

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** Anne Farnsworth knows that she is the innocent victim of the crooked work of Tom Farley, Bob Crocker and his crew of crooks. The Farley crowd is wrenching the Farnsworth country business, a 1100 acre homestead which Anne's father had given her. Anne is determined to get her father's land back. She is now in the hands of the crooks who have taken her to their hideout. Anne is in a desperate situation. She is being held in a room with a barred window. She is being guarded by a man named John. Anne is determined to get out of there. She is going to try to escape. She is going to try to get her father's land back. She is going to try to get her father's land back.

## CHAPTER 32 SUMMONS TO DUTY

ANNE scarcely left the window that day. She had promised to wait until John's return before trying to do anything herself. And she waited, curled up on the window seat, looking west.

Below her Union Town seemed hung down-hill like a tattered quilt, houses of grey and red and bright blue for blocks, roadways for stitching and for a border the square river front hotels and dark red canneries.

She looked beyond these, her gaze moving like a brush across the seven mile stretch of water at the bar from the dull blue of North Head to the wind whipped expanse of Young's Bay.

"See her yet?" came in moderately interested tones from Lissa who, in from the new job she had taken, was seated in her chair reading.

"Not yet," Anne reported. She strained her eyes for the first glimpse of the ship carrying John. She wanted to see him and yet, she wondered.

"Listen to this," came derisively from Lissa as she read from her book, "a cold wind blew from the north, cutting through Elaine's furs, but at Bill's touch she was warm. Ice fringed the edge of her parka, what a parka!"

"Far hood of a coat," "Humph!" the ice fringed edge of her parka, but when his lips touched hers—"There he is!" Anne jumped to her feet.

"He!" Lissa was on her feet rushing towards the window, "what, who, where, what are you talking about?" "The... the boat. I mean the 'Star of Lapland.' See the tug's going out."

"I wonder if Milna will come live with me," came the irrelevant response from Lissa. "Milna—" "When a sensible girl like you, Nikki Nielsen, calls a boat 'he,' then it's time for her room-mate to look for another one. Now let me get back to that book and see if Bill melts the ice on the parka."

Anne wasn't listening. She had drawn as close to the window as was physically possible. She felt as if a thin line were stretched between her and the ship out there.

She watched the miniature tug wallowing in a grotesque attempt to reach the ship; watched the ship. Lissa closed the book with a bang of disgust and stalked to the kitchen.

And then just as the sun, hidden behind a grey expanse of clouds, sent a thin band of yellow light along the horizon, the 'Star of Lapland' swung up-channel, out of the Pacific into the Columbia river.

"She's across!" cried Anne. "Did I hear you say she?" inquired Lissa. "Then maybe we can eat. Here, I found one of those pesky avocado things for you in town; do you eat the rind or gnaw on the seed?"

ANNE left the window reluctantly. She went into the breakfast nook, curled up on the window seat, and obediently dipped a spoon into the green boat of the avocado because Lissa had troubled to buy it for her. Aside from that, she could force only black coffee past the lump in her throat.

Surely, she mused, returning to her post, she had never felt like this about Rob's coming. She was like a lamp, a drab, prosaic thing until it was lit. John was coming and she felt like a living lamp.

The storm which had been hovering over the ocean struck. The rain fell against the pane in crystal drops, returned to scarlet and gold by reflection of the open fire Lissa had started.

Below her houses burst into radiance. In the Eskola kitchen the high white light revealed Mrs. Eskola ransacking around, putting fresh coffee in the big pot, stirring the fire in the kitchen stove, stirring the pot of stew.

Perhaps someday, thought Anne, she would do this for John. Now his mother and Molly would be hurrying about, preparing for him and his father. John would go home first. She pressed her face to the window watching for figures to emerge from

## ETERNAL GLORY TOPIC OF REV. WEATHERFORD AT NAZARENE CHURCH

Speaking at the Church of the Nazarene Sunday morning, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, drew his text from 1 Cor. 2:9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Using as his topic "The Habitation of Eternal Glory," in brief, the speaker said as follows: "The Corinthian letter from which we take our text was addressed directly to the church at Corinth. At that time Corinth was known for its splendor, grandeur and beauty."

"At that time, much as the trend of our day, the country was absorbed in industrial and commercial pursuit. In the midst of these activities God throws a picture on the canvas that shocks their commercialistic pride. He portrayed to the Corinthians and to us that the poorest serafim indwelt by God puts down his burden at the gate of changing worlds, with a passport and a deed to the legacy of a golden eternity, the grandeur and splendor of which mortal eye has never yet visioned."

"In that world God has painted out all obstacles to health; there the Saint of God shall have perfection of body and mind. The humiliation incident to the inaccuracies and failure of the human intellect will be forever removed. It was Paul, after receiving the joys of salvation revealed, who said that he was waiting for the redemption of his physical body. It was he who also said: 'Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.'"

"Nikki... Miss Nikki!" Anne threw up her hand. "John, he says he will come later. He had to stop by town after the pay-off."

"Thanks," called Anne. "Sure," shouted the small boy and dashed back as though afraid of mistaking one word of his father's adventures.

Minutes ticked along. Slow old clock, it rambled so aimlessly. Eight o'clock, what could be keeping John? Surely he had had time to finish his business and his dinner.

Eight-thirty, Anne discarded the paper. Lissa deeply engrossed in a new story, looked up. "You give me the edgits," she announced. "Sorry," Anne caught her breath. Footsteps were coming, hurrying. Should she rush to the door or wait? She rushed to the door, threw it wide and saw Orvi standing there in oilskins and sou'wester.

"Nikki," he panted, "Hell's broken loose on the Farnsworth wharves. John says you're to come at once. He says you're the only one who can keep our people from—" "From violence, he says," came from George, who followed, breathing hard.

ANNE waited for nothing more. She dashed to her room. A white figure would catch attention quicker. The men had seen her that day on the boat, when the "Ahti" had docked. She would don Luke's favorite "rigging," which she hadn't worn since—

White slacks, white sweater, the blue seaman's jacket, white shoes and white hat.

Like a slim ghost she joined the boys, who were trying to explain to Lissa. "Come on," she cried, "you can explain on the way, where do we go?"

Orvi stopped short as they rounded the house. He pointed down. Riding lights were showing on the river, the fleet was moving out.

"We may be too late. They've left the wharves, they're on their way to wreck the fish trap."

There was no time for words as they rushed down hill through the rain, scurried across the highway and down the wharves. Orvi dropped into the boat and was warming the engine by the time Anne had made the perilous descent.

George took the helm, and Orvi joined Anne. "This is what's happened," he explained. "Crocker was made general manager down here. He put Jim Farley in as part time checker. The fellows got suspicious of his checking. They found out that a couple of trap barges were making too many hauls a day, it was true. Farley always checked this."

"And then the other night Hannula came in on his trawler. It was foggy and he got off course. He cast anchor while he tried to get his bearings and found out he was nearly alongside the abandoned fish-trap, in Blind cove, a queer place you don't see from the drifts or the setting grounds."

"Well, one of his crew heard voices, then heard a boat pull up. Hannula doused his riding light and listened. He heard loading, and followed the boat when it started off. It was a cruiser, and it headed for one of the other traps where it shifted the load to the trap barge, then headed for the Farnsworth canneries."

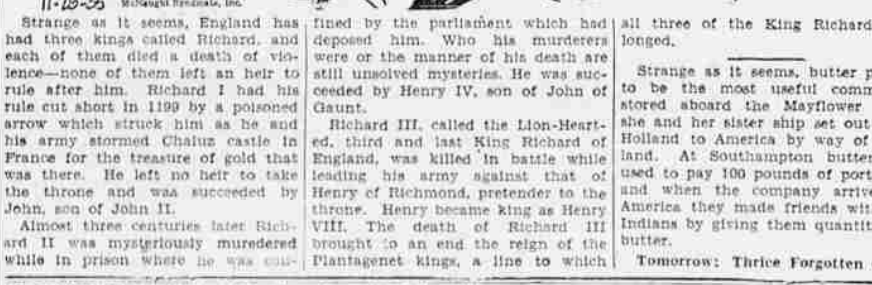
"Well, Hannula's a pretty decent fellow. Instead of coming back and spilling everything and starting a fight, or turning things over to the commission, he hopped the train and went to Portland. He went right to Lee Farnsworth and told him everything. Farnsworth said he was sick and tired of hearing complaints, that they'd better start checking other canneries."

"Hannula didn't get sore, he tried to explain that they were bootlegging salmon, and that unless someone were there while they were operating, they probably wouldn't be able to notice it in daylight. They could rig the seines up so they'd drop below the waterline in daylight, and the place would look abandoned to anybody who happened by."

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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Strange as it seems, England has had three kings called Richard, and each of them died a death of violence—none of them left an heir to rule after him. Richard I had his rule cut short in 1199 by a poisoned arrow which struck him as he and his army stormed Chateau castle in France for the treasure of gold that was there. He left no heir to take the throne and was succeeded by John, son of John II.

Almost three centuries later Richard III was mysteriously murdered while in prison where he was confined by the parliament which had deposed him. Who his murderers were or the manner of his death are still unsolved mysteries. He was succeeded by Henry IV, son of John of Gaunt.

Richard III, called the Lion-Hearted, third and last King Richard of England, was killed in battle while leading his army against that of Henry of Richmond, pretender to the throne. Henry became king as Henry VIII. The death of Richard III brought to an end the reign of the Plantagenet kings, a line to which

all three of the King Richards belonged.

Strange as it seems, butter proved to be the most useful commodity stored aboard the Mayflower when she and her sister ship set out from Holland to America by way of England. At Southampton butter was used to pay 100 pounds of port dues and when the company arrived in America they made friends with the Indians by giving them quantities of butter.

Tomorrow: Thrice Forgotten City.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## 'MATTER POP—By O. M. PAYNE



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—'Heading for a Wedding!'



By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—WHERE IS CRIP?



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—The Dream Eight



By SOL HESS

## STATE JOB INSURANCE ORGANIZATION STARTS

BALEM, Ore., Nov. 25.—(AP)—D. A. Butmore of Portland, formerly with the Security Savings & Trust Co., arrived here today to take charge of organization of the state unemployment insurance setup as provided under the act passed by the special session of the legislature.

## ALUSTIZA'S EYESIGHT SAVED BY OPERATION

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—(AP)—An operation performed last month to restore vision to the right eye of Francisco Alustiza, Stanford football player, apparently was a complete success, it was learned today.

## NEOSHO, Mo., Nov. 25.—(AP)—

When a road grader broke a water line supplying the government fish hatchery here, firemen pumped water to keep thousands of rainbow trout alive. More than 300 fish died, despite their efforts.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 25.—(AP)—

The baby Indian water buffalo in the city zoo died. It fell into a pit of cold water, and exposure resulted in pneumonia.