HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS—Anne Farnsworth now calls herself Nikki Nielsen, in want of a better name. She knows she is not the daughter of the late Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth, and that unless she can learn more of her past and of Luke's intentions she cannot inherit his large fortune. She is living in the Finnish colony of Union Town, beloved of her neighbors and deserted by her "relatives" and even by Rob Crocker, her fiance. But John Neuman, with whom she is on a picnic, has proved helpful and kind.

Chapter 28

NEW FUTURE

"TOMORROW I sail." John said at length.

"And how long will you be away?" Anne asked.

"About three months."

"That means you'll return early in August?"

"Yes." He was silent a moment, then he turned to Anne and looked at her anxiously, "You'll be careful while I'm away?"

"Careful?" she repeated and laughed. "Goodness, John, you make me think there are goblins 'bout to git me.'"

"There may be," he retorted. "Things have been quiet lately because there's been no fishing, but . . . did you notice the water as we crossed the channel? The season opens soon and the fish are running in hordes."

He picked up a flat round pebble and skimmed it across the water, watching it skip along as though that were the most important thing in life. Anne watched him, not realizing the tenderness in her smile. She wanted to ruffle the glinting strands of his hair, to smooth the opened collar of his shirt.

"You know you're very precious to me, Nikki," he said as the rock dropped with a plop.

"I . . . why, thank you."

"Going away I had to tell you. You might not be here when I get back. You're the one I told you about that day I came back from Crescent City. I've known it since the first moment I saw you. I'll never forget that, Nikki, that football dance. I was feeling pretty good, had some fine luck on the field that afternoon and folks were treating me grand. I stagged it to the dance, just as I always did, because I could never find a girl to suit me.

"DUKE LANSING and I were standing in the door, when you came in. You were looking very serious. I liked that, I was tired of giggles. You came on up the steps, you remember that short flight, and then you smiled at Duke. It was like the sun rising.

"There you were, everything I'd dreamed about in one girl. And Duke knew you. He introduced us, and wangled the dance for me, forced your escort to give it up. I won that dance and those three encores with my touchdown that afternoon. I'd have made a dozen, Nikki, if I'd thought there was such a prize waiting.

"After I'd given you back to that chap who brought you, I sailed over to Duke to ask who you were, where I could meet you. Oh, I remembered your name all right, I just hadn't associated it with the fisheries. But when Lansing said you were Luke Farnsworth's daughter that finished it."

"But why?"

"Nikki, don't you see the difference it made, me a fisherman, and your father the cannery owner? Oh, I know this is America and there is only democracy and the charwoman's daughter marries the merchant prince . . . in stories."

Anne looked at him in growing wonder. She was the girl who gave life a meaning to him. And she'd never suspected it. But hadn't she? Hadn't she known that that peculiar magnetic attraction he had for her couldn't have existed unless it was mutual?

"And now?" The words left her lips of their own volition.

"Now?" he looked at her. "Now I'm just where I was when you jumped from the Ahi that day. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it was you, and that I'd been privileged to hold you in my arms for that brief moment."

"Then John—"

"I'm still afraid, Nikki. You don't know yet, who you are, Nikki!" he cried, for Anne had jumped to her feet and after one quick intake of her breath, had fled into the shelter of the woods.

RUNNING blindly, cut to the quick by her interpretation of John's words, Anne carried with her two astounding facts. She loved John Neuman. She never had loved Rob Crocker.

"Anne," John said, "It's you I love."

Checked in her flight by a barrier of hazel bushes, she pushed their branches back with her hands and slipped through to a tiny dell, carpeted by short grass and cut through by a small stream which trickled along over moss-grown rocks.

Anne sat down and stared before her in dismay. She, who had thought herself cured of all love, had repeated her mistake in a scant fortnight. Could she depend upon her emotions? Perhaps she was merely fickle at heart, spinning like a magnetic needle to the nearest point of attraction.

With characteristic honesty she faced herself. She had been fascinated by Rob Crocker. Her pride had been satisfied by his obvious preference for her when so many other girls and women were bidding for his favor. And she had wanted a home of her own, a place she might tend with her own hands.

Her emotional nature, unstirred by the passing flirtations at school and abroad, had responded to the clever touch of the man of the world. But now she knew the difference.

"Nikki!" John was calling. "Nikki, where are you?"

She heard footsteps on the other side of the thicket, then the branches parted and John stepped through, strode across the grass and gathered her into his arms.

"Nikki, forgive my blundering way of saying things. You didn't understand, dear. It's you I love, you're worth all the names in the world."

"But you were right." Anne didn't fight against the blissful comfort of his arms. "I don't know—"

"Let me finish what I was going to say. You don't know that you're not Anne Farnsworth. You have only Tom Farley's word for it. If I dared think he was right, that you were just Nikki, I could tell you all I've wanted to tell you."

"But, John, he is right. I know. Judge Kellogg knows. Do you think the judge would let them do what they've done if he wasn't sure? John, I am just Nikki."

The pathetic loneliness in her dark eyes broke down Neuman's last reserve. "And does a name mean so much to you?"

"It means belonging to someone," she answered.

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Their leavetaking, tomorrow, is both sad and happy.

GRANGE ASKS CUT IN MEAT FREIGHT

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 21.—(AP)—The National Grange began a fight for a fair spread between railroad rates on fresh meat of packing house products and livestock in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains today.

The action was taken in the adoption of a resolution by Ray W. Gill, state master of Oregon.

It pointed out the interstate commerce commission in 1932 set rates for livestock at one-half the rates upon fresh meat and packing house products, giving a wide market range to stockmen in the western half of the United States.

Lately, it charged, "the packers have been able to high pressure the railroads into reducing rates upon fresh meat and packing products from Spokane to Puget Sound and Portland without making corresponding reductions on the rates upon livestock."

Goes To Meet

SALEM, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Hugh H. Earle, state insurance commissioner, left last night for New York where he will attend the annual convention of insurance commissioners. The Oregon commissioner is a member of the national executive committee of the organization.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Whenever there is an eclipse of the sun, the temperature of the affected area on earth drops slightly due to the fact that during the eclipse the rays of the sun are shut off by the moon. This temperature drop is slight, and is not noticeable to the average person. The earth is protected by its layer of atmosphere.

The moon does not have this protection, and its surface temperature is greatly affected by the rays of the sun. Normally the surface temperature of the moon is 250 degrees at the hottest point. During the few minutes that the sun is cut off in an eclipse of the moon, however, this temperature may drop to 150 degrees below zero.

In the June 14 eclipse of 1927, Seth B. Nicholson of Mount Wilson Observatory and others measured a drop of 345 degrees. When the moon was exposed to the sun's heat again, the temperature began a swift climb—it increased 345 degrees in less than two hours. These measurements were made on a spot on the moon that has a normal temperature of 160 degrees.

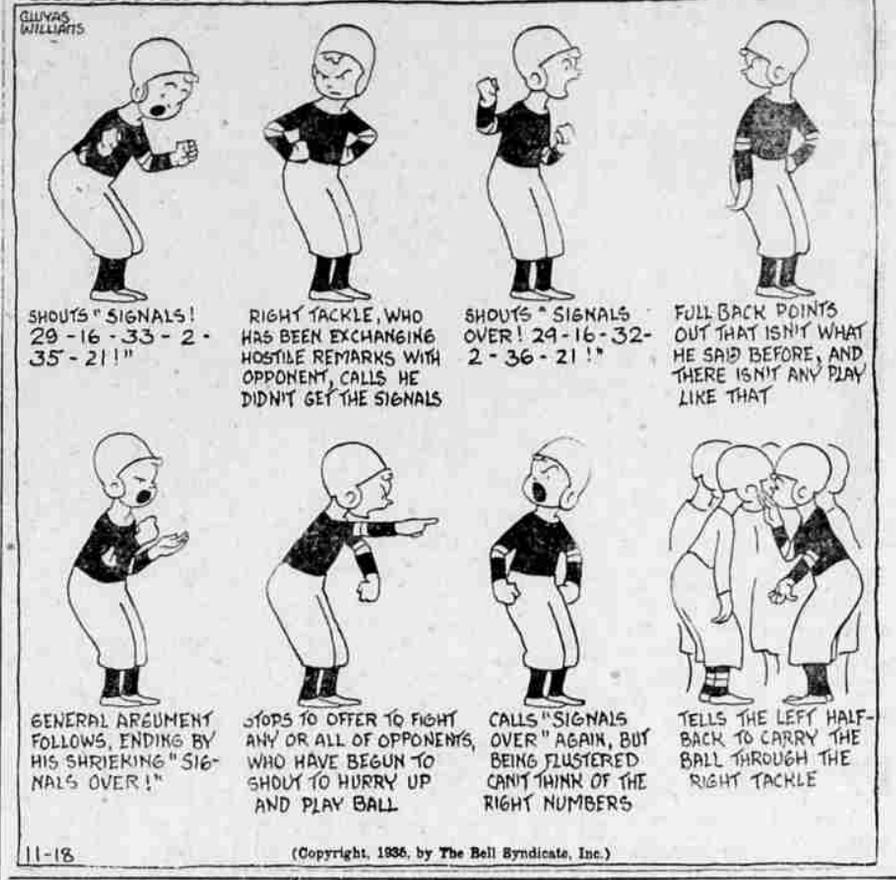
Strange as it seems, water conducts electricity only when there is an ionizing agent in it—such as salt or acid. Pure water is a non-conductor, but a pinch of salt or a little hydrochloric of sulphuric acid added to it allows electricity to pass through it.

Eight consecutive shut-out victories in their 1934 8-game schedule was the record of Wheeling High school in Oregon—a school with only 29 boys enrolled and 17 of them out for football. Coach "Buck" Hammer concentrated on line plays, and every touchdown of the season was made on running plays. Half their games the Wheeler team did not even punt during the games. Under high school rules, they played 12-minute quarters.

Tomorrow: The Ghost Fort.

"SIGNALS OVER"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

TAILSPIN TOMMY—GARCIA CONFESSES

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Nightcap" Arrives!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—"LILLIES OF THE FIELD"

By SOL HESS

Resume Purchase Of Relief Wheat

SPOKANE, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Open market purchase of wheat for relief purposes was resumed in eastern Washington today by Vivian Pugh, state director of the federal surplus commodity program.

About 250,000 bushels will be bought at prices to be determined each day by the market.

Previously Pugh had purchased 1,400,000 bushels of surplus wheat for relief purposes.

Jews Are Beaten By Polish Pupils

WARSAW, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Anti-semitic disorders at Warsaw university, the Institute of Agriculture and Academy of Commerce led authorities today to suspend lectures at all institutions.

At Lodz, Jews were beaten in the streets, three seriously injured. Windows of Jewish-owned shops were broken there.

20,000 Autoists Seeking Plates

SALEM, Nov. 21.—(AP)—More than 20,000 persons have filed applications with the secretary of state's office for 1936 automobile licenses it was reported today.

Those to receive licenses numbered from one to 100 will be determined at a drawing Saturday.

BILL CISSELL SWAPPED FOR FIRST BASEMAN

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Portland of the Pacific Coast league swapped its former manager and infielder, Bill Cissel, today to Baltimore of the International league for First Baseman Bill Sweeney.

TULSA, Okla., Nov. 21.—(AP)—Boa constrictors in the Tulsa zoo writhed in pride — and ordinary facial cold cream—today. "It helps their looks and their health," said Curator Charley Allen, explaining the beauty treatment is an experiment, replacing regular baths, to keep the snakes' skins supple for easy shedding.