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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, FEB. 7, 1927.

THE BANDITS TAKE NOTICE.

It is expected that the original guard of 2400 marines detailed to protect the United States mails will during the present month of February, be reduced to 1000. It is remarked that the bandit situation has quieted down a good deal as far as the mails are concerned. That does not mean that the bandit game would probably be stopped if these guards were removed, but it does indicate that the crook element are watching very carefully the steps taken against them, and they will always yield when the community shows that it means business.

Meanwhile a bill is pending in congress which will provide for arming clerks and various civilians as mail guards. Ambitious crooks should not jump to the conclusion that the chance to rob the mails will be handed to them as a free gift.

The bandits are watchful enemies of society who are looking out very carefully for the weak places in our armor of defense against them. If that defense tightens up at any point, the bandits know enough to quit. When people become careless about protection of valuable property, then the bandits discover that opening quicker than anyone else.

The transfer of money and valuables from place to place involves the chance of a daring robbery. If the money is not well protected, it may be transferred for years without any trouble, but some crook is likely to discover this weak point and take advantage of it.

Precautions ought not to be neglected because a theft insurance may be provided as a protection against such loss. Every time a successful break is made, the yellow and contemptible spirit of crime spreads, and some of our young men here in Oregon are likely to be tempted to go in for the dirty trade of the thief.



OPEN CONFESSION.

"The works of Dickens, Reade and Scott I always have admired," explained my neighbor, Henry Spott, "but Shakespeare makes me tired. I do not hesitate to say and make my meaning plain, that Shakespeare turns my whiskers gray and gives my neck a pain."

I know he is an also ran from whom the cultured shrink; but oh, it's good to meet a man who says what he may think. I would not dare to go abroad and read Bill Shakespeare's plays, although those plays, which I applaud, have bored me many days. I'd be afraid that highbrow friends would view me with disdain, and say my conversation lends to their a convex pain.

I always travel with the herd in matters of this kind; I humbly bow and take the word of men I think refined. I boosted them in his day, although he made me sore; then Russians had the right of way, though frequently they'd bore. I followed, followed like a sheep where'er the cultured led, and was impelled at times to weep, again, to soak my head. At times rebellion filled my veins, and inwardly I cried, "Give me a book of Laura Jane's, and let Galsworthy slide." But I suppressed this fierce desire, nor was from bondage freed; I lacked the courage to admire the stuff I liked to read. But oh, I glory in the spunk of men like Henry Spott, who say that Shakespeare's plays are junk and tosh and tommyrot. They do not seem to care a whoop for your sardonic smile; they do not shrivel up and droop when told their taste is vile. What fun they have, these dauntless pays, in swatting good and hard, and knocking all the classic bays from some old musty bard!

WOOL AUCTION AT PORTLAND BRINGS LOWER RETURNS

Three-fourths of a million pounds of Idaho wool, the remainder of the First National Bank of Boise.

Abe Martin

Baseball and other sports. Abe Martin is a well-known character in the Roseburg News-Review. He is a man of many talents, and his columns are always full of interesting and humorous material. He is a man of many talents, and his columns are always full of interesting and humorous material.

O' all th' substitutes a substitute speaker is th' worst. There's no more people out o' employment as we might suppose, for a lot o' them are bootleggin'.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Now we notice where the city cop is offerin' a reward of four-bits to the fella who will turn stool pigeon and report the names of all dog owners who have thus far failed to buy a license—And it kinda looks like the piece de resistance is goin' to the dogs.

SPRING IS HERE—TRA LA, TRA LA!

Our good friend, Col. Day, pens an epistle to this coterie from Raymond California and he adds a postscript which says, "According to eastern time I have just reached the end of my 90th year." He encloses an "Ode to Spring" and in parenthesis says, "Apology to venerated bone." The ode follows:

Of thee, O gentle Spring
Vociferously I'll sing
In dulcet strain
Wide hillsides bare and nude
Shorn of their pulchritude
Sunshine and rain.

I doff the frigid blues
And grip the vernal muse—
The annual fret
I'll be Corypheus
Punctured by ecstasy
Singing symphoniously—
"You bet, you bet!"

"UNHAND THAT GAL!"
(A melly-dramy in one act.)

THE CAST—

Squire Hardscrabble, the whiphand who has held our heroine in his clutches for many moons—Mr. Espee Rosey Poseyville, our heroine, who has been dominated by the wily and who has been afraid to voice her opinion of Mr. Espee for fear he would withdraw her monthly allowance.—Miss Roseburg.

Jack Strongbone, poor but honest country lad, who at last summons confidence to intervene in the struggle between Squire Hardscrabble and Rosie, whom he dearly loves.—Mr. Roseburg Chamber of Commerce.

THE PLAY—

Squire Hardscrabble, holding the mortgage on Rosie's old family homestead, uses the whiphand to beat her into submission to his every wish. Rosie, a beautiful young damsel, has been struggling for years to make something out of herself, but she has always been forced to consult the Squire. The Squire paid her a few paltry dollars each month on



which Rosie was forced to subsist. This "hush money" turned Rosie into a spineless cactus, who nodded her head in approval at each whim and wish of the Squire until finally he suddenly turned his attentions to another sweet young thing, Miss Natron Cutoff, and whacked off Rosie's allowance at the pockets. At this point in the play, our hero, Jack Strongbone, whose love for Rosie has kept him in the background acting as a "yes man" for the Squire, steps into the breach and takes Rosie in his arms, shoving the Squire aside and in no uncertain tones tells him to go "jump in Deer Creek." The Squire, realizing that he has been thwarted, decides to wreak revenge from Rosie and her lover and induces some of his employees, who have been star boarders on Rosie's homestead to move away, thinkin' that he will leave our Rosie penniless. Jack Strongbone then proves his love for the heroine and starts to seek new boarders for Rosie and by his diligent efforts manages to bring more lucrative boarders and roomers to the homestead, so that the Squire is no longer missed and Rosie and Jack can live happily ever afterwards.

CURTAIN.

Now we know why dogs go mad. We're not a canine but we frothed at the mouth when we read where the cop wanted to nab all dog owners and make 'em hard for a license and those who failed to pay the ransom for their pets are to be drawn and quartered, while those who squeal on 'em are to be handsomely rewarded at fifty cents per head. We wonder if our City Dads, our town cops and the judge ever had a dog to play with when they were "just kids." Guess not or they'd temper justice with a heluva lot more mercy. We know a lotta dogs in the village that will go to Dog Heaven and we also know a lotta scrunch-fisted villagers who'll be shovelin' coal with an asbestos shovel between the two—give us the dog. The best moments in our life were spent talkin' to o' Nicedoms and Punch, two of the best dogs that ever chased a stick.

The probal department won't hafta worry when the next crop of steel-pigeons blossoms forth. The piece de resistance of Poseyville is now holdin' a trainin' school for the young fry and from the academy should issue some expert "peaches." To start with they're payin' fifty cents per squeal.

The sunshine sure feels great today. There's nothin' so dern good as a gentle rain to wash yer face, some sunshine to dry the back of yer neck and a dish of broccoli as a "chaser."

Your Boy and Your Girl

By ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D.
The Parent Counsellor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parents' problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Only questions of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamp, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address Arthur Dean, in care of The News-Review.

Grown-ups Day

Let's swing from "Distracted Mothers" to "Distracted Teachers." Frankly I like today's contributor. Whether I agree with her or not is not the question. I would like to have her on my faculty because she is calm, logical and even-tempered. Frankly I want some parent or school teacher to answer her—to take the other side.

This teacher states: "What the average teacher needs to be taught is some fool-proof system of plain, sensible, old-fashioned drill." This statement challenges my attention because it comes to my desk at the time when I have finished a very splendid book, written by a progressive educator, "New schools in the Old World." Let me quote: "A new day is dawning in the educational world, a day in which the individual child is coming into his own. . . . Well intentioned people do violence to little children. . . . Children are treated as though they were adults. They are crammed with dry facts, compelled to learn like parrots. Their abilities are neglected in order to give more time for drill. . . . Today we look to schools to develop character and ability to think constructively and independently—and are shocked and disappointed when the inherited system of drilling out facts in classrooms fails to accomplish these results."

Carlton E. Washburne, head of the Winnetka Illinois Schools, the author of this book, is a leading educational thinker. Thousands of educators visit his schools to see how he has transformed them into an educational laboratory. He is showing how blocks of humanity may be taught.

This is Adult Contributors' Day. Come back—either hit back at "Distracted Teacher," or agree with her. But in either case make a home-run.

My dear Dr. Dean:

There is a shocking neglect of fundamentals in our schools, owing chiefly to the fact that the courses and methods are evolved by committees of men and women who do little teaching themselves. They sit in the so-called "Education Department" of colleges, and in your their many fascinating theories on a few small classes. The average class size in elementary and junior high schools often runs to forty, and even fifty. The length of recitation periods is about thirty minutes, ten of which will always be consumed in checking up on the previous lesson. The average class size in elementary and junior high schools often runs to forty, and even fifty. The length of recitation periods is about thirty minutes, ten of which will always be consumed in checking up on the previous lesson. The average class size in elementary and junior high schools often runs to forty, and even fifty. The length of recitation periods is about thirty minutes, ten of which will always be consumed in checking up on the previous lesson.

"Note the high-strung, conscientious, quick-eyed women who spend their days patiently considering problems before them, and their evenings correcting papers—not to mention the home demands often made on their tender hearts and slender purses. And then, when they are called to the school, they, every one of them, need to be turned out to grass."

"Distracted Teacher."

Well, Readers—Teachers, Parents—yes, and the Children themselves—do you advise turning teachers out to grass next summer or sending them to summer school?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER

Still Bobs Up

My daughter wants to bob her hair. I say "No."

Answer—I haven't hand many bobbed letters recently. The American Association of Beauty Shop Owners recently convened in New York and debated: Are the bobs here to stay? The bobs say "Yes." Those manufacturing hair dyes say "No." Those who sell cosmetics would like to see more money rubbed on the face and less scissored off the head. Meanwhile your daughter has probably never considered whether she has the "complete ensemble" of figure, hands, feet and brains to go well with bobbed hair. To quote, "Only a woman with an excess supply of daintiness can afford to exhibit a queerly shaped head, a thick or scrawny neck and a masculine silhouette. When any one else tries it charm and grace are hacked off with their hair."

OBITUARY

RUST—Elizabeth C. Wainman was born August 22, 1867 in Polk county, Oregon. She was married to John N. Rust, September 22, 1889 at Philomath, Oregon. Five children were born to the union, Virgil Rust, of Dillard; Walter Rust, Springfield; Mrs. A. L. Howard, Talent; Jason Rust, now in Missouri, and Collet Rust, of Salem. She passed away Feb. 2 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Howard at Talent. The funeral services were held Saturday morning, Feb. 5, at 10 a. m., at the Methodist church, Rev. T. F. Allen officiating. The deceased was a member of the Christian church for 18 years.

WASHINGTON GIRLS LOOK FOR BASKETBALL GAMES

BATTLE GROUND, Wash., Feb. 7.—The Red Birds' girls' basketball team of Battle Ground high school, who claim the Clark county championship, by reason of seven victories by overwhelming scores, are looking for northwest laurels, and Coach George G. Bengtson, has issued a challenge to any girls' high school team that wishes to compete.

Girls Surely Become Popular

When they use this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called MELLO-GLO—keeps that ugly shine away. Women rave over its superior purity and quality. Stays on so long—skin looks like a peach—keeps complexion youthful—prevents large pores. Get a box of MELLO-GLO Face Powder today. Nathan Fullerton.

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Harth's TOGGERY

BEAUTY CHATS

AN EXAMINATION

Try this method of making your self prettier:
Every day, spend half an hour in experimental beauty culture. The first day, dress your hair several different ways, and examine your head from every side, using your hand mirror and your dressing table mirror to get reflections of yourself from all angles. All your life you may have been doing your hair the wrong way, spoiling the good lines of the head and emphasizing the bad ones. Generally speaking, building the hair out or cutting it so it fluffs out in the back, improves the head; hair that won't dress nicely when it is long will look well when bobbed, because there are so many bobbed styles.

Next day, try improving the complexion. If the skin has seemed dry and there are decided wrinkles around the mouth or the eyes when the strong light comes down on the face, wash with hot water and rub on a thick layer of cold cream. This may be ordinary cleansing cream, but should be, if possible, a flesh building cream. Leave it on for 20 minutes; you can read or do any number of odd jobs during this time. Wipe off with a warm wet cloth, and either powder or rub the skin with ice. Those wrinkles will have gone! Or try a cold cream rub taking about a minute, followed by an ice rub for five minutes, and see what this does to your complexion.

Another day, try shaping the eyebrows. Pinch them together with the finger tips, never mind if you pull out some hairs, others will grow in. Clip off with manicure scissors hairs growing out.

Let the astringent dry and make the skin taut while you relax for about 20 minutes. Wash it off then and massage with finger tips working as much of a nourishing cream into the skin as it will absorb. A vibrator is well to use for this if you can; follow up with cold water or an ice rub to close pores and tone the skin again. A weekly treatment of this kind will obliterate the lines and make the skin firm again after a few months.

Reader—Stop the massage as you evidently do not know how to do it. Try an astringent made from one part white of egg to six parts water. Apply the astringent over the entire face and throat after you have first cleansed all soil from the pores by either scrubbing with warm water and a good soap or by using a cleansing cream.

Let the astringent dry and make the skin taut while you relax for about 20 minutes. Wash it off then and massage with finger tips working as much of a nourishing cream into the skin as it will absorb. A vibrator is well to use for this if you can; follow up with cold water or an ice rub to close pores and tone the skin again. A weekly treatment of this kind will obliterate the lines and make the skin firm again after a few months.

Efficient Housekeeping
Laura A. Kirkman

A "TIME BUDGET"

TOMORROW'S MENU

Breakfast	Left Over Peaches	Cereal
Onionet	Coffee	Toast
Dinner	Beefsteak	Fried Onions
Mashed Potatoes	Peas	Lettuice Salad
Apple Betty	Hard Sauce	Coffee
Preserves	Tea	Cake

A friend of mine who earns part of her income through making fancywork articles to sell, has cleverly planned her mornings so that she can do most of her housework in them, as well as give two hours to her fancywork. I believe her "time budget" will interest other women who perhaps feel that they are not getting as much out of their mornings as they should. This friend does not try to leave the house until after luncheon—then she takes exercise, goes to a movie, shops, makes calls, attends a party, etc. In the evenings she does her mending or darning, as she listens to her radio. Sundays she does as she pleases—not trying to restrict herself to a time budget. Dusting is done in the afternoons. Although she lives in a small town and has no maid, she runs her cellar heating plant and her kitchen cold range easily as follows: Two large

chests stand in the kitchen entry, filled with the kitchen-range coal, put direct into them by means of bagfuls by the coal dealer's delivery men. So she has merely to take down the kitchen range ashes, which she does every other day. The ashes in the cellar furnace are taken out every other day by a 12-year-old boy (a neighbor's child) who receives 50 cents a week for the task.

Monday Morning: Up at seven (as my friend is unmarried and lives alone, she has no special reason to have a very early breakfast). Down in kitchen at 7:20. Breakfast ready at 7:45. Reads newspapers, makes her bed, and performs other small duties 'till 8:30, then she telephones her grocery order and takes out kitchen range ashes. At nine o'clock sharp she is ready to begin a two-hour period of housework. At 11 o'clock she cleans the entire downstairs (vacuum cleaner and dry mop). At 12 she starts to get her lunch.

This general procedure is followed every day of the week, except that she cleans the downstairs only on Mondays and Thursdays, and she cleans the upstairs only on Tuesdays and Fridays. Wednesday she washes or irons small things which she considers too dirty to send to the steam laundry, and Saturday morning instead of cleaning she does her baking. She orders from the grocer only Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

That leaves her afternoons free except for beginning to get dinner toward six o'clock.

Diet and Health
By Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.
Author of "Diet and Health" and "Diet for Children"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. wants the following questions answered:

1. Why is meat restricted from the diet of an epileptic?
2. What is the reason for the advice to add salt after instead of before cooking a steak?
3. Is there any truth in the advice that one should not eat a great amount of toast?
Answers: 1. Flesh foods, especially in excess, tend to putrefy in the intestines. The absorption of the products results in the so-called auto-intoxication. It has been found that such putrefaction precipitates an attack of epilepsy. Therefore it has been considered advisable to restrict flesh foods.

The latest work on epilepsy, however, shows that restriction of the starches and sugars is more necessary. I will write an article on this soon.

2. Salt added to meat before cooking probably gets out more of the juices, therefore the advice to add after cooking. It is a good point to remember about adding salt to any food, that an excess of it is without doubt harmful, and the very smallest amount compatible with taste should be used. Many abnormal conditions are markedly benefited by cutting

out salt, both before and after cooking. Bright's disease, pernicious anemia, high blood pressure, and overweight are notable diseases that are benefited by a non-salt diet.

3. Yes, it is true that one should not eat a great amount of toast. But it is not because it is toast, but because it is bread. A great amount of any food means the exclusion of other needed foods, and breads and cereals (as well as well as flesh foods and eggs) are ultimately acid-forming and make the diet unbalanced in this way.

We have an article on Balanced Diet and one on Acidosis which you may have by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope with request.

A. Peterizer.

"I'm one of your Peterizing class. I lost 33 pounds in six months and am overjoyed for I feel better than I ever have; can do much more without tiring, and walk and swim double the distance in one-half the time. But I have a problem: I am now at a standstill, and when I diet any more it seems to make my forehead break out in pimples. Now to lose 20 more pounds without the pimples or other unwanted consequences. (Continued on page 7.)"

My Dear Followers:

When sending for material which we offer you, please remember to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your name and address. The pamphlet on reducing and gaining is the only one for which you must enclose ten cents in stamps extra. Address your letters to me in care of this paper. Make them as brief as possible, not over 200 words, and type or write them legibly with ink. Please sign your name as evidence of good faith—we will not use it in any way. Remember it is impossible for me to diagnose for you or to give you personal advice. I appreciate very much the beautiful letters you send me and I am sure it is possible to give you individual advice. The questions you ask will be answered in the column as soon as possible, if they are of general interest. Don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope if you expect me to send you the information I have offered.