

UNCONFESED
By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY
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CHAPTER XV—Continued
—13—
"What I think," Mitchell expounded, "is that she followed Nora up to find out what she could about the row that had been going on—her eyes wouldn't miss that. And I think she went away because Dan came in. I think Letty knew Dan was in it, somehow, all the time. But she sat tight."
"She would," Deck answered.
"When Dan prompted her to ask for the cigarette case and feel of it, and have Clancy feel of it, he probably told her he was sure the diamond was hidden in it. She followed his lead all right, but when she saw how it worked out, when it came home to her just what the consequences were, when she heard him exulting over Deck's fate, then it all rather did for her for a moment. But only for a moment. Do our Letty that justice, Alan."
Deck nodded, unresentingly. "Oh, I could have fried in hell if that would have helped her get Dan."
"Donahy's talking to her now," said Mitchell. "She's pretty well shot to pieces, but I don't think she'll give Dan away."
Mitchell continued: "When Lella, here, brought out what Rancini had been up to with Anson—"
"That must have tickled Dan pink," Deck interjected.
I interrupted by asking Mitchell when he had first suspected Harriden. His dark eyes twinkled. "Hard to say, now. . . . Thought it was you, Alan, at the beginning, but I tried to keep an open mind. . . . The radiator marks puzzled me. But I didn't see my way till I saw that play about the cigarette case and examined the cigarettes, and even then I didn't suspect the beginning of it—the andron, the dummy on the bed. I kept bothering over Anson's testimony."
They spoke of insanity as the defense. Mitchell thought it would end in a mistrial. Deck conjectured that with all Harriden's resources it would never come to trial.
"And I'm not so sure it wasn't insanity—the Anson part," said Mitchell. "No sane man would have choked that girl to death and put himself into such jeopardy over the little she had to tell. . . . Well, he may pull himself together and fight it out. You may be the one tried, after all. Don't lose hope, my lad."
We could banter about it. Reaction was strong in us. There comes a time when you are drained of horror, when in sheer self-preservation you revert to what is normal and gay. And in spite of all my pity for that hard, desperate man upstairs, my compassion for poor dead Anson, I was feeling now a very lively sense of relief and self-rejoicing.
We ate all the sandwiches; we drank all the coffee and we smoked innumerable cigarettes. Then Deck went to get himself another drink, and Monty Mitchell and I sat there, still talking.
He told me that he declined to take back a word about my foolishness but

that he forgave it for the sake of my courage. "You stood up there, facing him, and put that scene together as if you were seeing it!"
He had stood there too. Beside me. Perhaps he was thinking of that, for he gave me a quick look and said, "By the way—how about that engagement of ours?"
"You were pretty sweet," I said. "Standing by." I realized that he had been beside me every moment in that house. I tried to say so.
"I'd like to take it on as a life job," he told me. And then, "I think I'm rather desperately in love with you, Lella Seton."
For a moment I just looked at him. His eyes, usually so gay with banter, held a bright, deep warmth.
"Am I too late?" he said, and it was strange to hear his voice sounding like that. "Is it Deck?"
I didn't say anything—I was too busy wondering at myself. For it was not Deck, the Alan Deck of my dreams, the man who had taken such possession of my sympathies. Deck was vivid, exciting, romantic—and he was ready, I felt instinctively, to play at love with me, to yield to a new glamor.
But I didn't want him. I was terribly sorry for him, for all the disillusion he had been through in his bitter passion for Nora Harriden; I was fiercely protective for him against any danger he might be in through her death, I was ready to lie for him, to steal those letters—
But Deck, as a man, had grown unsubstantial. He had simply not been there. He had shied himself behind my explanations, he had been willing to use my sympathy on his behalf. He hadn't sprung to defend me as Mitchell had done; it hadn't been Deck who had crossed the room, before Harriden's glaring eyes, to put his arm through mine. The comfort of that touch I would never forget. . . . Oh, Deck had been everything he ought to have been, but Mitchell had been so much more. And there was so much more to Mitchell.
I didn't think I liked handsome men any more, desperate reckless men who ran to you for sympathy. I was cured of them. I liked men with force and character and steadiness, with bantering gaiety and dark, quizzical eyes.
So I shook my head violently about Deck.
"You mean that?" Mitchell's voice leaped out at me, almost incredulously. "He's such a taking devil! Lella—"
He checked himself; he didn't touch me or make any speeches. He just said quietly, "Don't be grateful—or anything like that. But—if you could manage to—to learn to love me—"
"I do. I do now." I told him as assuredly as if I hadn't just found it out an instant before. I am stupid about words; I couldn't say anything of what I felt to him. I only sat there, breathless, looking at him, feeling my own happiness and his. . . .
And then Deck was back; his glass in his hand.
Monty jumped to his feet. "Here's a toast—we'll make it a loving cup," he cried and caught me by the hand, drawing me up beside him.
"To Lella—who loves a lawyer!"
The glass in Deck's hand was motionless. He looked at me.
"No foolin'?"
I looked at him. "No foolin'."
Deck put the glass to his lips. He took a long drink. "Well, I'm glad for you, Monty, old chap, and I'm damn sorry for myself. . . . It's the hell of a world."
It was in the silence following that pronouncement that we heard the shot. The shot that Dan Harriden had fired into his temple as he leaned over his wife's body, the shot that he would rather meet than the courtroom with its publicity and scandal—the shot that was the only confession he ever made.
THE END



A Little Bit Humorous
CAUGHT IT, TOO
The club bore was relating one of his long-winded stories that everybody knew by heart. He was describing what happened to him when he went on a trip to the Grand Canyon in America during a world tour.
"The soft curtain of night was just falling," he orated. "There I stood, drinking in the scene, with the giant abyss yawning before me."
One of his listeners interrupted at this point.
"I say, old chap," he asked, "was that abyss yawning before you got there?"



BUDDIE KNOWS
Sister—Ben says he'll give you a quarter to go to the movies when he calls this evening.
Jimmy—I'd rather stay home and see real life.

Figures
"The star we have discovered," said the astronomer, "is revealed by light which started 3,000 years ago, traveling at the rate of 186,400 miles per second, which would make—"
"Go ahead!" said the political economist. "Make your string of figures as long as you like. But for the love of Heaven, and also of earth, don't put a dollar mark in front of them!"

Take a Couple of Days Off
First Veteran—They've just invented a new type machine gun for the next war.
Second Veteran—How many rounds in a belt?
First Veteran—They load this gun on Sunday and shoot it for the rest of the week!—Foreign Service.

Ab, Wilderness!
Zone Cop—Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say "Pull over there?"
Buckvan—Why, I thought you said, "Good afternoon, Field Marshal!"
Cop (smiling)—Isn't it a warm day today, Field Marshal!—Motor Pool Gas Tank.

Tough Baby
Bill (viciously attacking a piece of chicken)—This must be an incubator chicken.
Joe—Why?
Bill—No chicken with a mother could be so tough.

Continued—
Boss of Advertising Office—See what you can do with this breakfast food ad.
Young Aspiring Copy Writer—S'no use—can't write cereal stories.

TIP TO DADDY



"Pa, what a funny word 'whole-some' is."
"What's funny about it?"
"Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left!"

A Selfish Constituency
"Are you going to send your congressman back to Washington?"
"No," replied Farmer Cottosell. "We've found out that he's such good company that we've decided to keep him home."

Business as Usual
Abe (who has discovered a burglar in his house)—Hands up or I'll shoot.
Quick-witted Burglar—Twenty dollars for the gun.
Abe—Sold.

Didn't Know It Was Loaded
Judge—You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?
Driver—Yes, your honor.
Judge—And what have you to say in your defense?
Driver—I didn't know it was loaded.

Opportunity
Ho—I read that the Treasury at Washington launders old dollar bills.
Bo—I'd sure like to know where they hang 'em out to dry.



"The Man Who O-O"
Tales and Traditions from American Political History
by FRANK E. HAGEN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON
THE BIG SHOW COSTS
SOME presidential candidates are wafted into office on a cloud of smoke while the aspirations of others are dashed to oblivion by the same breeze.
All of which is by way of saying that the cigar-making industry is due for a boom, now that a presidential election year is with us. As far back as 1888 when Harrison was elected the astounding number of 100,000,000 more cigars were manufactured than the preceding year. By 1920 and its increased population the boost in cigar making for the presidential year came to the tidy total of \$20,000,000 above that of 1919.
The astonishing thing about the big, countryside show of an election is that the Havana filler the politician stuffs into your mouth is merely an item in the whole campaign and election costs. The latter, it has been estimated by competent and conservative observers, reaches \$40,000,000.
In addition to that huge sum there are other millions impossible to compute.
Out of all this spending it is perhaps fortunate for the American public that usually more good than merely the choosing of a President is the result.
For one thing, hundreds of thousands of persons are employed—not the least of them being newspaper workers who figure briefly but actively in compiling election returns.
In Chicago, for example, the business of collecting returns is in the hands of the police. An officer visits each precinct, obtains two results of the vote. One of these he speeds to the board of election commissioners, the other to the City News Bureau which has moved bodily into Chicago's council chambers for the evening.
Rents are paid out for organization quarters, down to the smallest precinct; spellbinders are employed, with all expenses paid; bands are hired; banquets are spread . . . and the politicians pass out cigars.
Did we say \$40,000,000 expense? Well, it's a conservative estimate, anyway.

CROPS AND ELECTIONS
IF THE Democratic party is dubious about the 1936 election it may be because of the drought.
History of our political campaigns indicates that the size of crops has an important bearing on national elections. In other words, if there be a scarcity of farm products, the party in power is turned out of office.
None can say that this is an infallible rule, yet there are notable periods and events which tend to prove its truth. A seven years' drought, for example, starting in 1853, is the first widespread destruction of crops of which there is record. At the end of it, Martin Van Buren was voted out of office and the Whigs came in with a great show of strength.
A second drought occurred shortly before the Civil war, but the latter event dominated, of course, every trend of political development for that period. In 1874 there was a large Republican majority in the lower branch of congress . . . but there had been drought years immediately preceding, and Democratic congressmen were elected in droves.
Beginning in 1887, ten years showed a deficiency of rainfall and crops naturally suffered. It was during this period, perhaps more than in any other, that the American voter practiced assiduously his right to vote parties in and out of power.
Conditions may be changed today. The Democratic party, which happens to be in the saddle, has survived one of the country's worst crop years, 1934. There are political observers who assert that we are too much an industrial nation today for Old Man Weather to lay such a heavy hand on political fortunes.
Only time will tell if this estimate of the situation is correct. When this is written, however, indications point clearly that burning, dry winds have destroyed a large part of the spring wheat crop in the Dakotas and Montana.
Industrial nation or not, it is at least an even bet that when the campaign warms up particular attention will be paid to those three states by Messrs. Hamilton and Farley—not to mention Congressman Lemke, who hails from that area himself.
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Occupants of the Mayflower
The occupants of the Mayflower passengers included the following: Merchant, steward-servant, servant-man, servant-boy, ladies' maid, bound-boy, printer and publisher, physician, jailer, tradesman, wool carder, farmer, lay reader, silk worker, husbandman, carpenter, cooper, seaman. Some were at some time teachers, accountants, linguists, writers, etc. Some had formerly practiced handicrafts.



STAR DUST
Movie-Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE
YOU may think that it would be all too easy to break into the movies if you were related to a star. But—well, just see what Florence Eldridge has to say about it.
In private life she is Mrs. Fredric March. In public life she had been a well known actress on the stage for some years before they were married. When he decided on movies instead of the stage, she went along to Hollywood, because being a good wife is more important to her than having a career of her own.
Came the time when RKO was casting "Mary of Scotland," in which Katherine Hepburn and Fredric March are co-starred (and a swell picture it is). Miss Eldridge wanted the role of Queen Elizabeth.
"I was selected only after every other candidate for the part had been tested and rejected for one reason or another," says she. She finally got it, of course, and turned in an excellent performance.
Gertrude Michael was the target for a lot of reamonstrating when she left Paramount; there were people who said she'd find that free-lancing was a lot worse than sticking with a big company, even though that company didn't seem to be doing a great deal for you. Some of them predicted that she'd be completely out of pictures, first thing she knew.
Whereupon she signed up with RKO and now she's headed straight for the top—and the head shakers aren't saying much of anything.
That brand new motion picture company, Grand National, has just signed up a young man who looks like big star material. His name is Brillhart Chapman, and he's a dancer—has appeared in solo numbers for the past four years with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Recently he has been dancing at a night club in New York, and now he's off to Europe on a vacation, before he starts work before the camera.
Lily Pons is all set to begin picture work again, although she has said that she doesn't care too much about it. She spent her vacation in Connecticut, its climax being the arrival of her mother from France.
John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, sang "Killarney" and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" in England the other day for 20th Century-Fox's "Wings of the Morning"—and if you see the picture you'll see the famous singer in natural color—it's the first Technicolor picture produced in England.

THE FOOTBALL BROADCASTS ARE BEING LINED UP, so that all of us who don't want to go to games, or can't make it, can sit at home this fall and hear what's happening on the gridiron. An oil company is acting as sponsor for the broadcasts of one hundred major games, over thirty-six stations on the coast. Don Wilson, whom you've heard doing another sort of announcements with Jack Benny, will do some of the announcing.
If you listen to the Music Hall of the Air, on the radio, you probably feel that you know Ted Hammerstein; he is the grandson of the late Oscar Hammerstein, one of America's most illustrious theatrical figures.
Ted tells this story about himself. He broke into the theatrical business by working for a Broadway booking agent.
This theatrical agent was one of the important ones, and his waiting room was usually filled with people clamoring for work. Keeping them from storming the inner office was Hammerstein's main duty. He did his job as bouncer very effectively—and some of the people he threw out later made good—among them Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Ben Lyons!



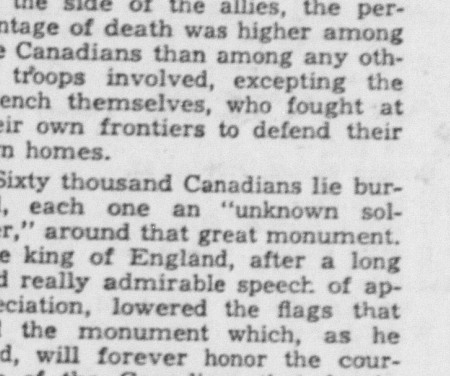
Gertrude Michael

**ODDS AND ENDS . . . Her admirers are declaring that Norma Shearer's performance in "Romeo and Juliet" makes her the greatest American actress, bar none, on stage or screen . . . Marlene Dietrich says she'll never return to Germany, not because of troubles with the government, but because the German people don't like her in pictures . . . Now it's Donald Woods who has gone on strike on the Warner Brothers lot . . . Wonder what is causing that epidemic . . . Betty Davis must be glad that she walked out on "God's Country and the Woman"; the company has been having a run of accidents on location.
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BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Honor Dead at Vimy
Spanish War Pitiless
Russia Aids Loyalists
Hitler Watches Spain

The dedication of the magnificent war monument, designed by a Canadian artist, recently unveiled by the king of England in memory of the Canadian soldiers that fell at Vimy Ridge, is important to all our friends north of the boundary in Canada. It will interest, also, all Americans that were sent abroad in that famous fight, with which we had nothing to do except lose our men and our money. American soldiers, who liked the Canadian and Australian troops better than any others they met, according to statements made by many, testify to the courage with which the colonial Englishmen fought at Vimy Ridge and elsewhere.
Statistics of the war show that, on the side of the allies, the percentage of death was higher among the Canadians than among any other troops involved, excepting the French themselves, who fought at their own frontiers to defend their own homes.
Sixty thousand Canadians lie buried, each one an "unknown soldier," around that great monument. The king of England, after a long and really admirable speech of appreciation, lowered the flags that hid the monument which, as he said, will forever honor the courage of the Canadians that fought and that lie dead and buried.
The war that killed so many millions, blowing them to pieces, leaving them to die shattered and agonizing on the battlefield; suffocating, making them insane with the poison gas just coming into fashion, seemed between 1914 and 1918 as horrible as any war could be.
But the civil war, the worst, most savage, pitiless and ferocious of all wars, now going on in Spain, makes the big war comparatively mild.
Lord Rothermere's London Daily Mail eclipses in the horror of one published statement all stories of horror in the war and goes beyond anything that could possibly be believed.
When the French newspaper, the Friend of the People, described fighters for Madrid's radical government digging up and throwing from their graves the bodies of Catholic nuns, that horror seems beyond belief.
But Lord Rothermere's newspaper prints the statement that other nuns ALIVE were seized—three of them—their clothing saturated with gasoline, and burned to death. The Daily Mail also quotes the statement that in the city of Barcelona, when the radical forces had conquered the rebellious insurgent inhabitants, "any Catholic priest in the city was butchered without mercy."
Russia is, according to reliable reports, in constant communication with the Madrid government by radio.
Newspapers in England, and the more conservative newspapers in France, declare that Russia, in addition to advising Madrid concerning the immediate civil war and helping the Spanish government by the purchase of Spanish bonds, is also sending by radio detailed information as to the organization in Spain of a "Soviet government" similar to that existing in Russia.
France, thanks to the existing alliance with Russia—resented by many of the old-fashioned Frenchmen, who ask, "Is Stalin the real ruler of France?"—is under pressure from Russia to help the Madrid government against the insurgents.
If Spain should become really sovietized, under the guidance of Russia, the Spanish peninsula would be practically a branch and a dependency of Soviet Russia at the southwest corner of Europe.
Russia, whose planes have been taking information on manufacturing poison gas and building factories to the nations that are friendly to her in central Europe, might build up a chain of Communist states too powerful even for the dictator governments of Italy and Germany, and the remaining "democratic" government of Great Britain. It is not a happy time for Europeans, or for any interested in Europe's future peace and welfare.
Hitler is reported on the point of siding with the Spanish insurgents against the radical Madrid regime, because of savage attacks made on Nazi officers in Spain. It is reported that a woman in charge of the Hitler office was threatened with death if she would not reveal the whereabouts of her principal; dragged into the streets, her dress was soaked with gasoline. An interruption prevented applying the match.
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Arthur Brisbane

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This theatrical agent was one of the important ones, and his waiting room was usually filled with people clamoring for work. Keeping them from storming the inner office was Hammerstein's main duty. He did his job as bouncer very effectively—and some of the people he threw out later made good—among them Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Ben Lyons!

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Bright Star
By Mary Schumann
A glowing love story that bursts with life and vitality . . . the tale of a great disappointment that was culminated by a new happiness, a new bright star that remained steadfast!
Starts in the Next Issue of This Paper!