

THE BLACK PIGEON

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Jack Hayward, struggling young insurance broker, becomes engaged to Ruth Lester, secretary to "Handsome Harry" Borden, promoter of dubious stock companies, whose private office is just across the narrow airport from Jack's.

On a Saturday morning in January, the promoter has two women callers. The first is Rita Dubois, night club dancer, who is to accompany him to Winter Haven for the week-end. The second is Mrs. Borden, Borden's wife and mother of his two children, who calls for her monthly alimony, learning he is busy, she agrees to return. Before she goes she glimpses the picture Ruth's desk. While Ruth takes dictation Borden makes a playful pass at her and she screams, attracting Jack's attention in the opposite office. He is furious.

When they meet for luncheon, Ruth discovers she has forgotten her check book and rushes back to the office. At the luncheon table Jack says he left their theater tickets on his desk and returns for them. He returns strangely perturbed.

When on Monday morning Ruth finds the body of Borden sprawled on the floor near the window, she reviews Jack's strange behavior and is petrified with fear. She runs to his office and finding him out, looks frantically in his desk for his gun. It is gone! Jack returns immediately and accompanies her to Borden's office where he calls the police. Fearing Jack shot Borden through the open window she rushes into Borden's office to close his window before the police arrive. The window is a ready closed! The police arrive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VIII
In the brief instant between the turning of the knob of the outer door and the entrance of the police, Ruth had time to get control of her nerves. For fear so horrible that she now wondered how she had been able to hear it had been lifted from her mind and heart.

The window of Borden's private office, opening upon the air shaft, and directly opposite to Jack Hayward's window, was closed. How could she, even for a moment, have believed her man was guilty of murder?

Her reasoning was exquisitely clear and simple: The only way Jack Hayward could have shot Borden was through the window. She herself had left Borden's door locked, because of his deadly fear of holdup men or the assaults of loss-crazed investors in his stocks. Borden would never in the world have unlocked it for Jack Hayward, for it was his custom, she knew, to demand to know who wanted to see him, if he was alone and unprotected in his office.

The only person, probably, whom he had admitted was his wife, whom he was expecting, and she undoubtedly had already called to get Jack's return to his office to fetch the forgotten theater tickets.

"Harry P. Borden's offices?" an aggressive voice demanded unnecessarily, for the name was painted on the door. "What's happened here?"

Ruth Lester was still standing

one of the policemen—"put in a call for headquarters. Tell the chief it's murder all right, and to send Dr. Nielson over right away. And Bigger, you stand outside the door in the hall and keep the crowds away. The news will go through the building like wildfire, once it gets started. Did you spill it?" he demanded of Ruth.

She shook her head. "I told no one but Mr. Hayward. I went to him immediately after—after I saw Mr. Borden. Mr. Hayward has offices on this floor, around in the next wing. We are engaged to be married. That's why I went to him."

"That so?" McMan's little, squinted gray eyes studied the pair in the doorway. He seemed about to ask some question concerning their relationship to each other or to the dead man, and then, to Ruth's great relief, to decide upon a query of more immediate importance. "Did Borden keep any money or valuables in the office? Do you know what he had on him Saturday? Looks like he must have been murdered as long ago as Saturday."

"I know that he had \$500 in tens and twenties," Ruth answered steadily. "He had me go to the bank to get it for him, as he was going to Winter Haven for the week-end. His train was to leave at 2:15. I don't know how much more he had. I caught a glimpse of a yellow-backed note in his wallet when he put the \$500 in, but I don't see the denomination. He also had a pair of railroad tickets with a Pullman drawing room ticket, which he had had me buy for him."

As she spoke, the detective was searching the pockets of the dead man's coat, trousers and vest. "Here are the tickets O. K. and some loose change in a pocket. But there are no banknotes at all. Hmm! Looks like robbery."

"There have been a number of holdups in the building in the last few weeks," Jack volunteered. "Someone who knew Miss Lester to be Mr. Borden's secretary may have seen her cashing the check for \$500 and—"

"I'll do the maybes on this job, thanks!" McMan interrupted harshly. "Now, Miss Lester—by the way, any relation to Colby Lester, the lawyer?"

"Years sprang into Ruth's eyes. "He was my father."

McMan's glinting eyes were gentle for a moment, as they took in the small figure. "Sorry, Miss Lester! I had no idea. Do remember the boys saying he had a kid—I mean a daughter—that he was crazy about. . . . Now, child, in your own words, tell me all you know about this business. When you last saw Borden, everything of importance that had happened Saturday, anything you can think of to help me."

"Please, may I sit down—in my own office?" Ruth faltered. The detective took a chair beside Ruth's desk, making notes on sheets of yellow paper, as the girl told her story.

"Saturday is always a quiet day, since it is a half holiday," Ruth began, her hands tight locked on the desk before her, her brows knit in an effort at concentration. "I arrived first, at half-past nine, then Benny Smith, the office boy, came in—"

"Where is he now?"

"He hasn't come in yet," Ruth

admitted. "He sometimes soldiers on the job when he knows Mr. Borden is out of town. He was to go away for—"

"The boy's address?" McMan demanded, pencil poised.

"Why I don't know," Ruth acknowledged reluctantly. "I have an old address on file, but his family moved the first of January. I told him to give me his new address, but someone interrupted, and I'm sure he didn't."

"Guess he'll stroll in later," McMan dismissed the office boy. "Now go on, please. When did Borden come in Saturday?"

"About 10, as usual. Some woman, who would not give her name, had just called for him on the phone, and I told him, describing her voice. He knew who she was, but he didn't mention her name."

"Ever hear her voice before?" McMan was instantly alert.

"She had called several times during the four months I worked here," Ruth answered. "Once I put her through to Mr. Borden, and he told me to remember her voice and never do so again. She has a beautiful, throaty contralto. . . . Yes, I'd know it if I heard it again, over the phone anyway."

"All right. Go on."

"Mr. Borden dictated for about half an hour."

"Any trouble between you and Borden, Miss Lester?" McMan pounced.

"Trouble? Oh, no!" Ruth protested, flushing. "He was always very considerate of me, till the very day of his death—"

"Which was literally true—until the very day of his death?" He dictated, as I said, until Benny interrupted to say that an old man was in this office, demanding to see Mr. Borden. I went out to talk with him, because Mr. Borden wouldn't see him, of course—"

"Why of course?"

Ruth gazed at the detective blankly for a moment, then her

eyes lighted. How could she have forgotten that the old man had muttered threats against Borden's life. . . . But, oh, he had looked so ill and beaten! Her eyes closed again, but she answered honestly: "Mr. Borden would never see anyone who had a grievance. The old man—he wouldn't give me his name, insisted on seeing Mr. Borden—said he had lost a fortune—"

"Did the old man make any threats against Borden?"

"Yes," Ruth admitted slowly. "But I think he was just talking, as people do who are furious and helpless. They frequently say things they don't mean—"

"Suppose you describe the old man and let his lawyers worry about his defense, if it comes to that," McMan brought the girl back sharply to the business in hand. "Remember, Miss Lester, your employer has been murdered, and I'm counting on you to help me find out who the murderer is."

(To Be Continued)

More suspects in the next chapter. Mrs. Borden appears on the scene.

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

Jan. E. Conn, resident of Melrose, spent several hours here yesterday transacting business and trading.

TALKS ARE HEARD BY STUDENTS AT SUTHERLIN SCHOOL

Three special services have been held during the past week for the benefit of Sutherland Junior Academy students and patrons.

Professor Burden gave a series of educational films dealing with various church schools in the states, together with scenic views from Great Britain and various other sections of Europe.

He was followed later in the week by an address by J. R. Fern, manager of the Pacific Press Publishing association, who told of the various activities and operations in the offices and manufacturing departments of the national religious publication plant supported by the Seventh Day Adventists.

Saturday Elder E. M. Ober, home missionary and secretary of the North Pacific Union conference, which embraces Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia, Alberta and Alaska, gave an interesting talk regarding his work.

James E. Conn, resident of Melrose, spent several hours here yesterday transacting business and trading.

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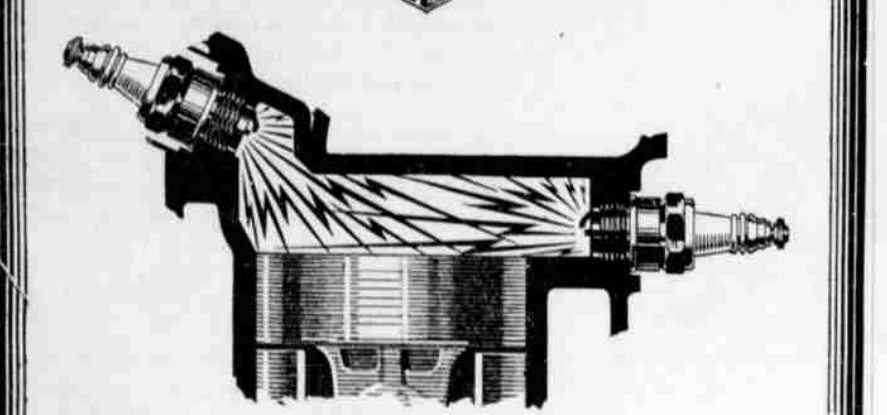
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during Nation-wide CHALLENGER WEEK

Thursday afternoon an Essex 6 Challenger sedan, with E. T. Partin at the wheel, and Factory Representative A. E. Manson, Deputy Sheriff A. W. Gicler, and the News-Review man, passengers, made tests that show the car's stamina. From standing start in low a pick up to 35 miles required only 10 1/2 seconds. A speed of 35 miles was picked up in 13 seconds from a standing start in second, and a speed of 35 was reached from a standing start in high gear in 18 seconds, all three tests being on a slightly up grade, on the highway between Green school and Kelley's Corner, south of Roseburg. The car responded to every demand without apparent effort, and evidenced wonderful economy in operation.

Above we show some of the local records, officially observed by newspaper men, which Essex the Challenger established during Nationwide Challenger Week. Owners here, and owners by thousands all over the country, have duplicated these tests, or, at least, verified the capacity of their own Essex the Challenger to reproduce any or all of these proofs.

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