

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** With dramatic suspense Ansel Kellogg, Anne Farnsworth's oldest and best friend, bursts into the midst of her trial for the murder of her father, Lee Farnsworth, and takes complete charge of her defense. Anne's freedom and good name depend on the outcome of the trial. Even her fortune hangs on the same. Now Judge Kellogg is proving by the former Farnsworth's father that Anne did not have the weapon which killed Farnsworth in her possession at the time of the shooting.

## Chapter 40 BOMBHELL

"When did you last see this revolver?" Kellogg went on. "The day after Miss Anne left, sir," said Jones. "We were that worried over her going away by herself, that we got to thinking would she do away with herself, having been treated so bad. I went upstairs and looked for the revolver, the only firearm in the house. It was still there. "Did you at any time touch it, disturb it, take it away, send it to Miss Farnsworth, or to your knowledge did any of the other servants send it to her?" "No sir we did not. We didn't know where to reach her had we ever thought of it." "That will be all." The next witness was a Mrs. J. C. Irving, whom Anne identified as the

... will now prove that I have been in the custody of another person. I will call Jake Sampson. There was a commotion at the door, then two deputies appeared, a small man between them. He was forced to his place on the stand and sworn in. "Your name," snapped Kellogg. "J-Jake, J-Jake Sampson," answered the man, his gaze seeking the ceiling as if there was someone in the courtroom he did not wish to see. "Your occupation?" "Gunsmith." "Have you a store, if so what do you sell?" "Everything to do with shooting; shells, guns, cartridges, good stock. He was boasting now, becoming confident he wouldn't be hurt." Then I clean guns and— "Ever see this before?" Judge Kellogg thrust exhibit A towards him. "Fetch a life I have. I sold that Luke way back in 1919, it's a peach—" "Just a minute Mr. Sampson we're not questioning your wares. Have you seen it recently?" Jake Sampson wet his lips nervously. "Y-yes," he stammered. "When?" "Evening of August 3rd a man brought it in to be cleaned and



woman at the service station located near the foot of the Clatsop Ridge grade. She told of seeing Anne, on the night of March tenth. She said she had been a "talkative ninny," telling the young lady about the spot on the ridge where the Farnsworth car had gone over the cliff, and that not until a young man had told her who the girl was, had she realized she had been talking to Anne Farnsworth. "That will be all," droned Ansel Kellogg. "Call John Neuman." John Neuman, Anne's heart seemed to stand still. John Neuman. Then he was here. How had the judge found him? Or had he found the judge? He strode into the courtroom, sat down. He looked at Anne, smiled a bit, and in the love and kindness of that smile she found her whole world righted. How handsome and clean-cut he looked, how different from Rob Crocker. No lines of selfishness on his face, no lines of questioning him. "YES, I know Anne Farnsworth," he declared, and enumerated the times he had met her prior to the night on Clatsop ridge. "Are you in a position to say whether or not she has returned to Portland since that time?" "I know she has not and can call any number of witnesses to prove this." He then corroborated Anne's testimony concerning her reason for being at the fair on the night of the murder, concluding with an explanation of her landing at the far end of town. "I knew Miss Farnsworth had never been treated fairly by the remaining members of her family and I knew that should she be found near the scene of the shooting, she would be involved. Therefore, I told the Sorbi boys to take her somewhere along the beach and let her make her way back into town from there. "Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," said Ansel Kellogg at the conclusion of John's testimony, "I have attempted to prove through these witnesses that the gun which fired the shot that killed Lee Farnsworth was never in the possession of the defendant.

olled. He called, back for it and I sold him some cartridges for it. Thirty-two automatic." "Is that man in this courtroom?" asked Kellogg. "THERE was a moment of tense silence then, "Yes," the voice came faintly, "over there." He pointed towards the group at the district attorney's table. Seated there was Rob Crocker and Tom Farley. Anne sat frozen, incredulous. Intent upon her own innocence, she had only vaguely wondered who had been guilty. Her illness, which had cast an opaque screen over the events of that night, was partly responsible for this. Now she stared as Sampson pointed a grimy finger at the two men. "Stand up please," ordered Kellogg. Crocker stood up, thin lipped, angry, defiant. "That's him," the man declared. "You're excused Sampson," said Kellogg, "unless the district attorney wants you." Anne glanced at the district attorney. He wore a baffled look, and shook his head, at which sign Sampson scurried from the room. "I will now call Charlie White Deer." The squat figure of a chinook was brought in. The man, visibly frightened, shrunk from the quick gaze of eyes from every part of the courtroom. "White Deer," began Kellogg kindly, "where were you on the night of August 3rd?" "At... at booting fish trap." "Were you alone?" "Yes." "Did you see the defendant; see this young lady?" He pointed to Anne. The answer was "yes." "Did you see her fire a shot at Lee Farnsworth, the man who was killed?" Surprisingly, there was no objection from the district attorney. He was listening avidly. "No," said the Indian emphatically. "Could you have seen her do it? I mean where was your boat in relation to hers?" (Copyright, 1935, by Jeanne Bowman)

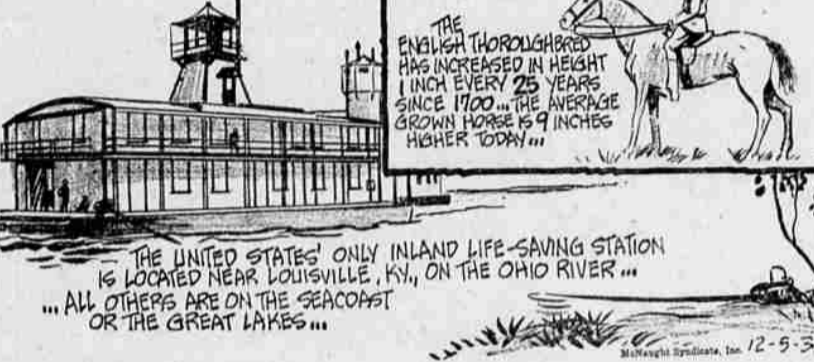
The trial reaches a dramatic climax, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**COPERNICUS**  
the great astronomer,  
TOOK 23 YEARS TO WRITE  
ONE BOOK, AND 12 YEARS  
MORE TO HAVE IT  
PUBLISHED—  
THEN DIED A FEW HOURS  
AFTER THE FIRST COPY WAS  
BROUGHT TO HIM...  
-1543-



THE ISLAND PATH FROM FLORIDA TO SOUTH AMERICA THE WEST INDIES FORM A CHAIN SO COMPLETE THAT NO POINT ON THE SEA IS MORE THAN 50 MILES FROM LAND  
THE ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED HAS INCREASED IN HEIGHT 1 INCH EVERY 25 YEARS SINCE 1700. THE AVERAGE GROWN HORSE IS 9 INCHES HIGHER TODAY...

Copernicus, famous Polish astronomer, took 23 years to write his book on astronomy—waited another 12 years before having it published, and then died just as the first copy was delivered to him as he lay on his deathbed. He began the book in 1506, completed it 23 years later, but delayed having it published. An account of the book was circulated to some extent, and the new astronomical theories of Copernicus set out in the book became more or less widely known. Pope Clement VII heard of the theories, approved them, and through Cardinal Schonberg, formally demanded that the book be published in 1534. Copernicus, whose astronomical work changed man's entire outlook on the universe, was accomplished in many other lines. He studied mathematics and became skilled in painting at the University of Cracow. He took his degree of Doctor of Common Law at Ferrara, found time to practice medicine and devise a system of currency reform, which was laid before the diet of Graudenz in 1522. Through selective breeding generation after generation, the thorough-

bred racing horse of today is much superior to the original stock from which it came. Height has been developed, and is still being increased, at the rate of one inch for every 25 years. The thoroughbred of today is about nine inches higher than his forebears of 1700. Tomorrow: The Non-Musical Music Master. Approve New Site EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 6.—(AP)—The University of Oregon received PWA approval today for a new site for the \$107,000 infirmary which will be on the northwest corner of 13th avenue and Onyx street.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Helpless!**  
MIDWAY BETWEEN NAZIL AND THE MAINLAND, TOMMY AND SKEETER RAN INTO A TERRIBLE STORM—AS THEY TRIED TO FLY ABOVE IT THEY SAW A DIRIGIBLE IN DISTRESS—AND TRIED TO CONTACT IT BY RADIO—  
2362

I'LL TRY TO CHECK OUR POSITION BY COMPASS—KEEP SOUNDING THAT SOS!  
OKAY, TOM—MAYBE WE'LL NEED IT AS BAD AS THAT DIRG—  
DIRIGIBLE 42—IN DISTRESS! LONGITUDE—NO USE, SIR, CAN'T GET AN ANSWER—  
KEEP TRYING—

LOOK, SIR! A PLANE!  
YES—BUT IN THIS STORM WE COULDN'T EVEN SEMAPHORE IT OUR POSITION!

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bravest of the Brave!**  
COME ON, LONESTAR! COME ON, LONESTAR!  
GANGWAY! GANGWAY!  
IF THEM RATZ PLANNED TO USE ANOTHER DOG TO THROW LONESTAR OUTA THE RUMMIN, BRIAR AN' ME CAN GIVE 'EM THE MCCOY.  
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!  
GOOD HEAVENS, THAT BOY WILL BE RUN DOWN!

**THE NEBBS—Ham and Eggs**  
THE NEW CHEF HAS MADE THE MENU ALL OVER IN FRENCH—AND IT'S ALL FRENCH TO THE CUSTOMERS  
I CAN'T READ ANYTHING ON THIS BILL OF FARE—WHAT'S THE NICK-NAME FOR HAM AND EGGS?—BRING ME SOME OF THAT AND DON'T HAVE THE EGGS BUSTED ALL OVER THE HAM  
Y-Y-YES, SIR.  
ANOTHER ORDER OF HAM AND EGGS AND HAVE THE EGGS SUNNYSIDE UP AND NOT DISTURBED  
WIZ ALL ZIS WONDERFUL FOOD EES ZAT ALL YOU CAN BRING ME? HAM WIZ EGGS? WHAT?—ZEY CAN NO READ ZE MENU?  
WLN DONT YOU LEARN WHAT EEZ ON ZE BILL AN' EXPLAIN TO ZE CUSTOMER?  
SAY I KNOW ENOUGH LANGUAGES FOR A JOB LIKE THIS—PRINT YOUR FOOD CATALOG IN ZE ENGLISH AND LET'S ALL STOP GUESSIN!

**UNDER THE BED**  
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
IS CALLED TO THE RESCUE OF JUNIOR'S BALL WHICH HAS ROLLED UNDER BED  
GROPE FOR IT, BALL REMAINING JUST OUT OF REACH  
GETS UMBRELLA AND TRIES TO HOOK BALL WITH HANDLE, KNOCKING IT INSTEAD TO FARTHER CORNER  
AT WHICH MOMENT JUNIOR CLIMBS UP ON HIM ASKING CAN HE HAVE A HORSE-BACK RIDE  
EMERGES, WANTING TO KNOW HOW JUNIOR EXPECTS HIM TO GET HIS BALL WITH HIM CLIMBING ALL OVER HIM  
CRAWLS UNDER, JUNIOR GETTING UP ON BED TO SEE IF HE CAN SPY THE BALL THROUGH THE CRACK AGAINST THE WALL  
JUNIOR BOUNCES ON BED, BRINGING SPRINGS IN CONTACT WITH FATHER'S BACK AT EACH BOUNCE  
FATHER SCRAMBLES OUT HASTILY WITH BALL, JUNIOR DECIDING HE'LL PLAY WITH HIS BLOCKS NOW  
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**S'MATTER POP—**  
By C. M. PAYNE  
WAS THAT MISTER OOFUS CALLING?  
I'M NOT SURE!  
WELL, JUST HOW SURE ARE YOU?  
WELL, I WASN'T QUITE SURE I WAS SURE I WAS SURE—  
OR WHETHER I WAS SURE I WASN'T SURE!  
OKAY, I LIKE YOU TO BE AS DEFINATE AS POSSIBLE.  
YESSIR!  
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**GIFT OF GOD BABY CHILD OF SAVANT**  
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—(AP)—Ralph H. Linsbaugh, special commissioner who heard evidence in the "Gift of God" baby case, declared today the infant was the child of Anna Ware, ex-cult servant girl, and not the son of Mrs. Nellie Tipton Munch, former St. Louis society matron. Linsbaugh's assertion was made in a report to the St. Louis court of appeals, recommending the child be returned to Miss Ware. The court will make its decision later. Mrs. Munch, 44, announcing the birth of a son August 18, termed it "a gift from God in my time of distress."

**TVA IS ASSAILED IN COURT ACTION**  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—(AP)—The Tennessee valley authority act was assailed as unconstitutional and "revolutionary" in a brief filed with the supreme court today by James M. Beck, former solicitor general and American Liberty league member. Beck, representing a group of Alabama power company stockholders, contended that if the legislation were upheld it would "change the form of the federal government and the social organization of the American people."

**THE NEBBS—Ham and Eggs**  
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