

HIGH COURAGE

By Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Although Anne Faraway has lost name, fortune and the sun she lives through the circumstance that her wealthy parents neglected to take out adoption papers, she is not discouraged. She has taken refuge with Tecla Sorb and her family in Union Town, and expects to learn something about her past from Tecla, who was formerly her nurse. She wonders what she may do for the family with which she lives.

Chapter 21 LISA'S PLANS

A slow smile touched Anne's pale lips. At least she could make Milna happy, and ease life a little for Tecla. Milna had said the boys might buy a fillet for their own. She could loan them the money for it, and instead of Milna's taking Tecla's place in the cannery, she could go to business college as she'd dreamed of doing.

When Anne awakened the next morning the house was still. A fresh wind billowed the curtains, sunlight flooded the room. Donning robe and slippers, she opened the door and listened, no sound of voices, or footsteps. She called once, and receiving no answer went down the steep narrow stairway.

The big kitchen was empty. The round table was set for one, and before the plate, tipped against a cup, was a note:

Nikki: I'm off to work. The kids are taking their lunch. Open the door and get the mail. I'll be up for your lunch. Aunt Lisa says to take the magazines in her room. She's coming home early today. Don't bother about the work. Love, Milna.

Anne looked about the room. The dishes were washed but neatly stacked in the sink. Milna's couch was open; it looked tumbled, as if she hadn't slept well.

Anne went back to her room, found an old housekeeper of Milna's and set about her first housework. This was different from the kitchen of her old home where she had played at housekeeping under the amused eyes of the servants.

An hour later, unable to find anything else she could do, she slipped into an old sweater and went out on the rear porch, which backed up against the hill. A steep wooden stairway led to a ramshackle old house above. Anne looked at it a moment. It was deserted. There would be a good view from there.

There was. Finding a sheltered, sunny corner in the yard, she settled down and for a while was content to sit basking in the sun, looking down on Union Town, the wharves with their drying fish nets, the red canneries jutting out into the water.

From here she could see how the two boys joined the Columbia to pour their waters into the Pacific ocean, marked by the lip of foam at the bar, and a line of black rock ledges. Riding gently on the broad expanse were numerous small boats drifting with the tide, net buoys gleaming red.

Anne remembered the last trip on the Ahti and how she had told Luke that she felt as though she were only then coming home, and he had seemed startled. Well, perhaps it was to be home, for a while at least.

She looked down on the town. It seemed sheltered from the rest of the world. The hill behind her thrust two arms towards the water, holding it between them. The thought of ever having to leave it; to pass those protecting barriers, brought a rush of fear.

"Nikki! Oh Nikki!" A strident voice which could belong to no one but Lisa sounded from below. Anne stood up and looked over the rough board fence which bound the deserted garden to its hillside.

"I'm up here," she answered. "So will I be, in a minute," came the tart rejoinder, and a moment later Lisa hove in sight, arms burdened with waxed paper packages, coffee pot, tin cups dangling from a crooked little finger.

"Nice here," she observed, as she topped the steps. "Picnic, sit down." Anne sat. Lisa gathered a few rocks, a few twigs and took a cover from one bar, then after starting a little fire over which she balanced the coffee pot, she turned to the girl.

"You know of course that you can't stay on at Tecla's; there isn't room."

Anne just had been telling herself the same thing, but hearing it from another came as a shock. She looked at Lisa. She had bent over to tend to the fire and the queer conical shaped pile of hair she wore on top of her head slanted side-wise like a

hooligan hat. Anne wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. "But... but you see Aunt Lisa, I intend to pay board, it isn't—" "Of course you do," barked the woman, straightening up and sending the cone of hair to the opposite side with a quick slap. "Drat the thing," she snapped, and gugged it to temporary balance with a hairpin. "Of course you do, but there isn't room for you. Isn't room for me either."

"Where would I go?" The complete hopelessness of the girl's voice caused the woman to crane her neck in a near-sighted survey of the speaker. "Bless my soul and body, you didn't think I was driving you out did you? Oh, Nikki, and here I was thinking I was about to make such a hit with you you'd never want to leave me. Child, listen, how about taking a little place together, here in Union Town. Now don't speak," she held up a warning hand, "hear me through first."

She let Anne wait, however, until she had cut two willow saplings and stripped them of leaves. Then she stabbed a frankfurter on each, handed one to the waiting girl and motioned for her to hold it over the coals.

"I know I'm an old crank," she began. "Oh yes I am, but I'm not half as cranky as I could be if I had a chance. Nikki, I love every blessed child in that family, but you can't expect growing boys to be quiet and you can't expect them not to have company and you can't expect them not to tear the roof off the house. And after I've had a day in the cannery, with machinery roaring over my head, I'd like a little quiet. Have some salad."

Anne put some potato salad on the paper plate Lisa had handed her, accepted a brown topped bun, and a stuffed egg.

"Have you looked at this house?" she asked abruptly. "No," confessed Anne. "Isn't much, but it's livable and we could rent it for twenty a month. We'd have to do a lot of repainting inside, but it would be worth it in the long run."

"Don't owners do things like that?" Anne inquired meekly, looking up at a sagging shutter.

"Tecla's the owner," came the surprising answer, "but she's never had money enough to make it habitable and therefore she couldn't rent it. That brother of mine never left her anything that didn't need upkeep before it could be made profitable; seven children and two broken down houses, bah!"

Into the white cheeks of Anne came a flush of pink, and the dark eyes sparkled with the first interest she had shown. "Oh that would be fine. She'd be getting something out of the house, and we could be fixing it up for her all of the time."

"If we didn't let her know it," interposed Lisa. "My dear, there's nothing as independent as a Finn. We pay our way and we pay our debts, but we never accept favors we can't return. If you only knew the trouble I've had making her take board from me."

"Then how," wailed Anne, "will I be able to buy a fillet for the boys?"

"A what?" The cone of hair popped forward at Lisa's surprise. "What a gift from heaven that would be for the whole family, Nikki. But they'd never take it, unless—" "Unless what?" "Unless you could get John to talk them into it."

John. Did even Lisa, independent business woman that she was, depend upon him? And where was he? Had he been successful in her mission?

Lisa gave her no time for conjecture; a quick glimpse at the shadowed face and she was on her feet with a brisk "come on."

They rounded the western face of the house, went up the slanting, shelf-like yard to the front entrance, which opened onto a dirt road, the highest on the hillside. The door was locked, but a broken window was readily unlatched and they climbed through to the interior.

Anne looked about her in dismay. Five, small box-like rooms with plaster sagging, wall paper peeling from the walls, wainscoting scarred with rough usage.

"Nikki, see, we could knock the partition out between these two rooms. That would give us one, long living room with two, three, five win-dows."

(Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman. Anne has word, tomorrow, from Judge Kellogg.

OGDEN MILLS FEARS NATIONS INSOLVENCY IN PRESENT POLICY

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—(AP)—Ogden L. Mills, former secretary of the treasury, said today that the United States is faced with a fiscal problem that "threatens our national solvency and invites a major disaster."

"Until unemployment is solved there can be no sound recovery," he said in an address prepared for delivery before the Chicago Rotary club.

"Forty million employed cannot carry indefinitely the dead weight of ten million unemployed," he said. "Our national economy cannot bear the load. The federal credit must break under the continuously increasing strain."

Stream Pollution A Major Problem

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 13.—(AP)—The state planning board in its report to the national resources committee, said that stream pollution constitutes one of the major water problems facing Oregon and other northwest states. Spread of disease, destruction of recreational possibilities and ill effects on wild life were cited as resulting from pollution.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

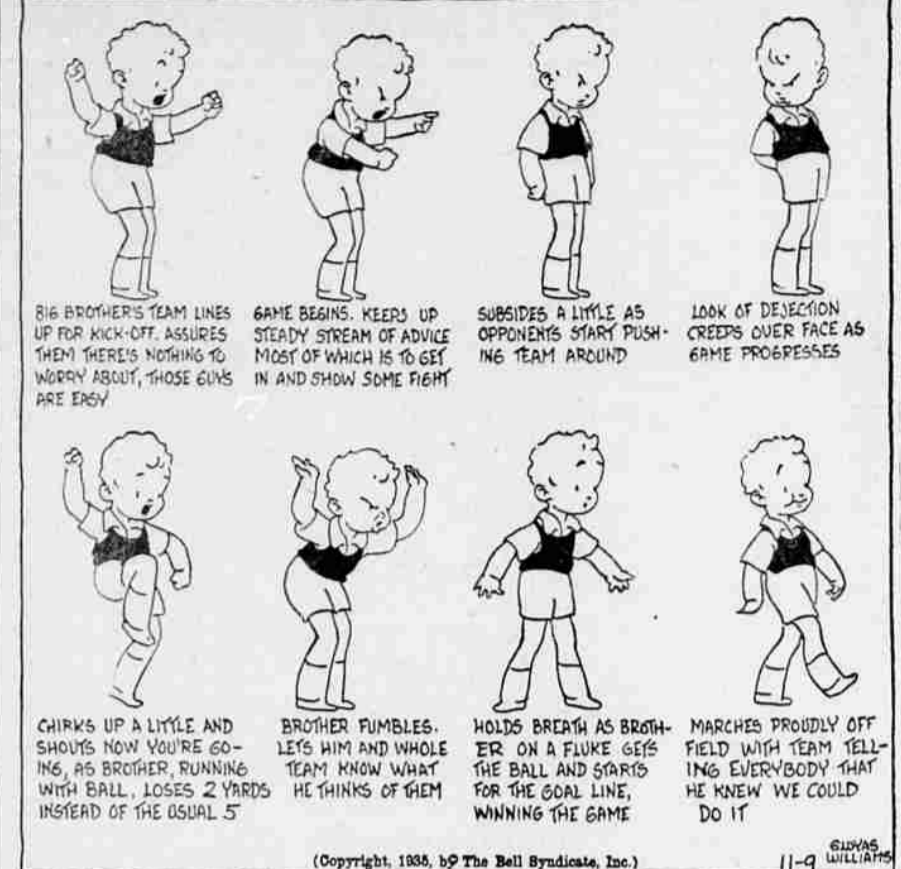
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Dry Tortugas Island, site of the old abandoned Fort Jefferson off the coast of Florida, is dotted with forgotten graves—most of them last resting places of yellow fever victims. They are marked, generally, with a simple wooden cross bearing the name of the dead and words "died of yellow fever." One grave, however, presents a mystery unsolved through the years. It is unmarked except by a wooden cross which bears no name, date, or cause of death. Strange as it seems, from time to time fresh flowers are placed upon this grave—and no one has ever seen them put there, and no one has ever seen anybody come to the island before, or leave afterwards. Many legends have sprung up around this mystery—but none, so far, has explained it. Postoffices in India sell more than stamps, money orders and other articles connected with the business of communications. There a supply of quinine is constantly kept in stock, available to all for the prevention and treatment of fever. Mad King of Portugal, mad king of Portugal in the late seventeenth century was an impossible king and an irresponsible trouble maker. A favorite pastime was shooting passerby from his palace window, Castel Melhor, minister to the king and virtual ruler, attempted to score the king into sanity. He told him that a comet in the sky was a bad omen—portending tragedy. Alphonse, instead of mending his ways, whipped out his pistol and took a pot shot at the comet. Tomorrow: Poetry From the Grave.

THE ROOTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Wounded!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The News Leaks!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—He Can't Say "No"

By SOL HESS



Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Text: "GET A LOT FOR YOUR MONEY...BUY WRIGLEY'S... WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM... AFTER EVERY MEAL".

Advertisement for Lincoln High School. Text: "INJURIES FATAL FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRIDDER... LINCOLN, Kas., Nov. 13.—(AP)—Kenneth Bollinger, 19-year old Luray High school football player, died of cerebral hemorrhage Monday night, five hours after he was injured in a game with the Lincoln high school team."