

TOBY NORD AND PLAYERS HERE FOR ONE WEEK STAND

Toby Nord and his players arrived in Roseburg today with their best talent and are in readiness for their first show tonight. The tent has been erected at the intersection of Jackson street with Second Avenue, just north of the Deer Creek bridge. The company will remain here for one week, starting tonight and closing their engagement next Sunday, May 5. The players, according to Mr. Nord, will present clean and wholesome plays, the opening comedy drama being "The Country Boy." In which Toby has the comedy role. This play has a strong home and heart interest and is claimed to be a sure success. Vaudeville acts will be presented between the acts, so that there

will be no waits. The seven-piece orchestra is under the direction of Miss Helen Wood, former radio star at Los Angeles. The orchestra will present late and popular numbers with singing specialties. The company will change their plays and vaudeville nightly with a special matinee Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Hansen Chevrolet company will give away a used car free to the lucky card holder Sunday, May 5. A card will be given every person attending the show during the week and on Sunday night the lucky number will be drawn.

As an added attraction for tonight's show, the company is offering free admittance to ladies with each paid adult general admission ticket. The theatre is in a heavy, water-proof tent, warmed with gas heaters and having upholstered seats in the reserved section.

Work started on construction of power lines to sites of 35 airway beacon lights between Delta, California, and Drain, Oregon, on Medford division of coast airway system.

Fishing contest at Idlewild Park.

THE BLACK PIGEON

CHAPTER XLVIII

"I would prefer that you begin your confession with the story of how 'Lettie Miller' came into existence, Miss Manning," the detective sergeant decided. "There has been ample evidence to prove your relationship with Harry Borden—your own story this morning, and the evidence volunteered by Frank Ashe, Jake Bailey and Attorney Walters. I think perhaps your visit to Mr. Hayward's office, ostensibly to inquire about insurance, would be a good starting point."

"Not ostensibly," Martha Manning contradicted. "I really wanted to take out a small policy on my life in favor of my son. I hoped to save enough from my tiny salary, and to earn more in some other part-time job, to pay the premiums."

"The idea came to me when I had followed Harry into the Starbridge Building one afternoon. He did not see me until we were both in the lobby, and he refused to stop and talk with me. When he had rushed into an elevator, I stood in the lobby, gazing blindly at the bulletin board, as if I were looking for the room number of a tenant. After a bit I saw the name 'Insurance Broker' after the name John C. Hayward, and the office number—742. I did not know Harry's office was visible from Mr. Hayward's window, didn't know it until I was actually standing at the window. I saw Harry at his desk, but he did not see me."

"Later, a physician in a free clinic told me that I had tuberculosis, and knowing that insurance would be out of the question, I went in person to pass the news to Mr. Hayward, rather than write him a letter. I did want to see Harry again, if only from a distance, and I was so lonely the prospect of talking with so kind a man as Mr. Hayward was pleasant also. But I—had no plans, then."

"Ah! Plans!" McManne commented dryly, with a keen glance at Ruth to see if she were getting every word of the confession down in shorthand. Just when these plans made, Miss Manning?

"On Christmas day, after my humiliating interview with Harry on Christmas Eve," Martha Manning told him, the exultant, throaty contralto faltering slightly. "I felt that somehow I must be in a position to see him alone—not with his bodyguard, Jake Bailey, present. But to explain how I—managed, I shall have to go back a bit. One evening early in December—"

"Just a minute, Miss Manning!" the detective interrupted. "Until this time I mean, until the assumption of a disguise—had you ever made threats, verbal or written, upon Harry Borden's life?"

"I had not!" the woman answered emphatically. "Nothing was further from my wish or intention—killing him, I mean. I loved him."

"And yet—you became 'Lettie Miller,' a scrubwoman," McManne reminded her. "But go on, Miss Manning. I believe you said something about one evening early in December—"

"Yes, one evening early in December when I had followed Harry to the Starbridge Building, without getting a chance to speak with him, and was waiting for him to come out, a small array of cleaning women poured out of the building. It was just after nine. One of the women—it was Minnie Cassidy, as I learned later—looked so ill that I followed her into the street. She almost fainted, and I took her home, giving her the last cent I had for the taxi."

"On Christmas day, when I was desperately casting about for a way to see Harry alone, I remembered Minnie Cassidy's gratitude, remembered, too, that she worked on the seventh floor of this building. I went to see her. I told her I needed work very badly, would take anything. She told me that one of the 'cleaning ladies'—her 'partner' on the seventh floor, as Minnie called her—had just quit, and that her place had not been filled."

"It was Minnie who took me to Mrs. Fellow the following Monday, but late Christmas day I had engaged a room in a horrible old rooming house under the name of Lettie Miller, and in the guise of Lettie Miller. Just for a week, in case Mrs. Fellow checked up on my address. The gray whiskers on my forehead—the faded calico dress—had been given me as a sort of souvenir of my part in 'Stars,' a play in which I had made a rather notable success just at the time I met Harry Borden. . . . Yes, I was an actress—"

"That explains a lot," McManne commented grimly.

Martha Manning ignored the interruption. "No one but Minnie Cassidy knew that the new 'cleaning lady' had seen better days, was younger than she looked. Minnie was a good friend. But don't think she suspected for a moment that I killed Harry Borden," she added quickly as McManne reached for pen and paper.

"All right," McManne conceded. "I hardly think that Tim Cassidy's widow would conspire at a murder. But—go on. You laid your plans to kill Borden?"

"Not!" Again that flashing denial. "I merely wanted to be near him, to have easy access to his office, so that I could see him alone some night and make him listen. I believed he still cared something—for the boy, at least. But Jake Bailey was always waiting when Harry worked at night, and my chance for an interview did not come. Not even Friday night, for it was nine when Jake left, and I had to leave the building, or be sought for and discovered by Mrs. Fellow. But I admitted Harry to his office that night with my pass-key and he did not recognize me."

"Friday afternoon I wrote one last urgent appeal to my son, father, and on Saturday morning I telephoned to ask for his decision. He was not in, or would not talk—I could not know which. I called later at half past one, from an office I was cleaning, and Minnie herself answered the phone. I am sure that Minnie had no idea she was talking with 'Lettie Miller.' Harry gave her a message for me. I was to call again in 15 or 20 minutes. I—"

"One moment, please. How did you manage your transformation each day from Martha Manning, secretary-board operator of the Acropolis Hotel, to Lettie Miller, the scrubwoman?" McManne asked.

"It was comparatively easy. Department store rest rooms in the afternoon and any place in the dark—doorways, anywhere. It was merely a matter of putting on or taking off the wig, and making up or removing make-up, according to the role I was to assume. This afternoon I walked into a department store rest room as Martha Manning and left it as Lettie Miller, without your man, Carlson, suspecting that the two were the same person. This afternoon I changed hats—carrying the extra one in my coat pocket, and turned my coat inside out. It is a reversible tweed, not the garment I wore this morning."

"I see," McManne agreed, obviously chagrined. "Now about the second call to Borden Saturday afternoon—"

"I had just entered Mr. Hayward's office, intending to make my call on his phone and then clean his office."

"Wait! You knew all along that Hayward had a gun in the bottom drawer of his desk, I suppose?"

"No, I did not see it until I was 'Lettie Miller.' I opened the drawer to thrust in a towel which was hanging out untidily, and saw the gun then. That was early last week."

"Monday, I believe. But even then I had no idea of ever using it. But I remembered it—later."

"On Saturday afternoon, I entered Mr. Hayward's office at five minutes to two, to telephone Harry as he had requested. I was happy. I thought he meant to listen to me at last. Mr. Hayward came back for his theater tickets, and because the telephone was ringing I left him alone. I waited in an office across the hall and as soon as Mr. Hayward was gone I re-entered his office and put in my call. I knew Harry was in, for I had stepped to the window and had seen him sitting at his desk. He answered. I pleaded with him to create a trust fund for the boy, told him that I was ill and might not live long, and in support Paul myself. He called me all sorts of names—liar, parasite, and worse. When he finally refused pointblank, I told him a lie—I said I had already put the case in the hands of a lawyer, who would file suit Monday if he refused to settle out of court. He was frightened, finally agreed to see me in his office that afternoon. When he hung up I stepped to the window and looked at him. His face was black with hatred and anger."

"While I stood there, a girl came in—Rita Dubois. He was apologetic and extremely affectionate. He gave her, at her request, as I looked on, the torn half of a bill and by her expression of joy and the kisses she gave him I knew it was a banknote of very large denomination. I—nearly went mad then—possibly quite mad."

"Hum! Insanity defense!" Mc-

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Only Too Glad To

Manne commented grimly. "But—go on."

"I don't think I shall need an insanity defense," Martha Manning retorted, with a strange smile. "When the girl had left, Harry came to the window and stood there, drinking in great breaths of the cold air. I forgot then that I had on the gray wig and this dress and spectacles. I called out to him. I don't know what I was going to say, but—he recognized my voice, cried out, 'My God! Martha!' Then he turned and ran back to his desk and picked up an automatic. I think it was stark fear of me in my 'Lettie' disguise, but of course I can't say what was in his mind. I can only tell what he did. I saw him coming back to the window with the automatic, and suddenly I remembered Mr. Hayward's gun. I stooped and jerked open the drawer. When Harry aimed his pistol at me my own arm was going up, and in my hand was Mr. Hayward's automatic."

"I can't say what was in his mind. I can only tell what he did. I saw him coming back to the window with the automatic, and suddenly I remembered Mr. Hayward's gun. I stooped and jerked open the drawer. When Harry aimed his pistol at me my own arm was going up, and in my hand was Mr. Hayward's automatic."

"You mean to say," McManne began sarcastically, "that Borden was such a poor shot he couldn't hit a target only eight feet away?"

"His aim was accurate," Martha Manning answered quietly. "But it was deflected by a white pigeon alighting on his hand just as he pulled the trigger. The bird thought he was offering food—went wild. The shot meant for me went dead, but mine, fired before Harry could aim again, did not."

"The flat breast rose on a great breath—possibly of relief. Then, 'I think that's all. I killed him—before he could kill me.'"

"All!" McManne exploded. "Where are the guns? What about the closed window? The \$500 in small bills that Borden had on his dead body?"

Martha Manning answered obediently. "I wrapped Mr. Hayward's gun in a dusting rag and put it in the bottom of my scrub pail. Automatically, I think. But after a long while—or what seemed a long while—I remembered two things: the letter I had written Harry Friday and which must still be in his possession. I wanted it, of course. I did not want my son's mother to . . . But I'll go on. I remembered also that I had shot Harry from Mr. Hayward's office, and that he had been kind to me. I did not want the crime traced to him or to his office. It seemed vitally necessary that I close Harry's window, so that no one would suspect that he had been killed across the airshaft. I took my broom and pail and went to Harry's office, letting myself in with my passkey. I forgot to pull on the rubber gloves I always wore while cleaning, so that Martha Manning's hands should not be conspicuously marked with manual labor. That accounts for the fingerprints. I think. But just after I had pushed open the door between the two offices I remembered them, put them on. Then—I went in."

"THE END"

THEY'RE STILL LIVING

HONOLULU.—Holding a complete suit in a bridge game is not so rare, but the division of the remaining suits has been more or less split up between the three other players in the same heretofore. George B. Watson, however, recently held 13 spades while his partner held 12 hearts and one diamond. One of their opponents held 13 clubs and the other held 12 diamonds and the ace of hearts.

FORMER RESIDENT DEAD

James M. Doty, aged 81, a former Southern Pacific employee, who resided in Roseburg for a number of years, died Saturday in Portland, according to word received here. He leaves two sons, James H. of Portland and Richard C. of Beaverton, and a daughter, Mrs. J. S. Taylor, of Grass Valley. Four brothers reside in Ohio. Funeral services were conducted in Portland this afternoon.

Fresh salmon eggs, Idlewild Park.

WHAT WILL IT DO?

Women are saying: "Pinkham's Compound keeps me fit to do my work." "I was nervous and all run down. Now I eat better and sleep better." "It helped my thirteen year old daughter." "I took it before and after my baby was born." "I am gaining every day."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

By Martin

CANNERS FORESEE PROSPEROUS YEAR FOR NORTHWEST

(Associated Press Local Wire) PORTLAND, Ore., April 27.—Prosperity for fruit growers and canners of Oregon and Washington is foreseen by directors of the Northwest Cannery association in session here today.

"In view of the damage to California crops," said Edgar M. Burns, secretary of this association, "and if northwest crops turn out as well as they now promise, the 1929 pack will exceed the record-breaking pack of 1928 when Oregon put up over four million cases and the northwest total was 8,125,000 cases."

Future sales are good, Burns said.

"Present indications are that there will be fewer berries than last year," he said, "and that they will be one to two weeks late but sufficient for canner needs. Apparently there will be good tree crops, but because of the big demand, no surplus."

"All this means that the farmers and canners of the northwest will get good prices for their products."

GETS FINE GRADES

OREGON STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, April 29.—Thelma Smith of Roseburg, senior in home economics, was one of the nine seniors to make two graduates.

TOO LATE!

THAT Fordson is sold, too. But we will have another one in a few days.

We still have the cover crop disc for \$115
Special. Wagon in A1 condition 50
Potato planter 25
2-bottom tractor plow, orchard type... 60

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg AGENTS FOR
L. & H. Electric Ranges
Hood River Spray Co.
Sutherland Spray Co.
Dean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

straight "A" averages last term, according to a report just issued by the registrar.

Thirty-one students made all "A" grades, distributed among nine seniors, seven juniors, seven sophomores, eight freshmen and two graduates.

KIDDIES' COLDS
should not be "dosed." Treat them externally with—
VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

SENIOR HIGH AUDITORIUM

Philharmonic Orchestra

Of Los Angeles

ALFRED HERTZ, Conductor

Program

Thomas—Overture to "Mignon."
Schubert—Symphony No. 8 in B minor (unfinished).
Allegro moderato.
Andante con moto.
Dukas—"L'Apprenti Sorcier" (Scherzo).
Bach—Air for G String (arr. by August Wilhelm).
Massenet—Ballet from "Le Cid."
Aragone.
Aubade.
Naxos.
Strauss—Waltz: On the Beautiful Blue Danube.
Adults \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.
Students 50c, 35c.

Wednesday Evening

MAY 1st

at 8:15

Glycerin Mixture Stops Constipation

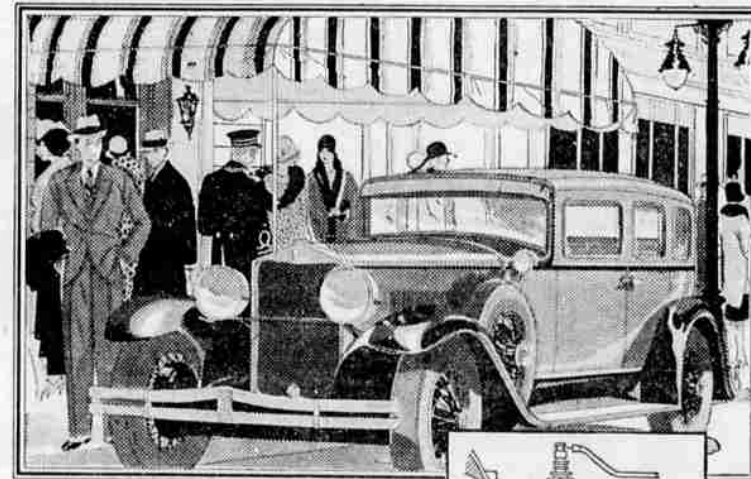
The simple mixture of glycerin, buckthorn bark, saline, etc. (Adlerika) acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and relieves constipation in TWO hours! Brings out old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Don't waste time with pills or remedies which clean only PART of the bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel. Nathan Fullerton.

What is a Zuleika? Ask Marie Ring. See "Safety First."

Eat barbecue, snowwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

Beneath the stylish hood of this new HUPMOBILE . . . is a new style motor.

.... asking only for protection from carbon forming oils



Your heart leaps a little—such charm in line, color, fittings! This Hupmobile Century eight, seven passenger sedan is a picture indeed

A NEW style in motors has swept the automobile industry. High-compression motors, powerful, speedy, economical, add emphasis to the outward beauty of modern cars.

Hupmobile Century sixes and eights are among the most striking this year—and their motors are worthy of the hoods that house them.

But today every car owner faces a problem. Not a fault in his car—rather a fault in the oil he uses. Many oils form quantities of hard carbon. It is bothersome and has to be removed even from old cars. In high-compression motors it becomes a real danger because pistons almost touch the cylinder head. Where would you put a quarter-inch layer of coke-like carbon?

Hard carbon causes more damage than many of us realize. Chips get under valves holding them open to warp and waste power. Gritty bits grind and chafe through moving engine parts.

However, there is an answer: Word has gone out among lubrication experts—word about a new motor oil that solves the carbon problem.

Even the costliest oils form more carbon. A sample of this oil, when burned, left more than three times as much as Shell Motor Oil.

An equal sample of Shell Motor Oil left only this small fraction of carbon—and it is soft carbon, not the hard, gritty damaging kind.

Shell Motor Oil actually forms only 1/3 to 1/5 as much carbon as even the most expensive oil you can buy! The little it forms is only soft soot that blows easily away.

The new high-vacuum refining process by which Shell Motor Oil is made produces a finer lubricant, too. One that is remarkably resistant to heat; it holds its body long after ordinary oils break down.

Thus in Shell Motor Oil you get two vital things. First, freedom from hard carbon, secondly a marvelous lubricant. Fill with it regularly.

Famed always for stamina, Hupmobile has more than kept its pace. New Hupmobile motors are high-compression of course—modern engines must be! And high-compression means no room for hard carbon—use an oil that forms none

SHELL MOTOR OIL