

THE BLACK PIGEON

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ruth Lester, private secretary, conceals her blond loveliness behind yellow spectacles and ill-fitting clothes and skins back her curls in order to escape the attentions of flirtatious employers. But for this disguise she could not have worked untroubled four months for "Handsome Harry" Borden, promoter of fabulous stock companies and notorious for his affairs with beautiful women.

Ruth, suspecting him of shady dealings, would resign but for a romance which sprang up between her and Jack Hayward, young insurance broker, whose office is just across the narrow alleyway from Borden's private office on the seventh floor of the Starbridge building.

Ruth and Jack became engaged on a Friday night in January and Ruth dares to come to the office next morning with her disguise removed. In her office, Ruth greets Benny Smith, office boy, who is astonished at her transformation and who instantly becomes infatuated. He hates Borden and begs Ruth to don her disguise before his return. She is interrupted by a phone call. It is the woman with the contralto voice whom Borden has previously refused to talk to.

Ruth has time to put on her spectacles before Borden's arrival. Borden finds an orchid-tinted envelope in the mail and thrusts it in his pocket with an oath. Ruth is sent to the bank with instructions to get \$500 in cash and to the station for two round-trip tickets and a drawing room for Winter Haven on the 2:15 train. As she returns to the office she finds a note from Borden that the second ticket is for her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III

"Hello, Miss Lester! Is God's gift to women in his office?" I phoned and he's expecting me. Oh, pardon me! I thought it was Miss Lester! But I guess Handsome Harry's called her, the poor little scared bunny! Can't say I blame him—why?—what?"

Ruth turned in the little swivel chair and faced the girl who had announced herself so nonchalantly. So it was Rita Dubois who was going to Winter Haven with Borden. Ruth was hardly surprised, but a little sorry for she liked the vivacious, dark-eyed, black-haired little singer and dancer from the boldest and most garish night club in the city.

"I've just turned my hair loose," Ruth smiled, putting on her thin, bearded-bunny manner and peering upward at Rita through her enormous horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Attagirl!" Rita applauded, as she touched up her already vividly rouged lips. "So you've fallen for Handsome Harry, too, you poor little thing! Been to the movies and got a few hot tips on how to vamp your boss?"

"Well, Benny, don't be jealous of little Rita, no matter what you hear! You can have him—next week! But listen, don't you tattle in and tell him I said so after I'm gone, or I'll match these golden curls of yours out by the roots. Pretty stuff!"

And Rita, finished with her lips, lifted one of Ruth's curls and fingered its yellow silk almost tenderly.

Ruth laughed, then glanced apprehensively toward Harry Borden's closed door. "The curls are in out in someone else's honor, Miss Dubois. And don't you tell Mr. Borden, but I'm engaged to be married. It just happened last night. You're the second person I've told."

"Good child! Wise little baby!" Rita approved, her voice curiously gentle and low. Then she stooped and laid her heavily rouged and scented lips against the rose and ivory of Ruth's cheek. "That's the only way, infant! Lasso 'em with a wedding ring when you're young! And—oh, hullo, Harry! The top of the morning to you, darling!"

Harry Borden held his door wide and, regardless of Ruth's presence, his arms, too. "Glad to see you, sweetheart! Miss Lester's just bought the ticket. Drawing room, too, if you're a good girl!"

As Harry Borden laughed indulgently, he was about to close the door, Rita Dubois turned her head and gave Ruth a confidential, mocking grin, along with a slow, significant wink.

Ruth's fingers were flying over the typewriter keys again when Benny Smith's voice, sudden and indignant, interrupted her.

"Huh! Thought it was a secret—you getting engaged!" he flung at her from his own desk in the corner. "Nen you go and tell every body!"

"I haven't told anyone but Miss Dubois and you, Benny," Ruth protested.

"Well, if you gotta whisper your little secret, looks like you'd pick out somebody besides one of Handsome Harry's dames," the boy persisted sulkily. "I thought you told me 'cause you—yon sorta liked me—"

Startled, Ruth let her hands fall idle on the keys. So that was it! Benny, too! Well, thank goodness, he was too young to want to rob her up. She must be very careful not to hurt him, never to let him see her smile with amusement at his adolescent tumbling into love.

"I do like you, Benny—lots," she said gently. "Now be a darling and don't interrupt me any more. I want to be through by one."

"Then I guess you don't want to be told that Handsome Harry's frau is coming for her alimony this morning," the boy retorted, grinning again.

"Oh, I'd forgotten that today's the fifteenth!" Ruth cried. "Does Mr. Borden know she's coming?"

Benny chuckled. "I didn't tell him. He was talking to this Dubois dame on the other line when his missus called up, and then you come back and I forgot to mention

it. I'm going to be forgetting a lot of things if you don't slick back them curls again."

"Benny, remember that I'm an engaged woman!" Ruth laughed. "But what am I going to do if Mrs. Borden comes while—"

There was a faint rattle upon the outer door and Benny sprang to answer, knowing who it was, for no one but Harry Borden's wife bothered to knock when she came to his office.

"Morning, Mrs. Borden," Benny mumbled, as he opened the door wide. "Say, Ruth, I gotta beat it to the postoffice for them stamps. Anything else you need?"

"No thanks, Benny. Fifty-two, a hundred ones, and 10 specials. . . . Good morning, Mrs. Borden."

Ruth had risen as she spoke, and now faced Mrs. Borden nervously, but smiling the little timid smile which Mrs. Borden would expect of her, for it had greeted her once a month for four months.

A rather faded, tired 38, as against Harry Borden's triumphant 40. Soft, fine skin, going a little lax beneath high aristocratic cheek bones, and wrinkling faintly around tragic eyes and a patient but bitter mouth. Lead-brown eyes, no longer glowing with the fire of spring.

Of all the varied duties which she was called upon to perform as Harry Borden's confidential secretary, none was so painful to Ruth as this monthly encounter with Mrs. Borden. For Borden forced his wife to come to his office that he might humiliate her. There had been a legal separation, but no divorce, and Borden had arrogantly stipulated that he would pay the court allotment of \$500 a month for the support of his wife and two children, a boy of 12 and a girl of seven, only if Elizabeth Borden came to him each month and asked for it. And Ruth knew that if Elizabeth Borden had had only herself to consider, she would have died rather than so humiliate herself before him.

"Benny told me Mr. Borden was in," Mrs. Borden answered Ruth's greeting in a hesitant, gentle voice. Ruth glanced miserably toward the closed door, behind which Harry Borden and Rita Dubois were arranging details of their weekend trip to Winter Haven. "Yes, he's in," Mrs. Borden, but he's in conference."

A burst of high-pitched laughter penetrated that closed door, and Mrs. Borden flinched, her nostrils quivering, her closed hands clenching upon the handrails she held. Ruth's eyes, closed, noticed the discarded wife's reaction, then, but later, when every tiny thing was of so much importance, she remembered and wished she could forget.

"I—then I—" Mrs. Borden stammered. "Shall I come back a little later, Miss Lester? I brought the children downtown with me, and they're waiting in the rest room of a department store. I—you know it is necessary that I—that I ask—that I see Mr. Borden today."

"Yes," Ruth nodded. Harry Borden's ultimatum was that the monthly \$500 would be paid on the fifteenth day of the month and on no other. If his wife did not call for it then, and ask in so many words for what was hers and the children's by right, she would have to wait until the same date the next month. "I suggest, Mrs. Borden, that you come back in about an hour. I am sure he will be out of conference—by then."

Mrs. Borden flushed. "The children have a dentist's appointment at 12, and then I'm to take them to lunch. I wonder if Mr. Borden will be here about half past one?"

Ruth agreed eagerly. She was glad she would not have to see poor Mrs. Borden again on that, her very many day. "Yes, he will be here until nearly two. He told me so just a few minutes ago. I'm sure half past one will be fine."

"Thank you," Mrs. Borden was turning toward the door, when another burst of laughter—treble, wedded to hoarse—shook the ground-alas panel in the door between the outer and inner offices.

Ruth saw the slight, thin body was sprang to put her arm about the older woman. "Please sit down just a minute, Mrs. Borden. Here! In my chair. And lay your head on the desk. It's the heat—they keep these offices stifling. I'll get you a drink of water. There! Feeling better?" she asked, as she helped Harry Borden's wife to the little velvet chair.

Ruth darted to the water cooler in the corner near Benny's desk, then discovered that the paper cup container was empty. But there was a tube of them in the bottom drawer of her desk. She ran, frightened a little, for Mrs. Borden looked terribly white and ill. The lower drawer stuck a bit, and the older woman was leaning downward to help, with trembling hands.

"Don't bother, dear Mrs. Borden," Ruth begged. "There! It isn't me. The cups are over here somewhere. . . . Oh!" She snatched her hand from the pulled-out drawer as if she had touched a snake. Then she laughed, shyly. "What a goose I am! Please don't be frightened, Mrs. Borden. I keep forgetting that the gun is in there."

"Gee!" Mrs. Borden quavered, shrinking away from the drawer, her hand going to her throat.

Ruth laughed nervously. "Yes—an automatic pistol isn't it rotten—my having a pistol? But there were so many handups in the building last month that a friend of mine—she could not yet toss off Jack Hayward's name without anti—brought one for me, and for myself, too. He has office in this building, and he was terribly earnest about my keeping the thing here in case of another hold-up. As if I'd touch it! I'm more

afraid of it than I am of a bandit! Here are the cups. Sorry to be so long."

Five minutes later—just four minutes after Mrs. Borden had left, looking so strange and ill that Ruth was genuinely frightened—the door of Harry Borden's private office opened and he emerged, or rather was pulled along, for Rita Dubois, in high good humor, was tugging at his hand.

"Don't worry! I'll be at the station on time," the dancer was reassuring him gaily. "I can do more shopping in a couple of hours than most girls could do in a day. And mind you don't call up the stores and limit these charge accounts, old dear!"

Ruth glanced up, her spectacles eyes taking in the laughing but naturally suspicious couple. She saw Harry Borden wave goodbye to Rita, and many hours later she was to try to recall every detail of that picture, though now she only noted, idly, that the man seemed to be waving a torn banknote, and that Rita's finger-tip kiss was for the torn bill rather than for Harry Borden.

CO. CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS TO MEET HERE

Three-Day Convention to Start at the Christian Church Tomorrow Evening.

Large Delegations From All Parts of County Expected—Banquet Saturday Night.

The sixteenth annual convention of the Douglas County Christian Endeavor Union, including the societies from all of the towns of the county, will open in Roseburg tomorrow evening, continuing over Saturday and Sunday.

The convention headquarters have been established at the Christian church, where all of the meetings will be held, except the banquet Saturday evening, which will be held at the Presbyterian church.

Arrangements are being made for the entertainment of 150 to 200 delegates, who will be taken into local homes during their stay in Roseburg.

The officers of the county union in charge of the convention are Archie Currier, Sutherlin, president; Miss Eleanor Shirk, Roseburg, vice-president; Miss Elsie Hudson, Roseburg, secretary; Lester Russell, Roseburg, treasurer.

The convention, which carries the motto, "Our Crusade," opens Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock with the following program:

8:00—Devotional: "Our Crusade With Christ in Citizenship," Rev. W. R. Baird, leader. Prayer, Rev. W. R. Baird.

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PIONEER SETTLER NOW HERE ON VISIT PREPARES TO LEAVE

T. S. (Shilly) Riddle, who has been spending the past four months visiting with friends and relatives in various parts of southern Oregon, is preparing to leave the first of the week for his home at Cody, Wyoming.

Mr. Riddle was born in Springfield, Ill., and at the age of 3 years crossed the plains with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Riddle, who settled in Riddle valley. He resided at the family home until 22 years of age and then went to eastern Oregon, where he engaged in the stock business. For the past 30 years he has resided in Montana and Wyoming. He is a brother of the late George Riddle, and the last of the family of Wm. H. Riddle.

He appeared yesterday before Judge Skipworth and entered a plea of guilty to the charge of larceny of a car. He was sentenced to five years, but was paroled to Jess Nichols.

SOUTH METHODIST CONFERENCE TO BE HELD THIS WEEK

Session Tonight Will Be Followed by All-Day Meetings Friday and Saturday.

The semi-annual Portland district conference of the South Methodist church will be held in Roseburg Friday, Saturday and Sunday of this week. A preparatory service will be held at 7:30 tonight at the local church with Rev. Jonett P. Bray, of Medford, delivering the address.

The conference opens Friday morning with addresses by H. M. Graham of Eugene and J. H. Conder of Medford as speakers. W. B. Smith of Coquille will speak at the first session in the afternoon, and his address will be followed by a conference regarding the work of the Women's Missionary Society, Mrs. Donna Taylor, of Medford, being the leader. Friday evening's address will be given by Rev. Oscar Gibson of Portland and Rev. E. J. Harper of Corvallis.

Saturday morning the devotional service, which is to be led by Rev. J. A. Hall of Myrtle Creek, will be followed by a conference on missions. In the afternoon there will be an address by Rev. J. W. Cadwell of Seattle and a business session.

The Epworth League conference will start at 3 p. m., led by Rev. J. A. McKee of Walls Walla. A banquet will be served at 6 p. m. Saturday, with Clarence Rand of Roseburg serving as toastmaster. The program arrangements are in charge of Rev. Walters of Coquille.

The conference will end Sunday morning with an address at 11 o'clock by Rev. W. H. Nelson, of San Francisco, editor of the Pacific Methodist Advocate.

Plans are being made for the entertainment of about 75 delegates to the conference, which accommodates the entire district, made up of all of western Oregon. The ladies of the church are serving meals for the delegates noon and evening of both days.

Firemen found men, women and children scrambling blindly through the smoke-filled hallways. The fire damage was about \$6,000.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our grateful appreciation for the beautiful floral offerings, and the many kindnesses of our friends in the death of our loved one.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Saling, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Morgan, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Grout, and family.

Let me save you some money on your furniture. I can sell you quality merchandise at a big saving. Earl S. Powell. Drive by and see me, 115 Sheridan.

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HINKSON DRAWS SENTENCE OF FIVE YEARS AND PAROLE

Robert Hinkson, "The Phantom," who made a sensational dash through the southern part of the state in stolen cars a few months ago, drew a sentence of five years in the penitentiary but was paroled by Judge Skipworth, according to word received here today.

Hinkson stole an automobile in Eugene and when officers tried to stop him here he engaged them in a race through the city and an exchange of shots. He outran officers at Myrtle Point and Coquille and was forced to abandon his stolen car after a gun fight at Bandon.

He stole another car at Bandon and drove it to Wedderburn, where it was recovered. He found some means of crossing the river and stole another car at Gold Beach and drove it to Crescent City. He was later arrested in California and returned to Eugene.

He appeared yesterday before Judge Skipworth and entered a plea of guilty to the charge of larceny of a car. He was sentenced to five years, but was paroled to Jess Nichols.

SUPPOSED VICTIM OF SLOUGH MURDER LOCATED ALIVE

SEATTLE, Mar. 7.—The mystery of the woman found dead in a slough near Argo, which was believed to have been solved by the partial identification of the body as that of Mrs. Albert M. Graham, formerly of Spokane, was still a puzzle today after Mrs. Graham was located alive at her home here.

A letter received by Chief of Detectives Charles Tennant from Spokane police indicated the body was that of Mrs. Graham. Identification was made by means of dental work in the mouth of the victim. Albert Graham said he had last heard from his former wife two years ago when she was seen in Yakima with their five-year-old son in company with a man named Fred McBride.

McBride was killed last week while taking soundings on the site for a bridge here. His body was identified by a woman who gave her name as Graham.

An investigation by police led to the finding of Mrs. Graham and the exploding of the theory that the woman found at Argo was the former wife of Albert Graham of Spokane.

Goitre Removed

ina B. Read, Los Angeles, California, Prevents Operation.

She says: "Come or write to 5326 Pasadena Ave. and I will tell you how I relieved the misery with Sorbol Quadruple, a colorless liniment easy to use and inexpensive."

Get more information from Nathan Fullerton, druggist, or write Sorbol Company, Mechanicsburg, Ohio. Sold by all druggists.

NEW PILLOW FORMS

We have just received a big line of muslin-covered pillow forms. Assorted shapes, square, oblong, oval, heart, etc., from 8 to 18 inches. Special prices 25c, 35c and 50c each. Carr's—Where you save."

Suitcases at special prices. See these at Powell Furniture Company, 115 Sheridan, Opposite S. P. depot.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

Real Estate Loans

Monthly installment loans on Roseburg residence or business property. Reduce the principal of your loan each month with but little greater monthly outlay than rent. Prompt action on application. We are Roseburg representatives for the Equitable Savings & Loan Association. Come in and talk with us. Friendly advice gladly given.

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Harry C. Stearns' History of Roseburg and the State of Oregon

LEAVING the "34-40 or L Fight" matter up to the Senate cleverly rescued the administration from an embarrassing situation, for if the Whigs had insisted upon the line of 54-40, they put themselves squarely upon democratic ground.

If they were to compromise on 40 degrees for the sake of peace, they placed themselves in an awkward position. Leaving the matter up to the Senate was a master-stroke.

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Of a wornout, troublesome, aggravating machine, and set that over against the price of a new John Deere.

You Can't Afford to Wait

SPECIAL New 2-section Drag Harrow \$19.00

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Roseburg Agents for L. & H. Electric Ranges Hood River Spray Co. Sutherland Spray Co. Sean Spray Pump Co. John Deere Plow Co. Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

A THREE DAYS' COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

Coughs from colds may lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsion of creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for coughs from colds and bronchial irritation. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of coughs from colds, bronchitis and minor forms of bronchial irritation, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist (adv.)

CREOMULSION FOR THE COUGH FROM COLDS THAT HANG ON

Broccoli Wanted FOR CANNING

We want the following crops to be produced on contract from seed furnished by us: beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, brussell sprouts, tomatoes.

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