

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farley is one of the girls of Union Town, situated on the banks of the Pacific. Many strange things have happened to her since she was born. Her parents are poor, but she is very brave and has a heart of gold. She has a very close friendship with Tom Farley, who is a very brave and noble man. She has a very close friendship with Tom Farley, who is a very brave and noble man. She has a very close friendship with Tom Farley, who is a very brave and noble man.

Chapter 30  
FARLEY MAKES TROUBLE

ANNE only sensed the growing unrest at first, for John had warned everyone that she was to be kept from knowing the truth of things if possible, for her own safety.

At first she was concerned only with delight in her growing knowledge and increasing strength. Her slim body was rounding, her skin becoming a dusky gold, cheeks and lips flushed with scarlet. The mop of curls, cut short so they could be pushed under her cap, were the color of sage hony.

And then, as she found bed of an evening less attractive, she began to notice a change in Lisa. She would come in worn out in spirit as well as in body.

"Lisa," said Anne one Sunday, "won't you tell me what's wrong?"

"I don't know," the woman admitted, "of course we have more work with this run, but it's something else, something in the air. Things aren't harmonious like they were when Mr. Luke was alive."

"What things, Lisa?"

"Oh, I don't know, Tom Farley's relatives, the place is running over with them and they all want to boss. If I hadn't worked there seventeen years I'd try to find another job."

Tom Farley, at the mention of that name, Anne retreated to her corner overlooking the Pacific, while memories of the past rushed over her. Lee hadn't told Judge Kellogg of the outcome of his investigation, though she'd heard nothing much from the fishermen. She sensed trouble, rather than knew of it. Farley was unquestionably working with Rob Crocker, and the two wouldn't give up easily.

She went to work the next morning in thoughtful mood. A grey day, a silver grey day, she decided, as they started out on a sea as smooth and shining as an aluminum tray. She watched the world turn from grey to blue as a gentle rain blew up. This would be good for her garden and she wanted it a blaze of colors when John returned.

When John returned, her days revolved about that thought. On the late drift, after supper was over and the little galley cleaned, she sat outside thinking of him.

Some day they would sit thus, watching net buoys bobbing like scarlet hobs on the water, watching other boats, catching the first glimmers of the Cape light.

And then her reverie was interrupted, George had jumped to his feet and was looking off towards Astoria. "Look at that fool!" he shouted to Orvi, pointing to a small cruiser ducking in front of a big freighter, tooting derisively. "He must be drunk."

The boat careened, seemed to sight the "Nikki" idling on her drift, and darted towards them. George jumped to the roof of the cabin and began waving and shouting. Orvi turned on the searchlight and directed it towards the buoy lights.

BUT on the cruiser came. Anne looked at George, he was standing still now, like a statue. Orvi, too, seemed numb; only the moon in the nearby gillnetters were sounding strains, tooting whistles.

The boat cut in between two buoy lights. Stopped.

"On purpose, he did it!" cried Orvi, suddenly articulate, as the buoy lights were drenched.

And now to the din was added the sound of cursing aboard the boat.

"He's tangled his propeller in our net," Orvi wailed, and then he broke into Finnish and Anne, understanding, longed to join him.

A man came out on the tiny deck, reeled drunkenly, then steadied himself and swore helligerantly at the crew of the Nikki; at all fishermen who cluttered up the way and thought they owned the whole Pacific.

Orvi, stricken, looked at him. "One thousand dollars," he wailed as the man swung over the stern to slash at the water with a blade, "our net, he can't do that to our net."

Other voices joined from nearby boats and Anne caught occasional words. "Follow working for the

LISA heard the tramp of feet and met them at the door. She took one look at their faces, then hurried them in, fiercely cheerful, her top knot riding her head like the comb of a fighting cock.

"Coffee we'll have, and I've chosen left to dip in it." She turned to Orvi, "take the craps off your face and build a fire, Nikki's cold."

"I'm not," faltered Anne, and shivered with nervousness.

"Your spirit is, an open fire warms the heart."

Listening to their tale, Lisa cut squares of the leathery curd cheese as if she were cutting squares from the hides of the vandals who had ruined the net. She plopped them into the steaming coffee.

"Drink, then talk," she snapped. The fire crackled merrily, boots were pulled off and wool stockinged feet stretched towards the blaze. The fishermen three, heartened by the steaming beverage, found their gloom lifting.

"We could mend the net," George decided, "but it would take till the end of the season."

"Don't worry, boys," Anne was trying to remember how much money was left in her account. "We'll buy a new one."

"It would be better to sue, and make them buy it for us," Orvi said in protest.

"We couldn't sue Tom Farley," Anne countered.

"Farley!" Tecla sat up straight. "Was he there?"

"He was the one who slashed the net."

"Nikki," Tecla leaned forward, "he saw you? He knew who you were?"

"Yes," answered Anne, "he recognized me."

Tecla leaned back, a look of fatalistic resignation on her face. "I think Farley, he come to you boys to pay," she said.

"What?" they all cried, in unison.

"Yes," she answered wearily, "he come to make the offer, but he come to see Nikki."

And Anne felt this was true. Having seen her in the Sorki brothers' boat, he would try to learn her whereabouts. Knowing she was not in a sanitarium, but rather with the people he was intent upon harming, he would want to know why she was there and what she was doing.

"I wish John was here," blurted Orvi.

John, Anne's heart quickened its beat at the name.

"Maybe you'd better go, Nikki," Tecla suggested.

"Go where?" she asked.

"To safety," Tecla answered.

"But, Tecla," she protested, "he can't do anything to me, I've done no wrong and surely he can't molest me in my own home."

"She's right," Lisa confirmed, and the top knot nodded emphatically, "she's every right in the world to be here. We've good locks on the door and I'd like to see the color of the man's hair who'd try to hurt her when I was around."

(Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow, one of Anne's best friends disappoints her.

Glenn Curtiss, who won his fame as a pioneer in man's newest and fastest mode of travel—aviation—set his first and most enduring record for speed on the ground. Curtiss began his racing achievements with an interest in bicycles. He won several of these races before he designed and built a motorcycle which, in 1903, set an all-time record for speed for all types of conveyances—a speed of 136 miles per hour.

The success he gained in building small but powerful gasoline motors led to his interest in the problems of the infant aviation industry where motors of this type were especially needed. His success in that line is well known. In 1908, he won the Scientific American Trophy; in 1909 the Gordon Bennett cup, and in 1910 a \$10,000 prize for a flight from Albany to New York. He invented the flying boat, and in 1912 a ship of this type crossed the Atlantic to establish a record as first to ever make that flight.

R. R. Veale became sheriff of Contra Costa county, Calif., at the stroke of noon on January 7, 1906, and through this election and nine subsequent successive re-elections, he served 40 years to the minute. He left office just as the clock struck noon on January 7, this year.

Strange as it seems, Sheriff Veale always used calling cards in size of a special delivery as shown in the above illustration.

STANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

R. R. VEALE WAS A COUNTY SHERIFF 40 YEARS TO THE MINUTE. HE ALWAYS USED A PROFESSIONAL CALLING CARD THE SIZE OF A POSTAGE STAMP!

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

Glenn Curtiss—famous pioneer aviator, MADE HIS MOST ENDURING SPEED RECORD ON THE GROUND... 137 MILES PER HOUR ON A MOTORCYCLE—A RECORD THAT STOOD FOR YEARS!

1906

EXILED DE LA HUERTA RETURNING TO MEXICO

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23.—(AP)—A political exile from his homeland since 1904, Adolfo de la Huerta, former president of Mexico, left here today with his wife and two sons to make his home in the southern Republic.

De la Huerta said he would go by automobile from Los Angeles, where he has lived for the last 10 years, to the border, and board a train for Mexico City.

Stanford Renews Coach Contract

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., Nov. 23.—(AP)—The football coaching contract of Claude ("Tiny") Thornhill has been renewed for three years, the Stanford university board of trustees announced today.

The board also announced one-year extension contracts were awarded at its meeting last night to Ernie Nevers, former Stanford star, as backfield coach, and Jim Lawson, end coach.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

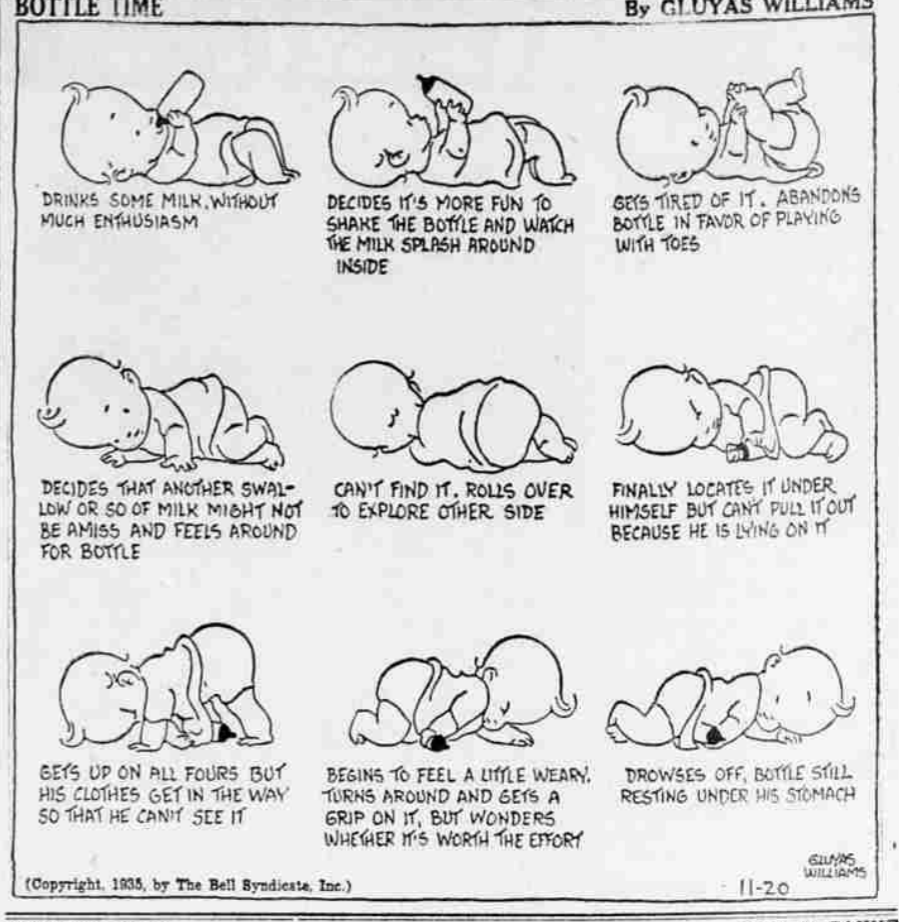
BOTTLE TIME

By GUYAS WILLIAMS

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., Nov. 23.—(AP)—The football coaching contract of Claude ("Tiny") Thornhill has been renewed for three years, the Stanford university board of trustees announced today.

The board also announced one-year extension contracts were awarded at its meeting last night to Ernie Nevers, former Stanford star, as backfield coach, and Jim Lawson, end coach.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.



INFERNAL MACHINE HOOKED ON CAR IS CAUSE OF TRAGEDY

MOBILE, Ala., Nov. 22.—(UP)—A cunningly contrived bomb today killed one person and severely injured two others as its explosion demolished an automobile to which it had been attached.

Mrs. M. O. Clark, 63, of Wewahatcha, Fla., died en route to a hospital after being catapulted through the roof of the automobile by the blast.

Her daughter, Miss Myrtle Clark, 24, an invalid, and Milton J. Whit, 26, 19, 90th of Wewahatcha, were brought to a hospital seriously hurt.

Sheriff M. H. Wilkins of Baldwin county said there was no doubt the bombing was deliberate. Wilkins said the bomb consisted of a pipe "T" tied with twine about the automobile's exhaust. Connected to the "T" was a wire, leading to the ignition system. When the exhaust pipe heated, the twine burned, dropping the "T" and completing a contact which set off a charge of gunpowder in the pipe.

The automobile, owned by Theodore D. Lewis, tax collector of Gulf county, Florida, was headed for Mobile when the explosion occurred. Young Whitfield was at the wheel.

Mrs. Clark was hurled 20 feet. Whitfield was knocked through the side of the car and Miss Clark was blasted out through the rear.

Lewis, tax collector at Wewahatcha since 1923, said he had received no threats and knew of no enemies.

For Hire that West buy SOLDBY HUBERT Elnesyn B. Hoffmann.