

# THE BLACK PIGEON

©1929 By NEA Service, Inc. ANNE AUSTIN

## THIS HAS HAPPENED

Because she disguises her beauty behind yellow spectacles and lifting clothes, Ruth Lester, private secretary, is able to work unobserved four months for "Handsome Harry" Borden, notorious for his affairs with women. Ruth would resign but for a romance which springs up between her and Jack Hayward, whose office is just across the narrow alleyway from Borden's private office.

After becoming engaged on a Friday night in January, Ruth comes to the office next morning with her disguise removed and Benny Smith, office boy, is instantly infatuated. Obeying his entreaty to do her disguise before Borden's arrival, she puts on the glasses but is interrupted by a phone call from the mysterious "woman with the contralto voice" whom Borden has previously refused to talk to.

Borden arrives and Ruth, summoned to his office with the mail, presents him with an unidentifiable envelope which he thrusts into his pocket with an angry oath. He asks her to get \$300 in cash at the bank and to make reservations for two on the 2:15 train for Winter Haven.

Ruth learns when the second ticket is for when Rita Dubois, night club dancer, calls on Borden. While she is in his private office, Mrs. Borden, his estranged wife and mother of his two children, calls to get her monthly allowance. Hearing Rita's gay laughter, Mrs. Borden swears and Ruth helps her into her chair before her desk. Mrs. Borden gives a glimpse of the pistol which Jack has given Ruth to keep in the lower drawer of her desk, as a protection against kidnapping men. At the same time she had purchased an identical weapon for herself. Mrs. Borden leaves, promising to return at 3:30. When Rita comes out of the inner office Borden waves a torn bank note at her cautioning her to keep her part of the "bargain."

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER II**

Harry Borden was chuckling as he closed the outer door upon Rita Dubois. "They all fall sooner or later, eh, Miss Lester? Some little lass queen—Rita. You ought to see her and her dancing partner, Ramon Romero, do their turn at the Golden Slipper. Maybe I'll take you some night—hmm? Make Rita jealous. A little jealousy's good for 'em. That would be a neat way of paying her back for keeping me on the anxious seat for a week."

Ruth said nothing, but her back was rigid and her fingers, flying over the keys, were spelling a letter by interpretation. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"How're the letters coming on?" Borden suddenly became brisk and businesslike again. "Snatch through? Where's Benny?"

"Gone to the post office for stamps," Ruth answered. In the quick, small voice with which Borden was familiar. "He should be back any minute now. I have five more letters to write, including that long one to Hendrickson."

And, oh, Mr. Borden, she destined him merrily. "Mrs. Borden was here while Miss Dubois was with you. I told her you were in conference and she said she would return at half past one. You'd said you would be here until about two."

Harry Borden dropped an angry oath. Then, "I don't know whether I'll be here or not. Why the devil didn't she come earlier in the morning? She knows damned well that if she doesn't ask for her money—my money!—on the fifteenth, she'll have to do without. I should serve her right if I cleared out at once."

A vision of Elizabeth Borden's white, suffering face turned Ruth. "Then won't you please leave a check with me for her?" she pleaded, raising her spectacled eyes to the man who stood seething in the door of his private office. "I'll be glad to wait here until she comes, although I have an engagement for six o'clock."

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Ruth's eyes, looking very meek behind their spectacles, did not falter, however. "Haven't I better leave the door on the latch? You might not hear her knock."

"Let her pound on it, then!" Borden retorted grimly. "You know I never stay in these offices alone without the door being locked. What with hold-up men and belly-aching investors dropping in with their pretty little threats because they can't take their losses—like me, my life wouldn't be worth a nickel if I hung around here alone with the outside door unlocked. Don't you worry your pretty head over Mrs. Borden, child. She looks soft, but believe me—"

Benny Smith's noisy arrival cut short whatever confidence Harry Borden may have been about to make. The employer spoke curtly to the office boy: "Well, Benny, about time you were drifting back! Been shooting craps in the alley again?"

"No, sir," the boy mumbled, flushing darkly. "They was a long line at the stamp window."

"There's always a long line at the stamp window when you go to the post office," Borden agreed sarcastically. "Listen—and get this through your thick head! I want you to go to my apartment and pick up a couple of bags. Can't you man has packed for me. Take them to the station, check them and bring me the checks. And make it snappy—hurry!"

Borden passed into his private office, but almost immediately reappeared. "Bring in the letters you have finished, Ruth. I'll sign them now, and Benny, you'd better hold down this office until Miss Lester comes back. I don't want it to be left unattended. No telling who'll stroll in. I'm expecting Adams this morning, and if he comes in, tell him to wait."

At Borden's first use of her Christian name Ruth flushed with resentment, but she obediently gathered up the finished correspondence and followed Borden into the private office, but not before she had caught the look of sudden hatred with which Benny was staring at his employer's back. So Benny had noticed that casual drop of "Ruth" too, and was resenting it passionately.

"Guess I'm sort of nervous to-day," Borden confessed, with a wry grin. "A weekend at Winter Haven will do me good. Who was that chap that came in this morning, all hot up over losing money on some of my stock?" he asked suddenly.

"He wouldn't give me his name," Ruth answered. "He insisted on seeing you personally—said he would be back I dealt with him as tactfully as I could."

"Tact and efficiency are your long suits, aren't they, child?" Borden smiled. "Draw your chair around to this side of the desk. We'd better go over the figures in this letter to Nathan. I'm not sure I'm going to let him hold me up for a bigger commission. Looks awfully like blackmail to me."

There was nothing for Ruth to do but to obey. She dragged her chair from its usual place at the fat-topped desk opposite Borden, and placed it where Borden indicated, with a pointing finger—so close to his own chair that the legs almost touched.

"Look!" he pointed to the letter under his large, well-manicured hands. "Wouldn't you think that was a big enough commission for any fly-by-night like Nathan to make?"

Ruth leaned forward and peered through her spectacles. Borden laughed suddenly. "But you could see better without those goggles, Ruth! Come! I'm going to take 'em off for you. I'll be a hundred dollars your eyes are just the right shade of blue in go with these yellow curls of yours," and his hands reached out, were about to lay hold upon the left lens of the girl's disguise, which moon of Harry Borden's eye had made useless, if she was to be allowed to work in peace.

Ruth's head jerked back, her small hands going up to hold his back. "Please, Mr. Borden! The light really hurts my eyes," she cried frantically.

"Then somehow she was out of her chair and Borden's left arm was about her shoulders, as his

right hand reached determinedly for the spectacles. A hundred times, afterwards, she reproached herself bitterly for the scream that tore out of her throat. After all, he was only trying, half-jokingly, to take her glasses off. Just as flushed face almost touched hers, and his eyes glittered with something more than laughter, she lost control of nerves which had been curiously taut all morning—and screamed.

"What are you trying to do, you little devil?—arouse the building?"—make them think I'm murdering you?" Borden demanded furiously. "Look! That chap's getting an eyeful across the alleyway—and get out of here and stay out, or I'll knock those pop eyes of yours out of your head!"

Ruth, who had obeyed his command to look, and who was taking a staggering, uncertain step to avoid Jack Hayward, framed in the opposite doorway and being forcibly restrained by another man from leaping through it, thought at first that Borden's last furious sentence was directed at her. But Benny's voice from the doorway told her the truth.

"If you're hurting Miss Lester, I'll—I'll—" Benny was spluttering, his fists clenched.

"Get out, and mind your own business! You, too!" Borden added viciously, nodding furiously and gesturing toward Jack Hayward, who was calling out something in a rage-strangled voice. "Sit down again, Miss Lester," he added, more normally. "And keep your confounded glasses on. If you're so crazy about them."

Where's that letter to my lawyer?" Before she obeyed, Ruth turned toward the window again, shaking her head slightly and laying her finger against her lips. Then, trembling, she sat down and was not again molested while Borden signed the letters.

"Tell that fool office boy to go on to my apartment for my bags," Borden reminded her gruffly. Then, "I'm sorry, Miss Lester, but I can't see why you kicked up such a fuss. Didn't mean any harm." "It's all right, Mr. Borden," Ruth said meekly. "And—I'm sorry, I screamed. I'm—easily frightened. And indeed she was sorry she had screamed, for now the blight on her perfect happiness had been communicated to Jack Hayward. But her remorse then over having "kicked up a fuss" was nothing to compare with the agony of self-reproach which was to come to her later.

She found Benny Smith at her desk, bending over the pulled-out bottom drawer. "What are you doing, Benny?" she demanded sharply. "You must keep out of my desk!"

"Looking for a towel," the boy muttered. Then, tensely: "Listen, Ruth, if that guy gets fresh with you, tell me."

"Hush, Benny!" Ruth cut short his threat. "Run along to his apartment now for my bags. I can take care of myself, Benny. It's sweet of you to mind, but I don't want you to lose your job on my account," she added gently.

The boy closed the bottom drawer of her desk and snatching up his overcoat and cap, strode out of the office, fancying himself, Ruth reflected tenderly, every inch a man, and—what's more—a man in love! "Oh, I wish I hadn't screamed!" she told herself disgustedly.

The door had scarcely closed upon Benny when it opened to admit Carl Adams, one of Borden's "happy" collegiate young stock salesmen. Few of the men worked on Saturdays, since it was a half holiday.

"Hello, Miss Lester. Saw Benny at the elevator. What's this about you and Borden? Benny seemed to think you might need protection. And I don't wonder. . . . What have you done to yourself? Why the scared little bunny has turned into a beauty! Greetings, eh?" the salesman broke off his confidential compliments and hailed his employer jovially.

"Come on in, Adams," Borden answered grimly. "Bring me Adams' sales record, Miss Lester, please."

Except for an unimportant telephone call or two, Ruth was al-

lowed to finish her letters in peace. It was 10 minutes after one when she flushed, angry-eyed, and 20 minutes past when Ruth, the last letters signed and stamped, hurried to the elevator to keep her overdue appointment with Jack Hayward.

She had telephoned him, in a scarcely low voice, that she would be a little late, and she knew that he would be waiting. If only she hadn't screamed, so that nothing but joy could have entered into the rest of this day. . . . (To Be Continued)

Trouble ahead for Ruth and Jack Hayward. Read the next chapter.

## MAN AND DAUGHTER DISAPPEARS; NOTE IMPLIES SUICIDE

(Associated Press Local Wire) LONGVIEW, Wash., Mar. 7.—With the disappearance Tuesday of Courtney Eaton, 50, Woodland farmer, and his daughter, Thelma, 18, and receipt of letters yesterday by Mrs. Eaton from her husband and daughter telling that "you will find our bodies in the river" County authorities feared a double suicide.

Mrs. Eaton searched along the bank of the Lewis river above Reno and found her husband's abandoned, also a handkerchief belonging to the girl. The woman immediately spread the alarm and denials and Woodland men searched the vicinity of the river all last night without avail.

Suspicious circumstances surrounding the disappearance have led to the belief that the suicide pact may have been a blind for the father to take the girl away. Mrs. Eaton went to the farm of Leo Hill, up Lewis river, where his daughter had been working and took her away after she had packed her clothing.

Wednesday the letters from the two were received in which the man said he would leave \$45 under the seat of the car and that the girl's clothing could be used for the summer children. Neither clothing nor money was found.

The girl's letters said that "Adams has tied me and is going to throw me in the river."

**CARD OF THANKS**  
We wish to thank our friends for their many kind words and also for the beautiful floral offerings, in the death of our loved one.

Mrs. Mary Leonard.  
Mrs. Sarah Taylor.  
Mrs. C. H. Bishop.  
Mrs. M. Winniford.  
W. E. Bishop.  
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Let me save you some money on your furniture. I can sell you quality merchandise at a big saving. Earl S. Powell, arrive by and see me, 115 Sheridan.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 188-L.

## PUBLIC INVITED

A group of "Dumina" music pupils of Harriet Groves Weatherford will appear in recital at M. E. Church N. Mon. Mar. 11, 8 p. m. Piano numbers, transposing, harmonizing, modulating, sight reading, etc., will be featured.

## IRA B. RIDDLE, EX-COUNTY CLERK, OPENS LAW OFFICE

Ira B. Riddle, ex-county clerk who has just returned from Salem, where he has been employed in a clerical capacity during the recent legislative session, is opening law offices in the Douglas National bank building. Mr. Riddle, since his admission to the bar, has had a varied experience that will be of great help to him in his future work. He served for a number of years as court stenographer, where he obtained an exceptional knowledge of court technicalities and procedure, and was also justice of the peace for several years before entering the county clerk's office. He has also served in the state legislature from Douglas county. He is now preparing to occupy his office, which will be open after the first of the week.

## YONCALLA MEN BUY MILL AT SUTHERLIN

A deal of considerable importance to Sutherlin was closed through the local office of E. G. Kingswell Wednesday when Halford, Yoncalla & Co., of Portland, transferred its sawmill and timber holdings southeast of Sutherlin to Ara Huff and R. E. Clow, well known and successful sawmill men of Yoncalla, says the Sutherlin Sun. The deal includes the mill property and 500 acres of timber adjoining, crisscrossed at over ten million feet. The mill is well equipped and in comparatively good condition, and was operated for several months during the past summer. It has a capacity of 200,000 feet daily.

Messrs. Huff and Clow have a force of men at the mill making some alterations and adding additional equipment, and expect to be in shape to begin operations in about two weeks. Extensive improvements will also be made on the road leading from East Central avenue to the mill in order to permit of heavy trucks handling lumber from the mill to the local Southern Pacific freight yards. Between 25 and 30 men will be employed at the mill and in the timber when operations are fully under way.

## GRANGE COUNCIL TO MEET MONDAY

The Douglas County Pomona council will hold a meeting on next Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the county agricultural agent's office in Roseburg. The organization is composed of the masters and other officers of the subordinate granges of the county and other members who care to take part. It meets each month in alternate years in Douglas county and the state and to be in contact with the officers in the state grange. E. Everett of the Grange is president of the council and Dr. C. H. Bailey is secretary.

## DAIRY, PRODUCE MEN WIN FIGHT TO CUT ICING COSTS

(Associated Press Local Wire) SALEM, Ore., Mar. 8.—A fight for reduced refrigeration costs on carload shipments of dairy products from Oregon points to eastern destinations and to other Pacific coast states has been won by the Pacific states butter, egg, cheese and poultry associations. The Interstate Commerce commission has handed down a decision in favor of the applicants, according to information received by the Oregon Public Service commission, which

was a party in support of the associations. The I. C. C. order requires that the carriers establish the reduced basis of cost on or before May 1 of this year.

## DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Data reported by E. H. Fletcher, Meteorologist in charge.

Barometric pressure reduced to sea level) 5 a. m. 29.55  
Relative humidity 5 p. m. yesterday (per cent) 29  
Highest temperature yesterday 53  
Lowest temperature last night 29  
Average temperature for the day 46  
Normal temperature for this date 46  
Precip. in inches and hundredths: Precipitation for 24 hours, 0  
Total precip. since 1st month 1  
Normal precip. for this month 3.25  
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1928, to date 14.40  
Normal precip. from Sept. 1, 1928, to date 24.60  
Total deficiency since Sept. 1, 1928 10.20  
Normal seasonal precip. Sept. to May, inclusive 31.15  
Forecast for interior southwest Oregon: Unsettled tonight and Saturday, with rain; moderate temperature.

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

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FOR unexpected guests, after-school "snacks," Sunday night suppers, and "hurry-up" meals . . . keep a Frye's "Delicious" Brand Ham in the cooler. It always "hits the spot." It's tempting. It's tasty. It's nourishing. Frye's "Delicious" Brand Ham really is better because it comes from choicest young grain-fed porkers only, it is cured by a mild, sweet, exclusive Frye process, and moreover, it comes "Fresh to You" from the close-at-hand Seattle plant.

Old-fashioned goodness and old-fashioned nutriment in Frye's "Wild Rose" Brand Lard. Purity guaranteed.

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Write to Frye & Company, Portland for Frye's "Meat Guide"—187 second recipes. Send 3c for postage.

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Sutherlin Spray Co.  
Sean Spray Pump Co.  
John Derra Plow Co.  
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

## INDICTED HEAD OF COLONIAL LOAN CO. ANNOUNCES SALE

(Associated Press Local Wire) SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 8.—Living W. Robinson has announced he had sold the Colonial Loan and Discount company, with offices here and in Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Los Angeles, San Diego, Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago and 20 other cities, to the Colonial Loan corporation, recently incorporated in Nevada for \$1,000,000.

Robinson added that the loan corporation was backed by San Francisco capital. He recently was indicted by the grand jury here on charges of grand theft and violation of the state corporate securities act. Robinson formerly was sole owner of the loan and discount company. His books were seized yesterday by request of the state corporation department.

Ent harbours sandwiches and five forever. Brand's Road Stand.

## The cause of overweight

Not due to any one food alone

THERE has been so much discussion in this country about the cause of being overweight that we decided to go to one of the leading scientific authorities on diet. We requested him to state the facts for the benefit of the public.

"It is the fashion to blame sweets for everything," he said. "Overweight is not due to sweets alone."

"If the dietary habits of overweight individuals are scrutinized," he went on to say, "it will be found that sugar is the foodstuff gorged by others, starches by others, fats and oils by others, and

"Strictly speaking," he said, "the average increase in overweight cannot be attributed to increase in intake of sugar or any other single foodstuff."

Note that he speaks of gorging. How intelligent it would be if everyone in the United States would refrain from gorging any one kind of food, and ate in moderation a great variety of all kinds of healthful foods.

It is clearly up to the women in the home to see that all adults and all children are furnished a variety of appetizing foods and to remember that sugar is the mainstay for making healthful foods delicious and appetizing.

One excellent way to prevent gorging is to feed your family a varied and well-balanced diet. Sugar develops the incomparable flavors of cereals, vegetables, fruits and many meats. It makes vegetables taste fresher and improves their color. Nothing can take the place of intelligent cookery. The best cooks are generous with sugar. The Sugar Institute.



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"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Bacon Backs, lb. 25c  
Light Bacon, lb. 28c  
Heavy Bacon, lb. 25c  
Hams, half or whole, lb. 27c  
Bacon Squares, lb. 18c  
Pure Pork Sausage, lb. 20c  
Pork Roast, Shoulder, lb. 18c  
Pork Loin or Rib Roast, lb. 25c  
Pork Steak, lb. 20c  
Hamburger, nice and fresh, lb. 20c  
All Beef Steaks, lb. 30c  
Beef Roast, your choice, lb. 20c  
Veal Steaks, lb. 25c  
Veal Roast, lb. 20c  
Veal Chops, lb. 25c  
Pure Lard, 10 lb. pail \$1.60  
Pure Lard, 5 lb. pail 75c  
Minicmeat in bulk, lb. 18c  
Pure Pork Sausage in links, lb. 30c  
One quart of Kraut 15c

Pickles, Eggs, Creamery Butter, Cottage Cheese, and all kinds of Creamery Cheese.

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