

KAISER REFUSES SATAN'S OFFER

Wants to Use Hell as Summer Resort—Declares He Has Exalted Wisdom.

BERLIN FUTURE CAPITAL

Chief Friends in U. S. Are I. W. W., Pacifists and Food Profiteers—People Will Talk German From Hamburg to Hell.

The following communication is taken from an eastern exchange and is the Kaiser's answer to His Satanic Majesty, refusing the deliverance of the keys to the gates of hell to the German head:

Berlin, Future Capital of the World. December 25, 1917.

Lucifer Hohenzollern Satan, Hell.

Most Dearly Beloved Brother: As I read your recent letter, mixed emotions flitted through my mental anatomy. Your vivid Satanic mind cannot conceive the extent to which your encomiums, so freely expressed, caused the most delectable sensations to permeate every atom of my entire physical being.

Although this is the anniversary of the birth of the Son of my former partner—Gott—I cannot but feel He was talking through His hat when He said He had come down to this world to bring peace and good will among men. It had not entered His head that 1900 years after that remark, I would have the whole business in my hands. Ha! Ha!

I have great ambitions, as you say, but I am not so selfish as not to give you due credit for your noble assistance in aiding me in most of the minor details of my work; and, above all, I give you full credit for instilling into my mind the idea of world conquest.

You say I was conceived through your machinations, and after I was born, was guided by the precepts instilled in my mind by you, my most honorable god-father. Your information as to what caused my father's death was never clear to me until I received your kind billet-doux; and I am glad he told you the facts after he arrived at your domicile.

Old boy, you sure possess those diabolical attributes commonly accredited to you, or you could never have conceived the magnificent idea of creating me your vice-regent on earth; great head you have. Would be pleased to receive suggestions from you at any time as to the furtherance of our designs against humanity.

While I think of it, I want to urge you to help me get the German language introduced everywhere on earth. I'm having the Catholics in America, teach it in their schools in Nebraska and soon I expect to hear the people talking in German from Hamburg to Hell.

That old duffer, Nero, and those lesser lights of your creation in the years gone by, were fair samples of your work for that day and age; but your inventive genius reached its climax when it invented your humble servant. If you were to turn those old "has-beens" loose and let them come up here and behold what I am doing, their shriveled-up, brimstone-scented souls would turn green with envy.

You somewhat ruffled my finer feelings when you, in your taunting manner referred to my ignoble English forebear. You would be fully justified in boasting of your noble lineage, because your father was a Hun, was he not, and your mother a relegated female from a Turkish harem. You may surely feel proud of your noble ancestry. When you give vent to your hellish chuckle of delight, because you broke my mother's heart, you have nothing on me. I have broken the hearts of tens of thousands of dotting mothers and the necks of as many helpless babies, and yet I have just begun.

When you named those evil spirits who are so materially assisting me in my great work up here, you forgot to mention my agents in Russia, and treated with silent contempt those members of the U. S. congress who refused to cast any obstacle in the way of the furtherance of my schemes. I would like to grasp them by the hand and express my hearty appreciation of their material aid to me in the attainment of my high ambitions.

Chief among my friends in the U. S. are the pacifists, the I. W. W. and the food profiteers, but if that boneheaded Wilson administration holds on it is going to have all my best pacifist friends in the penitentiary, but when I get to America I'll liberate 'em p. d. q.

Many poorly informed people, who do not fully appreciate my Hun Kultur ideas, do not have a very exalted opinion of my personal character. They call me the mangy son of a lady dog, and a festering heap of perambulating, putrefying excrement, a big fly speck on the shirt front of decency, a human monstrosity, whose deeds are a warp of shame and a woof of infamy, such as would cause the blush of shame to mantle the face of the foulest creature among the eternally damned. Whatever I am and whatever I have done is the fruit of my insatiable ambition, and outside of these things, I think I am at least, on a par with you, my brother, and others of our mutual friends.

It is said I am a travesty on the human race, and of which I admit. I have more brains and Kultur than the whole human family put together. Gott knows that, but if He does not, He is not as well informed as I thought He was.

Although I have attained distinc-

tion in my infamy far beyond your fondest hopes, and have probably dishonored your dishonorable business, yet you should not feel envious or take exceptions to my acts, for all that I have done is in the interest of myself and you, and you are entitled to share the honors with me.

My high exalted co-worker, don't get it into your head that my work is monotonous, for it is along the line of amusements at times. For instance, we will chop off the hands of Belgian children until they become satiated with this sport; and then, for instance, we have a host of French girls we have captured, whose ages range from 14 to 25 years, and whom we are holding for breeding purposes. When we have visitors like yourself, we compel these girls to strip nude and dance before them for their amusement. Oh, our theatrical amusements would fill your satanic heart with ecstatic glee.

Well, back to business again. I guess you've heard about what I said to Jim Gerard some years ago. That American bluff factory makes me tired. When I get through with the allies over here, I intend to move my forces to the United States and tear their damned country upside down; then I will go back and demolish the neutrals who refused to lend me their help; then, when I hold the whole world in the hollow of my hand, I will take a long rest, for then there will be nothing more for me to do unless somebody on some other planet is presumptuous enough to criticize my work, then, in that case, I'll just put on my fighting clothes and go and smash the universe. I don't propose to stand any nonsense from even the inhabitants of Jupiter or Mars.

Now, my honored tutor, out of deference to one who has proved himself my friend in time of need, I decline the proffered keys to the kingdom over which you have so long held sway. If I succeed in my designs against civilization, I shall soon have a hell of my own, that will out-hell anything in the regions of the damned, so you'd better keep your place as a kind of health resort for those of my intended subjects who may grow sick under my rule. Should I fall in the accomplishment of my ambitious aims, I may be compelled to make your place a haasty and lasting visit.

Now, in closing, will say that you will probably outlive me unless you should die of envy of me. Should I die first, I desire that, as a last act of kindness to a worthy friend, you bury me inside the portals of your abode, where I may lie and listen to the walls of the damned souls. It will be sweet music to my Kultured ear.

Yours until death and after,

WILHELM.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to Simon Caro are urged to call and settle their accounts at once, otherwise they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

SIMON CARO.

SMITH RIVER.

The first snow of the winter came last Wednesday, the 13th, and some snow has fell each day since.

Marian Gunter spent several days in the lower settlement last week with home folks, returning home Monday.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Warner is still improving, although not yet able to work much.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Gunter and little daughter made a business trip to Drain Saturday, returning home Monday.

Mr. Wright, Sr., came over on Friday's stage for a visit with his son, Robert, and family.

Mrs. Gunter has just bought a start of white turkeys, which were brought over on the stage last week.

George Woolley has also bought some turkeys recently but we did not learn what variety they were.

Arthur Woolley was in the lower settlement the first of the week, spending a few days visiting relatives and friends.

Marion Gunter and Jake Bowers set some traps for a cougar on Salmonberry creek the first of the week.

The cougar had been seen eating a deer which he had apparently just recently killed.

Ernest Woolley and Tom Taylor expect to leave on today's stage for Portland where they will work the balance of the winter.

The work on the new room being built in addition to the school house in district No. 57 is completed and painted to match the rest of the building.

X.


WHY?



MJB Coffee

Goes Further
Delicious Flavor
Vacuum Packed
Guaranteed

This Is Our Winter of Test



SERVING food is a local problem for each community. Prices and definite rules for every one cannot be formulated. It is a duty for each one to eat only so much as is necessary to maintain the human body neatly and strong. This winter of 1918 is the period when it is to be tested here in America whether our people are capable of voluntary individual sacrifice to save the world. That is the purpose of the organization of the United States Food Administration—by voluntary effort to provide the food that the world needs.

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

NEED BIG HERDS

Europe's Meat Supply Must Come From America.

Warring Nations Have Depleted Live Stock at Enormous Rate, Fve, Killing Dairy Cattle For Food.

American stock breeders are being asked to conserve their flocks and herds in order to meet Europe's tremendous demands for meats during the war and probably for many years afterward.

The United States food administration reports that American stock raisers have shown a disposition to co-operate with the government in increasing the nation's supply of live stock.

Germany today is probably better supplied with live stock than any other European nation. When the German armies made their big advance into France and then retreated virtually all the cattle in the invaded territory—approximately 1,800,000 head—were driven behind the German lines.

But in England—where 2,400,000 acres of pasture lands have been turned into grain fields—the cattle herds are decreasing rapidly. One of the reasons apparently is the declining maximum price scale adopted by the English as follows: For September, \$17.76 per 100 pounds; October, \$17.28; November and December, \$16.08; January, \$14.40. The effect of these prices was to drive beef animals on the market as soon as possible.

In France the number of cattle as well as the quality have shown an enormous decline during the war. Where France had 14,897,000 head of cattle in 1913, she now has only 12,341,000, a decrease of 16.6 per cent. And France is today producing only one gallon of milk compared to two and one-half gallons before the war.

Denmark and Holland have been forced to sacrifice dairy herds for beef because of the lack of necessary feed.

Close study of the European meat situation has convinced the Food Administration that the future problem of America lies largely in the production of meat producing animals and dairy products rather than in the production of cereals for export when the war will have ceased.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT HELPS PAY FOR BREAD

There has been much misunderstanding about the bread program in England. It is true that the Englishman buys a loaf of bread for less than an American can, but it is poorer bread, and the British government is paying \$200,000,000 a year toward the cost of it.

All the grain grown in Great Britain is taken over by the government at an arbitrary price and the imported wheat purchased on the markets at the prevailing market price. This is turned over to the mills by the government at a price that allows the adulterated war bread loaf of four pounds to sell at 18 cents, the two pound loaf at 9 cents and the one pound loaf at 5 cents.

In France, under conditions somewhat similar, but with a larger extraction, the four pound loaf sells for 16 cents.

MAKING MEATLESS DAYS PERMANENT.

In the meatless menu there is a fertile field for developing new and nourishing dishes, according to E. H. Niles, writing in the Hotel Gazette, who believes that the present shortage of meat and fats will not end with the coming of peace, but may grow more acute and continue for five or six years, thus making it worth while to develop menus of grain, vegetables and fish on a more or less permanent basis. Meat can be replaced by cereals and other protein foods, or may be served in very small portions as a flavoring for other food. In making up meatless menus this author finds our American Creole and southern cuisine a broad field for investigation.

ANTLERS

FRIDAY - SATURDAY FEB'Y 22-23
TWICE DAILY, 2:30 P.M. and 8:15 P.M.

Picture Runs 2 1-2 Hours, Be Seated for the First Scene, Follow it to the End

Coming Here Direct from record-breaking Engagements in SEATTLE and PORTLAND

WHERE IT PLAYED TO THE LARGEST CROWDS AND BIGGEST RECEIPTS EVER KNOWN IN THE MOTION PICTURE ANALS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, DUPLICATING IT'S PHENOMENAL NEW YORK SUCCESS WHERE IT WAS SEEN FOR SIX CONSECUTIVE MONTHS AT THE LYRIC THEATRE AT \$2.00 PRICES.

FAR SURPASSING ALL OTHER STUPENDOUS SPECTACLES IN IT'S COSTLY AND GORGEOUS SETTINGS AND IN IT'S COUNTLESS SCENES OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY.

"A LOTUS BUD, THE NILE, A WOMAN'S WILE AND SMILE, A KISS, A WAIT AWHILE, A LONGER KISS, A LITTLE GUILF, A SERPENT'S HISS, A THUD."
—CLEOPATRA.

WILLIAM FOX presents

THE THEDA BARA AS Cleopatra

The Siren of the Nile
The Ultra-Magnificent Theda Bara Super Production

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS.

Any person owning or harboring a dog or dogs within the city of Roseburg is hereby formally notified to obtain a license from the city treasurer therefor at once; that from and after March 1st, 1918, any person so owning or harboring any such dog or dogs will be summarily arrested and brought before the city recorder.

D. R. SHAMBROOK,
City Marshal.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for county commissioner for Douglas county subject to the will of the republican voters at the primary election, May 17, 1918.

Myrtle Creek, Oregon.
ED. WEAVER,
pd adv.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as a republican candidate for the office of county commissioner of Douglas Co., subject to the approval of the voters of the county at the primary election, May 17, 1918.

Myrtle Creek, Ore.
H. P. RICE,
pd adv.

MANY GOOD POSITIONS

can be had by any ambitious young man or woman in the field of railway or commercial telegraphy. We want a number of young men and women to prepare for the telegraph service to fill vacancies caused by unusual drafting of young men for signal corps. Prepare to help your country. Write today for full particulars. The Railway Telegraph Institute, Portland, Oregon.

HOME MADE PASTRY.

All kinds of choice home made pastry for sale, also pastry of all kinds made to order. Eggs, butter, cream and milk for sale. Leave your orders with us. Prompt service. Phone 280. The Little Gem Restaurant, Sheridan street.

MONDAY IS BARGAIN DAY.

Monday is bargain day at the Roseburg Cleaning and Pressing Works. Men's suits French Dry cleaned and pressed for \$1.00. All work given prompt attention. Bargain day prices do not include calling for clothes or making deliveries. Bring your clothes in.

THE FRENCH TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY

BAGGAGE CHECKED FROM YOUR HOME TO YOUR DESTINATION



HOUSEHOLD GOODS & FURNITURE HANDLED BY EXPERIENCED MEN.

LARGE, DRY STORAGE ROOMS, ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM FIRE RISK

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