

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

Chapter 45 ONE MORE NAME

Oh, John was worth fighting for, Anne knew. Perhaps it wasn't the thing to do; perhaps it would take courage to do it. Anne straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin.

"You know, John," she began musically, "I had always thought you a man of your word, until this evening."

"What?" he challenged.

"Last spring you said there could be only one girl you could ever love. And then later you said I was that girl. Didn't you mean it, John?"

He looked down at her, face immobile, only his eyes showing the tight leash he held upon himself. "What of it?" he asked, "you're Anne Farnsworth."

Anne saw an old log, she sat down on it and began to laugh, hysterically. "This is funny," she managed to say.

"What is funny?" he asked.

"Rob Crocker wouldn't marry me because I wasn't Anne Farnsworth."

"Crocker was a cad," John declared emphatically, "you were well rid of him."

"And now," Anne continued, "the man I really love, the only man I've ever actually loved, won't marry me because I am Anne Farnsworth."

John was silent. Wind whispered through the fir; sounds from the town below drifted up to them, high clear voices and the bark of a dog.

"Maybe you're well rid of him too," he declared at last, and grimly, "I guess you're right," she agreed.

"If he isn't man enough to help me shoulder the responsibilities I'll have to carry from now on, he isn't the man I thought him."

"Judge Kellogg is getting old. It won't be long before he'll retire and then what will I do?" Her voice grew hopeless. "I don't know a thing about business, and only a little about fishing. I'll just be prey for the Farleys and Crockers of the world."

"You'll find someone you can hire," returned John, wearily.

SUDDENLY Anne stood up and faced him—"You... you Finn," she snapped, "you selfish thing you. You care more about your silly old pride than you do me. You'd sooner let me go around heartbroken, alone, with greedy men preying on my affections trying to win my inheritance, than you would to sacrifice that pride, marry me and protect me. Afraid you can't repay me in money... money, as if ten million dollars could take the place of one moment of true love."

"Oh why," she wailed to the white-

pering fir, and that far ocean, "oh why, did I have to think I was in love with a man like Rob, then fall in love with a man like you who's every bit as selfish as Rob, who thinks only of himself?"

"Nikki, don't!" John caught her into his arms, half crushing her with the strength of his desperate embrace. "Nikki, I do love you, and you're right. I hadn't thought of it that way. I'd only thought how I would look if I married you like a money snatcher. If you could only know the hell I've been through day after day. Working, fighting, to help you win what was yours and knowing I was losing you, Nikki, you've two names now, do you still want a third?"

"Right away," she agreed, with astonishing meekness. "I've been a little unhappy with the other two, I think the third one will be the charm."

"And you don't think I'm the selfish person you said I was?" he insisted.

Anne smiled one of her rare smiles. "No," she said, "I just had to do something to arouse you."

A shower swept up over the mountains and reached the two on the hillside. The first beat under the rush of wind and rain, whispering their eternal whisper.

"Why, John," Anne lifted her face from the shelter of his arms. "It's raining."

"I know," he admitted, "it's been raining for five minutes or so, and you should be home where it's dry and warm. Come on." He took her hand and they raced down the hill. They stopped a moment and looked at the grey shingled house.

Figures were flying up and down the steep stairway, voices sang and shouted from the house, shadow flitted past the windows, the festival was on.

As they entered they saw Tecla seated near the hearth, her dimpled, smiling face a rosy glow of happiness. Lilla, striding through the room with a huge frosted cake reading "Welcome Home" in colored icing, stopped short. The gleaming top knot at the zenith of its career, bobbed a greeting with the suddenness of her stopping.

"Look who's here," she chortled. "Come in out of the rain, you goose," and then she paused. "What are we going to call you now? Anne Farnsworth, Nikki Nielsen or what?"

"How would Annikki Neuman do?" asked John, and his arm encircled Anne, the disturbing blue of his eyes challenging hers, as the shouts of congratulations arose from the guests.

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THE END

EDWINA BOOTH IS WINNING IN FIGHT WITH JUNGLE ILL

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—(UP)—Edwina Booth, Utah's "golden girl of the screen," who is convalescing in

London from a rare malady incurred during the filming of "Trader Horn" in Africa, is recovering slowly, it has been learned here.

The stricken beauty, who went to London last spring with her father, Dr. James L. Woodruff, suffered from the intense heat of the African jungle during the filming of the picture. The sun destroyed nerve cells in her body, baffling authorities on the method of treatment.

For five years, she has been an invalid and in great pain. Learning that a new treatment was obtainable

in London, Miss Booth made the ocean trip and has written of her slow improvement to relatives here.

From rather obscure parts in several pictures, Miss Booth received her great opportunity for stardom as the feminine lead in "Trader Horn." She spent day after day with her skin exposed to the tropic sun and was infected with the dread malady that apposed her vitality and health.

The actress was born in Utah and is the great-granddaughter of the late Wilford Woodruff, a president of the Latter Day Saints church.

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 GIANT PUFFBALL - AN EDIBLE MUSHROOM - GROWS FROM THE SIZE OF A PEAS TO THAT OF A WATERMELON IN A FEW DAYS...

45,000 WORDS FROM MEMORY - CARLYLE REWROTE THE FIRST VOLUME OF HIS "FRENCH REVOLUTION" FROM MEMORY AND WITHOUT NOTES AFTER THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT WAS DESTROYED BY A CARELESS SERVANT...

THE HOWLER MONKEY CAN SUPPORT ITSELF BY ITS TAIL EVEN AFTER IT IS DEAD...

RAUL VAZQUEZ - Key West, Florida, HAS SEVERAL FISH TRAINED TO COME AT THE CALL OF THEIR NAMES AND EAT FROM HIS HAND!



Fish that know their names, come at call, and eat out of his hand are owned by Raul Vazquez of Key West, Florida. Mr. Vazquez, by long and tedious training, has taught his fish to respond to his call and be rewarded by a morsel of food.

They respond by sticking their heads out of the water and waiting for their bits of food—and they are perfectly tame, permitting Mr. Vazquez to handle and pet them.

More than 45,000 words on the French Revolution by Thomas Carlyle. The work represented five months of hard work and research—and after the original manuscript was complete, Carlyle destroyed the notes from which he wrote the volume. Then he gave the manuscript to a friend, John Stuart Mill, to read. At Mill's home a careless maid took the precious manuscript and kindled a fire with it—the entire work was utterly lost.

Then without his notes, and with little to aid him but his memory, Carlyle rewrote the entire volume.

Tomorrow: Venice of America.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Looks Bad for Tommy and Skeeter!



WHILE FLYING OVER THE PACIFIC DURING A BAD STORM, TOMMY AND SKEETER SIGHTED A DIRIGIBLE IN DISTRESS! THEY CIRCLED IT FOR AN HOUR SEND-ING OUT A CONSTANT SOS, WHICH WAS PKED UP BY THE U.S.S. SARATOGA—BUT NOW— 2367

WE USED UP OUR RESERVE—CIRCLING THAT DIRG!

GOLLY, WE AIN'T GOT MORE'N TEN GALLONS OF GAS LEFT!

I CAN'T! IT'S OUR LAST HOPE! BETTER START WORKING THAT RADIO AGAIN!

DON'T LET THAT 'NAVY JOB GET OUTTA SIGHT!

AND THE NAVY PLANE'S OUT OF SIGHT! WE SHOULD HAVE STAYED BY THE DIRG-- WE'D HAVE HAD COMPANY IN THE FINAL WASH-OUT!

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On to Battle!



WHAT'S BIT THEM TWO YOUNG INDIANS ANYHOW?

SEARCH ME, SHERIFF MORGAN—WAIT NOW, THE LITTLE TAD GAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOOKING SOMEBODY WHO TRIED TO CHEAT LONESTAR OUT OF THE RACE—

I'M HIP, / SAY, DOC, YOU BRING LONESTAR UP TO MY BARN, WILL YOU, LIKE A GOOD FELLOW?

GEE, BEN, I THOUGHT FIRST YOU WASN'T COMIN, AN THEN I GAYS TO ANSELF BEN WEBSTER AINT THE KIND OF A GUN THAT THROWS DOWN A PAL!

WELL WHERE ARE WE BOUND, CRIP?

WE'RE AFTER BOON AN SQUIGGS! I'LL FILL YA IN ON EVERYTHING AFTER WE MOP THEM TWO BIRDS UP!

EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Her Bargain



MR. BRILL, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHIN' THE MATTER WITH MY CAR

YOU WON'T HAVE TO THINK LONG ABOUT IT, AFTER I TAKE A PEEK YOU'LL KNOW POSITIVELY

WELL, THE FIRST THING YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE YOUR VALVES GROUND, THE PUMP NEEDS REPACKING AND THERE'S HARDLY A SPARK LEFT IN YOUR SPARK PLUGS

YOU NEED NEW PISTON RINGS, A NEW GASKET, A FAN BELT—YOUR BRAKES NEED RELINING, THE CLUTCH SLIPS, THE RADIATOR LEAKS, YOUR MOTOR NEEDS—

WHAT'S HOLDIN' THE CAR TOGETHER? DON'T I NEED SOME NEW OILS OF THEM TOO?

SOL HESS

PRIZES AWARDED AT TURKEY SHOW

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 12.—(AP)—A young bronze tom entered by R. D. Mitchell of Sunnyside, Wash., in the Northwest Turkey show in progress this week at Oakland, Ore., was selected from among 584 birds as the grand champion of the dressed division, judges announced this morning.

The prize gobbler was not only chosen as the finest of the division, but also won championship of the young tom class for all breeds, as well as being declared champion of the bronze division.

An adult tom entered by McKinley Huntington of Brookway, Ore., was declared champion in the old tom class. The entry of Joseph Kupetz, Goshen, Ore., was named champion old hen, while the young hen championship went to a bird exhibited by Ward Cookerham of Oakland.

All of the championships were won by bronze turkeys.

Strato Champions To Receive Medal

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—(AP)—The Hubbard gold medal for outstanding achievement in geographical research and exploration will be awarded tonight by General John J. Pershing to the two stratochampion fliers, Captains Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson, on behalf of the National Geographic association.

For their recent feat in reaching the record height of 72,395 feet, they will receive an award given to only 19 others.

EAGLES BENEFIT BALL WILL AID SANTA CLAUS

Christmas will be a real Christmas this year to a large number of local needy folk, due in large part to the undoubted success of the Eagles' annual benefit ball held Tuesday night in Oriental Gardens, with Fred Powell, acting as chairman, responsible for the smooth and well-arranged details.

Archie Legg's 15-piece orchestra provided music for the large throng of dancers.

EUGENE OFFICER HELD ON CHARGES OF THEFT

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 12.—(AP)—William W. Bond, special merchant pretorian, was bound over to the grand jury following a hearing today on charges of stealing more than \$300 from the producers' public market.

Name Mail Chief.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—(AP)—The postoffice department announced today appointment of William H. Taylor as division superintendent of the railways' mail service at San Francisco. Mr. Taylor will take office January 1, replacing Edward McGrath, retiring.

MILE SQUARE PORT PORTLAND'S NEED

PORTLAND, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Capt. B. M. Doolin, supervisor of airports in the bureau of air commerce, said today that Portland must obtain a suitable airport a mile square if it is to remain on transport maps.

When James H. Polhemus, manager of the Swan Island airport, asked if any improvements could be made in Swan Island, Doolin replied that "nothing would make it a first-class airport."

The island is surrounded by hills which will not permit the large transports of the future to make safe landings and takeoffs there, it was contended.

A site near Rocky Butte, east of Portland, was suggested.

DEFENDER OF FRAN IS SWISS PRESIDENT

BERNE, Switzerland, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Albert Meyer, defender of the Swiss franc, today was elected president of Switzerland for 1936.

Giuseppe Motta, who has served as the country's president four times, was named vice-president.

Meyer succeeds Rudolph Minger, whose chief service was the reorganization of the country's military defenses.

Members of the federal council are chosen annually to head the confederation in the order of their seniority.

'LEAPING LENA' LEVY IS ADJUDGED INSANE

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Lena Krakow Levy, 42, sister and manager of "Kingfish" Lewinsky, heavyweight fighter, was adjudged insane today and ordered committed to the state asylum at Kankakee.

The red-haired Lena was a familiar figure to spectators at her brother's fights. Her cry "Kill him, Nikki!" could be heard over the shouts of the crowd as she directed activities from his corner.

The King and his brother, Sam Krakow, testified Lena had been mentally sick for four or five months.

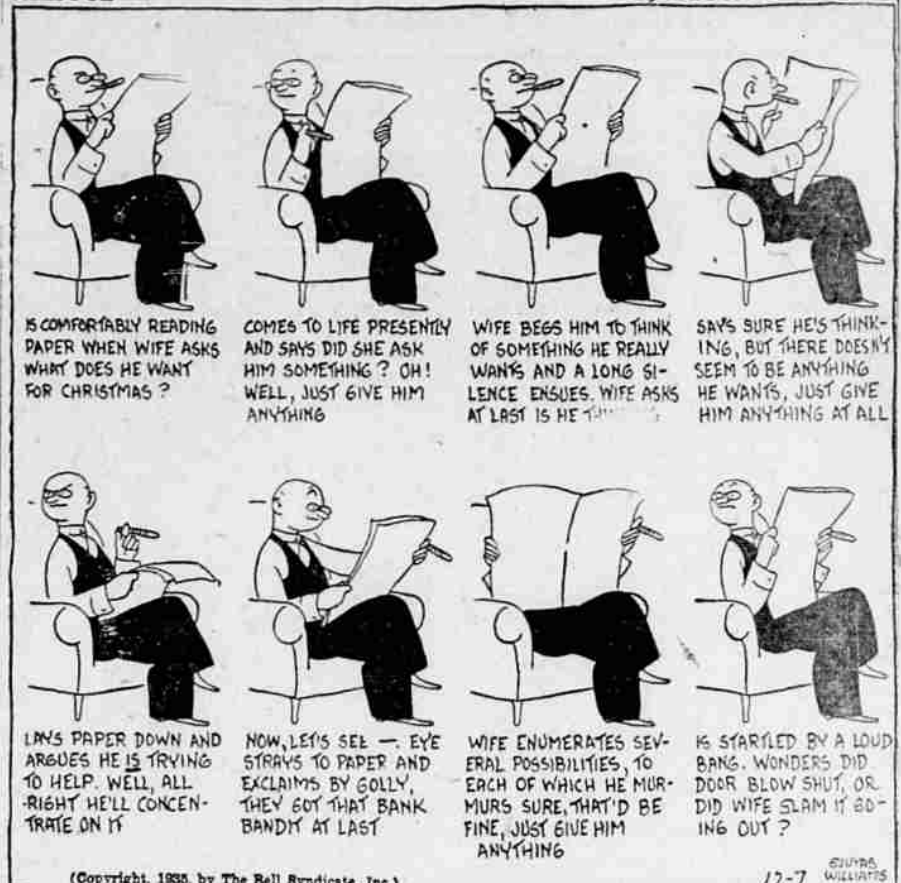
Breaks Up Meeting

OREGON CITY, Ore., Dec. 12.—(AP)—A Beaver creek telephone company meeting broke up in a hurry when a general alarm was sounded to rescue Albert Wiedler from a 30-foot well. Men attending the session pulled Wiedler to safety. The mishap occurred on the William McKay place at Beaver Creek when a curbing on which Wiedler was leaning gave way.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

HELPFUL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS COMFORTABLY READING PAPER WHEN WIFE ASKS WHAT DOES HE WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

COMES TO LIFE PRESENTLY AND SAYS DID SHE ASK HIM SOMETHING? OH! WELL, JUST GIVE HIM ANYTHING

WIFE BEGS HIM TO THINK OF SOMETHING HE REALLY WANTS AND A LONG SILENCE ENSUES. WIFE ASKS AT LAST IS HE T...

SAYS SURE HE'S THINKING, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HE WANTS, JUST GIVE HIM ANYTHING AT ALL

LAYS PAPER DOWN AND ARGUES HE IS TRYING TO HELP. WELL, ALL RIGHT HELL CONCENTRATE ON IT

NOW, LET'S SEE — EYE STRAYS TO PAPER AND EXCLAIMS BY GOLLY, THEY GOT THAT BANK BANDIT AT LAST

WIFE ENUMERATES SEVERAL POSSIBILITIES, TO EACH OF WHICH HE MURMURS SURE, THAT'D BE FINE, JUST GIVE HIM ANYTHING

IS STARTLED BY A LOUD BANG. WONDERS DID DOOR BLOW SHUT, OR DID WIFE SLAM IT SHUT? OH!

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'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SAY, POP, IS UNSCRAMBLE SUMTHIN'?

OH, YES! VERY DEFINITELY SO!

UNSCRAMBLE MEANS TO TAKE SOME SCRAMBLED AFFAIR AND PUT IT BACK IN ORDER!

OH, YES, INDEED! IT IS DONE OFTEN!

GO SH!

WHATCHA GLAD ABOUT?

COMIN' FROM THA STORE I DROPPED THA EGGS!

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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS



By SOL HESS