

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1926.

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

While modern girls are complained of for flapper traits, yet 8000 high schools are giving courses in domestic science to 400,000 of them. Ten years ago only 1350 schools gave such courses.

This form of education is going to make a great difference in home conditions. Probably the inability of many wives to cook and run a comfortable home has led to as many divorces as any one cause.

The man who comes home and finds a well cooked dinner every day is going to think quite a bit before he throws that little wife over and loses his home. The objection is some times made that the girls who take these domestic arts courses do not get enough practical experience so they are proficient as cooks. Yet they become interested in home problems, and the chances that they will become competent home makers are increased.

It is announced that President Coolidge, in spite of his plan to spend his vacation in the Adirondacks, will find time somehow to visit his old home at Plymouth, Vermont. In these days of rapidly changing ownership, he is fortunate to be able to keep and visit his old home. The great majority of our people find nowadays, that their old homes have been sold outside their own families, so they are no longer free to go back to the old places, and gain refreshment and comfort from childhood's early scenes. It is a very sweet thing to go back to one's early home, if one has a reminiscent disposition, though people commonly move so fast nowadays that the present seems to count far more than the past.

The lower house of congress has passed a bill tightening the law against using the mails to promote gambling schemes. Such a measure will meet with the approval of the great majority of the people, who feel that the gambling spirit has far too much of a hold. It may be claimed that one can gamble in a small way without getting any harm, yet there are many who are so fascinated by this habit that they lose the money that belongs to their families and it seems to give them a distaste for honest work. The government does not wish to encourage such practices by allowing them to be advertised through the mails.



EXPLORING.

People say of the explorer, "He had better stay at home, putting up a hair restorer for the bald and shiny dome; he had better be a baker or the village undertaker, better plow the fertile acre, planting nutmegs in the loam. Useful things are worth the doing, sawing wood and baling hay, but it's folly, this pursuing pipe dream visions far away; vain are those who turn their faces to the dim, uncharted places, looking for new tribes or races, for an island, cape of bay. What's the good if they discover land beyond the Arctic pole, if their drifting airships hover over some unchristened vale? None will ever build a dwelling where the polar bears are yelling, and no merchant will be selling produce where there is no kale. None will ever start a village, deal in gas or render lard, and there is no chance of tillage where the ground is frozen hard; lands like these will have no takers, even gold brick men and fakers will not deal in frozen acres, where the street car lines are barred." Yet the good old world is peopled, towns are seen on every shore, and the synagogues are steeped, and the schools dispense their lore, just because brave souls went drifting, following their dreams uplifting, over currents strange and shifting, bending sail and plying oar. "Chris Columbus," said the knockers, waiting for the dinner bell, wallowing in greasy rockers in a Portuguese hotel, "why are you forever thinking of a trip across the blinking waste of waves unfit for drinking, to some undiscovered dell? Hugging your delusion closer, you've become the village jest; why not be a corner grocer and have money in your vest? You have projects without number; why not let the fool things slumber? Deal in coal and lime and lumber and get wealthy with the rest."

WHATEVER RACE OR CREED ALL READ IN N. Y. SUBWAYS

(Associated Press Feature Wire.)
NEW YORK, June 15.—To ride on the subway between two persons, one reading a Yiddish newspaper and the other a Chinese journal, is nothing unusual to the New Yorker.

Yellow, white and black people, representative of all nations, are the underground commuters. And all of them read. It may be a newspaper or tabloid of any language, or Shakespeare, Shaw or Cobb. But the confirmed subwayite always reads—unless he is too tightly jammed to raise his hands. Only ride would convince any critic that Father Knickerbocker's stenographers and sales girls are either the best or worst read in the world.

Their subway literature ranges from "Sadie's Love Quest" and "Advice to the Lovelorn," to Harle and Lewis. On one trip two adjoining girls were separately reading Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" and Robert L. Stevenson's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." But about that time the automobile door slams shut.

Blunder twice at Wharton Bros. Quick turnover. Adv. rise. A classified ad today brings sales to morrow.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES—O

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

The ol' swimmin' hole
Is a good place to
Wash away your
Business cares
On these warm p.m.s.

DUMBELLA DORA THINKS
A codling moth is a pettin' bug.

Gramophone Salesman: "These
gramophones are excellent repro-
ducers."

Customer: "Yes, but I don't want
a lot of little gramophones run-
ning about the house."

—Tit-Bits, London.

With cash to burn
I know a gal
But I can't love
A face like hers.

Kansas Sour Owl.

Worried Mother: "The baby
swallowed a dime today."

Nonchalant Father: "I don't
notice any change in him."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"Well," said the senior as he
grasped his diploma, "the same old
skin game."—Notre Dame Juggler.

It isn't what a girl knows that
bothers us but how she learned it.
—Southern California Wampus

ABOVE THE CROWD
Make no small plans—
They'll not stir your imagination;
Make your plans both broad and
high.

Then, work with determination,
Rise above the commonplace,
With your thoughts, your acts and
deeds;

You'll always find that wisdom's
near

To furnish all your needs.
I care not what your gifts,
They may always be increased,
Doing today what you know you
can do.

Tomorrow, the things you dreamed
lost.

That is the way that power comes,
Fear not the difficult thing;
You'll walk right by the failure
path,

Into the road of success you'll
swing.

Success is for you; assume the
power.

Then, smile in the face of fear;
There is nothing on earth can stop
a man

Whose vision is broad and clear.
—J. Elliott Frank.

TRAGEDY
The eyes of all were on her
As gracefully she tossed;
Misfortune fell upon her,
For lo! she shook and lost!

She shook and lost! A murmur
Rose from the circling gloom—
And the Oriental Dancer
Dashed for her dressing room.

Young Motorist: Pardon me,
madam, but would you care to take
a ride?

She: Sir, I'm a lady.

Y. M.: Sure, I know that. If I
wanted a man, I'd go home and get
my brother.—Ohio Sun Dial.

BALLADE OF INTIMATIONS
INEBREITY
I can take it or leave it alone.
I am no slave to the flowing
glass;

Wiser than me I'll admit there's
none;
But ah knew that cookey was
none;

When I start handing policemen
sads.

Or sugar my drinks with powder-
ed snuff,

Then I realize that I should
pass—

I know when to lay off the stuff.

When I find that my cash I've
blown,

Leaving me clean as dew-drench-
ed grass;

When my feet take steps that are
not my own,

When I propose to an unknown
lass,

When I burn my eyebrows blow-
ing the gas,

When to a Dempsey I talk rough,
Then I turn to demi-tasse—

I know when to lay off the stuff.

When I stray from my native
zone,

Gathering shiners from gentry
crass;

When my head throbs jazz like a
saxophone,

Accompanied by the tinkling
brass;

When I try "That is all" but can
just say "Thass,"

When I write IOU's on another's
cuff,

Then I get ready to quit, Oh,
yas—

I know when to lay off the stuff.

Envoi
Prince, I know when I'm out of
my class;

I don't behave like a bloomin'
ass—

I can tell when I've had enough;
I know when to lay off the stuff.

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DADS FOR MEN

INCORPORATED

QUINE BROS.

BULLET RIDDLED

HORSE SURVIVOR

CUSTER MASSACRE

DENVER, June 15.—Few mili-

tary engagements in the history

of the United States ever brought

forward so many claimants to be-

lieve the "sole survivor" as the

Battle of the Little Big Horn.

June 25, 1876, the semi-cen-

tennial of which will be observed

this month at Custer Battlefield.

While the disaster that befell

the five companies of the Seventh

cavalry was in no sense a massacre

—every trooper fighting to the

last ditch—it was an annihilation

from which not one man escaped

to tell the story of the battle.

Yet there was a "sole survivor."

It was "Comanche," the clay-

bank gelding mount of Capt. My-

les W. Keogh.

Was Wounded Early.

When he was five years old, the

government purchased Com-

manche and assigned him to Com-

pany I of the Seventh cavalry.

Then stationed at Fort Keogh,

Capt Keogh, acting inspector gen-

eral on Gen. Sully's staff, when

an expedition was organized

against southern Indians at Fort

Dodge in 1868, chose the animal.

During one of the engagements

with Comanche Indians, the

horse was wounded while Keogh

was riding him. From that time

hence the animal was known as

Comanche.

It was Comanche on which

Keogh was mounted that fateful

June 15, when Custer made his

last charge into the Great Indian

War of the Little Big Horn.

Two days later, when General

Terry's men were performing the

last rites for their dead comrades,

a field quartermaster found Com-

manche, riddled with bullets,

wandering weakly about the bat-

tlefield. The humane thing ap-

peared to be to put the animal

out of its misery, yet the general

leaped at a chance to save one

little man or beast—from among

the still forms that dotted the

plains.

Became Comfort of Post.

Comanche's wounds were dress-

ed with the same care that would

have been shown one of the gal-

lant troopers. The half-dressed

animal was conveyed to the steam-

er "Far West," at the junction of

the Little and Big Horn rivers, where

a comfortable stall was built to

make his trip as painless as pos-

sible into Bismarck, North Dako-

ta. From there he was taken to

Fort Lincoln, the post from which

Custer and his command had

started on their last expedition.

Here, under the tender ministrations

of surgeons, Comanche re-

covered, and his treatment and

comfort thereafter was the solici-

tude of the Post.

While many stories have been

told of how the horse was a fa-

vorite saddle among the ladies

of the post after his wounds had

healed, a general order, issued by

Colonel Sturgis, would indicate

that Comanche never was ridden

after the Custer battle. That sec-

tion said: "The commanding of-

ficer of Company I will see that

a special and comfortable stall is

fitted up for him, and he will not

again be ridden by any person

whatsoever, under any circum-

stances, nor will he ever be put

to any kind of work."

When the Seventh was ordered

to Fort Keogh, battle-scarred Com-

manche was taken along with it.

In 1892, when at the age of twenty-

eight years Comanche died, he

was given tender and loving care.

ALBANY MAN UNDERGOES

SERIOUS OPERATION TODAY

S. P. Terhune, of 1128 East First

street, Albany, underwent an op-

eration for appendicitis at St. Mary's

hospital this morning. Mr. Ter-

hune was visiting with relatives

here on May 30 when he became

suddenly ill and was taken to the

hospital. Because of his condition

an operation at that time was not

deemed advisable and he has been

under treatment since being ad-

mitted. His condition is very se-

rious but it is believed that the

operation performed this morning

by Doctors Shoemaker and Ste-

wart will be successful.

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST

Painless Extraction

Gas When Desired

Pyorrhea Cured

MASON'S BLDG.

Phone 442

Late Perkins Sez:

It's gittin' so a feller kin brag

about what swell beer he makes

out in public.

State Press Comment

The Real Culprits

A correspondent writes to a
Portland paper to protest because
motorists skim by the plodding
pedestrians without ever pausing to
pick him up and carry him on his
way. He admits that many of
them are afraid of robbers, but of-

fers his opinion that a far greater
number are merely selfish and un-
willing to put themselves out.

We think he is mistaken. Here
and there is a motorist, of course,
who pushes down on the accelera-
tor and speeds past the walker on
the highway with never a
thought of offering him a ride. But
for every such driver of a car, we
venture to say there are 20 who en-

tain the hospitable desire to stop
and pick up the weary walker, but
are restrained by fear of the con-

sequences. The consequences are
to be read daily in the newspapers.
Hardly a week passes but some-
body is robbed or beaten, or both,
by the chance passenger he picked
up on the road. Such things make
his fellow motorist wary.

The devices of the highway
bandit are numerous. Not long
since in Oregon a motorist speed-

ing along the highway at night ob-

served at the side of the pavement
a man who was evidently in great
distress. Supposing there had been
a serious accident, he paused to
give what help he could. Where-

upon he was set upon by miscre-

ants concealed in the brush and
robbed. The writhing offered by
the roadside had been but a de-

coy.

It is a pity that the kindly cus-

tom of stopping on the road to
offer a ride to every pedestrian has
become so nearly extinct—for it is
well high extinct, as anyone may
judge for himself by a few min-

utes of observation. But the fault
lies not so much with the average
motorist and driver of an automo-

bile as with the strong-arm who
have left the ties and rails and
taken to the paved road. It is
their deeds that have cost the
pedestrian his rides.—Eugene Reg-

ister.