

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: If Anne Farnsworth had been legally adopted by her "parents," she would have inherited their large fortune. As it stood, however, Anne's father died before she was born, and the Farnsworths' sudden deaths, she is now with the family of her old nurse, Tecla, and in Union Town, planning to try to find out who she really is, and what curious plan apparently has cut her father's name out of any share in his wealth.

ing to take the word of the other two men and— he shrugged his shoulders and tossed his hands out, palms up.

"I wonder," mused Anne softly, "I wonder if Luke anticipated trouble with Rob Crocker, before his death?"

"I've wondered that too. Well, I must hurry, or that brother of mine will fire me. I hope I'll see you this evening, but tomorrow I'll be over to help with the house."

Chapter 24 BREAKERS AHEAD

ANNE awakened early the next morning, but even then found the two older boys just leaving, and with them John Neuman.

"Nikki," he said, "will you run up to the house with me a moment?"

Together they climbed the stairway, to stand at the top, wind whistling about them, tuning the first behind them to a whispering orchestra, billowing clouds until they floated along the horizon like balloons.

"I forgot to tell you I'd stored your things in our basement, and sent the truck on to Portland. I imagined we'd have more room than Tecla, and I knew the house wasn't ready for them, yet."

"That was nice of you," Anne assured him, and he had just said "Nikki, I don't like to bother you at night. I don't like to bother you so soon, but do you happen to know whether Luke Farnsworth reached a decision on the fish traps?"

Anne was able to answer this promptly. "As far as he was concerned, there was no decision to make. He didn't know until he reached Astoria, that there was a change in his method of running things."

"He talked to Uncle Lee, Tom Farley and Rob pretty straight. He said he'd always kept faith with the men who'd worked with him, and always would. Why, what has happened?"

"Crocker came down a few days ago. I believe he returned the morning before you came here."

Anne nodded, and a sharp pain cut through her at the memory of the day of his return, proving she was still able to suffer at mention of his name.

"He said he was now in charge of things and he intended running them in the modern way. That whoever brought his haul to the weigh-in first would make the sale, trap or fishermen."

"However, the men they're forced to wait until the trap barges are cleared, even though the fishermen are there first."

"It doesn't matter so much now, as the cannery can use everything brought in, but with a good run I'm afraid there'll be trouble."

"But John," Anne seemed as unconscious of calling him by his first name as he had been of calling her Nikki. "Knowing this so far in advance, can't they sell to other canneries?"

"That isn't so easy. We're more fishermen than necessary, about like every other line of business. Of course the number of boats is controlled by the government, but even at that, without proper distribution of boats serving designated canneries, some fishermen would have to suffer."

"Naturally none of the men working in harmony with other canneries is going to step out and give the old Farnsworth fishers their place."

Suddenly Anne remembered the letter from Judge Kellogg. He said there had been something in the will concerning the fish traps. Surely, with Luke's views on the subject, it would have been an order to give the fishermen preference.

"JOHN," she said, "tell them to rest easy. Don't you see, Rob thought he was going to control things for me and that was what gave him the authority he based on that trip. Since then he has learned Uncle Lee is in charge, and Uncle Lee is working under written orders left by his father, by Luke."

"I hope you're right, because—"

"You mean you're afraid of trouble between the fishermen and Tom and Rob and Uncle Lee?" She felt John was hitting the real cause of the disturbance.

"Yes, I am," he answered, "and I wish it would either happen before I leave for Alaska, or hold up until I return. The fishermen will be the ones to suffer because they have no legal right to interfere."

"Then you don't believe they will obey the instructions Luke left?"

John looked down at her. "Knowing them, Nikki, I'm afraid that unless there is a penalty attached to their defying these instructions, they'll ignore them. Lee will be will-

"That's nice of you," Anne answered, wishing he would tell her more of conditions among the fishermen. Then she looked at him and smiled. "Only, I'm afraid I'm learning to depend upon you too much, John."

John, who had started back the steps, paused and looked down. "Not too much to please me, Nikki," he reported, "I wish... but if wishes were fishes—"

"Rob and Tom would find a new kind of fishtrap to beat us out of them," she chuckled, and was glad to learn she could laugh at the men who had caused her so much heart ache. The laugh served a second purpose. It covered the confusion his words had brought her.

She stood awhile, looking down at the tall figure in sweater and high boots striding down the street; stood until the figure had crossed the high way, walked down the wharves and disappeared over the side.

ANNE spent the morning writing to Judge Kellogg. She sent him a signed blank check, asking him to withdraw the money from her home bank and deposit in another under the name of Nikki Nielsen, another in detail of her plans. She told him to please try to review the will, especially that part dealing with cannery operations.

Lilisa returned from town soon after lunch with samples of everything from wall paper to roof paint and Anne, surprised at her sudden interest, forgot the past for several blissful hours.

Together they went to the old house, opened the door with their own key and looked upon it with possessive eyes. This they would do, and this, "the big room would be papered in buff to brighten the many grey days. The windows would be curtained in dull plaid crash. The kitchen would be done in yellow and black. Anne chose pale rose and silver for her room and Lilisa, after changing her mind twenty times, decided upon a paper that carried the entire solar spectrum.

"With plain green net window curtains, though, I'll probably feel like a fish in aspic."

But cleaning came first, to make way for the house-raising next day. This was a new experience to Anne, and by sundown she discovered an amazing number of muscles she hadn't realized she possessed.

"The bath will steam out the aches," Lilisa prophesied as they made ready to go to the Finnish bath house, each with a basket containing fresh soft towels, soap, powder and leather clothing.

Arm in arm they started down the twilight smothered street. To Anne, who had stayed close by the house since her arrival, there was a feeling of adventure in going over to Union Town. There was little danger of meeting anyone she knew, or of anyone recognizing the curly haired girl in one of Mina's old coats, and yet the rush of cars along the highway which cut through the business section confused her.

She drew back into the shelter of Lilisa's shadow as a couple pulled up close to the curb, laughed at her thought that the car was Rob's, then set her lips to a straight-line to hold the cry that rushed to them.

The car was Rob's, and seated beside him, her face clearly revealed by the match Rob was holding for her cigarette, was Sharlee Farnsworth.

The match went out. Sharlee snuggled into the curve of Rob's arm and they drove away. And Anne, still silent, followed Tecla, Milne and Lilisa to the steam baths.

Anne had heard of Finnish baths. She knew there were steam rooms where one sat upon wooden benches, while hot water played upon hot rocks until the room was smothered in steam, and scented with the aroma of cedar boughs, softened by steam and water to brush like sleet. At Tecla's insistence she sat on the lowest tier, where the steam, to which she was unaccustomed, would not stifle her. But she was stiff, Sharlee in Rob Crocker's car. In Rob Crocker's arms? What did it mean?

Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman.

Anne experiences a Finnish house-raising tomorrow, for the first time.

LOWE AND JORDAN TO HANDLE SHOW

ASHLAND, Nov. 16.—(Sp.)—H. H. Lowe of Talent and A. P. Jordan have been secured as superintendents of the rabbit and poultry divisions respectively of the Ashland Poultry and Rabbit show, which will be held December 19 and 14. Lowe was for several years super-

intendent of the rabbit division at the Jackson county fair and is one of the leading breeders of southern Oregon. Lowe's stock is well known locally. While Mr. Jordan is new to the game he carries an excellent reputation and won a number of prizes in the Ashland show of a year ago.

The presence of these two men insure all producers that proper care will be given to their animals. Hal E. Osburn and C. S. Brewster, the judges, insure careful selection of winners.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your leisure. City Sanitary Service.

Sub Post Office For O.S.C. Campus

CORVALLIS, Ore., Nov. 16.—(AP) A postal sub-station will be established on the Oregon State college campus. Victor P. Moses, Corvallis postmaster, said today.

Bids on the establishment and maintenance of the mailing station will be opened Monday. The office will sell postal supplies, receive mail and handle registry, C. O. D. and insured mail business. It will not distribute mail.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



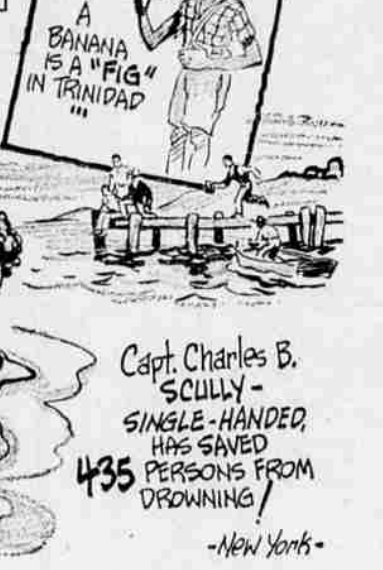
LAND OF BLACK SHEEP—ORDINARY SHEEP TAKEN TO THE BARBADOS SHED THEIR WOOL AND GROW BLACK HAIR!



THERE IS ONLY ONE EUROPEAN NATION THAT HAS A SINGLE NATIONAL LANGUAGE—PORTUGAL!



Capt. Charles B. Scully—SINGLE-HANDED, HAS SAVED 435 PERSONS FROM DROWNING!



A BANANA IS A "FIG" IN TRINIDAD!

Captain Charles B. Scully began his life saving career at the age of 13 when he jumped into the water to save the life of another boy. Since then, in 23 years, he has personally saved 435 persons. Captain Scully is now director of life saving service of the New York chapter of the American Red Cross.

His biggest single life saving feat was in 1918. A motorboat broke its tow line while towing a string of canoes and the canoe upset on the shoals of Rockaway Point, N. Y. Captain Scully saved 10 persons, res-

suscated three others and recovered the bodies of four more victims. Nine years later the government awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor for this heroism. He joined the life saving service of the National Red Cross in 1919 and became director of the service for the New York chapter in 1926, a position which he has since held.

Strange as it seems, the color and texture of sheep's wool seems to be directly dependent upon the climate. Ordinary sheep soon lose their white man hair-

coat upon being taken to the Barbados. Their wool becomes hairy, and turns from white to brown or black. If they are again returned to their former homes, however, the wool reverts to its former color and quality.

Each country in Europe except Portugal has its language problems. In Russia scores of languages are spoken as native tongues. Portugal, unlike any other European nation, has but one language.

Tomorrow: The Power of the Hu-

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Rebels Flee!

JUST WHEN OUR FRIENDS HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE WHEN THEIR AMMUNITION WAS LOW, HELP ARRIVED FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER—EL CONDOR STREAKED FROM THE SKY AND IS NOW SCATTERING THE REBELS WITH DEADLY MACHINE GUN FIRE.

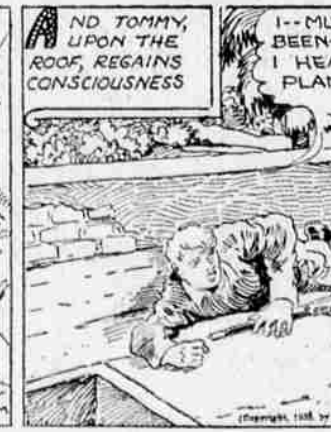
BUENO! THEY ARE ON THE RUN!

AND TOMMY, UPON THE ROOF, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS

I—MUST—HAVE—BEEN—DREAMING—I HEARD—A—PLANE—

I MUST WARN THESE FEDERALISTS TO LEAVE QUICKLY— BEFORE THE REBELS RETURN WITH REINFORCEMENTS—

BUT A GREAT SURPRISE IS IN STORE FOR EL CONDOR WHEN HE DISCOVERS JUST WHO IS IN THE OLD ADOBE—



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trickery!

ABOVE ALL ELSE, CUTHBERT BOON WANTED A GLIMPSE OF BEN'S HORSE—BECAUSE OF CRIP'S ATTITUDE, BOON FELT CERTAIN THE STEED WAS IN THE STABLE—SO HE REPORTED TO TRICKERY!

AH, HERE COMES BEN WEBSTER NOW—

WHY, IT'S THE MUSTANG FROM THE VALLEY! HE MUST HAVE CALLED HIM AND TRAINED HIM! HWA!

THAT GUY'S AFTER LONESTAR AN THE JOB BEN WEBSTER GIMME WING TO WATCH OVER HIM AN PROTECT HIM! BOY HERE'S WHERE WE SEE SOME ACTION!



THE NEBBS—The Rich Miss Gruntley

LOOKIE! LOOKIE! HERE COMES MONEY—THERE AIN'T NO USE OF ME WORKIN' WHEN I GOT OTHER FOLKS WORKIN' FOR ME!!

TAKE A JOB AT THAT DIVIDEND—I'EB YOU'LL BE A LONG TIME UNDER A TRAY BEFORE YOU'D GET THAT KIND OF DOUGH TOGETHER!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL YOUR MONEY? YOU AIN'T GOT NO KIN OUTSIDE OF YOUR FATHER—WE CAN'T LIVE FOREVER—HE'S DONE—THAT ALMOST NOW!

I DON'T KNOW—I HAVE A LOTTA FUN SAVING MONEY AND WHEN YOU HAVE FUN SAVING IT, YOU CAN'T HAVE NO FUN SPENDING IT!



KILL INDICTMENTS OF COMMISSIONER

KLAMATH FALLS, Nov. 16.—(AP) Two indictments against C. R. Williams, former county commissioner were quashed today by Judge Hay of Lakeview.

Williams was charged by the grand jury with taking fees in excess of those allowed by law in connection with the supervision of county equipment.

The indictments grew out of a recent grand jury investigation of graft and gambling conditions here. Judge Hay's opinion pointed out that the charge to the jury delivered by Judge Albert of Klamath county was inflammatory.

GIRL ACQUITTED IN SLAYING DAD

ELAN DIBOO, Cal., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Eighteen-year-old Lois Elaine Zachary, former film extra model, who deflected she shot her father to protect her mother's life, today stood acquitted of the charge of murder.

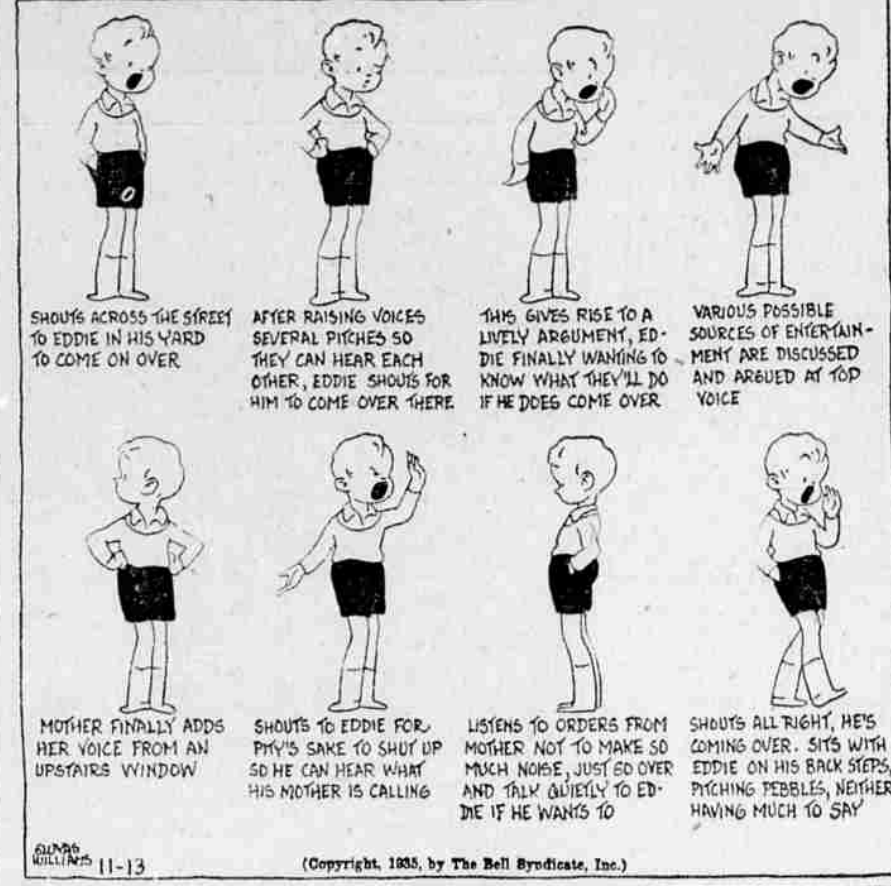
A superior court jury of 11 women and one man, deliberating less than half an hour Friday, exonerated the girl.

Intensive modeling story that shake the pre-war modeling world to shake the pre-war modeling world. She fatally wounded Roy R. Zachary, 51, only after he announced he was going to kill Mrs. Zachary.

The defense during the three-day trial made no attempt to deny the girl fired the fatal shot.

COMMUNICATION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SHOUTS ACROSS THE STREET TO COME ON OVER

AFTER RAISING VOICES SEVERAL PITCHES SO THEY CAN HEAR EACH OTHER, EDDIE SHOUTS FOR HIM TO COME OVER THERE

THIS GIVES RISE TO A LIVELY ARGUMENT, EDDIE FINALLY WANTING TO KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO IF HE DOES COME OVER

VARIOUS POSSIBLE SOURCES OF ENTERTAINMENT ARE DISCUSSED AND AGREED AT TOP VOICE

MOTHER FINALLY ADDS HER VOICE FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW

SHOUTS TO EDDIE FOR PHY'S SAKE TO SHUT UP SO HE CAN HEAR WHAT HIS MOTHER IS CALLING

LISTENS TO ORDERS FROM MOTHER NOT TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE, JUST ED OVER AND TALK QUIETLY TO EDDIE IF HE WANTS TO

SHOUTS ALL RIGHT, HE'S COMING OVER. SITS WITH EDDIE ON HIS BACK STEPS, PITCHING PEBBLES, NEITHER HAVING MUCH TO SAY

Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYN



HERE'S THE PROBLEM

IF ONE BOY ATE A CAKE IN TWO MINUTES HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE TWO BOYS TO EAT IT?

YOU TWO THINK THAT OVER

OH, POP! THEY COULDN'T DO IT!

THA CAKE WOULD ALL BE ET UP!

HM, THAT SEEMS TO WORK OUT!

AW, SHOOOH! I WAS GOONNA TELLUM THAT!

GIMME A CHANCE!

Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS