

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

...suddenly found herself allied with the present management of the Farnsworth Fisheries. The manager of the Farnsworth Fisheries, who is not even Luke's daughter, she is living among the Finns, who dislike her former fiancé, Rob Crocker, very much.

Chapter 26 CROCKER AGAIN

"The men are sore," replied Orvi to Anne's question. "They want to fight... that is a... to fight somebody, and John's trying to make them wait and let the law handle it."

A little shadow of unhappiness clouded the afternoon, for Anne felt the man was connected with the Farnsworth Fisheries, and with Rob in town.

Orvi, to distract her attention, pointed to the new giletter below. Anne looked down. A neat boat with a small cabin was chugging at the line holding it to the piling. She was not the one the boys had first thought of, but a better one, painted white on the outside and sea-green on the inside.

"Come on down, it's good you got on slacks, no place for dresses getting tied round your ankles," he said, as he helped her over the side. George, already down the ladder, dropped lightly into the boat and held it steady for Anne, and a moment later John and Milna joined them. The line was cast off, and the new giletter started out on its trial trip to the drifts.

Anne, braced against the bow, watched their progress and felt again the exhilaration she had felt that day aboard the Ahti. Sky and sea were larkspur blue. The sun moving west was gliding horizon clouds and wave-froth with old gold. She swung around and looked back towards Union Town and her new home. Above the patchwork of its many colored houses reared the dark line of fir, and beyond these, mounds of hills like plum colored velvet, topped by Saddle Back mountain, its pommel carrying a white cloud rider.

"How do you like it?" Anne looked up, John was standing beside her. He seemed a part of his background, his eyes the blue of the sky and water, his shirt and hair the bronze of the clouds. "I love it," she answered. "You don't mind the waves? It's pretty rough today."

"It's like a swing," she began, then paused at the look on John's face. "What's wrong?" "I'm going to risk spoiling the little fun you've had," he began, frowning.

"You mean there's fresh trouble; the men back there on the wharves are angry about something new?" "It isn't new, but they're growing tired waiting for me to gather proof to give to the authorities. Nikki, will you help me?"

"Surely, if I can." "Nikki," he squared her around hands on her shoulders. "Do you know that Rob Crocker is owner of the three fish traps corving the Farnsworth Fisheries?"

"Owner?" she repeated. "Yes, the man whose money bought the fish traps and is paying the pseudo-owners to run them as their own."

Anne looked at John Neuman in blank astonishment, then slowly an overwhelming comprehension came to her and finally, she felt she had solved the mystery which had sent Luke Farnsworth driving to his death.

"I didn't know," she answered, "but, John, I do believe you're right. It explains everything. "What do you mean?" Anne looked up at him. He had trusted her in telling her this about the man she had loved; she would trust him.

"I believe Luke received word of this. He wouldn't condemn a man without proof and as that man was to be his son-in-law, he came down in person to find it. He brought me along so I would know, also. The storm kept him from going out to the traps where he probably intended forcing the men there to tell the truth."

"Rob's appearance in Astoria further established his guilt, because Dad was shocked to find him there. There was no real labor trouble at the time, was there?" "No, after the men heard your father was in town they got up a petition, and Teela took it to him." "Oh, John, how could he do that, Rob, I mean, go against father's wishes to make more money for himself?"

"Men do queer things, Nikki." "And that's why Rob spoke as he did when I told him about Luke's will. He grew angry at Dad, said he knew why he had changed and he'd show him."

"Try to forget this, Nikki," John advised, seeing her eyes fill. "I wouldn't have worried you if I hadn't thought we might avert an open fight. You stay on in your new house with Lisa. I wouldn't put anything past Farley, and as long as he doesn't know where you are, he can't harm you."

"Harm me?" queried Anne, in surprise. "but why should he do me any physical harm? That's what you mean, isn't it?" "I don't know why he should. Nikki, and none of us will know until we have heard the final reading of Luke's will, and he knows you won't interfere with his wife's share... you see the fewer the kin, the larger the share."

"But, John, I can't sit quietly at home taking care of myself if I could be doing something to avert this trouble." "I don't know what you could do," he assured her, "that we're not trying to do. If we can prove collusion between the trap owners and Crocker, with intent to defraud the government, then we can prosecute, but it's hard work doing that. The commission accepted our report, investigated and declared everything had been conducted legally. I appreciate that. They can do nothing without proof and I don't know how we'll get it."

"Maybe I could help—" "Nikki," there was alarm in John's voice. "don't try, please don't try. Can't you trust me? Won't you promise to take care of yourself while I'm away?"

"I... why..." Anne's cheeks were flooded with color. John's quick cry had sprung from his heart. It was personal, and yet, Anne reasoned, he might feel that way about any defenseless woman.

"I'll promise not to do anything without first giving it long thought," she compromised, then spoke quickly. "What is that?" "That's the boat song from the Kalevala, the national epic of the Finnish people," explained John. "Sing it in English," Anne asked. And John, looking toward the setting sun, sang:

And the boat with red he painted, And adorned the prow with gliding, And with silver, overlaid it— Anne, listening, forgot her girlhood, forgot Luke and Lucinda, forgot everything excepting this man who stood before her unaware of her admiration. It seemed in this moment, that the spirit of the man who sang and her own spirit were fused with that of the country of which he sang.

And upon the sea he steered it, Over the blue and plashing billows— The sun slipped into the Pacific like a golden disk, turning the horizon clouds to rose and amber. The light moved in from the sea and the new boat paused in its rhythmic chugging until the net was cast, the top line floating in a rounded L. Buoy lights were set twinkling and everywhere Anne looked it seemed as if fishermen had loosed a horde of fireflies to float sparkling on the waves.

"Come and get it," sounded Milna's voice from the cabin, breaking the enchanted spell of the evening. They crowded into the little galley, to balance bowls of steaming hot stew on uncertain knees, to spread biscuit with berry jam and to drink heavy cups full of coffee. Then, still talking and laughing, they went back on deck.

Anne, wrapped now in John's great coat, sat in calm contentment, listening to the slap of waves on the boat's sides, the muted voices of the men and, occasionally, a shout of laughter or song from a nearby boat. This was peace, and with it an undercurrent of pleasurable excitement.

She looked out to where a liner moved across the bar, her stately slides punctuated with round yellow lights from her portholes. Poor Luke—he hadn't even had the solace of his belief in her. And he was right. She would have married Rob, unknowing, unsuspecting his real nature. Luke, without time to plan, had had to turn to the one person he could trust, that he thought he could trust, Lee Farnsworth.

Suddenly Anne stood up. Lee Farnsworth! Perhaps there was a way out of this trouble after all, and she could go back to her new home and rest in peace, her work accomplished. (Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman. Anna takes an important step, Monday.)

FILM EXPERIMENT SEEN AS AID FOR PATRIOTIC GROUPS

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Nov. 19.—(AP)—Edwin Carewe's experiment in film

making, designed for an estimated 25 million Americans who never attend motion pictures, drew praise today from governmental and civic leaders after a Sunday premiere in a local church.

"Are we civilized?" was the production's title. Two capacity houses witnessed the first showing.

A test pocket projector ran off the "home movie" also reels, in which current dangers to freedom of press and speech, and other basic liberties formed the general theme for a story personalized in four characters.

"It's an epic of education," said Mayor Frank L. Shaw of Los Angeles. "Arrangements have been made to have it screened in all American Legion posts," added County Supervisor John R. Quinn, past national commander.

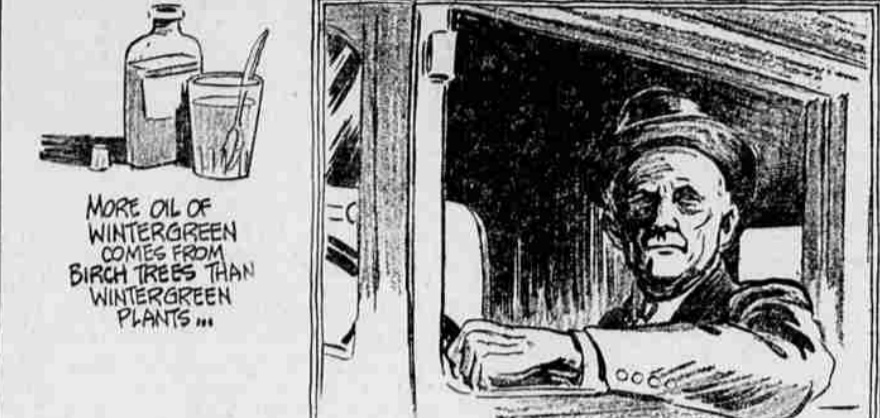
Gratified by the success of the premiere, Carewe outlined plans for a series of films to be shown in churches, school auditoriums, women's club rooms, and civic halls.

A picturization of the historical development of this country is next on his schedule, Carewe said, with a "Life of Christ" to be filmed later.

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LOS ANGELES—"CITY OF ANGELS"—HAD A HOMICIDE RATE OF ONE DEATH PER DAY WHEN ITS POPULATION WAS LESS THAN 4,000... —1854—

Ninety-six years old and still practicing medicine after three-quarters of a century, Dr. John Wesley still makes the rounds of his patients, answering calls night and day in his automobile, in Springfield, Mo. He drives his own car and averages about 100 miles per day. He was born in 1839 and began the practice of medicine 21 years later after working under Chicago's leading physicians of almost a century ago.

He has wandered the world over during his career, serving with diamond hunters in Africa, and with the army and navy of the United States. Today he is particularly interested in glands and their functions, and his specialty is "reducing the fat and building up the lean." Dr. Wesley's hobby is pen sketches. He keeps up on new developments in politics and science, and has had a keen interest in government ever since he cast his first vote for Lincoln before the Civil War.

Oil of wintergreen derives its name from the woodland plant of the same name from which the oil may be distilled. Genuine oil of wintergreen, having the same composition, is produced in larger quantities by distillation of the bark of sweet birch of New England and Canada. It can also be made synthetically.

Los Angeles, named "City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels," in 1781 when it was established by a group of Mexican colonists, failed completely to live up to its churchly name two generations later. By 1854 it had developed into a wild western town where gunplay punctuated the routine of life—and where violent death took an average of one of its 4,000 residents every day of the year.

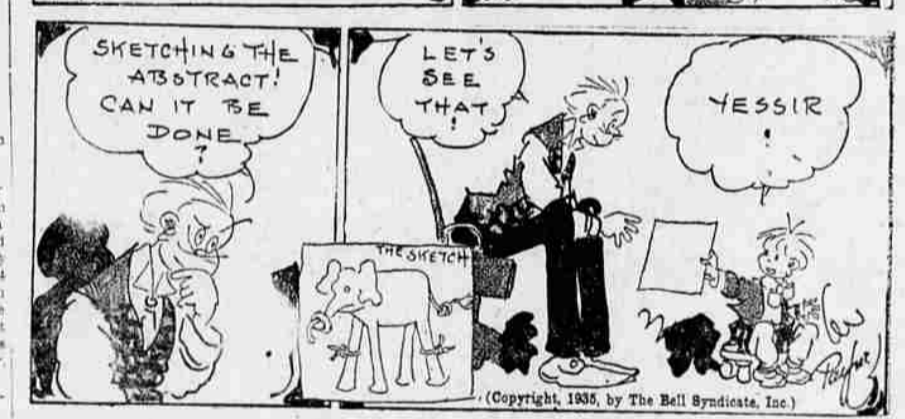
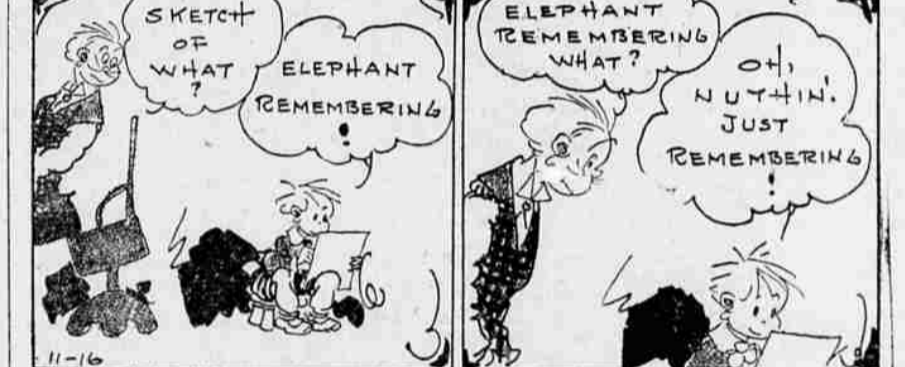
Tomorrow: Named but Undiscovered.

NEIGHBORHOOD FOOTBALL



BY MEANS OF SIGNALERS STATIONED AT EVERY CORNER, THE NEWS REACHED THE FOOTBALL FIELD ALMOST AS SOON AS MR. PEASLEE, THE STAR HALFBACK'S FATHER, STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN, SO THAT BEFORE HE GOT HOME HIS SON WAS SAFELY IN THE HOUSE AND AT HIS STUDIES WHERE HE HAD BEEN TOLD TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON

By C. M. PAYNE



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