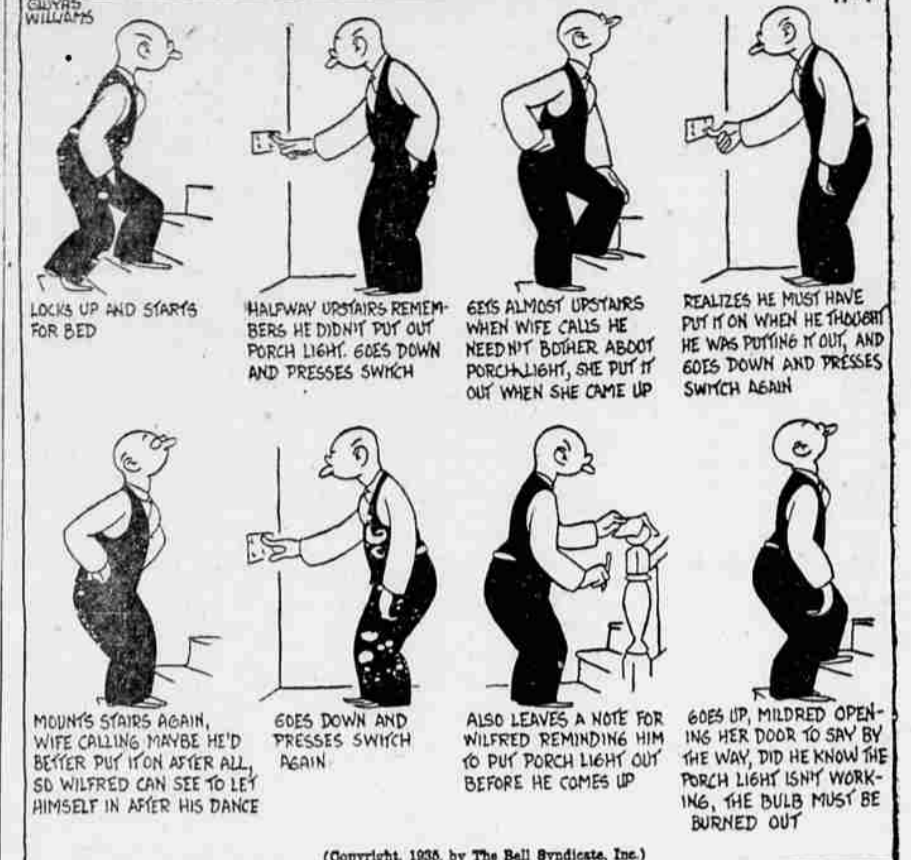
Chandler Named As Oregon Alumni Head

EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 9.—(AP)—EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 11.—(AP)—ed president of the University of Oregon Alumni association during home-coming activities here last week-end. He succeeds Merle R. Chesman of Astoria.

Arthur M. Geary, Portland, was named vice-president; Robert K. Allen, Eugene, secretary-treasurer, and Willis Dunway, Salem, director.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—THE PORCH LIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-7



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

EVERY ARMISTICE DAY AT 11 O'CLOCK A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT ILLUMINATES THESE WORDS CARVED ON THE ROCK OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE VICTORIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

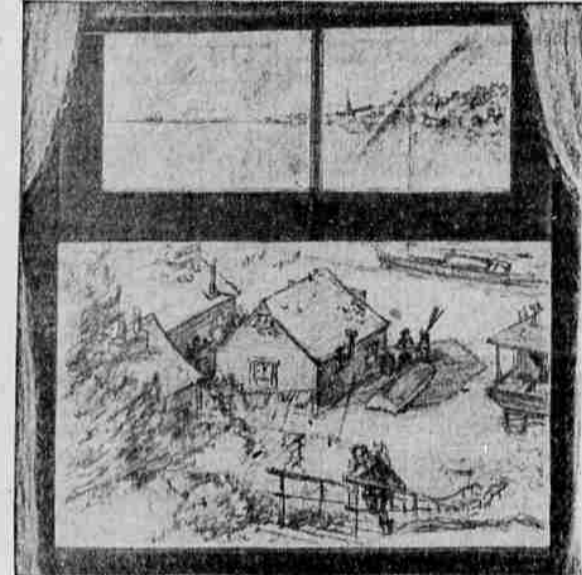
THE LIGHT ENTERS A SMALL HOLE IN THE ROOF, PLACED SO THAT IT WILL NOT VARY MORE THAN 2 MINUTES IN 5000 YEARS!

Today, as last year, and as it will for thousands of years to come, a small shaft of light from the sun swings across the center of the Rock of Remembrance in the Victorian National War Memorial at Melbourne, Australia, on Armistice Day. The light enters the memorial through a small hole in the roof of the building—a hole placed so accurately that promptly at 11:00 o'clock on November 11 each year the shaft of light reaches the center of a rock slab below. In the next 5000 years, if the building stands that long, the shaft will never vary more than two minutes from 11 o'clock as it reaches the center of the rock, to illuminate these words:

"Greater Love Hath No Man."

The beam of sunlight is oval, measuring 8 1/2 inches by 9 inches, but because it strikes the level rock at a slight angle, it will illuminate a circular area.

Intricate calculations went into the planning of the unusual shrine. It has been determined that the shaft of light that now strikes the center of the rock at 11 o'clock sharp, will lag little by little during the next 2300 years until, in the year 4235, it will be about two



The storm had blown over.

Once she awakened, heard footsteps, tiptoeing past the door, heard the far away rattle of stove lids and from the open window caught the fragrance of wood smoke, as the wind whirled it into the room. A child's laugh sounded, to be hushed abruptly. When she opened her eyes again, an oblong of sunlight lay across the plain pine floor, like a yellow rug.

She arose and went to the window and looked out. The storm had blown over. Below, the roofs of Union Town were steaming in the warmth of the early spring sun. Beyond, the bay and the far waters of the Pacific were glistening, tossing foam-capped waves.

The wind was chill, so Anne closed the window. She pawed through her box for a robe and had dozzled it when Milna rapped at the door.

"Coffee," she announced, coming in with a tin tray in her hand.

"Thank you, Milna," Anne smiled at her then, pouring cold water into a china bowl, gapped as she rinsed her face in it. She thought of Yvonne and the warm bathroom; thought of her again as she brushed her long hair, honey-brown in the sunlight.

"Gee, you'd be pretty if you cut that off and got you a permanent," offered Milna. "You'd never know yourself," and then she blushed, "I don't mean you're not pretty now, but you'd look like... oh, like Joan Crawford, maybe."

"NEVER know myself," repeated Anne, "that's an idea."

She crawled back into bed and accepted the tray, and as she sipped the hot black liquid, Milna talked.

"We've got a name for you," she began.

"A name for me?" questioned Anne, and then she remembered. "What is it?"

"Your name," Milna said, hugging her knees as she sat at the other end of the bed. "It's Nikki Nelson. Like it!"

"Nikki Nelson," repeated Anne.

a sharp pair of barber's scissors. Clip, clip. Anne felt that her past life was being cut from her. Clip, clip. She felt a frantic desire to stay Milna's hand. She was acting too hastily.

"You look better already," declared Milna, stepping back and surveying her. "I left it kind of long, but the curl will take it up. And if you'll let me fix your brows like mine—"

Later that day, after the obliging Violet had ministered to her, Anne turned again to the mirror and stared in surprise. An elfin face peered out from a mass of curls; the straight black, heavy brows had given away to thin half arches.

She was pretty now, as Sharlee had been pretty, but she had lost that distinctiveness which had set her apart from the average girl. And she was glad. A new face and a new name, at this time, meant more of a chance for peace.

The children came in from school, surveyed her, decided she was all right, and chatted with her half in English, half in Finnish, much to her bewilderment. But she learned much of the household into which she had forced her way.

There were signs of rigid economy, explained by Milna in her frank manner. "Pa just up and left; left ma with the house and all the kids and until we were old enough to help she had a pretty hard time. Aunt Lissa's salary helps. Both the big boys, George and Orvi, are boat pullers. They'd like to have a boat of their own, then Len could help when he's out of school. In that way, with me working in the cannery, Mom could stay at home. But," and she hunched her shoulders in a futile gesture, "we won't ever get enough to buy a boat and an outfit."

"Do they cost so much?" Anne remembered a little of what Luke had said that night in Lee's library.

"Oh they could start on five hundred. The cooperative cannery would let them start with that, then take the payments out of their haul."

(Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

Anne learns the worst, tomorrow, from the Portland papers.

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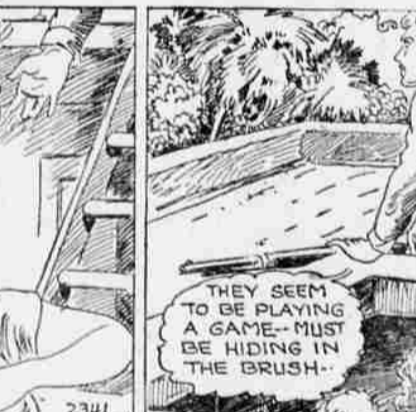
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minutes behind time. Then a gradual correction will begin, and in another 2000 years the light will be back on schedule.

Federal laws make it impossible to conduct a lottery in this country comparable to those of other countries—yet there is no federal law against it. Federal law does, however, prohibit the sending of lottery tickets or information concerning lotteries through the mails. By a strict application of this law, newspapers carrying news of a lottery can be barred from the mails.

Tomorrow: The Devil Disguise.

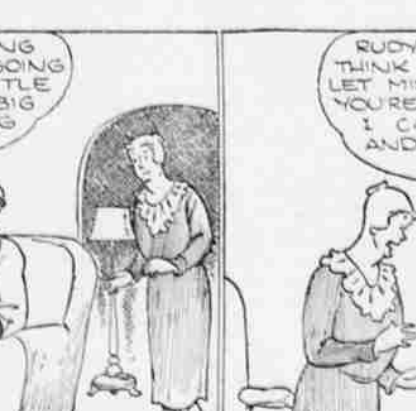
TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Familiar Sound



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Advice



THE NEBBS—Not Yet



Use Mail Tribunes want ads.



"Way of Transgressor" PORTLAND, Nov. 11.—(AP)—King M. Jackson, 38, had little cause for self-congratulation as he stepped from the courtroom here late Saturday after having been paroled from a five-year prison sentence. A state policeman immediately re-arrested him on another forgery charge, and took him to Eugene to face the accusation.

Lumber Orders Gain SEATTLE, Nov. 11.—(AP)—An increase in new orders of approximately 15,000,000 feet for the week ending Nov. 7, over the preceding week, spelled "good business" today for Douglas fir producers of Washington and Oregon.

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