

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

Although she has been charged with the murder of her husband, Lee Farnsworth, she has not been convicted. She is now in jail, awaiting trial. Her story is a tale of suspense and mystery.

Chapter 35 ACCUSATION

"YOU say you were in the boat with the Soriki brothers," said the sheriff. "Why were you in that boat?"

"John Neuman sent the boys after me when he found the fishermen were determined to take the law into their own hands. He thought that I might appeal to them in the name of Luke Farnsworth, as his daughter."

"You're not his daughter," snapped Tom Farley.

"Will you let me take care of this, Farley?" roared the sheriff. "I think you'd better get out in the other office, before I... I... well you'd better go."

"You can't put me out of here, I'm an attorney."

"And you're not on this case. The other room."

As the door closed behind him, the sheriff turned again to Anne. "Continue, please."

"We saw the men leaving in their boats and followed in ours, taking a final chance to reach them."

"You say 'ours'?"

"I own a third interest."

"You were not in that boat when it put back to port. The chief made this a statement."

"No," she agreed. "I've tried all along to protect my identity. When I realized I was too late to help, I only wanted to get back to the peace of being just Nikki. The boys took me to Hunter's wharf, and I walked back to town."

"If you were so eager to protect your identity, why did you come to the sheriff's office and give yourself up?"

"Give myself up?" she repeated. "You don't understand, Miss, she's the boys' sister, told me they were being held because a gun had been found in the boat. I knew they couldn't have fired that shot, because Orvi was still at the engine and George at the wheel, when... must I repeat that?" she begged.

"I'm afraid so. Tell me exactly what happened."

Anne told him of someone calling her name, of something whirling past her head, of seeing Lee Farnsworth fall even as she turned to look at him.

"I remember a boat bumping into ours and then hearing a thud," she remembered. "I believe whoever did the shooting threw the gun into our boat then."

"And you came down here to free them with your testimony, was that it?" he asked.

"Yes, and please may we all go home now? The shock of Uncle Lee's death is almost more than I can stand. He was the only one in the family who was good to me."

Anne felt that if she couldn't reach the privacy of her room, she would break before these men who eyed her so accusingly, so silently accusing.

"Miss Nikki," there was tolerance in the sheriff's voice, sympathy even, "where did you get the gun?"

"Young woman, you killed Lee Farnsworth."

Anne listened to the sheriff in sharp amazement. The words fell with the driving force of hammers, pounding nails into her heart, staples into her memory. She had thought she needed courage before, but now... Luke, or John... she needed someone to stand by her in this moment and give her strength.

"You are wrong," she heard herself saying calmly, and then her voice broke. "I loved Uncle Lee, please let me go now?"

"Take her Harry." The sheriff nodded towards the deputy.

Anne started forward eagerly, moving towards the door of the outer office, but the deputy caught her arm and swung her, gently, in the opposite direction.

They passed through a door, into a corridor. The deputy motioned the jailer, who brought out a ring of keys, fitted one into the lock of a door, and opened it.

Anne stared before her. There was a big, white room and in it small compartments, divided one from the other by iron bars. She heard the door clang behind her. Obediently she started to follow the deputy across polished linoleum to a desk, behind which sat a plump, white clad matron.

"A girl for you, Mrs. Nelson," said the deputy.

Anne looked at the floor, which was buckling beneath her feet. She looked up once to see the plump woman spring into action, brush the deputy aside. She caught Anne in her arms.

"I ne-eever, faint," stammered Anne, with shivering dignity. She looked at the matron who seemed graying about at one side of her, at the white bars which whirled around. It reminded her of a composite picture on the motion picture screen.

"Tech-tech-tech," said the matron between her teeth, propelling her towards one of the small cubicles. "Soaking wet," she added.

"Well, let's book her and get it over," suggested Harry.

"Book her my eye," retorted the matron, "I'm going to get the child to bed."

Anne shuddered violently. "Cold," she managed between chattering teeth.

"Open that door, Harry."

Anne stepped over the grating at the bottom of the door, saw a white coat and sank onto it.

"Harry," the matron was still snapping orders, "take this key, go to my locker and bring that brown wool robe. Then put a teakettle of water to heat on the gas plate."

"I've got to get back."

"Do what I tell you."

"Oh, all right."

Anne sat dazed as the woman stooped over, pulled off her white sneakers, her stockings, loosened her slacks, pulled them off, slipped a plain white gown over her head, then wrapped her in the brown robe Harry brought her.

The matron was gone a few moments, then returned with a hot water bottle for Anne's feet, and a steaming glass of hot lemonade for her to drink.

Anne's teeth chattered against the edge of the glass until she feared she might break it, but she tried until it was drained, and then she was allowed to sink back, fatigue racking her bones like physical blows.

Dimly she tried to follow the events of the evening. She was in jail. That was funny. She, Anne Farnsworth, no, Nikki Nielsen was in jail. Wouldn't Aunt Charlotte and Sharlee gloat? But, no Uncle Lee was dead, someone shot him.

EPISCOPAL DIOCESES FAVOR DAGWELL MOVE

PORTLAND, Nov. 30. (AP)—A majority of the 74 standing committees of the Episcopal dioceses in the United States approved the election of Dean Benjamin D. Dagwell of Denver for the Oregon bishopric, Arch-

REQUA AND LONDON GET HEADS TOGETHER

TOPEKA, Kas., Nov. 30.—(AP)—Mark Requa, Republican national committeeman for California and a Hoover floor leader in the Republican national convention that nominated the former president in 1928, conferred at length today with Gov. Alf M. Landon, a Republican presidential possibility.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MEALS OF MORE THAN 2 COURSES WERE ILLEGAL DURING THE REIGN OF EDWARD III IN ENGLAND... 1327-1377



A CYCLONE WAS CAUSED BY AN OIL FIELD FIRE! San Luis Obispo, Cal. THE INRUSH OF COLD AIR WAS SO GREAT IT KILLED 2 MEN, DESTROYED BUILDINGS AND TURNED OVER AN AUTOMOBILE A MILE AND A HALF AWAY! -1926-

Every severe fire causes atmospheric disturbances—beats air, being lighter, rises and cool air from surrounding areas sweeps in to take its place. The amount of atmospheric disturbance depends in part upon the extent of the fire—in this one conditions were just right to cause a real cyclone so strong that it killed and injured people a mile and a half away, wrecked buildings, and overturned an automobile.

The fire and cyclone occurred in San Luis Obispo, California, during an oil field fire. The intense heat of the fire began a movement of air that reached such proportions that it killed two men, injured a woman, destroyed three homes and several other buildings.

Robert Hoffman memorized the entire United States Constitution with all the amendments before he was 14 years old, just to prove to himself that he could overcome a speech impediment. He has recited it before the South Carolina supreme court justice and again before the governor.

The United States Agricultural Department lists 95 products that can be made from soy beans. From the plant itself fuel and stock feed are the chief products. Bean meal is used to make such various articles as dog food, cellulose substitutes and paint. Oil from the bean can be transformed into disinfectants, electrical insulations, machine oil, printer's ink, and scores of other things. Green and dried beans are used in the making of dozens of commodities varying from textile dressing to ice cream cones.

Tomorrow: The Outlaw Sport.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Complete a Job!



THIS ABOUT CLEANS IT UP, SKEETS—YEP! WE'VE COVERED EVERY INCH FROM EL LORANO TO TH' SEA—

"SHOOTING FILM" NOW—INSTEAD OF BULLETS—TOMMY AND SKEETS, EQUIPPED WITH TWO HIGH-POWERED AERIAL CAMERAS, ARE MAKING THEIR SURVEY FOR THE NEW HIGHWAY FROM THE OIL FIELDS. 2357

"Grab this, Tom, while I get th' little camera—"

"Let's tell Mr. Curtis we've finished the job!"

"Boys, I'm proud of you—now we can go ahead and construct that highway in short time—and start production!"

"Were glad you are satisfied, sir!"

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Orders Are Orders!



DECIDING TO LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE, BEN CRIP AND BRIAR SPENT THE NIGHT BESIDE LONESTAR'S STALL IN SHERIFF MORGAN'S BARN—

"CRIP, I'M NOT GOING TO LET LONESTAR OUT OF MY GHT FROM NOW ON AND I WANT YOU TO DO THE GAME WITH BRIAR—"

"BUT WHAT ARE THEM GUYS UP TO BY TRYIN' TO GET A POUCH THAT LOOKS LIKE BRIAR?"

"MY HUNCH IS THEY WANT TO GET A DOG LIKE BRIAR TO DISTRACT LONESTAR'S ATTENTION WHILE THE RACE IS ON!"

"WHY, THE RATS! I'LL STOP THAT!"

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THE NEBBS—Just Sampling

GEE, I NEVER SAW SO MUCH OF THE COUNTRY AS SINCE I'VE BEEN GETTING FREE RIDES—LEW NORTH IS AIMING TO SELL ME HIS CAR—HE FIXED IT ALL UP AND SAYS IT'S A HONEY

"SLOW-RUNNING AND STICKY—LIKE"

"WHEN PEOPLE AIN'T WORKIN' THEY GET RESTLESS FOR SOMETHIN' TO DO—HERE YOU'RE AIMIN' TO BUY AN AUTOMOBILE—I NEVER HEARD TELL OF SUCH EXTRAVAGANCE."

"THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUYIN' AND AIMIN' TO BUY—IN THE MEANTIME I'M GETTIN' RIDES"

"AND WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH MY MONEY? WHO AM I GOING TO LEAVE IT TO? YOU AIN'T BITTIN' THERE EXPECTIN' TO WEAR ME OUT?"

"GO AHEAD AND THROW YOUR MONEY AWAY—IF YOU KNOWED JUST WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO DIE YOU COULD SPEND YOUR LAST CENT THE DAY BEFORE AND LET THE COUNTRY BURY YOU"

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EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN WORKERS AIM OF FEMINISTS

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 30.—(AP)—Women like to eat, just the same as men.

That said one of the country's leading feminists today, in why women want a new amendment to the United States constitution guaranteeing them equal rights in addition to suffrage.

Mrs. Helen Hunt West, vice-chairman of the national women's party congressional committee, declared that 1000 state laws, plus the "marriage clause" in the federal economy

act of 1933, deprive women of the right to a livelihood.

"These laws discriminate against women in industry and business," she said. "They throw women out of jobs which they need to feed themselves."

Mrs. West, wife of a Jacksonville, Fla., newspaperman, declared the party is widely against minimum wage and hour laws for women.

The women's party, a nonpartisan organization, will hold a national conference here Saturday and Sunday to open a campaign for an equal rights amendment.

Any opinion that women are biologically not the equal of men in most activities draws scorn from Mrs. West.

"Any person who can work 24 hours a day raising a family," she asserted, "can do almost anything."

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.



THE VISITING AUNT INFORMS YOU THAT SHE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU A BOX OF CANDY IF SHE HADN'T FELT SURE THAT SUCH DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN WOULD PREFER SOMETHING MORE LASTING LIKE THIS BOOK ON MAKING FRIENDS WITH WILD FLOWERS

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'SMATTER POP—



YOU MAY HAVE THIS WHEN I'M THROUGH, I TOLD YOU

"AW-W! WHAT GOOD IS ICIN' TO OLD FOLKS?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, OLD FOLKS?"

"AW-W-"

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'SMATTER? WHASSA TRIOT



BECAUSE BY THA TIME YA GIVE IT TO ME I'LL BE OLD AN HAVE WHISKERS

"POP?"

"SMATTER? WHASSA TRIOT?"

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By HAL FORREST



GRAB THIS, TOM, WHILE I GET TH' LITTLE CAMERA—

"LET'S TELL MR. CURTIS WE'VE FINISHED THE JOB!"

"Boys, I'm proud of you—now we can go ahead and construct that highway in short time—and start production!"

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By EDWIN ALGER



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By SOL HES

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