

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Although she has been cleared of her interest in the Farnsworth Fisheries by Tom Farley and his gang, Anne Farnsworth, now known as Nikki Nielsen, has gone to a secluded cave to present the fishermen from destroying company property. But Lee Farnsworth, boy and easy-going but still not Anne's enemy, is shot by someone in the crowd, and Anne's protectors, the Sorki boys, are accused. While John Newman, who loves Anne, tries to secure help, Anne has gone to the jail to tell what she knows.

Chapter 34 BITTER SCENE

A group of men standing outside opened to let her pass through their ranks, up the steps, and into the vestibule of the jail.

A deputy was sitting there, talking to two men. He arose and came to the railing.

"I've come to see about the Sorki brothers," Anne said. "I am Anne Farnsworth."

"Oh, yeah?" grinned the deputy, looking at the slicker, the rain soaked beret, and bedraggled slacks.

"I know," she apologized for her appearance, then anxiously, "tell me, have you heard how Uncle Lee is? Is he—?" she couldn't say the word.

"Don't know yet; the hospital hasn't reported. He was still alive when they brought him in. You say uncle?" he mused.

For a moment their gaze met. Locked. Anne thought she detected in the dark eyes of the man, relief, condemnation and triumph. She was sure her eyes told nothing of what she felt.

"Are you ready to answer some questions, Miss Farnsworth?" the chief asked.

"Her name isn't Farnsworth," came in contemptuous tones from Farley.

"But—"

"She was never legally adopted," Farley explained.

"Then, Miss, if you'll let us have your name as a matter of record," Anne was silent.

"Your name, Miss. What is your name?" The sheriff was patient, but Anne could tell from the dark circles under his eyes that he was more than merely weary. Lee Farnsworth was his friend.

"I don't know," she answered.

The man looked at her and she saw pity in his eyes. "What name have you been using?" he asked kindly.

"Nikki, Nikki Nielsen," she answered.

"Any reason for that choice?"

"I had to have something. My nurse had called me Annikki as a baby, so we dropped the Anne and



"The Sorki boys didn't shoot Uncle Lee."

One of the men in plain clothes stepped up, scrutinized Anne. "She could be the Farnsworth girl," he told the deputy. "You know she disappeared after the will was filed; supposed to have gone to a sanitarium."

"I didn't," Anne explained with stoical patience. "I came down here to visit my old nurse. I've been living in Union Town ever since."

"Yeah, all right. Admitting you're the Farnsworth girl, which maybe you are and maybe you ain't, what have you got to do with the Sorki brothers?"

"They're my nurse's sons."

"Then it's just too bad for your nurse."

"But, you see, they didn't shoot Uncle Lee." Anne's voice was vibrant with intensity.

"How do you know?" asked the plain clothes man with interest.

"Because I was in the boat with them. They hadn't left the engine and the wheel when... when Uncle Lee crumpled up... Her face was chalk white and her voice faltered as she was forced to relive the scene.

"Better take her in to the sheriff," advised the plain clothes man.

"Wait, I'll see him first. Now listen, sister, don't try to get away from here. Better come on inside the railing. Keep your eyes on her, Harry; she's liable to bolt when she gets over this fit of honesty."

ANNE looked at him with calm contempt, but willingly she came into the enclosure. She was aching with fatigue and numb with an unseasonable chill.

"Come here," a voice ordered, as soon as she was settled.

"He means you," prompted the deputy to Anne. She turned towards the door, where a stockily built man stood waiting.

As Anne entered the inner office, she was aware of several men watching her. She paid little attention to any of them until the man who had summoned her, evidently the sheriff, spoke.

"Is this the Farnsworth girl?" he asked of one.

"It is," came a familiar voice and Anne whirled to find Tom Farley facing her.

used the Nikki. She had relatives by the name of Nielsen and suggested I use that. It didn't matter to me."

"My deputy tells me you were in the Sorki boys' boat. What were you doing there... just a minute," he reached for the telephone, which buzzed insistently.

There was a moment of silence, then a voice came over the wire, the words not delectable to those in the room. The chief murmured, "Is that so, humm," and then, "All right; we'd better wait until morning."

He turned to those in the room, spoke to Tom Farley but looked at Anne.

"You should be at the hospital, Farley. I don't see why you can't be dependent upon us down here to take care of this."

"Nothing I can do there," barked Farley.

"You're right," agreed the sheriff heavily. "See Farnsworth just died."

Anno sat stiffly on a wooden bench and stared at the sheriff.

"Are you going to be able to go on with your testimony?" the sheriff asked, and his voice seemed far away.

She stared at him with unseeing eyes. Testimony. What a queer word. She would like to cry. She would like to see John, ask him to talk to these men, tell them things her stiff lips couldn't utter. But she couldn't cry, her eyes were dry of tears, they seemed to have congested about her heart.

"You wished to ask me something?" she managed to say.

"Yes, and I want to caution you to choose your words carefully. Whatever you may now say may be used against you—"

"Is that necessary?" interposed Farley.

"If she were your client, you'd see it was," returned the sheriff hotly.

"You're here to get the person who killed Lee—"

"And I'm the one to do it, not you," declared the man with asperity. "All right, Sherman, ready?"

Anne saw a man with a notebook and pencil come close.

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Farley, for once, is put in his place, Tom Farley.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

KALUOKAMOANAPAKIKAKAULANOIAIKAILIOKEKAI -

IS THE NAME OF A SON BORN TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES KAMAKA, Honolulu, 1935



Holidays and times of festival and celebration are found throughout the world—all peoples and countries find something to observe in this manner. With one holiday taken from them, they turn to another. Shrewdly the Christian church substituted the Christian holidays for pagan holidays in Europe during the rise of Christianity, and even now Easter, Christmas and other strictly Christian holidays can be shown to have their origin in celebrations that are older than Christianity itself.

Thanksgiving Day came to be America's first big holiday in much this same manner. Christmas as a holiday was looked upon with disfavor by the stern Puritan forefathers who searched the Bible in vain for any definite instruction on the point. Lacking this, they resented the celebration and in the Pilgrim colony actually prohibited it. The first Christmas in America was a work day.

They deemed a festival of thanksgiving proper, however, and proclaimed such a holiday. The early settlers, glad to have at least one important holiday on the calendar, gave it a full measure of popular support.



Thanksgiving day owes much of its early popularity to the fact that Christmas was an outlawed holiday among the Pilgrims.

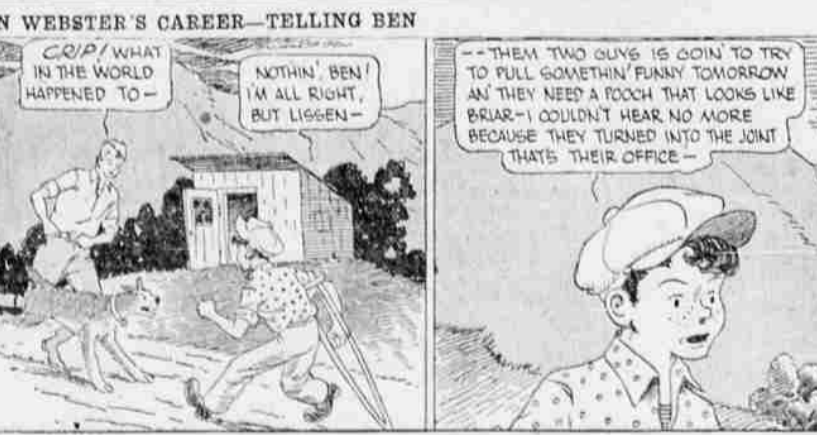
Strange as it seems, in Mongolia thread is made by pounding animal sinews. The women take seasoned hamstring of cattle and pound them until the fibres separate. From these fibres thread is made.

Tomorrow: Fire Cyclone.

OREGON CITY, Ore., Nov. 29. — (AP)—Merchants here voted to deck the city streets with colored lights and evergreen decorations for the Christmas season.

AND NOW THE GIRLS GET A BREAK! BETTY-LOU, CONCHITA, AND INEZ ARE EACH PRESENTED WITH THE ORDER OF LES MERIT FOR COURAGEOUS SERVICE--IN BEHALF OF NAZIL, BY PRESIDENT GONZALES, IN PERSON, AT A FORMAL BALL IN THE PALACE-- 2356

I AM HONORED, SEÑORITA BARNES, TO BESTOW UPON YOU THIS DISTINGUISHED MEDAL FOR COURAGEOUS SERVICES RENDERED NAZIL...



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—TELLING BEN

COPI WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED TO—

NOTHIN', BEN! I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT LIGGEN—

—THEM TWO GUYS IS GOIN TO TRY TO PULL SOMETHIN' FUNNY TOMORROW AN' THEY NEED A FOOSH THAT LOOKS LIKE BRIAR—I COULDN'T HEAR NO MOORE BECAUSE THEY TURNED INTO THE JOINT THATS THEIR OFFICE—

WAIT A MINUTE, CRIP! THEY'VE LEARNED THAT BRIAR AND LONESTAR ARE PALG—I GET IT NOW!

CRIP, YOU'VE EARNED YOUR SALT AGAIN—WE'LL BE PREPARED FOR THEM!

AW, I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN', BEN—YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN THROUGH WHATEVER THEY GOT UP THEIR SLEEVE—

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT'S THE KICK ON THAT ORDER THAT YOU HAVE TO TAKE IT BACK?

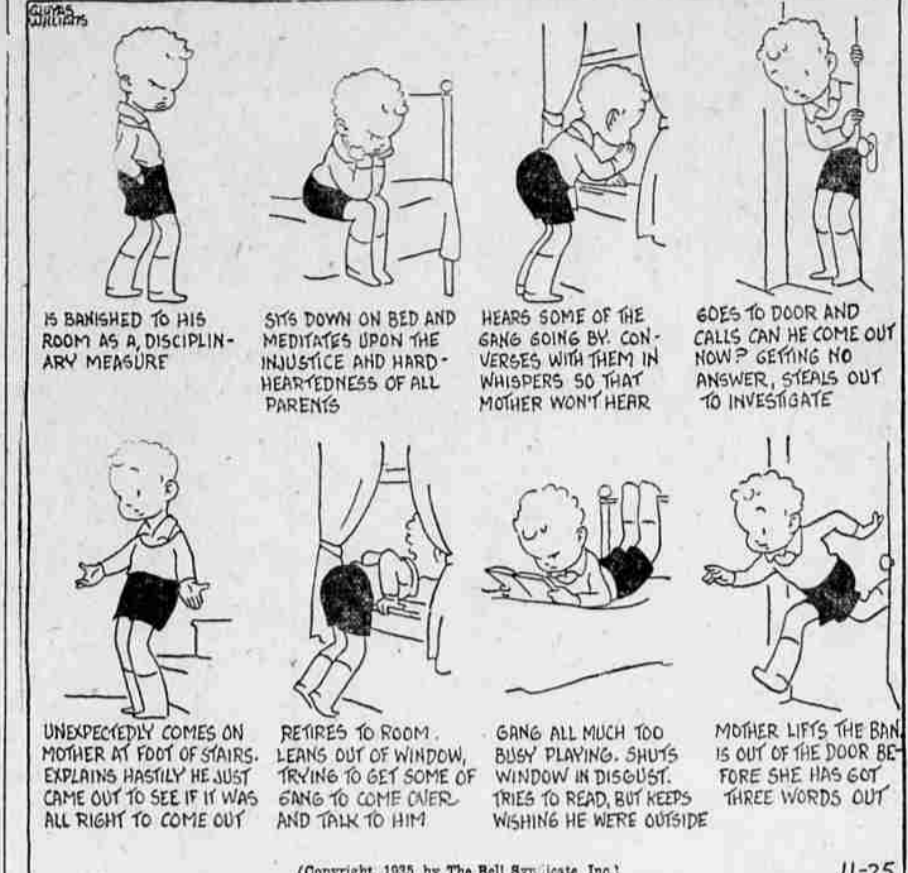
NOTHING—ONLY THE CUSTOMER ORDERED THE STEAK WELL DONE AND IT'S SO RARE IT COULD STILL BE A PIECE OF THE COW

EVER SINCE EMMA LEFT, THERE IS HARDLY AN ORDER THAT DON'T MAKE A ROUND TRIP—THE OTHER DAY SHE BURNED A STEAK AND RUBBED IT OFF WITH A DISHRAG AND WHEN I SERVED IT, THE GUEST ASKED ME IF YOU'D BEEN CHEWING ON IT

I'LL CALL UP MY OLD FRIEND, MAX SWARTZ, AND TELL HIM TO HURRY UP THAT CHEF I WROTE HIM TO HIRE FOR ME—I'LL HAVE FOOD COMING OUT OF THAT KITCHEN—THEY'LL STAND IN LINE FOR!

IN EXILE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS BANISHED TO HIS ROOM AS A DISCIPLINARY MEASURE

SITS DOWN ON BED AND MEDITATES UPON THE INJUSTICE AND HARD-HEARTEDNESS OF ALL PARENTS

HEARS SOME OF THE GANG GOING BY. CONVERSES WITH THEM IN WHISPERS SO THAT MOTHER WON'T HEAR

GOES TO DOOR AND CALLS CAN HE COME OUT NOW? GETTING NO ANSWER, STEALS OUT TO INVESTIGATE

UNEXPECTEDLY COMES ON MOTHER AT FOOT OF STAIRS. EXPLAINS HASTILY HE JUST CAME OUT TO SEE IF IT WAS ALL RIGHT TO COME OUT

RETIRE TO ROOM, LEANS OUT OF WINDOW, TRYING TO GET SOME OF GANG TO COME OVER AND TALK TO HIM

GANG ALL MUCH TOO BUSY PLAYING. SHUTS WINDOW IN DISGUST. TRIES TO READ, BUT KEEPS WISHING HE WERE OUTSIDE

MOTHER LIFTS THE BAN IS OUT OF THE DOOR BEFORE SHE HAS GOT THREE WORDS OUT

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'SMATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE

POP HOW LONG MAY I HESITATE BEFORE I TAKE THE PILL?

FIVE MINUTES! NO LONGER!

ULP!

ATTA BOY!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

ULP!

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BRIGHT STUDENTS CREATE PUZZLING SCHOOL PROBLEM

BERKELEY, Cal.—(UPI)—How to provide adequately for the boy or girl of higher intelligence in a school system constructed for the average is one of the knottiest problems confronting educators today, says Prof. Noel Keyes of the University of California education department.

"The problem is made more difficult," declares Keyes, who has made a long study of the case, by the misunderstanding of the public. "Any attempt to provide special

classes for those of exceptional ability is denounced as undemocratic.

"Yet if a child of average intelligence had to be placed in a school for the mentally handicapped, everyone would recognize that he was not receiving his full educational opportunity. The abilities of the student of 120 or 140 intelligence quotient are as much above the average child's intelligence as the average child is above the feeble-minded."

Professor Keyes points out that the U. S. survey of education shows 20 times as many teachers of special classes for the mentally defective as for pupils of unusual talent.

WALDPONT, Ore., Nov. 29. — The school athletic field, hospital grounds and other city lands will be protected from fire during a completed. The \$4,000 project was resumed and will be rushed to completion, city officials said.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE NEBBS—Page Emma



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