



I did not kill Osborne

By VICTOR BRIDGES

SYNOPSIS: Nicholas French, a young sculptor, just has been acquitted of the charge that he murdered his schoolfellow, Osborne. Some say he has retired to a ten room to read a letter from his cousin, Sir Seymour and is engaged by two persons discussing his case at the next trial. He fears the general public will not agree with the verdict. Now he is going to see Sir Seymour.

Chapter Five
SIR SEYMOUR
PAPER IN HAND, I EDGED my way to a vacant front seat on top of my bus.

To judge by the amount of space allotted to me on the first page it was evident at a glance that I was the principal sensation of the hour. There was a three-quarter column description of the scene in court, with photographs of myself and Sir Charles Barrett, followed by a verbatim report of old Earle's summing up, which occupied the best part of one of the centre sheets.

It was, without question, a masterpiece of detached reasoning, but having been already acquainted with his Lordship's views, I felt no particular temptation to repeat the experience. I turned instead to the last minute bulletins, where was blazoned the following announcement:—
TRENCH CASE VERDICT: NOT GUILTY

of sense I should have left him to stew in his own juice.

My only reason at the time for trying to help him was because I had felt sorry for him. Our old friendship, coupled with the obvious state of funk which he was in, had persuaded me into acting against my better judgment.

I had given way to a sudden spasm of idiotic good-nature, and seldom in the whole history of misplaced kindness had a man been more promptly and bitterly rewarded.

It was, as may be imagined, in no very amiable mood that I got off the bus at the corner of St. James's Street, and turned in at the handsome block of bachelor flats where Seymour had taken up his residence. Without troubling to ring for the lift, I walked up the short flight of thickly carpeted stairs, and pressed the electric bell.

After a brief interval the door was opened by my cousin himself. He was as immaculately dressed as usual, but looked worried and ill at ease.

"Ah! So it's you, Nicholas," he exclaimed with a perceptible air of relief. "You—you got my letter, then?"
"I did," I replied. "It was handed to me as soon as I left the dock."

RETAIL BUYING SLOWS IN WEEK

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Distribution of merchandise was at a slower pace the last week, said the weekly Dun & Bradstreet review, mainly as a result of unseasonably warm weather.

"The gains reported for retail sales a week earlier," asserted the summary, "narrowed substantially in some parts of the country, but consumer demand still is broadening, in spite of the prolonged rainy spell."

"Stability undoubtedly has reached firmer ground and nearly all factors are contributing to business recovery, but there still persists too much untidiness in many directions to permit indulgence in any rampant enthusiasm regarding an accelerated rate of progress during the remainder of the year."

"There were more upward curves in the industrial indices this week, some of which have reached the best position this fall."

BOB MANNING MADE WAREHOUSE CHIEF

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—A. T. Gibson, president of the Lawrence Warehouse company, operating about 500 field warehouses in the United States, Canada and Alaska, and the Hawaiian Islands, announced today the appointment of Robert E. Manning of Portland as vice-pres-

LOCAL MEN REFUSED TRUCK LINE PERMIT

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—The public utilities commissioner today denied the application of Lester F. Farnum, R. P. Sadry and F. R. Gates of Medford, representing the Rogue River Transport company, to operate as a freight motor carrier between Portland and Ashland.

Commissioner Thomas refused the permit because two other carriers were already operating between the two points.

SMOKING SANCTIONED FOR GIRLS AT O. S. C.

CORVALLIS, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Co-eds at Oregon State college no longer must sneak out of dormitory halls to go to off-campus retreats if they want to have a smoke. For the first time in the history of the institution, smoking rooms for girls have been provided in Waldo hall and Margaret Snell hall, the two dormitories for women. Fire hazard, caused by girls smoking in their study rooms, will be reduced, too.

RUSSIA INCREASES WORKERS' WAGES

MOSCOW, Dec. 1.—(AP)—A blanket 10 per cent increase in wages throughout the Soviet union to compensate for increased living costs for workers, was announced today by Vyacheslav Molotov, president of the people's commissars.

The increase in food costs will be in effect January 1, with the elimination of bread cards whereby workers are supplied with bread at prices under the open market rate.

In general the new bread prices are midway between the present card rate and the open market rate, averaging 40 to 60 per cent above the existing ration prices.

Black bread, the standard ration, now sells at 27 kopecks (nominally 13 1/2 cents) a pound if purchased on a worker's card. After the card is done away with January 1, it will be 45 kopecks (nominally 22 1/2 cents) a pound.

NIGHTGOWNS DECREED AT TRANSIENT DEPOTS

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 1.—(UP)—Persons participating in transient relief at shelters throughout Oregon must wear nightgowns provided by the government it was ruled today. Salem's shelter will receive 222 of the garments and other stations in the state proportionate numbers. The health and sanitation division of the transient service announced the requirement for wanderers who wish to sleep.

JEFFERSON, Ohio.—(UP)—Harold Prosser, 34, dairy farmer, has been ill with undulant fever, a semi-tropical disease rare in this climate.

FOOTBALL BROADCAST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

15 LISTENING TO FINAL BIG FOOTBALL GAME OF THE YEAR

MOTHER CALLS FROM UPSTAIRS TO ANSWER THE 'PHONE, SHE CAN'T BECAUSE SHE'S WASHING HER HAIR

MOVES SLOWLY, STEP BY STEP, TOWARD HALL, LINGERING TO HEAR OUT-COME OF FORWARD PASS. 'PHONE GOES ON RINGING

DASHES BACK TO TURN RADIO ON FULL BLAST SO HE CAN HEAR IT AT THE 'PHONE

RETURNS TO 'PHONE AND SAYS "HELLO" BUT CAN HEAR MUCH OWING TO RADIO

PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE ON RADIO. DROPS 'PHONE TO DASH IN AND SEE IF IT'S A TOUCH-DOWN

LISTENS TO DESCRIPTION OF THE THRILLING PLAY THAT TIED THE SCORE, AND RETURNS TO 'PHONE

REPORTS TO MOTHER THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY ON THE LINE AND SETTLES HAPPILY BY THE RADIO AGAIN

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"You realize this business will affect your future."

I sat staring at it as the bus rolled along up Fleet Street. It was queer to think of all that those few words meant to me—of the shattering bombshell which Fate, for some inscrutable reason, had seen fit to drop into my life.

Only six weeks ago the world had seemed a singularly agreeable place. I had been in the best of health and enjoying existence wholeheartedly. My work had already begun to attract an encouraging amount of attention, commissions were coming in with increasing frequency, while the design I had submitted for a new national memorial, which had been thrown open to competition, was, as I knew, being very favorably considered.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, this incredible thing had happened. Arrested on a charge of murder, of which I was completely innocent, I had been dragged from the peaceful atmosphere of my Hampstead studio into the glaring notoriety of the Central Criminal Court.

My pleasant world had narrowed to the four walls of a prison cell. The work on which I was engaged had come to an abrupt stop.

MORE than half my small capital had vanished, my private affairs had been exposed to the gaping curiosity of every newspaper reader in England, and finally, after narrowly escaping the gallows, I had been turned out unceremoniously into a back street to make whatever use of my freedom society would be gracious enough to permit.

Was it any wonder that, in spite of the fate that had overtaken him, I cursed Osborne from the bottom of my heart? Why should he have landed me in this infernal mess? We had been friendly enough after a fashion at Cambridge, but what right had he got to come thrusting his way back into my life, devastating and wrecking it for his own selfish ends?

I had been a fool of course to have anything to do with him. It had been clear enough from the first that he had got himself mixed up in some shady and probably criminal business, and if I had had a grain

He glanced round as though to make sure that there was no one within hearing.

"Come along in," he said hastily. He moved aside to allow me to pass, and tossing my coat and hat on to a table in the hall, I followed him into his comfortably furnished sitting-room.

"Where's that dignified valet of yours?" I inquired. "Have you given him the sack?"
"I have had to send him out with a note," He closed the door carefully behind us. "Let me say at once how glad and relieved I was to get Cresswell's message. Thank God things are no worse than they are."

"I was sure you'd be pleased, Seymour," I said. "I've felt all along that you must have been distressing yourself terribly."

"Sit down," I observed, pulling forward a chair. "There is a great deal we have got to discuss, and after what you have just been through . . ." he paused. "By the way, would you like a drink?"
"I could do with one," I admitted. "A good stiff one."

I followed him with my eyes as he crossed over to the sideboard. There was something about his sleekly brushed hair and his well-cut morning coat that filled me with an unreasoning irritation.

"That will pull you together," he said, placing the glass on the table beside me. "I suggested that you should come and see me at once, because I was extremely anxious that before you committed yourself to any definite step you should—er—you should have the opportunity of listening to certain proposals which I wish to put before you."

"Quite so," I replied patiently. "You've already explained that in your letter."
He sat down opposite to me. "We have got to look facts in the face, you realize, of course, that although you have been acquitted of murder, this—this deplorable business is bound to have a very unfortunate effect upon your future prospects."

Nicholas and Sir Seymour are not very good friends, when they part, tomorrow.

SMATTER POP

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!

WELL, THAT'S THAT!

SO IT IS!

11-24-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Preview of "Wings Over Nazi"

NATHAN CURTIS, OIL PROMOTER AND BETTY'S UNCLE—HE OWNED THE HISTORY OF A NATION!

2043

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Patience

BEN, YOU DON'T KNOW THEIR WICKEDNESS! YOUR TIME TO HELP WILL COME SOON BUT ONLY AT THE FIT AN' PROPER MOMENT—

WE'RE NOT NEAR THE CIRCUS NOW BUT WE ARE NEAR DANGER! COURAGE CHARLEY STANDS FOR DANGER BEN, AND HIS COMIN' MEANS ONE THING—

—AND THAT IS THAT THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME, IF THEY CAN—OH, BEN, AND WE'VE GOT OFF TO SUCH A GOOD START—WAY, THINK OF IT! CORNPOPE POINT FORKED OVER—

—EIGHT DOLLARS FOR OUR LITTLE SHOW NOT COUNTIN' GODFISH CHARLEY'S BRIBE MONEY—BUT PATIENCE, BEN! THE LORD'LL HELP US—HE ALWAYS HAS!

THE NEBBES—True Love

HELLO AMBY, YOU CERTAINLY LOOK CHEERFUL—THERE'S NOTHING TRIFLING COULD HAPPEN TO TWIST THAT FACE INTO SUCH A SATISFIED EXPRESSION

I GOT A LETTER FROM CONNIE—LISTEN TO HOW SHE BEGINS IT—MY SWEET HEART—AND IT ENDS PURTY TOO

THAT'S SURE EVIDENCE OF A GREAT LOVE—WHAT MORE CAN YOU ASK? IT'S IN WRITING

I'LL BET YOU NEVER WROTE ANY PRETTY WORDS TO HER—AN' OLD HEBBARD—SHIELLED GUY LIKE YOU!—"DEAR MADAM" AND "YOURS TRULY" IS ABOUT AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN COME TO AFFECTION.

IS THAT SO? I JUST WROTE HER A LETTER AND COMMENCED IT "MY ANGEL OF THE WORLD"

BRINGING UP FATHER

THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE PHONE AND HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU IN A HURRY

I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE?

OH-HELLO I WUZ JUST GOIN TO ANSWER THE PHONE

I KNOW IT—AND YOU TELL YOUR ROWDY FRIEND YOU ARE NOT GOING OUT TO-NIGHT—I'LL GO WITH YOU TO BE SURE YOU TELL HIM—

AH, LORD AXEL-GREASE—AND YOU'RE WITH MAGGIE'S BROTHER

SEE WHAT FINE COMPANY BROTHER GOES WITH—ASK HIM TO BRING THE LORD UP TO THE HOUSE

HE CAN'T! THEY'RE BOTH IN JAIL

EEEK!

EX-BOSS BOOTLEGGER IS DECLARED GUILTY

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Paul Remaley, once a "boss bootlegger" of Portland, and Antonio Evers, on whose Forest Grove farm agents confiscated a huge still, were held guilty by a federal jury today of conspiring to defraud the government by operating an unlicensed distillery. Remaley, who engineered a bold delivery of prisoners and rum from the Toledo, Ore., jail two years ago, recently completed an Oregon prison term for that offense.

Programs Advertise Liquor
MILWAUKEE.—(UP)—Football programs at Marquette university this fall contain advertisements for gin and other liquors.

JUGULAR VEIN CUT WHEN CARS COLLIDE

TWIN FALLS, Ida., Dec. 1.—(AP)—Arnold Ebeling, 38, of Bushonish, Wash., was killed Friday in a three-way collision of automobiles when shattered glass severed his jugular vein.

Potato Looks Like Howitzer
CAMBRIDGE, O.—(UP)—An Irish potato grew into the shape of a German howitzer in Wood Booth's garden.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By GUY DESS

By George McManus