



Unconfessed

Lella Seton, young and beautiful and an expert on paintings, is commissioned to go over the collection of paintings in the home of the wealthy Kellers in New York, where a party is in progress. From her window she witnesses a man in another room strike a woman. Shortly after Mrs. Keller sends up word, asking her to join the party at dinner. Lella hastily dresses and goes down. She is seated between Mr. Deck, a critic, and Monty Mitchell, a noted lawyer. Introductions follow. There are Mr. Harriden, Miss Letty Van Alstyne, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Watkins and Prince and Princess Harriden, guests. Lella finds she is taking the place of Nora Harriden. Dan Harriden leaves the table, and Mitchell explains he has gone up to see how his wife's headache is. He returns shortly. Deck, saying he must put in a call, leaves. Upon his return, he begs Lella to secretly take a message to Nora to "take no steps until I see you." Lella consents. Lella finds the Harriden rooms empty and so informs Deck. Coming out she passes Letty. Harriden asks Princess Harriden to run up and see his wife. The princess reports the absence of Nora. Search is fruitless. Harriden admits that he had a revolver, and believes she is spitefully hiding. Anson, a maid, reports seeing Deck near Nora's room. Letty tells of seeing Lella come from the room. Lella accuses Harriden of having struck his wife. This Harriden denies.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"I don't think that's possible. Look and see for yourself," said her sister; and they came to the window. I hastened to help undo the bolts, and opened the wide casement. We all looked out in turn, the crisp air striking sharply on our bare shoulders and arms. I liked the shiver of it; it seemed to speak clearly and really, after all this pother of domestic brawls and a vanished woman. One by one we three craned our heads over the edge, examining the scanty stone sill. "That's too fantastic," said Mrs. Keller again. She added dryly: "You'll find Nora is safe in New York, enjoying the powwow. . . I shall never forgive her—treating me like this." Down below us, we could hear the voices of some of the men returning. I took one more look out, down at that group of men; and so it was I who saw first what there was to see—down in the checker of shade in the shrubbery directly beneath the window. Something half hidden—a faint, lightish blur. I said excitedly: "Mrs. Keller— isn't there something there?" And I drew back for her to look. She called sharply down to the men: "Look there—in the shrubbery—under the window. There is something—"

CHAPTER III

IT COULDN'T be real, I felt. It was like some scene in a dreadful play. These couldn't be real people; this wasn't a real death. . . It didn't seem possible that Nora Harriden could be dead; my impression of her vitality, of her exultant aliveness, was so intense that I could not bring myself to believe in her death. Not till I had looked on her face. I saw the thin, sharp curve of the reddened lips, like little knife-blades, and thought—in spite of my pity for the dead—that it was a hard, cruel, triumphing little mouth, made for exultancy. They were kneeling all about her, feeling her pulse, her body. She lay in those incongruous gold pajamas, one slim silken foot bare of its shining slipper, on a sofa in the hall, until the doctor came. No bones were broken, he reported; the bushes had eased her fall. But over her ear was a ghastly wound with the blood dried about it. "Struck on something hard," he said sapiently. "Penetrated—death must have been almost immediate." His voice, as he phrased that, slid into a consolatory cadence. He was looking up at the husband, who stood motionless beside him, his head slightly bent. I could not see his face; his hands were clenched at the sides. I felt suddenly a queer pity for those hands—I wondered if one of them had indeed struck out at that adored woman who had infuriated him so much. . . And then I thought again that it might have been Alan Deck. Surely the husband would rather have the one of that blow upon himself than admit that another man was lounging in his wife's room. A conference was going on. . .

SYNOPSIS

Lella Seton, young and beautiful and an expert on paintings, is commissioned to go over the collection of paintings in the home of the wealthy Kellers in New York, where a party is in progress. From her window she witnesses a man in another room strike a woman. Shortly after Mrs. Keller sends up word, asking her to join the party at dinner. Lella hastily dresses and goes down. She is seated between Mr. Deck, a critic, and Monty Mitchell, a noted lawyer. Introductions follow. There are Mr. Harriden, Miss Letty Van Alstyne, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Watkins and Prince and Princess Harriden, guests. Lella finds she is taking the place of Nora Harriden. Dan Harriden leaves the table, and Mitchell explains he has gone up to see how his wife's headache is. He returns shortly. Deck, saying he must put in a call, leaves. Upon his return, he begs Lella to secretly take a message to Nora to "take no steps until I see you." Lella consents. Lella finds the Harriden rooms empty and so informs Deck. Coming out she passes Letty. Harriden asks Princess Harriden to run up and see his wife. The princess reports the absence of Nora. Search is fruitless. Harriden admits that he had a revolver, and believes she is spitefully hiding. Anson, a maid, reports seeing Deck near Nora's room. Letty tells of seeing Lella come from the room. Lella accuses Harriden of having struck his wife. This Harriden denies. CHAPTER II—Continued "I don't think that's possible. Look and see for yourself," said her sister; and they came to the window. I hastened to help undo the bolts, and opened the wide casement. We all looked out in turn, the crisp air striking sharply on our bare shoulders and arms. I liked the shiver of it; it seemed to speak clearly and really, after all this pother of domestic brawls and a vanished woman. One by one we three craned our heads over the edge, examining the scanty stone sill. "That's too fantastic," said Mrs. Keller again. She added dryly: "You'll find Nora is safe in New York, enjoying the powwow. . . I shall never forgive her—treating me like this." Down below us, we could hear the voices of some of the men returning. I took one more look out, down at that group of men; and so it was I who saw first what there was to see—down in the checker of shade in the shrubbery directly beneath the window. Something half hidden—a faint, lightish blur. I said excitedly: "Mrs. Keller— isn't there something there?" And I drew back for her to look. She called sharply down to the men: "Look there—in the shrubbery—under the window. There is something—"

ment is of value. Any jewel taken would be a clue. If—if you can bring yourself to it, Mr. Harriden." Harriden, like a man suddenly waking, moved forward: "I know where she put the box," he said, he went into the closet. I remember Mrs. Crane's saying in a low tone to Keller, "Harriden, you better telephone the lodge—have them keep a sharp look-out?" and his telling her to do it. She was just moving away from the phone when Harriden came out of the closet, bearing a morocco-covered box. "It's locked, all right," he reported. "Well, if it's locked there can't be anything missing—the thief wouldn't lock it up again," Mrs. Keller murmured. "We might open it, anyway, to make sure," said Keller. "Do you know where the key is?" "She kept it somewhere in her dressing case." Harriden went to a small green dressing case and began fumbling about in it. I don't know why I watched his strong, blunt fingers so closely. They seemed to fascinate me, I felt so deadly sorry for them, in the work they had to do. Once he paused; and his face had a queer, arrested look; I remember thinking that some especially intimate possession of his wife's had touched some chord of deep and bitter remembrance. He swept his fingers back and forth over the silk for a moment as if he had forgotten what he was after, then suddenly his hand lowered and he drew out a small key.

Harriden unlocked the case, starting down into each tray of bright, glistening things. I wondered if he were thinking that those lovely bangles would never go about his throat and wrists again. Then his voice came, with that sharp, almost grumbling irritation in it. "The pearls are here—and the emeralds. But the diamond chain isn't here." Some one said, "Harriden, she is on now?" and Harriden turned quickly to the bed. He bent over her, then straightened and came back to us. "It's gone," he said. "That's a clue, then," the doctor declared. "You must lose no time, Mr. Keller, in notifying the police." "The police!" said Keller. All his repugnance toward the sensational publicity was in his tone but he moved at once to the room phone, his wife murmuring to him in agitation.

"Why, yes, sir," said Anson a little surprisedly. "I could see through the door. You sort of whispered to me. You said she was asleep." "Did I?" said Harriden wearily. "I forget—I think she'd turned over and wanted to sleep. And I don't remember whether the window was open or not." "Anson," said Mrs. Keller, "was the window open when you came up?" "Why, yes, ma'am, it was," said Anson promptly. "I remember the room felt chilly, so I closed and locked it." There was more talk, I remember; and then Nora Harriden was carried upstairs. Her husband carried her, her bare arms drooping over his big shoulders, her blood-stained head and a child's asleep on him, and took her to the bed I had seen waiting.



"It's Blood!"

tated undertones. The doctor went on, "And nothing more here must be touched. We must set a guard here." "Do we have to go through all this?" demanded Harriden. "Let the damn diamonds go." "I'm afraid we must," Dr. Olliphant told him. "It's the only way to get the—the man." We were all trooping downstairs, I rather on the outskirts, when Monty Mitchell dropped back beside me. His small, bright eyes were glittering behind his glasses. "Why would Nora run into that closet after a thief?" he put directly to me. "She'd have run to the door and screamed." "He may have caught her and dragged her in," I said, and then, "She was excited—no one of us knows what he'll do when suddenly flung off balance." "Anyway he shoved her in that closet before she was dead," he went on. "She must have been there some little time for all that blood to form. Then he thought again and decided to give it the look of an accident so he put her out the window. . . A strong fellow." I thought of how easily Harriden had carried his wife up the stairs and murmured, "She doesn't look heavy." "About a hundred and fifteen," said Mitchell. "You seem a simple-hearted young creature, you never knew her—yet you rushed to her room to help her cover her slapped cheek." He gave a short laugh. "You may be glad she wasn't there—she'd have dreamed you'd come in anything but malice." "You don't make her sound very pleasant." "I never liked her," he said bluntly. "Come and have a drink. We need it." The others had set the example and as we entered the white dining-room for the second time that evening I saw it was already filled. The police had come, four or five

local authorities, with a head official named Donahay whose eyes were as cynical as Harriden's own, and the house became a bustle of confusion. Fingerprint men and cameramen trooped upstairs to work, policemen tramped through all the rooms, searchlights flashed outside the windows in the shrubbery. When they went to examine the place where the body had been found, Monty Mitchell threw a coat about me and drew me out with him. Perhaps he wanted my observation, as he said; perhaps he was simply being kind to me, the outsider among those whispering groups.

The police had turned the headlights of their car on the shrubbery and every leaf stood out in brilliant detail. There was not a bit of blood to be found anywhere, nor did they find any object which could have made the wound in her head. The dense bushes had received her body and eased it to the ground. "She was dead before she got here," I heard the inspector say. The ground had been so trampled by the men who had lifted out Mrs. Harriden's body that all footprints were indecipherable, and there were no marks to be found of any ladder. Slowly Donahay nodded, still studying the window. "Might have got in somewhere else and used the window for a getaway."

There is no use in going over those hours, moment by moment, those hours in which we sat waiting or milled around, eddying to each report. Very thoroughly they went over the place while Donahay interviewed each member of the domestic staff. He interviewed them separately, butlers, maids, cooks, laundresses, chauffeurs, the linen woman, the lodge-keeper, the bathhouse-keeper and not one of them had a suspicious thing to communicate. "Well, if it isn't an outside job it's an inside," Donahay retorted dispassionately. "Somebody got in here somehow." I could see that Donahay was letting it stand for what it was worth at the present. Between the interviews there were constant reports from the men who had been sent out to check up on things and the sum total of those reports was that the lodge-keeper said there had been no attempts to enter and that there was no marks of footprints about the base of the walls or any ladder marks, or any signs of disturbance of the glass cemented on the top of the walls between the spikes. "Well, that's fine," said Donahay sarcastically. "No way into the grounds and no way into the house. Except by the front door."

CHAPTER IV

IT WAS our turn then. A bizarre scene, I thought, to be taking place in the pale gray drawing-room, the heavy inspector in his dark uniform seated formally behind that incongruously fragile inlaid table, the strained group of men and women in evening dress, and the ring of policemen fringing the borders of the Aubusson carpet. Donahay's notes and papers were spread out on the table before him and among them was a list of the guests the Kellers must have provided, that he consulted now carefully, checking us off one by one. There were ten of us present now, beside the Kellers, for Deck had reappeared from the seclusion he seemed to have been keeping, and Harriden himself had come down and stood, grim and expressionless, on the other side of that little table. What Donahay wanted first was an account of the last time Mrs. Harriden had been seen alive. Every one had seen her at late afternoon cocktails, then Harriden reported that they had gone upstairs to dress, a little before seven-thirty, he thought, that later he had gone into his wife's room and she had said she had a headache and would not go down. "About what time was that?" Harriden considered. "About eight, I'd say. I know it was time to go down. I'd already dressed." Not a word did he say about any other conversation between them, though earlier in the evening he had blurted out that there had been a row, and that he'd been afraid of what his wife might do, in hysteria or dramatics. Well, I did not blame him for holding that back. He was not called upon to offer up that secret bitterness to the public. . . He went on, "The maid saw her at that time, too." "Anson," mentioned Mrs. Keller, and Donahay's pencil moved. "I ran for her just as I was leaving the room, and I told her Mrs. Harriden did not want to be disturbed or have any dinner brought up. No one was to come till she rang."

"What was Mrs. Harriden doing then?" "Lying on the bed," he added. "The room was darkened, and she said she wanted to go to sleep." "What happened next?" (TO BE CONTINUED) Old Shoes at Wedding The significance of throwing old shoes after a bridal couple is uncertain. The custom appears to be of purely English origin. Rev. E. Cobham Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" declares: "In Anglo-Saxon marriages the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her with it on the head to show his authority."

Youth Problem Most Pressing

President Resolved to Make Jobs for Young Folks; See Roosevelt Gaining

By EARL GODWIN

WASHINGTON.—Five million unemployed young men and women, most of whom have never had jobs although trained and ready to work, present the real youth problem. There is much more to the problem than the politicians see; and most of the politicians are failing to satisfy this vast and important section of the public. Time was when boys and girls went to work whenever they felt like it; but today the only young men sure of a job are the youngsters with a pull or good luck, plus the boys who get into the CCC camps. As for the young women who need work and who are trained for work or professions, the politicians seem to have forgotten them entirely. Nevertheless, this restless, yearning army of young Americans want action; and it is to them that the President directs his promise that unless industry closes up the vast gap in employment the government must and will act. Industry seems to me to be completely unable to extend employment because industry is in the grip of the Frankenstein monster, "Efficiency." The more money invested, the better the machinery which means less workmen needed to turn out the goods. Here we are within a hair's breadth of previous industrial records, and yet only 80 per cent as many human beings are at work. The more industry, then, the wider the gap between production and employment—simply because of labor-saving machinery. It is not a depression any more which keeps American youth from a job—it is so called "Efficiency."

FIRST LADY INTERESTED

The Roosevelts, both the President and the First Lady, have been delving into this situation respecting young men and women. It's one of the fine things Mrs. Roosevelt has been hammering on. More than anyone else Mrs. Roosevelt is responsible for the aid the federal government is giving to boys and girls in schools and colleges; and the CCC camps are undoubtedly the greatest national favorite the New Deal has produced.

Now, with the administration in a mood of sober second thought, with many experiences behind them, I take it that industry will be given a chance to reduce hours and keep up wages voluntarily. If it fails, then a legal standard will again have to be set up and maintained by strong measures. The next time it will meet the Supreme court test. In addition, the President will extend such organizations as the CCC camps and will ask to put into operation his long-time program of public work in the field of conservation.

Of course, this is not the only approach to the growing problem of unemployment. There is every indication that there will be compulsory education up to eighteen years of age, which will cut off youngsters below that age in industry; and there is growing feeling that workers should retire and be pensioned at sixty-five. Nor are these things the only solution of the unemployment problem; the government is striving for that great foreign trade lost in the name of high tariff; it is giving proper attention to the economic situation in the dull terms of economists.

But in addition to all that the President is going to make jobs for as many of these young people as he can. If the country does not accept Roosevelt's job-making program, we might as well be prepared for a 25-year relief program.

UNION LABOR WATCHES

Organized labor is watching this employment question with an appraising eye. At present labor is for Roosevelt but labor has never been handed over willingly to any candidate or party; and only in the case of La Follette's run for the Presidency in 1924 did a labor organization solidly endorse a candidate. This was the year the four railroad brotherhoods went in 100 per cent for the Progressives. But the Liberty league and the Old Guard Republicans have so desperately combated every humane bit of New Deal legislation for labor's benefit that the fight is largely a political fight of Labor against Big Business. A league of labor leaders to hammer together all the scattered labor organizations as a Pro-Roosevelt political voting army has been formed here with George O. Berry, printing pressmen's union leader, at its head. This may be the start of a labor party. Not this year, but perhaps in 1940. I think that all liberals, all progressives and all members of the farmer-labor group in the Northwest may be expected to line up behind Roosevelt—although I know that Mayor La Guardia of New York, a

foremost progressive, declares that to consolidate all New Dealers and all progressives in one party the first thing to do is to drop the title "Democratic." What will happen, I think, is that Roosevelt will have the great advanced-idea vote of the country; the great vote of the people who want humanity ahead of cold business methods; . . .

THE TALMADGE FLOP

Not many weeks ago the country was treated to an exposition of publicity from Georgia where (we were confidently told), the Southerners of the "grass root" variety were revolting against the administration and would stage a tremendous ovation for Gov. Eugene Talmadge of that state. Talmadge is a sort of Huey Long circus actor who thrives on opposing his party's leader. The Talmadge revolt was a conspicuous failure, but for some mysterious reason it was treated to tremendous publicity by some of the Eastern papers; and the reason now appears in the fact that the great grass roots uprising in Georgia was a Du Pont product. The senate's lobby investigating committee finds out that Pierre S. DuPont of the E. I. DuPont de Nemours company, and John J. Raskob, a DuPont official and former chairman of the Democratic national committee, were the principal financial backers of this amazing flop. Whether or not these two high-powered financiers thought they were really effecting a practical endorsement of Talmadge as against Roosevelt for President is something that only these two men know.

When the Liberty league began to expose a large bank roll it was surrounded by crowds of gentlemen who are used to working anything on any side of any street—if there's enough money in it. They were rather persuasive; so much so that they persuaded some of the smartest big business men in the East that money, enough of it and properly distributed, could stop Roosevelt from being renominated! That is about as large an error as anyone can make.

TWO WAYS TO THRIVE

You don't have to work in Washington if you don't want to; there are at least two ways of getting along. One is to beg in one of the many parks; the other is to organize some high sounding league against Roosevelt. The latter takes only a typewriter and an office address. You can issue statements against Roosevelt and the public will soon believe you represent something.

Here's a typical instance. Washington has been getting a lot of anti-administration farm publicity from a so-called farmers' organization which has been making the city folks believe that rural America is opposed to the New Deal. It now appears that the principal contributing farmers to this outfit are again the same old DuPont munitions crowd. Among the "farmers" who have contributed are Alfred Sloan, Jr., president of the General Motors corporation; Oil Magnate Pew of the Sun Oil company, Philadelphia; Ogden L. Mills, formerly secretary of the treasury under President Hoover; Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National bank which is located in that rich agricultural center near Broad and Wall streets, New York city; Silas Strawn, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

ROOSEVELT GAINING

Straws indicate rising Roosevelt popularity. Illinois, which was once in the habit of giving from half to a million majorities for Republican Presidents, showed a registration of 1,300,000 Democrats voting for Roosevelt; about 730,000 combined for Knox and Borah. California primaries showed a 50 per cent increase in the Democratic registration and a corresponding decrease in G. O. P. registration. Every one here is interested, too, in the progress of registration in the old Republican Keystone state of Pennsylvania which so far takes in the western counties and indicates double the ordinary Democratic strength and a decrease in the Republican lineup. I mentioned the Wisconsin primaries, which give Roosevelt a two-to-one lead.

Straw votes, polls and primary figures all may go wrong; but of late years the managers of polls have shown an uncanny ability to point the way. The polls which are attracting most attention are those published in some of the most conservative newspapers. . . and indicate that Roosevelt would win today by 4,000,000 popular votes; with 35 states for him, 12 against him and one state, New Jersey, doubtful.

The Illinois primary results amazed some of us here; we believed that Knox would make a greater showing; as it is he gathered not many more delegates to the Republican convention than Borah, and together these two big G. O. P. guns evidently did not make much of a dent in public opinion, as the old Prairie state is evidently heavily Democratic. Borah thinks that 40 per cent of those voting for him in Illinois will vote for Roosevelt rather than for Landon, who is expected to get the nomination, unless some unforeseen hitch occurs.

"Peg Leg" Convict Robs Blind Woman; Asks for Cell Again Alex (Old Peg) Rhoda, fifty-nine, wooden legged ex-convict, has spent 29 of the last 40 years in penitentiaries. Recently in Chicago he robbed a blind woman. Witnesses chased him. One of them cried out that he was the lowest of thieves. Old Peg halted. Shamefacedly he surrendered. He gave police a revolver he carried in a secret compartment of his wooden leg, then asked to be sent back to prison.

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