

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth is on trial for the murder of her uncle, Luke Farnsworth, who is the only kind of her "relatives" who has been kind to her since the accidental death of her foster parents, Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth. When her most bitter enemy, Tom Farley, is assisting the district attorney, the latter is summing up his case against Anne, at the beginning of the trial which may result in a sentence of death being pronounced against an innocent girl.

Chapter 22 TECLA'S STORY

ANNE had come down to Astoria, the district attorney charged, and once there set about fomenting trouble among the people working for her late foster father's fisheries. When her uncle had gone out to investigate one of the many groundless charges, that a "bootleg" trap was working with the Farnsworth canneries, she had followed and had shot him down.

She had used Luke Farnsworth's gun, stolen from the house when she ran away from it. She had thought to throw it away but it had become entangled in a fish net, and did not clear the boat and drop into the river as she had intended.

She had forced the Sorki brothers, whom she had helped purchase the boat she used, into landing her at an isolated pier, and had sneaked home.

Upon hearing they had been arrested for the crime, she had depended upon her former prestige as Anne Farnsworth to try to free them. All of these things he would prove, he said.

Lenholm outlined his defense, and it was pitifully weak. Anne realized how slim a chance she would have of being found not guilty.

Warily she listened as the State presented its case. Each line of evidence seemed a cord, binding her to a verdict of murder in the first degree.

She returned to jail that night, worn in body and spirit. What chance had she against the hatred of the men condemning her? Perhaps it would be better, as they had suggested, to plead guilty and receive an intermediate sentence.

If only John . . . but she had searched the court room. John wasn't there.

Days sped along and then came the words, "The State rests."

Lenholm had little to offer save the word of the Sorki brothers. He passed these quickly and called Anne to the stand. She heard the name "Nikki Nielsen," and arose. The expanse of rug from chair to witness stand stretched before her as fluid as water.

"Miss Nikki," prompted the attorney, Anne caught sight of Charlotte Farnsworth's triumphant expression, and chin up, walked steadily to the chair.

She looked out on the sea of faces, noticed newspaper reporters watching her intently, and then she saw Tecla, little Tecla, sitting bravely in the front row, smiling, the high dimples wet with tears.

Anne relaxed and turned to Lenholm.

"Your name is Anne Farnsworth?" he asked.

"I object," burst from the district attorney. "There is nothing to prove this girl is other than Nikki Nielsen as charged."

"Your name please," Lenholm requested.

Anne was silent.

"Young lady," the judge leaned over. "What is your name?"

"As far as I know, it is Anne Farnsworth."

"This is most irregular, this young woman is charged under the name of Nikki Nielsen. She gives her name as Anne Farnsworth."

"YOUR honor," explained the district attorney, "we have used the name Nikki Nielsen as an expedient, the girl is nameless."

"She is not!" The words spat out across the court room like an electric shock. "She has the name, I give the proof."

Tecla Sorki had darted to the railing which divided the court from the audience. Anne watched her dig deep in the bag she held.

"Your honor," Lenholm was before the bar, "may I ask for a recess? It is possible this woman, who was the childhood nurse of the defendant, has information vital to our case."

"Five minutes," agreed the judge, and to the jurors, "You will remain in your seats."

The five minutes were scarcely necessary. Lenholm, his face alight, returned, excused Anne from the witness chair and asked that Tecla Sorki be sworn in as a witness.

"Mrs. Sorki, be seated at her reassuringly, you say this girl's name is Anne Farnsworth?"

"Yes," came emphatically from Tecla. "I have the proof."

Anne sat in her chair, trembling, feeling that at last she was to hear the one thing she longed above all else to hear. She watched Tecla. The woman was angry.

"And now," suggested Lenholm, "your proof that the defendant is Anne Farnsworth."

"I tell you," Tecla nodded contentedly. "Luke Farnsworth make me swear on the Bible, never I tell a living soul I swear, but I'll be for giving me for breaking that swear."

"Mrs. Sorki," the judge leaned forward, "why did Mr. Farnsworth want this information kept secret?"

"I tell everything," she promised. "He say even to himself he must not think she is not his own."

"First I explain how she belong to them. My brother Orvi Nielsen—"

"Nielsen—" Anne started at the name.

"Yes, Orvi Nielsen, he is the captain of a boat which sails along the coast. In Monterey California, he meets a school teacher and is married to her. Not often does he go there to port, so he bring her to Crescent City, where his ship always stop. They come one night. Next night there is a storm."

"Many fishermen are caught and he goes out to save them. His wife is worried. She goes to the wharf to wait. She waits all night and becomes very sick. When she falls, they carry her to the hospital where the baby, Anne, is born."

"AT THIS hospital is Mrs. Farnsworth whose baby dies at birth. Luke Farnsworth is nearly crazy because he thinks his wife die when she hears. Then, my brother's wife hear her husband is lost at sea and she dies. The nurse thinks it would be good, for the time, to give the little Anne to Mrs. Farnsworth."

Mr. Farnsworth he wish to adopt the baby but he cannot because the mother is dead and he can't find her people. The hospital people know him, so they let him take the baby back to Astoria with him. Then he puts the detectives to trace and he finds me, Orvi's sister. He finds also Anna Nielsen's father, but he is a widower, a professor of English, and does not know what to do with the baby. He say it is all right for them to adopt her, but me, I do not."

"I wish first to know these people, so Mr. Farnsworth he say he will bring my husband and me to Astoria. He buys us the house and my husband and the boat and he hires me to nurse the little Anne. So then, we make out the adoption papers."

"Your honor!" Tom Farley was on his feet. "I can prove this an unmitigated falsehood. I was at the hospital at the time this child was given to the Farnsworths."

"Just a minute Mr. Farley," the judge was watching Tecla. "What have you there?" he asked her.

"The papers give to me," she answered. "You would like to see?"

And as he reached for them, she hesitated. "But you don't give to the Farley man? Luke Farnsworth say I must never let him put hands on them."

"Your honor," the district attorney was appealing to the bench. "This is completely irrelevant. It has no bearing on the case in hand, but it is bringing in cross currents which may affect the justice."

"Mr. District Attorney," countered the judge dryly, "I believe I am quite capable of handling this case. As long as you neglected to establish this defendant's identity, I feel that in all fairness to her we should do so at this time."

He pushed his glasses back to their rightful place on his nose, and studied the papers. "Hm," he murmured, "Hm," and after a moment, "well, gentlemen it seems the defendant was born Anstaki Nielsen. Her name was changed to Anne Lucinda Farnsworth, at the time of her adoption."

"Your honor," Lenholm was up. "I move a dismissal of this case. The charge of murder has been made against Nikki Nielsen. The girl in custody is Anne Farnsworth."

"Your honor," Anne scarcely knew she had left her chair until she felt the tug of a deputy at her arm, "have I a right to say something?"

And without waiting for his answer, "I am the one charged. It doesn't matter whether I am called Nikki Nielsen or Anne Farnsworth. I want to be tried. I want to prove my innocence."

"Your honor!" shouted Farley. (Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

Monday, Anne hears a familiar and welcome voice.

Runaway Youths Stage Jail Break

VANCOUVER, Wash., Dec. 4.—(AP)—Three youths held for return to their home in Juneau, Alaska, escaped from the county jail last night and were at large today.

The three, James Leroy and Howard Morgan, 16, 17 and 18 years old, wrenched the bars from the juvenile ward of the county jail and squirmed to freedom. They allegedly came to the United States several weeks ago as stowaways. They were arrested at Camas, Wash.

GUNSMITH Repairs for all makes of guns. Also Cross. 23 N. 1st.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

SAN FRAN OPERA PROVIDES LAUGHS

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4.—(AP)—Torris and laughs intermingled with much good entertainment made up the 13th annual season of the San Francisco Opera company, upon which the curtain fell early today. The biggest thrill: When the audi-

ence stood in excited tribute to Conductor Arturo Bodansky as he entered the pit to direct the last act of "Götterdämmerung." The biggest laugh: When the call boy forgot to summon Tito Schipa for the third act of "Martha," and the orchestra, after playing his entrance music twice, had to give up and wait for him.

This year the attendance was higher than any season since the \$4,000,000 musical opera house was built. But there will be a deficit, for the company gave its first production of Richard Wagner's "Ring of

the Nibelungs," and it had to be built from the ground up, at a cost of around \$40,000.

KITCHEN COLOR SCHEME INFLUENCE ON PRODUCT

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 4.—(P)—L. D. Myers told the Western States Council of Master Painters a cook "cannot put together a good meal if the kitchen is finished in colors that clash."

On the other hand, if the kitchen is well-decorated and the food excellent, he said unharmonious dining room wallpaper might ruin the meal.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



St. Martin Island, in the West Indies, is a tiny bit of land covering an area of only 38 square miles, yet it is as if two nations occupied the island, differing totally in customs and characteristics. Half of the island is a French colony, and the other half is Dutch.

Each half has its own government, set of laws, language, coinage system, religious affiliations and mother countries. They have existed side by side for about three centuries in perfect friendship. The history of the strange double colony goes back to 1648 when Dutch and French explor-

ers landed at the same time, each claiming the island for his nation. The countries agreed, however, not to press their claims against each other—and signed a treaty dividing the island between them.

On the north is the town of Marigot, a typical French settlement, while on the south is Philipsburgh, typically Dutch.

Luigi Cornaro, Venetian nobleman born in 1467, gave no heed to his poor health and by the time he was 40 physicians had given him up to die. Then, when others had despair-

ed of his life, he decided upon a rigid set of health rules by which he practiced strict abstinence. Soon his health improved and he recovered entirely.

When he was 83—just 43 years after he was told he could not live—he wrote his "Essay on Temperate Living." He lived 16 years more, dying at the age of 99 in 1566. Strange as it seems, Cornaro found during the last several years of his long life, that one egg a day was enough food to live on.

Tomorrow: Subway - Conditioned Air.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



KEEPING A DENTIST APPOINTMENT ON THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME WHEN THE NEWS HAS JUST COME OVER THE RADIO THAT YOUR DENTIST'S ALMA MATER IS TRAILING, 10-6

11-29 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—



ALL THAT YAPPING BECAUSE WILLIAM DROPPED A FLOWER ON YOUR HEAD? YESSIR, A GERANIUM TIGHT SMACK ON MUM HEAD!

I WOULD HAVE TO HEFT IT! OH-H, Y'D HAF TO HEFTUTT!

WAIT TILL POP HEFTS IT! THEN YOU'LL GET SOCKED!

OH-H, I'M SORRY!

HEFTUTT!

THEIR RADIO'S SILENT, TOM! I CAN'T GET 'EM! KEEP TRYING, SKEETS, WHILE I CONTINUE TO CIRCLE 'EM— WE'VE GOT TO HELP—SOMEHOW—

CAN'T MAKE A CONTACT, TOM!

IT'S IN DISTRESS! WE'LL HAVE TO STAND BY!

LOOK, TOM! IT'S A DIRIGIBLE!

SEVERAL HOURS AFTER TOMMY AND SKEETS LEFT NAZIS ON THEIR LONG FLIGHT ACROSS THE PACIFIC TOWARD THREE-POINT, THEY RAN INTO A TYPHOON.

2360

DIAL 'EM IN, SKEETS, AND GET OUR POSITION!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Race Is On!

BUT THE ROAR OF THE CROWD FROM THE DISTANT GRANDSTAND AND THE BUNCHED FORMS OF THE RACING HORSES TOLD CRIP THAT THE HADDONVILLE GWEESTAKES HAD BEGUN!

HERE THEY COME! AN' YOU'RE STAYIN' GLUED TO ME AN' BRIAR AN' GO IS GYP UNTIL THEY'RE PAST!

WOW! THEY'VE STARTED!

I'LL CUT OVER NOW—THE JUDGES WON'T SEE ME

CRIP SAW, WITH HORROR AND RAGE, WHAT HAD HAPPENED! THE EXPERIENCED JOCKEY, ATOP NIGHTCAP, CAUSED HIS STEED TO JOSTLE LONESTAR AND THE MIGHTY MUSTANG LOST HIS STRIDE!

THEY AIN'T NO MONEY EVER LEFT THE GRUNTLY FAMILY EASY—EVERY PENNY COMES OUTTA THEM LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN STRUGGLED FOR

WELL, SINCE SHE MADE ALL THAT MONEY ON THAT GOLD MINE, SHE MIGHTA EASED UP A BIT

12-2 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

ANY TIME IS WRIGLEY TIME

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS