

THE BLACK PIGEON

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ruth Lester, beautiful secretary to "Handsome Harry" Borden, promoter of dubious stock companies, becomes engaged to Jack Hayward, whose office is just across the narrow hallway from Borden's.

On a Saturday morning in January, Borden has two women call. The first is Rita Dubois, night club dancer, who is to accompany him for a week-end at Winter Haven. The second caller is Mrs. Borden, Borden's wife and mother of his two children, who comes for her monthly alimony which the promoter forces her to ask him for in person.

Learning her husband is busy she agrees to return, but before leaving glimpses a pistol in Ruth's desk. Rita leaves and Borden waves good-bye with a torn bank note, reminding her of her "baggage."

While Ruth takes dictation, Borden makes a playful pass at her and she screams, attracting Jack's attention in the opposite office. Jack is furious and threatens Borden across the airshaft. He is still angry when Ruth meets him for lunch. Ruth forgets her bank book and rushes back to the office where she brushes her lip. Jack believes Borden hurt her but Ruth insists he is wrong. At the luncheon table Jack says he left theater tickets on his desk and returns for them. He is gone 20 minutes, returning strangely perturbed. This mood persists throughout the matinee and reappears when he calls Sunday night. At the office Monday morning Ruth goes into Borden's private office with crumbs for pigeons that gather on the window ledge.

Her eyes fix in horror on the thing sprawled on the window sill. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII

Slowly, her feet feeling as stiff and cold as the thing that lay on the floor, Ruth Lester backed toward the door which led into her own office, her hand groping for the knob, in a desperate need for something to cling to, for her whole world was whirling madly about her. But her staring, unblinking blue eyes could not tear themselves away from the sight which filled them—the prostrate body of her employer, "Handsome Harry" Borden.

Even in death he looked handsome. His still face, very white against the polished dark brown wood of the floor and in contrast with the sleek blackness of his unruffled hair, was pitted upon his upturned left arm, so that he looked as if he slept, but the rigid stiffness of that crumpled body was not the peace of sleep. From beneath the slightly raised right shoulder, he had fallen upon his side—something which had once been warm and red had spurted, forming a dark, irregularly shaped pool, dry now at the edges.

Her groping hand found the door knob, and she clung to it, away dizzily for a moment. Then, freer taking the place of stunned horror, she banged the door upon that ghastly sight and staggered across her own office, both hands reaching for the outer door.

When she had come in, she had left it on the latch, so that visitors to the office might gain access, and as she let it swing shut behind her fleeing, horror-driven figure, she had the impulse, born of long habit, to click on the latch, so that no one could enter during her absence.

"Nobody can hurt him now. He needs no more," Ruth's mind babbled crazily, as she ran down the hall past the suite of offices that lay beyond Borden's, turned the corner, raced on.

From the very first moment of discovery there had been only one thing she could do. She must see Jack. The journey along the two corridors had never seemed long to her before, but now she felt as if she would never reach the man who was engaged to the man who had just been murdered.

But as it something too frightful for contemplation were pushing upward from her subconscious mind, she veered her thoughts.

Two men who had offices in Jack's wing of the Blackstone Building looked at the white-faced, running girl, but she did not see them, did not hear one of them call out to her. If she had, she would not have answered. No one but Jack would do now, and he— Oh, no, no!

She found his outer office door closed, but not locked, for it opened, gasped out Jack's name to the girl who was coming opening mail.

"Mr. Hayward? Yes, he's here, or, rather, he's in the building. Just stepped out of the office a minute. Won't you wait for him?" Miss Barnes asked, her light-brown eyes taking Ruth in embryo, then with a little cynical half-smile, which betrayed her thought that the engaged couple had quarreled already. "Go right into his private office. Miss Lester, I'll see if I can find him for you. I think he went into the typewriter agency next door."

Ruth had no power to leave, did not know that she was at the door of Jack's private office upon the uncompleted sentence of his secretary. Gasping, her hand pressing hard upon her heart, she sank down into Jack's desk chair, her whole body trembling so that the chair quivered and squeaked.

If only Jack would come! Come quickly and take her in his arms, and tell her what to do, tell her that he hadn't—Oh, no, not that! She wasn't so mad, with so much to do. Afterwards, Ruth had no memory of reaching a shaking hand down, in the bottom drawer of Jack Hayward's desk, on memory of all of jerking it open. But there memory began, recording a moment of such transcendent horror as was never to be entirely erased from her mind.

Every finger of her groping hand

seemed to have an eye, as if her wide, terrified blue eyes were not enough. But all the eyes in the world could not have found Jack's automatic pistol in the drawer, for it was not there.

For a frantic minute, kneeling now beside that pulled-out drawer, she paged among the soiled towels and rubber-banded bundles of ancient life insurance "policies," but she knew that the thing she had never had the courage to touch but which she would now, if she had found it, have hugged to her breast in a transport of relief and joy; was not there—not there.

She heard Jack's voice in the outer office, Rose, trembling and nauseated, from her kneeling position. Held tightly to his desk for support as she faced him.

"Hello, darling! Sweet of you to pay me a good morning visit," his cheerful voice began. Then he saw her white, stricken face, the horror in her widened blue eyes. "Why—what's up, Ruth? Wait! Hold everything! Jack's here, sweet!"

And his arms were about her, steadying her, holding her close against his heart. Her fingers dug into his shoulders. "Mr. Borden! He's dead! Murdered! Blood, Jack—oh! What am I to do? The police—oh, Jack!"

The young man's arms went lax for a moment, then tightened about her so that she gasped for breath. "God! That you had to see this! His exclamation, uttered on jerky sobs of breath, might mean anything—anything!"

Ruth struggled in his arms, hid her eyes against her elbow. "My fault! I—I screamed! If only I hadn't screamed! Jack! I won't have to tell the police, will I? Jack! I'll tell you! Jack! Nobody will have to know! I'll tell you!"

The man seized her roughly, shook her a bit to stop that hysterical babbling. "Shut up, Ruth! Do you hear me?—stop it, I say! You've got to get hold of your nerves, darling! Oh, my God! he groaned, pressing his cheek hard against the golden curls. "Listen, Ruth! This man, degraded to be shot, held fast to that, darling! He deserved it, I tell you! There's only one thing for you to remember—that we love each other. Now, we'll go over there—" and he nodded, his face grim, to the window across the airshaft, "and face this thing together. Take my arm, darling. Hold tight!"

The two corridors seemed infinitely long, stretching away like interminable paths in a nightmare, but at last they were in her own office again. She laid her head on her desk, pillow it on her crossed arms, while Jack, in a brisk, businesslike voice, called police headquarters. Fragments of his conversation pierced the swirling chaos of her mind—"Yes, Borden! Borden's in his office, suite 112, the Starbridge Building. . . . This is John Hayward speaking. . . . Of course I shall stay until police arrive."

As from a great distance, Ruth heard him turn the knob of the door which she had closed upon the thing which she had seen. "Handsome Harry" Borden.

He must be looking. . . . Oh, how could he? His automatic gaze from the drawer of his desk. . . . That heavy briefcase which he had just let out of his possession after he had returned to her at luncheon, during the whole of the matinee. . . . "Check your hat and coat and bag, sir," Jack's awe at the boy, his curt refusal. . . . And all the time, even when they were holding hands across the airshaft, that horrible thing of blue steel had been there.

Oh, no, no! Ruth wrenched her mind back, forced it to recapture the events of Saturday afternoon. But that, too, was more than her mind could bear, with out shuddering away and being dragged back. Her brain felt like Jack's white-hot anger against Borden, his refusal to believe that he had not been Borden who had killed her. . . . His threats, insanely uttered in the presence of Miss Barnes, the elevator operator. . . . She had had to hold him back with all her strength to keep him from forcing his way into Borden's office. . . . His declaration that he had forgotten the theater tickets, his return to the office to get them.

Had he really forgotten them, or had he intended to do what—what the night? It was to himself! Again that agonized wrenching of her mind, to bring it back to the subject so sinister, how horrible it was. . . . Had Jack seen Borden across the airshaft? . . . Oh, God! why had the architect put two windows exactly opposite each other, so terribly close? . . . Had Jack furiously delivered an ultimatum to Borden about her? Had they quarreled then, so that Jack's face, his face, his face? . . . What could that to scratch his automatic from the stress of his desk and fire at Borden, stare to his own window by the square?

Suddenly Ruth's small body was sublimed with purpose. If Jack had done this thing, he had done it for her—her! He had committed a deadly sin, but he had done it to protect her. And now, . . .

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before the police came, she could do something for him. "Where are you going, Ruth?" Jack demanded harshly. "Stay out of there! It's no sight for your eyes. Stop, I tell you!"

"Oh, let me go!" Ruth sobbed, tearing at his hands. "I've got to go! I've got to do it before the police come! Don't you—understand?"

"Do what? Are you crazy? Please, darling, get control of yourself! It wasn't your fault, really? The man deserved to die—"

"Don't say that again! I can't bear it!" Ruth screamed. "I can't bear it! I've got to close the window before the police come!"

He let her go, for her strength for the moment was greater than his, for she flung herself upon the connecting door, tore at the knob until it yielded, stepped in—then stumbled backward into Jack's arms.

"The window's closed, Jack! Closed! Do you hear? Closed! Oh, God, I thank thee! Pardon me, Jack!"

There was a loud knock upon the outer door, followed immediately by the turning of the knob. The police had arrived to inquire into the death of "Handsome Harry" Borden.

(To Be Continued)

UMPQUA POST TO BE REPRESENTED AT DEDICATION

One of the greatest conclaves of ex-servicemen ever witnessed in Oregon is being planned for March 15th in Portland when the 11,350-090 Veterans' Bureau hospital on Marquam Hill in Sam Jackson Memorial park will be officially dedicated. At the same time a plaque will be placed on the Deerns Memorial hospital for children in commemoration of the American Legion's activities in lending assistance in making this place possible.

The dedication of the hospital is scheduled for 1:30 p. m. at which time there will be an appropriate program with several prominent speakers and some music. Following this a period will be devoted to inspection of the new building. The auxiliary of Portland post No. 1 will serve as guides for this occasion.

Umpqua Post of the American Legion will be well represented as many of the members plan to take advantage of the reduced fares for this event, while numerous others are making the trip by auto. The drum corps from the local post will attend and will participate in the parade which forms at 12:30 o'clock and passes through the business district. Local members are asked to wear their Legion caps.

On the morning of March 18 at 9:30 a conference of American Legion commanders and adjutants, state officers and state chairmen of committees will be held in the Multnomah hotel. State officials are especially desirous that all of the 92 Oregon posts be represented at this meeting. In the evening at 6:30 a banquet will be held at the hotel under the auspices of the "40 & 8" society.

The auxiliary of the American Legion will hold a convalescent at the Multnomah hotel on March 18th and all units will probably be represented.

The "40 & 8" society will hold a meeting at the Heathman hotel in Portland on Sunday, March 17th.

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County Notes

LOOKING GLASS MAN HONORED

Surprise Party Held For Ben Jacoby—Young Folk Attend C. E. Convention.

LOOKING GLASS, Mar. 12.—(Special to the News-Review)—A surprise party was given Mr. Ben Jacoby at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby, Saturday evening, a number of his friends came to assist him in celebrating his birthday anniversary. The evening was pleasantly spent with radio music and numerous games. At a late hour delicious refreshments were served. An enjoyable time was reported by all. The guests included: Misses Lucile Rogers, Elizabeth Hutchins, Vera Kline, Ruth and Irene Kline, Stella Moser, Margarette Porter, Susie Jacoby, Katherine Jacoby, Ida Schultz, Hulda Schulz, Mrs. Jessie Steinhauer, Messrs. John Robert and Edward Montgomery, Earl Thackeray, Jack Hutchins, Ivar Erickson, Harold Stromquist, Walter and Kirby Stromquist, Burt and Eldred Kline, Gladys Goodie, Frances Jacoby and her son, David, Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby, and the home guests, Ben Jacoby.

Those attending the Christian Endeavor convention at the Christian church Sunday evening from Looking Glass were: Mr. and Mrs. Rochester, Lucia Rogers, Elizabeth Hutchins, Vera Kline, Vera Kline, Mrs. Margarette Porter, Mrs. Kline, daughter, Ruth, Frances Welsh, Eldred and Burt Roberts, Irene Reddy, John Reddy, Elfred Barker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nickens, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. B. A. Rodley. Special numbers were given by Misses Lucia Rogers and Elizabeth Hutchins.

The young people's Sunday school class party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Jacoby Thursday evening, March 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jones were business visitors in Roseburg Saturday.

Mrs. Jessie Steinhauer and son, Walter, were in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. Larson of Seattle, Washington, who has been attending the convention of the Good will Industries convention in Los Angeles, California, returned to his home Saturday stopping in Roseburg a few hours on his way home. Mr. R. A. Rodley and daughters, Ruth and Irene, went to Roseburg to meet him.

GLENGARY AND GREEN NEWS

The Glengary W. C. T. U. held a very successful bazaar in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wendenford and Mrs. C. W. Groves of Roseburg spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Groves at the latter's home.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Aven is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffmeyer's son is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Petta visited with Mrs. Petta's parents at Kelly's Corner Sunday.

Clad Carpool left yesterday for Portland where he will enter the hospital. His mother will visit here until his return home.

PENOLETON WOMAN IS THOUGHT MURDER VICTIM

Penoleton, Ore., Mar. 12.—Mrs. Maude Ruff, 51, was found dead in a local rooming house here today with a bullet hole through her head. Police do not favor the theory that the woman killed herself and are working to determine if there is a murder angle to the case.

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

Notice of Sale of Government

Timber, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., Jan. 29, 1929. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the sale of June 2, 1918 (49 Stat. 212), February 26, 1919 (40 Stat. 212), June 4, 1920 (41 Stat. 748), and subsequent regulations of April 14, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 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