

Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co. Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1928, at post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by

WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN

San Francisco—220 Bush Street,
Los Angeles—122 South Spring
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Chicago—250 North Michigan Ave.,
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Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$4.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, \$2.50
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.50
Daily, single month by mail, .50
Daily, by carrier per month, .50

A Liberal Candidate.

THE candidacy of William Lemke, representative in congress from North Dakota, announced yesterday by himself, is welcomed by those who are called liberals and who object to the reactionary influences in both of the old parties. Without actually subscribing to the principles of the socialist party, such voters have often in the past voted for the socialist presidential candidate, more or less as a protest against the old parties which they consider ready to perish of dry-rot. Lemke, who is of their own ranks in thought and deed, will readily draw them into his Union party of the United States.

Who is William Lemke? He is a Fargo, North Dakota, lawyer who has been identified with nearly every farm organization in the great northwest as an attorney or as an active member, including the Farmers' Union and the Cooperative Exchange. His classification politically is a bit uncertain. At the same time that he was serving as a member of the national executive committee of the National Non-Partisan League, he was chairman of the Republican state committee for North Dakota.

Lemke is best known for the farm refinancing legislation which he and Senator Lynn J. Frazier from the same state sponsored in congress. They were also the authors of the farm mortgage moratorium bill, which was declared unconstitutional. The Frazier-Lemke \$3,000,000,000 inflationary refinancing bill came near passage during the current congressional session and had the active support of Congressman Mott of Oregon.

As a candidate for the free-thinking liberals, Lemke is ideal, but as a threat against the regular nominees of either of the old parties his candidacy appears to be unimportant.

Musical Millions.

IT IS AN eye opener to most people to read that two Hollywood song writers, Leo and Eleanor Nippon, have brought suit for \$1,000,000 against one of the big film producers for alleged pirating of a song they wrote, and that altogether they now have suits pending for \$6,000,000 on similar claims.

Obviously there must be more to this ballad business than prosaic business men, doctors, lawyers, educators and plumbers have suspected. Of course the plaintiffs would collect any such sums, no matter how good their case may be. But the mere presentation of such claims in court is enough to set thousands of amateurs strumming their pianos and feeling around for song themes and trying to put rhymes together.

No wonder Tin Pan Alley flourishes. Popular song-writing may not be a very lofty art in these days, but it is the life business.

Some of us are just naturally peccoliar, and would rather travel in an old-fashioned American Clipper than in a floating skyscraper as big as the British Isles.

Railroad passenger rates go down, bus rates go down, and if automobile prices do likewise, here's one descending spiral the public won't kick about.

Chinese police stamp the words "extraordinary dress" on the costume of a woman who isn't dressed enough. What would happen if that were tried here?

Oregon Editors' Comment

Financing the Evangels

(Salem Statesman)

From appearances both political parties will be liberally supplied with funds for the coming campaign. The republicans expect to profit from heavy donations from southern "dear industrialists. The democrats have been using sundry devices, \$500 banquets, \$1 "nominator" lists, advertising sales, and contributions from those who have shared in the expenditures of alphabetical agencies.

Soon to come off the presses will be Jim Farley's book, "The Book of the Democratic National Convention." This is to sell at \$2.50 per copy, but like most publications the gray is in the ad that are being sold. Advertising proceeds from this "book" are estimated at \$302,500. Anyone with a knowledge of advertising can measure for himself how much of the payment is for legitimate advertising and how much is plain Jim Farley hold-up.

It is going to be a great book, aside from the beer and distillery advertising it carries. Subtitles are: "The Story of a Great Nation's Growth," "A Dramatic Document of Achievement," "A Source-Book of Today's Living History," "Education and Entertainment Your Great Grandchildren Will Enjoy." This book will contain many biographies, the one on James A. Farley being described as "The Story of a Noble Contribution to Democracy," a fascinating career related by a well-known political commentator.

The June 10 lists of contributions show how much the apostles of virtue and supporters of the great humanitarian are relying on the millions of Laffer the fallen angel to finance their season's evangelism. Frankfort Distilleries and Associated American Distilleries are down for \$10,000 each. In the \$2,500 bracket are W. P. Chrysler, Schenley Distilleries and Frankfort Distilleries again. Philadelphia Lager Beer Brewers' Association gave \$6,250. The United Mine Workers are linked with United States Steel Corporation for \$5,000 apiece. The three companies, Goodrich, Good-year, Firestone, got off with \$3,125, also General Electric, Reynolds, Ingersoll and Utman-Walkers Distilleries. The cement companies and brewers thought \$2,500 was their share, or Emil Hurja fingered his assessment: Medusa-Portland Cement, Schlitz Brewing, Premier-Pabst, Marquette Cement; also the big packers, Swift, Armour, Cudahy and Wilson. Thought they should spare \$2,500 apiece out of their repossessed processing taxes. The typewriter people have good business with PWA, FEIRA, AAA, ETC., so Remington-Rand gives \$5,000, Underwood-Elliott-Fisher \$2,000, Royal Typewriter \$2,000, L. C. Smith and Corona \$2,500. Even the big boys do not want to be left out of the cold. Olds Motors chime in \$2,000, Standard Oil of New Jersey \$2,000, Inland Steel \$1,000.

The corporations feel they have to contribute to both campaign funds to avoid reprisals. There does seem more than a little inconsistency in parading over the country denouncing the corporations, on campaign bills financed by their contributions. It must be remembered, however, that politics is still politics.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

highway at Williams. It's fun to be a nut, anyway.

SIGN Rooms ahead: "Petrified Forest. Don't Fail to See Natural Wonder."

People who follow nutty impulses will fall for anything, so this out falls for the petrified forest—which consists, as far as the naked eye can detect, of three petrified trees dug out of the volcanic ash soil. Even a nut knows that it takes more than three trees to make a forest.

But what they lack in number they make up in age, for the sign relates that they were buried about a million years ago and were some 3,000 years old when the burial (which is presumed to have accompanied an eruption of Mount St. Helens) occurred.

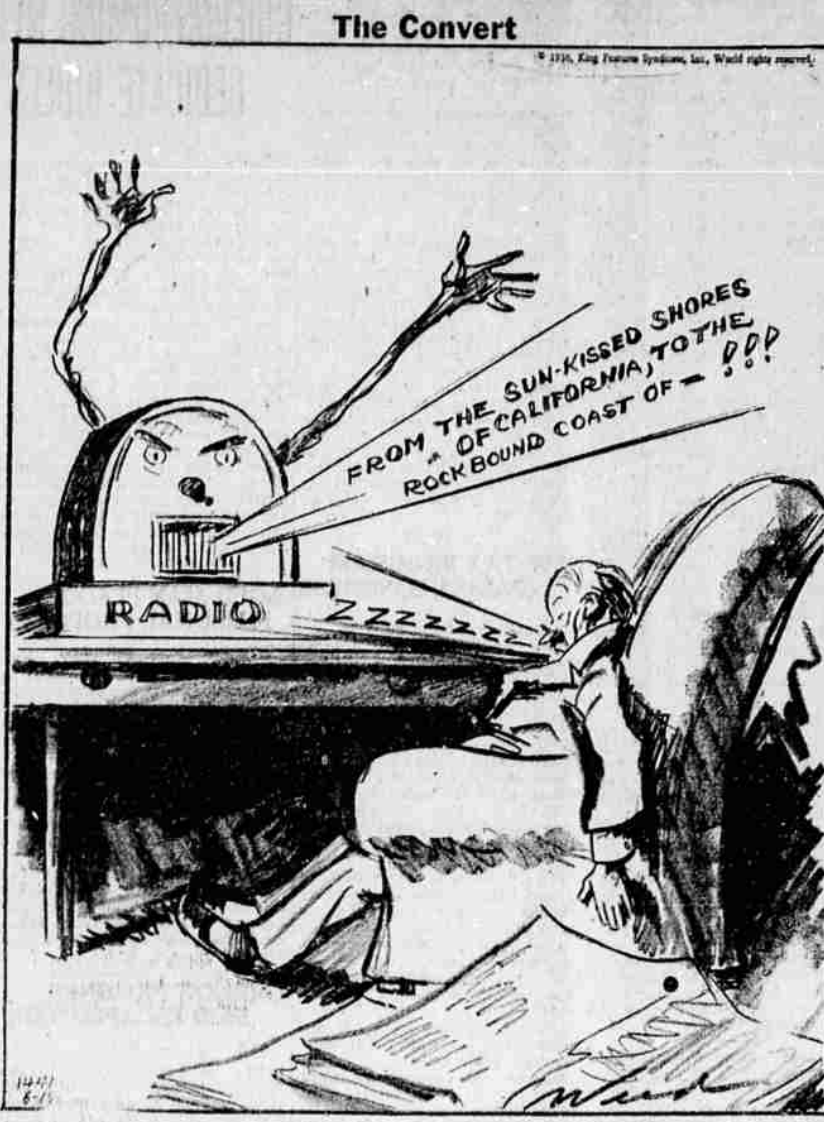
THE explanation as to why they call it the petrified forest appears when they ask you four bits to look at the three trees. That's enough to petrify anybody.

FARTHER along, in California, a sign looms beside the pavement: "See the Spouting Geyser." No, thank you. Not any. If it costs four bits to look at a two-bit petrified tree, what would it cost to look at a real spouting geyser?

PROBABLY is still procrastinating around the corner, and the budget has to be watched if it is to stay in balance.

TAXED as to how come he wants four bits for two looks at three petrified trees, the attendant answers: "Oh, I don't own this place. I just work here. It's owned by a woman." Adam started it, listing the blame for the stomach ache that followed the eating of the apple to Eve, and the men are still doing it.

But the poor guy has to have some kind of comeback when the cash customers kick.



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXX

"We've found him," he said.

"He's at the Palm Gardens, a cafe he owns in the Bronx. Traced him through one of our men, a dick named Flaherty. Gabriel invited him up to his private apartment last night to have a drink! How's that for nerve?"

"If I'm any judge, this fellow has plenty of that," said Tyler.

"Yeah," said Kieran. "Now, here's the situation: Flaherty got a good look at the layout there. Gabriel lives in a swell apartment in the front of the building, above the restaurant. He's got all kinds of trick locks on his doors. Probably could withstand quite a siege. So we've got to be careful. There are three other rooms on that second floor. My hunch is the two women and the young fellow are in them. Gabriel hasn't been out of the building since last night. We're going to close in on him tonight. Meet me at the Westchester police station at nine. I'll send a departmental car for you. Pick it up in the main road at about eight-fifteen. Kay?"

"Okay," said Tyler, and hung up.

He picked up the phone again and called Nelson. When the man arrived, he swore him to silence, and then explained what had happened. Nelson's eyes gleamed.

"Am I in on the show?" he asked eagerly.

"There's work for you here," he said. "First about my daughter: I want you to put a trusted man right here in the cottage. I'll have her maid Olga stay with her in her room. But I want her absolutely protected. There may be a dangerous killer right here yet."

"How about Harrigan?" asked Nelson.

"Good," said Tyler. "Now, here's the idea, Nelson: Not a word about Collins or Gabriel, or any of this, to a soul. Detail another trusted man to help you and watch everybody else on the place like a hawk. If anybody tries to leave, let him go, but have him—or her—followed. That means everybody."

"The boss too?" asked Nelson.

"The boss too," said Tyler. "And Miss Doris and Jo-John and the servants—everybody. When we grab Gabriel, I'll phone you. I want you to spread the word then that Gabriel has been captured. If the guilty person is here, he may be surprised into showing his hand."

"I get it," said Nelson. "You can count on me."

Jim Gabriel was in his chair, telling back comfortably, feet on the stool, when Nicky entered the apartment. The younger man looked at him indignantly. "You sent for me?"

"Uh-huh," said Gabriel, smiling softly. "Nicky, tonight's the night."

He stood up suddenly, the smile fading, eyes narrowing, jaw stiffening, lips thinning to a hard line. He held out a clenched fist, opened it slowly and then contorting his face grimly, closed it again. Nicky, watching, nodded.

"Kay," he said huskily. "What you want me to do?"

"Go down to Timmy's and get an ordinary-looking car," said Gabriel, suddenly businesslike. "Then drive out toward Gordon's place. You'll find him, alone, walking toward the city, about a mile this side of his house, at nine o'clock. Pick him up and bring him here."

Nicky's jaw dropped; he stared at Gabriel incredulously.

"Lord, Jim, are you crazy?" he

demanded.

"Not yet," said Gabriel calmly. "Just in case any dicks happen to be around, you'll take him to the rear, of course. There's nothing to it."

"Nothing to it?" Nicky cried.

"There'll probably be a million bulls right on our tails. This is suicide, Jim!"

"Uh-huh," said Gabriel, shaking his head composedly. "I know Morison and he knows me. He'll come alone, because he knows that that's his one chance of saving the lives of the others. I've impressed that fact on him plenty. In fact, I told him frankly that it would be a cinch for him to cross me, lead the bulls right to me. But I also explained what would happen to the people he wants to protect. Oh, he'll come through, all right. I know the breed."

"Boy, if anything goes wrong, they've got us sewed up like a sack!" said Nicky.

Gabriel looked at him steadily, his jaw hardening.

"Are you a Gaudin or not?" he demanded.

"Don't be like that, Jim," said Nicky. "You know I—"

"Then you're in," said Gabriel. Nicky nodded, gulping.

"I'm in," he said. "But how—how you gonna—get rid of 'em?"

Gabriel smiled grimly. "We got plenty of empty barrels," he said.

Nicky managed a sickly grin. "We'll have the little party in the room the girl's in," said Gabriel softly. "You can take care of her, Nicky. Morison ought to enjoy watching that."

Nicky's eyes lighted up. "I'll attend to Morison myself—last," said Gabriel.

He looked at Nicky. "Kay?" he asked.

Nicky nodded.

"Kay," said Nicky. "Ought to be a nice little party."

He turned and walked out of the room.

Tyler and Nat stood in Ruth's room, their hats in their hands. The blond girl faced them, her lips trembling slightly. Tyler cupped her chin in his palm, squeezed it gently. She tried to smile. Tyler put an arm about her, held her close, kissed her cheek. She said, "Olga is downstairs," he said. "I'll send her right up. We'll phone you from the Palm Gardens as soon as it's over. And I'll be good news."

He stepped back. The girl turned toward Nat, who took her hand, kissed it gently. She lifted both her hands to his shoulders, laid her face on his, and brushed her lips with his, then turned and followed Tyler from the room.

The two men crossed the lawn quietly, glancing up at the house. It was completely lighted. They continued on to the driveway, then walked down to the gate. Nelson and Cooke were there. In the main roadway a car stood waiting. Tyler gave Nelson last-minute instructions.

Then he and Nat got into the car. They drove straight to the Westchester police station. In the Bronx, the police chauffeur driving like the wind, Commissioner Kieran was waiting for them.

"My men are quietly surrounding the Palm Gardens," he said. "I thought it best to have no concentration here. Always the danger of a tip-off. We've got machine-guns, rifles, tear-gas, searchlights. We won't use any of them unless we have to, of course. The main thing is to get those two women

and that foolish boy out of there unharmed."

Tyler nodded.

"We've got to be terribly careful," he said. "This Gaudin is a desperate man. It's the chair for him if he's taken alive. If he knows he's trapped—I shudder to think what he'll do to his prisoners!"

"I know," said Kieran. "Our only hope is to take him completely by surprise. Unless we strike without warning, he can lock himself in and battle it out to the death. And if he's got young Gordon and the two women up there—"

He shook his head forebodingly; then he went on:

"I've sent Flaherty to the Palm Gardens. Unless there's a tip-off, Gabriel will suspect nothing in that. I told Flaherty to try to get him to invite him upstairs for another drink. And once he gets him alone, to make the collar and signal from the window. If we get Gabriel, the others will be safe, since he's the only one desperate enough to fight it out."

Tyler nodded.

"That's the best way," he said. Then, quietly: "Are we ready?"

"Ready," said Tyler.

A thrill ran up Nat's spine. He placed a hand in his pocket, felt the reassuring cold steel of the automatic.

"Let's go," he said. . . .

Paul Gordon was almost happy as he made his careful toilet. Now that the die was cast, the irrevocable decision made, his mind was clear. Everything had come to a head. The intolerable worry and suspense were done. Now he could act. The moment of his supreme gesture was almost at hand. It was fitting and proper to die for those one loved.

He brushed his hair carefully, examined his reflection in the mirror. He even managed a smile. Johnson stood there woodenly. In a calm, even voice Gordon told him the suit, the hat, the stick he wanted.

He donned the conservative dark clothes, took the gray homburg hat, the Malacca stick, from Johnson. Then he smiled at the blond, who came almost vanishing. His face worked, but at Gordon's sharp, "Steady!" Johnson stiffened.

Gordon shifted his hat and stick, held out his hand. Johnson stared at it, pitifully, hesitated. Gordon held his hand steady. Johnson seized it, wrung it. Still clasping his hand, Gordon said quietly: "Good-bye, Johnson."

"Good-bye, sir," said Johnson hoarsely.

"You are not to follow me," said Gordon. "Your promise."

Again was echoed on Johnson's face. At Gordon's firm look, he nodded slowly.

"I promise, sir," he said.

Gordon dropped his hand, turned and strode from the room. Johnson stood quite still for a moment, staring at the door which had closed behind him. His face went gray and old; he sank into a chair, buried his head in his shaking hands. Sobbs shook his body.

"Judas!" he moaned. "Judas!"

Gordon descended his private stairs and let himself out. A man came forward inquiringly. With some surprise Gordon saw that it was not Harrigan. He spoke to the man in a low voice and then hurried across the lawn, toward the spot where the driveway curved away from the house.

When he reached it he glanced back toward the house. A light burned in David's room. Doris would be there, dressing for dinner. Gordon put a hand to his lips, made a little gesture toward the light. Then he turned and strode

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

God in my head, and in my understanding, God in my mine eyes, and in my looking, God in my mouth, and in my speaking, God in my heart and in my thinking, God be at my end and at my departing.

"The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forever more." Is. 121:5-8. Amen.

down the driveway.

Cooke came out of the lodge at the gate.

"I'm going for a little stroll," Gordon said quietly. "I want to be alone, Cooke; do you understand?"

The man nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said.

He went back to the lodge, and the gate swung open. Gordon stepped through, began to walk, unburiedly, toward the city. . . .

Looking indiscreetly lovely, Doris, in a trailing pale yellow frock, her beauty enhanced by the pallor of her cheeks, walked down the stairs. She heard no sound and paused, puzzled at the absence of voices. Then she hurried into the living-room. There was no one there. She looked about her, bewildered: "Dad! There was no answer."

Then she saw, through the French windows, Nelson crossing the lawn. She ran to the door, called to him. He stopped, turned and came toward her. She advanced to meet him, her thin slippers crunching the gravel of the driveway.

"Dad!" she said. "Where is he?"

"He just left, Miss Doris," said Nelson.

"Left!" she echoed, her hands going to her breast. "Where?"

Nelson shook his head.

"Don't know, miss," he said.

The girl gasped.

"Mr. Benson—Mr. Tyler—where are they too, miss?"

"With dad."

"No, miss. They left a few minutes earlier—alone."

She stared at him, the last vestige of color gone from her face.

"Where—where have they gone?" she gasped.

"Don't know, miss," said Nelson. The girl caught her breath. Then she whirled about, stared at the cottage across the garden. The blind girl had begun to play her haunting, low, sound, clearer, hauntingly beautiful.

"That music!" Doris cried. "Al-ways it came!"

She gave a little moan, and then she was running toward the cottage. Nelson stared after her a moment; then he followed. He heard the music cease, increased his pace. He was just behind Doris when she burst through the door. Ruth, on the arm of her maid Olga, was descending the stairs. She stopped at the sound of Doris' entrance.

"Mr. Gordon?" she called.

"It's I—Doris," said Doris.

"Where is he—oh, where is he?" Ruth asked. "Take me to him—quickly!"

Doris ran to her, took her other arm. Nelson stood watching, bewildered. Across the room Harrigan stood, staring at the scene on the stairs.

"He's gone—he's gone!" Doris cried. "What is it, Ruth?"

"Oh, God—oh, God!" Ruth murmured. "It's a trap! They'll all be killed!"

Doris clutched at her arm, shook her head.

"Where have they gone?" she demanded.

"The Palm Gardens," Ruth said huskily.

Doris dropped her arm, turned, started running down the stairs. Nelson reached out for her, but she eluded his grasp, sprang through the door. Nelson caught up with her as she reached the garage, seized her arm.

"Let me go!" she cried passionately. "Let me go!"

(To be continued)

WEST DOUGLAS FAIR LEADERS ORGANIZE

Organization of the West Douglas community fair was completed at a meeting held at the Lookingglass, grange, hall Tuesday.

The fair is to be held at Lookingglass the last week of August.

A. A. Jacoby was named general chairman; Irving Rodley and Mrs. Arthur Marsh, secretaries, and W. J. Meredith, treasurer.

Department heads chosen were: Delbert Oliviant, poultry; Leslie Higgins, grange and vegetables; O. G. Rogers, fruit; Ben Jacoby and Orrille Rodley, livestock; Mrs. Leslie Higgins, domestic; Miss Rose Mundt, sewing; Mrs. Alma LeClere, floral; Leslie Buell, Lynn Hodges and Clare Meredith, 4-H club; Henry Jones, Charles Howard, Ted Hodges and Corbin Heard, entertainment and finance.

Funeral services were held Thursday for Ernest Harvey Bowman, 34, who died Tuesday from injuries suffered in a tractor accident at Kellogg.

He was born at Myrtle Creek, March 17, 1902, and spent his early life there, where he was married July 22, 1925, to Edith Beebe.

Surviving are his wife and three children, Donald, Clarice and Dale. He also leaves his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Bowman; three brothers, Thomas J., Jess W. and Alva C. Bowman; and two sisters, Mrs. Zula Dyer and Mrs. Ella Smith.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and Kellogg grange.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

OPEN SEASON OR BOUNTY ON WILD PIGEON ADVISED

UMPUQUA, Ore., June 17.—Editor News-Review: In the Oregon Journal of 16th, I read that the wild pigeons are ruining the strawberries at Hillside near Forest Grove. Flocks ranging from 200 to 500 settling like clouds on the fields and in the orchards, nipping berries and marring prunes, and that growers have found no means of curbing the birds. There is, I believe, only one way to cope with the wild pigeon, which I am told is the worst pest in Douglas county, including the coyote and diggers, and that is shoot them. Only those who have seen them light in a cherry orchard in flocks numbering as high as 200 or 300 and strip the limbs of cherries hanging underneath and flapping their wings, knocking off more than they eat can realize the damage and their destructiveness. They will swallow as many as 36 cherries and some have been found with crops containing as high as 26 green prunes. Nor is their damage and destructiveness confined to cherries, strawberries and prune orchards, wheat and oat fields also suffer much damage by these pests. One can get a permit to shoot them, which permit states "that you shall not shoot them from any artificial or natural blind," which in the case of these wise birds is almost equivalent to standing out in the open and waving a red flag at them. They'll sneak in somehow, from daylight till dark, and do their dirty work as soon as your back is turned. No farmer has the time to guard his fruit in the open 14 hours a day on all sides of the orchard. When the grain is shocked in harvest fields, the shocks are black with wild pigeons. One man has estimated his loss at 300 bushels—Zimmernan wheat at \$1 per bushel. And in the fall and spring these birds cover the fields in some places, picking up the grain in relays as many as a thousand. The ornery old crow, an outlaw bird, isn't it with a wild pigeon. Farmers who have to stand for the loss caused by these birds believe that they should be classed as a game bird and an open season, from May 1 to October 30, declared on them, or a bounty placed on them, instead of being on the protected list.

L. S. WRIGHT, Care of L. E. Thompson, Umpqua, Oregon.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Lorenz Operatic Tenor.