

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: As Nikki Nielsen, Anne Farnsworth is living among the fishermen at Union Point, trying to learn something about her own past, to find out what is wrong between the fishermen and the Farnsworths, and to determine what her course shall be as to her lost share of the Farnsworth fortune. Now Tom Farley, her worst enemy and the man at present in control of the enterprise, has ruined a net belonging to the Sorki brothers, Anne's protectors. The club has met to see what shall be done.

Chapter 31 STORM SIGNAL

"LET'S forget Tom Farley," she begged, "let's laugh at him. I'll buy a new net, and next winter after you've mended your old one we'll try to sell it."

Relieved, and with Anne's check for a new net in their hands, the boys went back to the house, and Anne turned to Tecla.

"There's a letter in your room, Nikki," she said.

There were two, enclosed in one envelope from Judge Kellogg's office. Anne opened the one in his hand writing first.

Dear Anne, by the time you receive this I'll be on my way to the first vacation I've had in ten years. Jennie's doctor decided there was nothing wrong with her but nerves and advised a sea trip, so we're heading south to San Fran-

ditions of storms to be encountered, calms that would keep the ship drifting, fogs that would blind their speed, but she laughed. Jahr was coming, that was all she needed to know. No doubt in her mind nor her heart what that meant. What if it would take two weeks, a fortnight. When he did arrive, she'd be ready with her answer.

Let Tom Farley find her. He did. Tecla was right. Jim Farley, his youngest brother, called at the Sorki home next morning, and finding no one home, climbed the steps to Nikki's house. But Nikki wasn't home . . . to him. From a vantage point behind the breakfast room curtains, she watched him ascend, listened to his futile knocking at the door, heard him tip-toeing across the porch to look into the living room window.

He went next to the Hannula home to be met at the door by a woman who smiled and replied to every question with, "I don't know." Every door that opened to him gave the same answer, for word had gone out the previous night which sealed the lips of the Finnish people against one whom they recognized as a common enemy.

Farley waited a day for the Sorki brothers to put in their claim, then he struck. Anne was home, Tecla having decided it best she stay under



The "Star of Lapiand"

close, from where we'll embark on the first of the month for a South American cruise. I'm satisfied you're getting along all right. That snap-shot you sent was evidence enough, never saw you look finer.

My partner, Jack Hill, will take care of your affairs while I'm away, forwarding your allowance, and directing any mail that comes in here.

Well, be a good girl and take care of yourself. I'll see you around the holidays. Can't you plan to slip up to Portland and have Thanksgiving dinner with us? Jenny joins me in this. She regrets you couldn't have made your home with us, and hoping this finds you cheerful.

Affectionately,
Ansel Kellogg.

Anne laid the letter down, a queer sinking feeling taking possession of her. Another maternal gone. One that she needed.

The second letter came from Jack Hill, with an enclosure. Anne read Hill's brief note saying the enclosure had arrived after Kellogg's departure, and he felt she was interested.

Anne looked at the letter; it was from Lee Farnsworth, brief and biting.

I beg to tell you that I have carried out the secret investigation suggested, and have found nothing to support your charges. I believe they were instigated by enemies of the two young men, and ask you to inform those parties that further interference by act or institution will be handled by law.

Very truly yours,
Lee Farnsworth.

"Uncle Lee didn't write that," Anne murmured, "it isn't like him. He'd ramble, and explain his explanations. That sounds like Rob."

Well, she sighed, it was useless to hope for correction in that quarter. She walked out into the other room. There was someone at the door. Liisa opened it and Molly Neuman entered, red hair gleaming, blue eyes dancing.

"Nikki, they've had a radiogram at the Union. The 'Star of Lapiand' sails in the morning for home."

"That means John's coming—"
"Yeh," commented Liisa dourly, "but do you know how long before he'll get here in that old sailing ship?"

Anne listened to Liisa's dire pre-

cover for a while. Len, the youngest Sorki boy, had taken her place aboard the Nikki, and she, lured by the confinement, was sitting at the western window looking out towards the Pacific. John was on the Pacific, and now that great expanse of water held personal concern for her.

SHE saw Liisa, turn from the street to the Sorki steps and from the Sorki steps to their own, but she didn't march up in her old arrogant fashion. She came a step at a time, looking suddenly old. Her high, befeathered hat passed the front window slowly, the door opened an inch at a time, and Liisa entered, a bewildered look upon her face.

"Liisa, what's happened?" Anne cried in alarm.

"Nikki," she said in a stunned tone, "I have been fired from Farnsworth Fisheries. I who have worked there for seventeen years have been given two week's pay and told to get out. I can't imagine what I did that was wrong."

"Oh Liisa," Anne threw her arms about her, "you did nothing but take me in, shelter me when they were trying to hurt me."

But Liisa wasn't to be so comforted.

"No," she insisted, "they've been wanting to get rid of me for a long time. Things haven't been handled right there. I used to be given the production sheets to tally with the daily department reports. Now, I'm summing up reports from production sheets alone."

"Nikki," she looked up, her grey eyes solemn, "I think they're keeping two sets of books. I believe the Farleys and Crocker are bleeding the canneries for themselves."

"I know Liisa. However, if Farley hadn't found I was living with you he wouldn't have been afraid to keep you. He'd have had you stay on to provide him with that set of books which appear to be right."

"We'll get along, there'll be other jobs."

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Dies in Mishap
SILVERTON, Ore., Nov. 25—(AP)—Mrs. Jennie Yoder, 86, of Marquam, died early today a few minutes after the car in which she was riding with her husband left the road and crashed into a ditch.

Wool Fairly Steady
BOSTON, Nov. 25—(AP)—U.S. Dept. Ag.—Trade in wool was fairly steady in volume the last week, but the movement was largely on the finer grades.

WARM SPRINGS, Ga., Nov. 25—(AP)—President Roosevelt today named Robert Lincoln O'Brien of Massachusetts as chairman of the tariff commission for an additional term of one year, beginning December 1.

THE DALLES, Ore., Nov. 25—(AP)—The steamer The Dalles, operating between here and Portland, extended its run to Big Eddy on the Celilo dam where freight is deposited and wages assessed.

ORDER SPEEDS UP WORK ON RELIEF

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25—(AP)—A new move to speed work relief employment coincided today with statistical indications the federal dole will continue beyond December 1.

An order reminiscent of old civil works administration methods went to state works progress directors, it authorized use of skilled labor on miscellaneous projects and represented a temporary departure from the "work according to skill" rule.

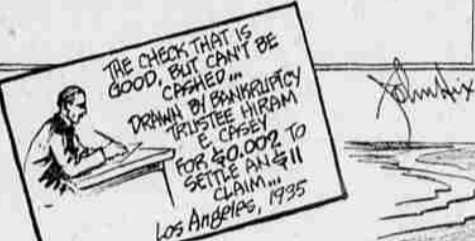
Officials said the order was designed to accelerate employment and that skilled workmen will be put to other tasks—and given correspondingly higher pay—as soon as suitable projects can be started.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE "3" MAN—
FRED L. BYERS, Cliffside, N.C., 3RD SON OF ONE OF 3 BROTHERS WAS BORN ON NOV. 3RD. HE HAS HAD 3 SISTERS, 3 CHILDREN, 3 GRANDCHILDREN AND 3 WIVES!



THE CHECK THAT IS GOOD, BUT CAN'T BE CASHED IN DRAWN ON BANKRUPT TRUSTEE WIRAM E. CASEY FOR \$0.002 TO SETTLE AN \$11 CLAIM, LOS ANGELES, 1935



MORE INDIANS THAN WHITE MEN TOOK PART IN THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY IN PLYMOUTH... -1621-

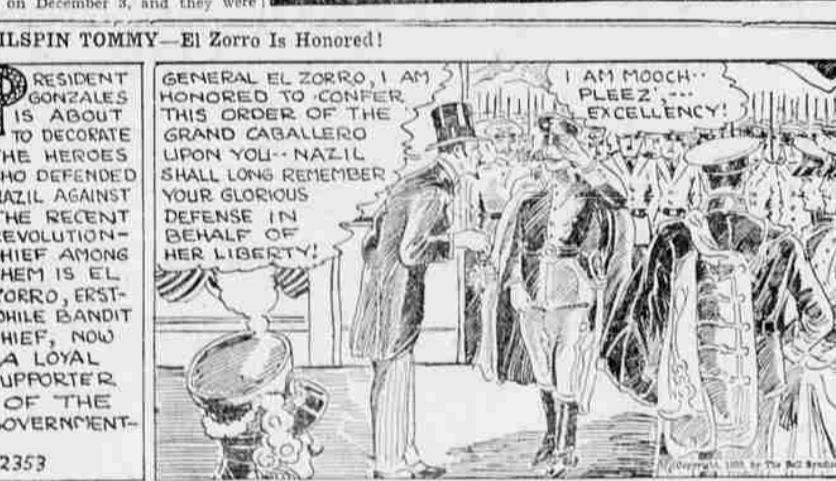


THE WEST INDIES—OVERGROWN WITH LUXURIANT TROPICAL VEGETATION, GOT ALMOST ALL THEIR IMPORTANT PLANTS FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD...

Strange as it seems, although the West Indies are overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, the fact remains that most of the commercially important agricultural plants were brought in from other parts of the world. Much of the income of the islands is derived from sugar cane, cocoa, bamboo, cinnamon, nutmeg, bananas, oranges, almonds, ginger, and other imported plants—none of them native to the West Indies.

When Governor Bradford gave directions for the first Thanksgiving day celebration and feast held by the Plymouth settlers, he invited Chief Massasoit and some of his braves to join the settlers in the festivities. The chief came, brought 90 Indian braves with him—more than half again as many red men as the 55 Pilgrims who held the first Thanksgiving.

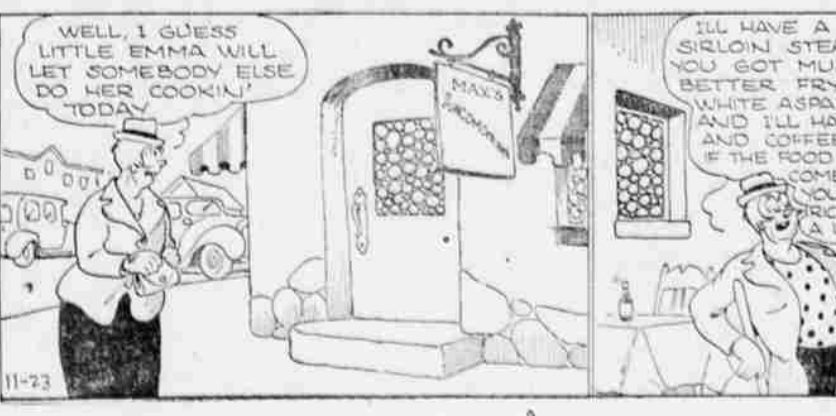
In addition to the 3's listed above for Mr. Byers, there are others in his life. His first wife was one of three sisters and had three brothers. His second wife had three sisters. His third wife had three sisters, was born on December 3, and they were



GENERAL EL ZORRO, I AM HONORED TO CONFER THIS ORDER OF THE GRAND CABALLERO UPON YOU—NAZIL SHALL LONG REMEMBER YOUR GLORIOUS DEFENSE IN BEHALF OF HER LIBERTY!

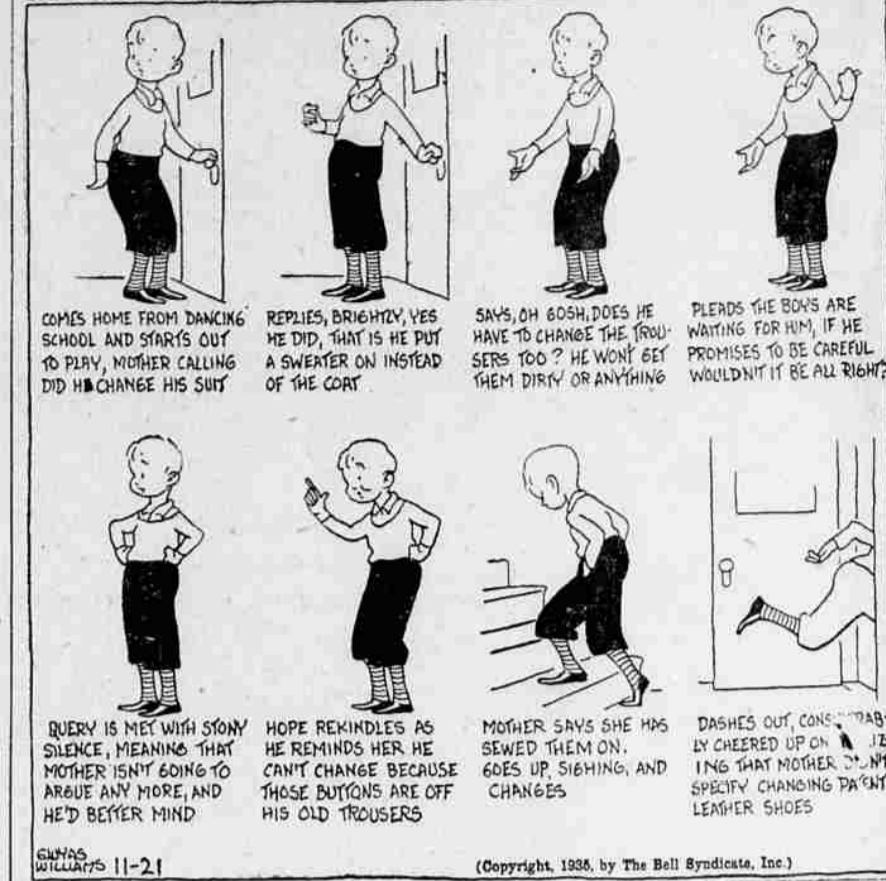


BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—THE PLOTTERS



THE NEBB—THE DEAD HEAD

CHANGING CLOTHES



COMES HOME FROM DANCING SCHOOL AND STARTS OUT TO PLAY, MOTHER CALLING DID HE CHANGE HIS SUIT

REPLIES, BRIGHTLY, YES HE DID, THAT IS HE PUT A SWEATER ON INSTEAD OF THE COAT

SAYS, OH BOSK, DOES HE HAVE TO CHANGE THE TROUSERS TOO? HE WON'T GET THEM DIRTY OR ANYTHING

PLEADS THE BOYS ARE WAITING FOR HIM, IF HE PROMISES TO BE CAREFUL WOULDNT IT BE ALL RIGHT?

QUERY IS MET WITH STONY SILENCE, MEANING THAT MOTHER ISNT GOING TO ARGUE ANY MORE, AND HE'D BETTER MIND

HOPE REMINDS AS HE REMINDS HER HE CANT CHANGE BECAUSE THOSE BUTTONS ARE OFF HIS OLD TROUSERS

MOTHER SAYS SHE HAS SEWED THEM ON. GOES UP, SIGHING, AND CHANGES

DASHES OUT, CONSOLABLY CHEERED UP ON HEARING THAT MOTHER DONT SPECIFY CHANGING PAINT LEATHER SHOES

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-21 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—



POP! IF HE EATS ANOTHER BITE HE WILL BUST!

OKAY! (PAYING NO ATTENTION)

UHP!

WHAT ARE GONNA DO WITH THE PIECES?

PIECES OF WHAT?

WHADDA TALKIN' ABOUT?

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BUT—WHERE DOES CAPTAIN ORTEGA FIGURE IN THIS, SKEETS?—HE CERTAINLY DESERVES SOME RECOGNITION—



LOOK, AMOS! HERE THEY COME!

YOU WERE RIGHT, CUTHBERT—THAT'S THE AUGUSTANG FROM THE VALLEY!

WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT? DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY DANGER OF GOORPION, ER, NIGHTCAP LOSING TO HIM?

THERE WAS SOME DANGER, UNTIL I LEARNED SOME STUFF LATE TODAY—STUFF THAT WE CAN USE TOMORROW—

AND WHEN WE USE IT THE KID'S HORSE WILL STOP RUNNING ONE WAY BEFORE THE RACE IS HALF OVER AND START RUNNING THE OTHER. HE'LL WIN ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'LL WIN AT THE WRONG END!



WELL, I GUESS LITTLE EMMA WILL LET SOMEBODY ELSE DO HER COOKIN' TODAY

I'LL HAVE A NICE TENDER SIRLOIN STEAK, I DONT SPOSE YOU GOT MUSHROOMS, SO YOU BETTER FRY ME SOME ONIONS—WHITE ASPARAGUS VINEGRETTE—AND I'LL HAVE MY DESSERT AND COFFEE LATER AND IF THE FOOD IS GOOD I'LL COME OFTEN.

YOU KNOW I'M A LONG VACATION

WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'CHARGE IT TO THE HOUSE? IF YOU AINT GOT ANY MONEY, GO AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR AND EAT WITH THE BUMS!

I GOT LOTS OF MONEY BUT YOU NEVER PAID FOR ANYTHIN' YOU GOT WHEN I WAS COOKIN' MANY A TIME I TOSSED A FAT STEAK ON THE FIRE FOR YOU. SCRATCH UP YOUR MEMORY AND SAY 'COME AGAIN, LADY'

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