

Caseburg News-Review
Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year, by mail, \$4.00
Daily, per month, by mail, \$0.35

Where the Lumber Tariff Failed

TIME, the news weekly, discussing the tariff tinkering under way at Washington, packs about as much misinformation into one paragraph as one usually finds in a day's reading when it undertakes to tell about the lumber schedule.

Lumber. House rate: \$1.50 per 1,000 ft. Senate rate: free. With pitiful tales of \$9,000 lumbermen jobless in the northwest, due to Canadian competition, d d Chairman Hawley plead for the House rate. Sensing defeat, he offered to compromise at 75 cents per 1,000 ft. But the House, in a low-tariff mood, would not compromise, voted (259-143) for the Senate's freelanding of lumber.

Truth is, of course, that the House bill as formulated and guided by Mr. Hawley carried no duty at all for lumber. When the measure got up to the senate, Senators McNary and Stedler rounded up sufficient cooperation to get a tariff of \$1.50 a thousand feet for rough lumber inserted in the bill. When the measure got back to the house Mr. Hawley exerted belated efforts to obtain acquiescence, but the house voted the lumber tariff down. The representative who has had a larger part in shaping the tariff than any other man in either branch of congress was unable to get consideration for the chief industry of his district.

When Time, a news weekly of national wide circulation, does not take the trouble to inform itself of the true facts about the lumber tariff wonder lessens a little at the apparent lack of information on the subject held by the country generally. Lumbering is an industry in difficulties. On any theory of tariff making for the benefit of needy industries lumber should have been given protection. That it was not given protection indicates a lack in the house of full understanding of information about the subject.

Our Next Supreme Court Justice

WITH unanimous recommendation by the senate judiciary committee for confirmation of the nomination of Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia to a place on the United States supreme court bench his seating appears assured. His way was made easy with the usual group of senate objectors through the facts of his record in prosecuting the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil lands cases and through his subsequent declaration for reforms in some particulars of court procedure which were of a nature to stamp him as a progressive or liberal as distinguished from the conservatives who now constitute a majority of the high court.

Mr. Roberts favors abolition of grand juries, nine-to-three jury verdicts, misdemeanor trials by juries of six, elimination of "reasonable doubt" by juries and of the prohibition against a prosecutor's commenting on a defendant's failure to testify. It looks a little as though those proposals or some of them may have emanated from obstacles encountered by the lawyer in his old prosecutions. He convicted Fall but failed to convict Doherty and Sinclair of conspiracy, although he did send Sinclair to jail for contempt of court. However that may be his proposals are in line with reform advocates made in other quarters in recent years.

Mr. Roberts is 55 years old. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1885. He was admitted to the bar in 1898. He served for 26 years as a professor of law at his university but meanwhile filled a term as district attorney and afterwards built up a large private practice, said in recent years to have brought him \$150,000 annually. He has been known as an aggressive, hard fighting lawyer. He is married and his avocation is farming. He owns a 700-acre tract 30 miles from Philadelphia which is said to be highly developed.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Cooks Bay Times)
WHEN George Joseph announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor of

this state, he was generally conceded fourth or fifth place in the race largely because of the recent effort made to disbar him. It was the opinion of the so-called political prognosticators of the state that he had little chance, not only because of this attempted reflection on his character but because of his so-called radicalism.

Now as the smoke clears from the battle Joseph looms as the republican nominee and with a good chance of election to Oregon's highest state office. In other words some forty thousand people have concluded that George Joseph is not radical enough to hurt the state, nor guilty of an accusation sufficiently important to cause his disbarment.

Scourge of the Lord

In the role of "scourge of the Lord" George W. Joseph swept through Friday winning the republican nomination for governor by a decisive plurality. Fighting lone-handed, making real issue where none had been before, the fiery Portland lawyer espousing the cause of the under-fellow, crashed through the entrenched opposition of the party regulars, newspaper opinion and aggressive competition to give the party and the state the greatest upset it has had in many a year.

Many Stayed at Home

(The Dalles Chronicle)
Joseph's unexpected strength without doubt is due largely to the apathy of the Oregon electorate. Joseph's friends "got out and voted." The others, possibly reasoning that "either Norblad or Corbett will suit me," stayed at home.

How They Guess Now

(Grants Pass Courier)
Joseph's supporters, who took second place in the Josephine county tally, believe the man who says he doesn't like utilities is certain to become Oregon's next governor. Those backing Norblad and Corbett believe that a democratic governor is the answer to Friday's upset.

Norblad's Fine Race

(Astoria Budget)
Governor Norblad, Astoria's own candidate, made a splendid race. It is now easy to see just how big a victory he would have had had not Joseph jumped into the race at the last moment, for Joseph without a doubt took more votes from Norblad than he did from Corbett, who was considered the dangerous opponent—a relatively poor showing for a candidate considered the safest, probably spent the most money, had more of the old party leaders working for him and had more newspaper support than any other candidate. Yet he was only a very poor third.

What Next?

(Medford Mail-Tribune)
And now, "Watchman of the Night," what of the morrow? We have been through too many campaigns to worry very much about the political happenings a half year ahead. Between now and November a great deal can happen, and no doubt a great deal will. Political campaigns are very like other pathological epidemics; good things to forget after they are over.

Our Own Vaudeville—Johnnie Brown

(Cooks Bay Times)
FIRST it's Admiral So-and-So, then it's Major This-and-That speaking. All having their little say-so about the recent disarmament conference. One says fine, a great step in the right direction, another states that is worse than just a failure, a reflection of American identity.

Where's the Pretty Lady?

(Covallis Gazette-Times)
Prof. Stewart of Princeton says it is entirely feasible to make a trip to the moon. We are disappointed in the enterprising press and in femininity. Though the professor's statement was made several weeks ago, the "pretty young woman" has announced she will make the trip and no enterprising newspaper syndicate has signed her up to write her experiences.

Henry and the Horses

(Weston Leader)
Horses were once shot by Henry Ford, but his efforts have since been directed toward "shooting" them into the limbo of desuetude.

Bowing to Royalty

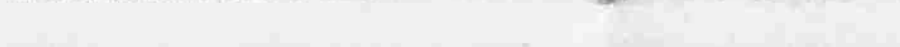
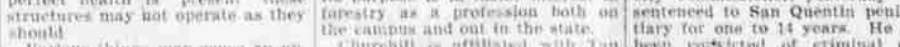
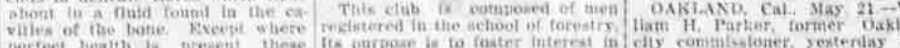
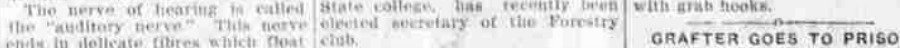
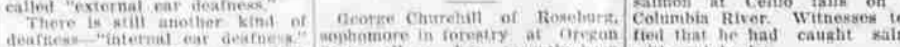
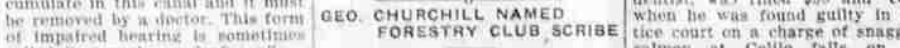
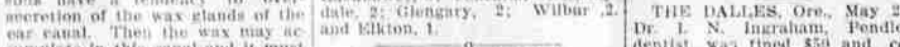
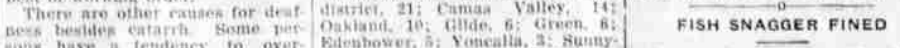
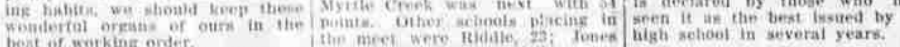
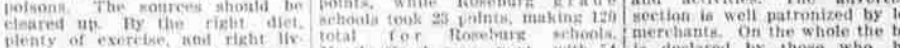
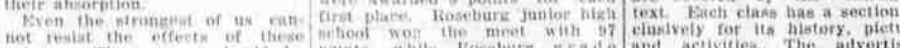
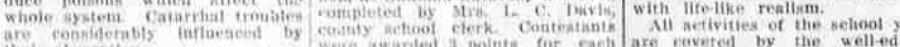
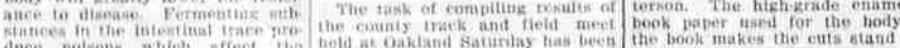
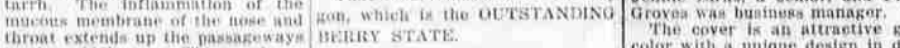
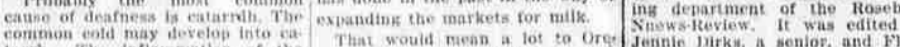
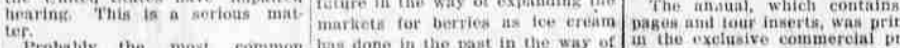
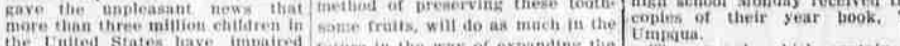
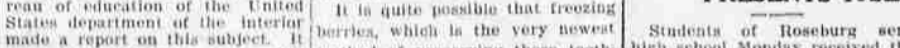
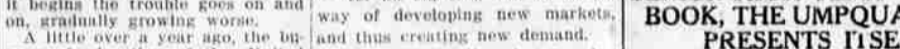
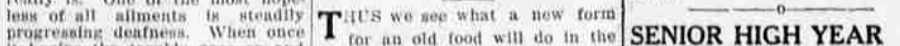
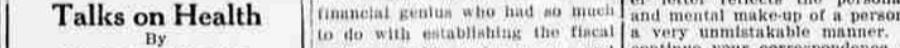
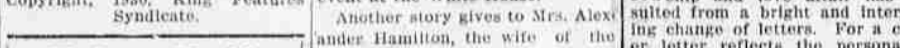
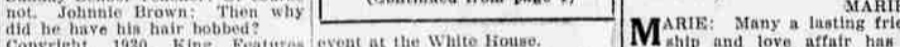
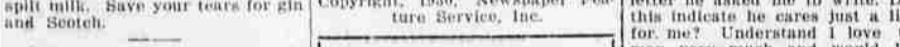
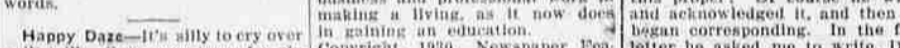
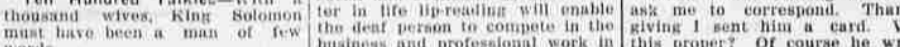
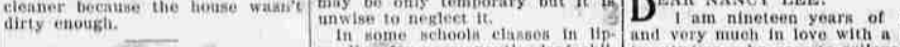
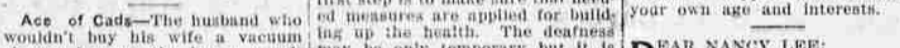
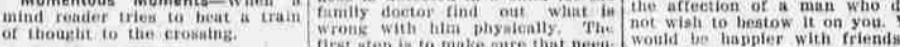
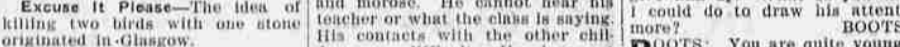
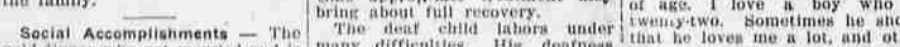
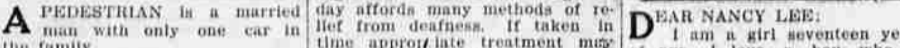
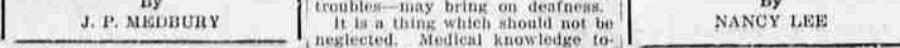
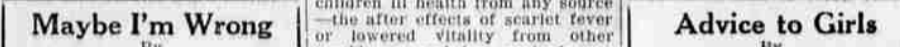
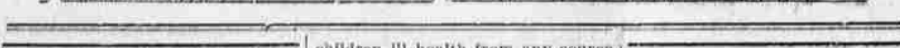
(Albany Democrat-Herald)
Nine American women satisfied the ambition of their lives yesterday when they crowned the king and queen of Great Britain. But there have been several occasions when Americans didn't bow before the British rulers. Time, however, changes customs.

SARPOLIS DOWNS KRUSE

(Associated Press Toledo Wire)
TACOMA, Wash., May 21.—Dr. Karl Sarpolis, Cleveland heavy-weight, won from Bob Kruse, Portland, in the main event of the wrestling program here last night, gaining the love fall of the encounter in the sixth round with a flying scissor.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



WHERE'S EMILY? by Carolyn Wells

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Just before the rehearsal of her marriage to Rodney Sayre, Emily Duane leaves her exclusive Hillside Park home to visit the hospital. She does not return and Rod and the guests become concerned.

Now Go On With the Story. CHAPTER VIII.

Betty didn't know of Nell's penchant for Rod, but she did know that the bridesmaid had wanted to be maid of honor, and she secretly exulted over the situation.

She was about to propose that they telephone for Mrs. Pennington when Pearl came to her and said: "Miss Betty, ma'am, some white ago, Mr. Pennington, he telephoned to know if his wife was here. And I told him she wasn't."

"How long ago, Pearl?" "Lak' bout half an hour, maybe, maybe not so long, maybe a quarter-hour."

"That's funny. The Penningtons went home together, didn't they, Aunt Judy?" "Yes, Betty. I said good-bye to the two, as they left the house."

"Well, then," and Burton Lamb sized up the situation, "Emily took Mrs. Pennington with her over to the hospital to see the new baby, and they've no idea how the time has gone by!"

"That's Emily all over!" declared Nell Harding. "Of course, Burt, you're right. How can anybody be so thoughtless and so careless of other people's convenience?"

"Well," Mr. Spinks said decidedly, "either we put this thing over or we don't. I suggest we go right straight bang through with it, and we'll just have time if we begin at once, and then you folks can coach Miss Duane and Mrs. Pennington in their parts afterward. Like's not they'll come in while we're at it. Hey, Mr. Sayre, come along here. Mr. Garner, you get up there in the bower, will you?"

Burton Lamb went back to the lounge to tell Rodney of the decision, and to his surprise the obstinate bridesmaid refused to budge.

"But Rod, you must. And, too, Emily and Mrs. Pennington will know their stunts without rehearsal. But you won't. You don't want to come a cropper at the big show, and you sure will, if you don't get onto the quirks right here and now."

"Emily will tell me just what to do, and I'm not such a stupid that I can't catch on. And if I make a terrible break, they'll forgive a clumsy bridesmaid."

Rod settled back in the corner of the sofa and lit another cigarette.

"You're a brute," Lamb told Rodney, "I haven't time to argue with you, but as I'm your best man, I've got to get you through somehow, I suppose. All right, I'll do your act myself, and then I can coach you. For Heaven's sake, when Emily comes, shoot over to the drawing-room as fast as you can. You may be in time."

Lamb returned and made up the most plausible yarn he could think of, and advised Spinks to whizz things through.

"You," Spinks said to Aunt Judy, "please stand up here and personate the matron of honor. That's right, a little more to the left. There, Now Miss Maid of Honor, you stand here. Bridesmaid Number One—yes that's right—here take your bunches of flowers," he gave each one of his artificial horrors. "Now, stand on your left foot, ready to advance to the music—hold on, Bob, I haven't stood up the men yet."

The men were duly stood up, Lamb insisting on being brides-groom and saying he could understand that and be best man also. Spinks suddenly found he had no bride!

Betty was determined to let letter-perfect in her own part and Nell exulted in any contempts that threatened the perfect performance of Emily's wedding pageant.

"Never mind the matron of honor," she shouted, dancing about in an agony of haste and excitement. "You've got to give the bride away, ain't you? And you've got to have a bride to give away! Well, this is it!"

"Best thing, too," she exulted. "Now, you Blacky, you may strict attention to everything I say, and then you can tell your mistress exactly what she is to do. See?"

Being nobody's fool, Pearl saw and realized that this was no joke, but that she was to be of real help for her beloved Miss Emily, and she put her whole mind on the task.

She slipped her hand through the arm of Aunt Judy, as instructed, and stood waiting, every sense alert, to obtain all possible information to pass along to the real bride later.

Aunt Judy, too, caught the spirit of the thing, and if some of the bridesmaids giggled at the ill-assorted assembly, the principals did not.

Burton Lamb, doubling as brides-groom and best man, stood back of a tall palm, awaiting the signal to show himself.

But when the opening strains of Mendelssohn were jerked out of the grand piano by the mechanical talent of Spinks' assistant, it was too much, and excepting, perhaps the minister, the whole party went off in peals of laughter.

Even this did not bring Rodney Sayre to the scene.

He was thinking deeply. He well knew Emily's willful ways, her sudden yielding to a whim, but he didn't think she would forget or ignore the rehearsal of their wedding.

He was not at all angry at her, or even annoyed, but he couldn't quite understand.

Well, at any rate, he could obey orders. She had said, "Don't budge from the sofa until I come back," and nothing short of an irresistible force would make him budge.

Nor was this merely a dogged or slavish obedience to orders.

It was only that Rod loved his Emily so truly and so deeply that

REV. LESTER GIBSON QUILTS LOCAL PULPIT

Rev. Lester Gibson, who has been pastor of the Bible Standard temple on East Douglas street for the past several months, announced his resignation today, to take effect at once. A special business meeting has been called for tonight at which time reorganization of the church and other business matters will be considered. A full attendance of members is being urged.

Rev. Mr. Gibson, members report, proved very capable in his work in the local church and his resignation has been received with regret. He has made no plans as yet for his activities in the immediate future.

K. OF P. CONCLAVE SET FOR JUNE 6th

The Knights of Pythias will hold a district convention in Ashland on June 6. A large delegation from each of the five lodges in the district, Grants Pass, Medford, Roseburg, Klamath Falls and Ashland, is expected. A number of the grand lodge officers will be present at the convention. Ten or fifteen local men will attend, among whom will be M. R. Brown, district deputy grand chancellor.

he wanted to do as she asked him, now and always.

She was whimsical, willful, yes even stubborn; or, as that querc man had put it, "pig-headed," but with it all she was open to conviction and quick to acknowledge her mistakes.

So Rodney, as it were, and when the music began and the party broke into laughter, he heard it unheeding.

What to him was a wedding rehearsal without Emily? Had he taken his part, probably Neil Harding would have slipped into the bride's place, and that would have been more than he could stand.

Well, all he could do was to wait. When she came, she would tell him all about it, though he thought he knew already, and smiled a little as he fancied Emily bending over the adorable little bundle of humanity, and making those crooning sounds that all women use to address a baby.

A stop on the veranda was followed by the entrance of Jim Pennington.

He looked at Sayre in astonishment.

"What are you doing, flocking in here all alone? Is the rehearsal over? I called to take Polly home."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

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

Fresh salmon eggs at Idleld Park—Adv.

Picnicking at Idleld Park—Adv.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop 542 Fowler Street Built-ins, Door and Window Frames made to order. We carry a stock of Veneer. Saw Filing a Specialty. ED S. AND F. L. COCKLE REAS Phone 541-J



'YOU'RE OUT A MILE,' yelled UMPIRE FINNIGAN
'You're as blind as a bat,' roared Muggsy Mulligan.
'That may be,' smiled the umpire, 'but you heard me, for I smoke OLD GOLDS and speak with authority. Now you can run out and buy a pack. They'll soothe your nerves. Not a bark in a bleacherful.'

OLD GOLD BETTER TOBACCO... THAT'S WHY THEY WIN NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD