

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: In an effort to protect the Farnsworths' daughter, which she would be owner had not Tom Farley cheated her out of her interest. Anne Farnsworth is present at the murder of her uncle Lee Farnsworth. Worse, she is accused of having committed it. Anne is in jail, looked as Nikki Nielsen, the name she took when Tom Farley testified that she was not even the adopted daughter of the late Luke Farnsworth. Anne is feverish, lying in a jail cell.

Chapter 35 NEAR DEATH

They were talking about her. Anne jumped to the floor. "That's a lie!" she screamed. The matron was out of her chair and Harry at her heels, running towards Anne's cell. "Get back in that bed," ordered the woman. But Anne, fired with a fever which seemed to have reached her brain, faced them.

"I did not kill Uncle Lee, and no jury nor anyone else can say it." "Of course not, dear," the matron's voice was conciliatory, "but get into bed like a good girl. Harry, in my upper left hand desk drawer, little black thing like a fountain pen."

Harry returned with it, and Mrs. Nelson, tucking Anne back into bed, dipped it into a glass of water, then thrust it into Anne's mouth.

For a long moment there was silence in the room, then the matron, looking at the thermometer, spoke to the deputy.

"Call Doctor Morton."

"Mrs. Nelson, it's two-thirty and that girl's going to be tried for—"

"She won't be here to be tried, or even charged if you don't do as I say," snapped the woman.

Anne lay panting, burning now, trying in vain to throw off the covers the woman held over her, fighting the matron with unnatural strength.

"Let me out of here," she pleaded, "please let me out. My bed's cool. Don't make me stay."

"There—there, there—there." The matron wore down her resistance, and the last memory Anne held of the queer world into which she had been precipitated, was of a woman in white, patting her on the shoulder and saying in a singsong voice, "there—there."

ANNE FARNSWORTH opened her eyes. Pale green walls, shaded windows, a screen that cut off further view of the room, two voices talking in a low tone.

"She'll pull through and I'm sorry," said one.

"You worked hard enough to help her," observed the other.

"Of course. But poor girl, think of what she has to face—"

"But supposing she isn't guilty. If she died, the real murderer would go scot-free."

"That wouldn't have hurt her. This will. From what I've heard, she's been through enough in the last year to kill an ordinary person. The family's treated her abominably."

"Motive for the shooting?"

"That's what the prosecution will say. Well, I'm off to bed. She should show a decided improvement to-night. Let me know if there's any change the other way."

"You don't mean wake you," came in astonishment from the second voice.

"I do, there's still a chance of her slipping back across the line, and—well, the girl's shown so much courage even in her unconscious state that I'm for her a hundred per cent. I'm getting the court to appoint me as her attendant during the trial, so I can stand by and watch."

"Watch the trial?"

"No, watch her. If they're going to throw her to the legal lions to make a Roman holiday, I'm going to be there to bind up the wounds."

"When is the trial?"

"As soon as she's strong enough to stand it."

The door closed behind awaking starched skirts. Anne stared at the green walls, hospital walls. She remembered now. There had been a long struggle. She had had to fight through for something. Well, she had fought, and for what? To face trial for the alleged murder of her uncle.

Queer justice that would provide medical means to save her, when they hoped to hang her.

Not that it mattered much, not that anything mattered. She wondered idly what time it was. The nurse, at least she presumed it was a nurse, said she might yet slip back across the danger line.

Why not? Why go on with this struggle to breathe, this rasping,

heavy light ... all, when she could stop and sink into black feathers, or black clouds, something soft and smothery.

She remembered once she had almost lost sight of that pin point of light which it seemed she must strain towards. It had grown larger as she struggled until it became torch-like.

And then there had been someone near the torch who insisted that she carry on.

Anne opened her eyes. A pleasant face gazed at her. A pleasant face gazed at her. A pleasant face gazed at her.

At the sight of the opened eyes she moved swiftly across the room, then returned. A few moments later the door opened and a man came in, stepped to the bedside and looked down.

"Stood the change all right," he decided. "Don't put her back in the oxygen chamber unless you have to. Now about—"

Anne thought to keep her eyes open. There he was, going towards the door now. He opened it. She caught a glimpse of a second figure arising from a chair beside the door. A policeman in uniform.

A shadowy smile tugged at the corners of Anne's lips. As if she could escape! And then she realized she could. There was another door, through which she might slip and evade them all, forever.

The nurse was standing at the bedside, a bowl in her hand, a glass tube tinkling against the edge. Nourishment. If she refused, that other door would be opened. It would be easier to go that way; it took courage to live.

The nurse placed the glass tube to her lips. "Sip it," she ordered. Anne looked up at her. "Sip," repeated the nurse.

ANNE sat on the broad veranda of the hospital, flanked by a uniformed policeman, the jail matron, and her day nurse.

"This is adventure," she told them. Just to look out on the purple hills, the blue river, to watch the seagulls wheeling, to feel the beat of the hot sun on her body, to smell the dry scents of early autumn in the air.

She was terribly tired of green walls, and liquid food. At that, she had been unconscious so much of the time that she had escaped much of the monotony of her incarceration.

"Am I never to have company?" she asked the matron. "Here I've been ill for a whole month, and convalescing a week and three days."

"Whenever the doctor agrees," the nurse interposed.

"And the sheriff puts his okay on them," added the man in uniform.

Anne smiled at him. "He needn't be afraid of my friends delivering me. I know those bumps down there are supposed to be feet, but I don't think they know they belong to me. They wouldn't move if I ordered them to. Besides," she added thoughtfully, "I don't want to escape. I want to stay and face the charge. I know I'm innocent."

"When do you want to see?" the officer asked.

Anne hesitated. She wanted to see John Neuman, but somehow she couldn't admit this. If she saw Tecla, she could tell her all of the news and then she could ask her to send John up.

"My nurse, Tecla Sorok," she answered.

"Maybe tomorrow," temporized the matron.

On the morrow Tecla Sorok appeared, a mere shadow of her former self. Cautious to be careful, she tiptoed into Anne's room and sat at the bedside afraid to speak.

"Tecla," laughed Anne when she opened her eyes and discovered her there, "you tempt me to say 'boo' and see if you'll jump."

"Nikki." All of the pent-up worry and woe of the past weeks were released in that word. "And I would have saved you from this worry, this sickness, with myself."

"I know you would Tecla, but don't worry, you had nothing to do with it. Cheer up, everything will be all right. They won't let you stay long so begin telling me the news right way. How's Lisa? How many times has she locked herself out since I left?"

A little laugh escaped Mrs. Sorok. "But once," she confessed. "That time she made to go in the kitchen window and stuck she was in the middle, with both ends flapping. Only, her head it was inside so we do not hear her call!"

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Anne goes to trial, tomorrow.

OREGON PRODUCTS FEATURE BANQUET FOR CAMP WIMER

CAMP WIMER (Sp.)—The Thanksgiving day noon meal at Wimer served up by Mess Officer Lt. Andrew J. Hemstreet, Mess Sergeant Duke

Gulle and staff and the visiting student cooks and bakers featured Oregon food products. Many of the Medford, Grants Pass and surrounding townsmen who make up this all-Oregon company were home for the holidays. Those who were left in camp ate \$126 worth of food, \$97 worth of which was produced in Oregon. Chief item was 250 pounds of Rogue River turkeys roasted to a turn and served juicy and tender.

This particular meal of the 1,095 served annually in this single CCC camp consumed the following impressive list of foods: 250 pounds of Rogue River turkeys; 50 pounds of mince-meat; 40 pounds cranberries; 50

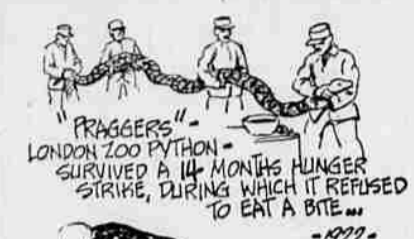
pounds sweet potatoes; 60 pounds Irish potatoes; 1 gallon whipping cream; 5 gallons milk; 3 gallons canned pumpkins; 20 No. 2 cans corn; 15 cans olives; 12 bottles olives; 5 gallons sage dressing; 40 pounds of candy; 15 pounds spice cake; 4 dozen ladyfinger buns; 12 pounds bread; 3 cartons cigarettes; 15 gallons coffee; 1 box apples; half crate oranges; 8 gallons pears; 12 large cans peaches; 8 pounds butter; 12 cans cranberries. The pleased expression on the faces of producers of food in Oregon is nothing to the pleased expression and well-upholstered look of Wimer men seen leaving the mess hall about 2:30 p.m. Thursday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

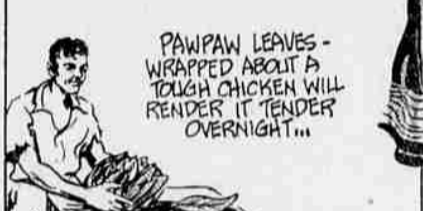
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WILLIAM LEAVER - Shawnee, Ohio, HAS A COAL MINE IN HIS OWN BASEMENT!



PRAGGERS - LONDON ZOO PYTHON - SURVIVED A 14-MONTH HUNGER STRIKE, DURING WHICH IT REFUSED TO EAT A BITE - 1922 -



PAWPAW LEAVES - WRAPPED ABOUT A TOUGH CHICKEN WILL RENDER IT TENDER OVERNIGHT...



HENRY II - King of England, OUTLAWED FOOTBALL ALMOST 800 YEARS AGO - A PROHIBITION THAT REMAINED IN FORCE FOR 4 CENTURIES!

In the middle twelfth century, when archery was the backbone of national defense, the English government looked with hearty disfavor upon any sport that threatened archery practice. Football came into popularity, and was promptly outlawed by King Henry II because men were neglecting their practice of archery to play football. The popular sport remained illegal under the reigns of succeeding kings for more than 400 years until the reign of James I in the early seventeenth century. But then gunpowder

had been invented, and archery was no longer an important phase of military preparedness. When an appeal was made to King James on behalf of football, he revoked the 400-year-old ban on this sport which soon became one of the most popular in the land. Strange as it seems, the leaves of the West Indian pawpaw have the property of making tough meat tender overnight. Native use these leaves in the preparation of tough fowl for the table. They wrap the dressed bird

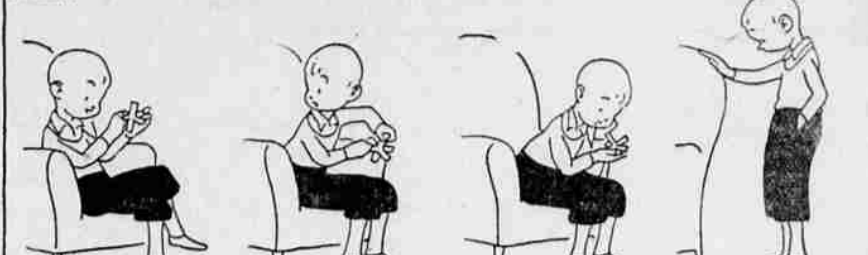
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Homeward Bound—And Mystery Ahead!

CAPTAIN ORTEGA (EL CONDOR) HAS BEEN REINSTATED IN HIS POSITION AS CHIEF OF THE NAZILIAN SECRET SERVICE—AND WON INEZ AS HIS BRIDE. EL LIBERATOR, GARCIA AND OTHER REBEL CONSPIRATORS HAVE BEEN DEPORTED TO "HADE'S ISLAND". TOMMY AND SKEETER HAVE COMPLETED THEIR AERIAL SURVEY WORK FOR UNCLE NAT, AND NOW— 2358

William Leaver, Shawnee, Ohio, has 10,000 tons of coal in his basement—all he has to do to get it is mine it. Underlying his home is a strata of good lump coal nine to fourteen feet thick, from which Mr. Leaver mines nine to 12 tons of coal each winter for his own furnace. The mouth of the mine shaft is right beside the furnace door, and the coal itself is only 150 feet back in the vein.

PUZZLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



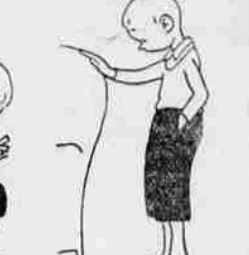
COMES HOME WITH PUZZLE HE GOT FROM BUD BEMIS. SITS DOWN TO WORK IT OUT



REALIZES THAT FATHER HAS MOVED OVER TO WATCH. FATHER BEGINS TO MAKE SUGGESTIONS HOW TO DO IT



FATHER SAYS TO LET HIM TRY IT, HE'S SURE JUNIOR'S DOING IT WRONG. JUST LET HIM TRY IT A SECOND



FATHER FINALLY GETS PUZZLE AWAY FROM HIM AND SETTLES DOWN TO IT



JUNIOR STANDS BY, MURMURING AT INTERVALS COULD HE HAVE IT BACK NOW PLEASE.



FATHER BEING CALLED TO TELEPHONE, MOTHER GRABS PUZZLE ASKING COULD SHE HAVE JUST A LITTLE TURN AT IT



WATCHES MOTHER'S EFFORTS. SAYS HE'D LIKE TO TRY IT NOW, MOTHER MUTTERING VAGUELY IN JUST A MINUTE, DEAR



MOTHER BEING NEEDED IN KITCHEN, JUNIOR SEIZES PUZZLE AND RETIRES HASTILY TO HIS ROOM, LOCKING DOOR

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



WHY DID THAT MAN'S HAIR STAND ON END, POP?



ON ACCOUNT OF FRIGHT. YA SEE WHEN A MAN'S HAIR STANDS UP THEN HE IS SCARED!



HOW DOES A BALDHEADED MAN TELL WHEN HE IS SCARED?



WELL, LET'S SEE—I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THAT SOME THOUGHT!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Discovery!

GEE, BRIAR, I THROW BEN A LUNE ABOUT HEADIN' OFF THEM TWO CHIGELERS AN' HERE IT IS AN HOUR BEFORE THE RACE AN' I AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO NOthin'!

WE BETTER GET OUT TO THE FAIR GROUNDS—I'G ROSE THE WHOLE TOWN'S OUT THERE NOW—

POOR CRIP! HE HAD TRIED TO DISCOVER THE PLOT OF BOON AND SQUIGGS, BUT LUCK WAS AGAINST HIM—EVEN THE CLERK AT THE LICENSE BUREAU HAD SAID NO DOGS RESEMBLING BRIAR WERE LICENSED IN HADDOCKVILLE— AN' IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO TELL BEN I AIN'T LEARNED NOthin'!

WAIT A MINUTE, BRIAR! I SEE 'EM, TOO! BOY, OH BOY, NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEWHERE!

THE NEBBS—Far-Sighted

LISTEN, THE FOOD IS TERRIBLE HERE... WHY DIDN'T YOU OFFER EMMA A FEW DOLLARS MORE A WEEK SHE WOULD HAVE STAYED

IF THIS HOTEL CENTERS ON ONE WOMAN'S COOKING, I HAVEN'T MUCH OF A PLACE— I HAVE A FRENCH CHEF COMING WHO WILL MAKE EVEN YOU, WHO CORNER ON INDIGESTION, SMACK YOUR LIPS!

I'M A FAR-SIGHTED MAN— I DON'T PUT MYSELF IN A POSITION WHERE ONE WOMAN COOK IS ESSENTIAL TO MY SUCCESS

YES, YOU'RE SO FAR-SIGHTED YOU SEE THINGS YOU NEVER CATCH UP TO

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IF YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR FLAVOR— TRY WRIGLEY'S

Long Service Ends SHANGHAI, Dec. 2.—(AP)—Edwin A. Cunningham, United States consul general for Shanghai for 18 years, retired today after 38 years in the consular service.

Bad Boys to Pen WOODBRIDGE, Ore., Dec. 2.—(AP)—Judge Hiram Overton in Justice court sentenced Raymond Shields, 17, of Salem to six months in the state penitentiary after he was found guilty of auto theft.

BUCKINGHAM'S Cream Wafers Assorted flavors. Reg. U.S. Pat. Office. Special 35c 1b. The Great 236 & Central

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THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS