

The Best Store For

Winter Coats!

NEAT, NIFTY GARMENTS IN A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT ARE NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

Our Line of Silks Is the Best

EVER SHOWN IN ROSEBURG—IT HAS NO EQUAL AND MANY BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

A Nice Line of Furs

FOR WINTER IS NOW ON DISPLAY. CALL AND INSPECT OUR WINTER LINE OF GOODS WHICH IS COMPLETE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

ROSEBURG I. ABRAHAM PORTLAND

Science plays its part in a steam laundry and modern methods render contagion impossible.

Be fair to yourself and your family. Patronize a steam laundry. Try our way this week and measure cost fairly. On that basis, outside of the safety bath, you will win by sending the wash to us.

ROSEBURG STEAM LAUNDRY

PHON: 70 LAST WASH THURSDAY NOON.

CITY NEWS

For ginger ale or Coca-Cola phone 186.

Delicious home-made pastry at the Cafeteria.

Money to loan on improved property. Douglas Abstract Co. 31

W. E. Atterbury yesterday removed his wife from Mercy hospital and placed her in a private home.

Chicken dinner every Sunday at the Cafeteria.

Township Maps, Blue Prints, Legal Blanks. Douglas Abstract Co. 31

Fred Williams spent the week end in the city visiting with his family from the Glenbrook farms near Middle.

Critics pronounce "The Murns" the greatest war story ever written. Fiction Library.

Webb Pennie, recently relieved from duty in the navy at Seattle, has accepted a position with the Southern Pacific here.

For the best quality milk, \$3.75 a quart by the month. Phone 186. Roseburg Dairy and Soda Works. tf

Loren Miller, who recently received his discharge from government service, left this morning for home after a short visit in this city.

Safety deposit boxes at the Roseburg National Bank. Secure one for the safe keeping of your bonds and other valuables. tf

For carbonated water, sodas, ginger ale, root beer, coca-cola and neccars at pre war prices. Phone 186. Roseburg Dairy & Soda Works. tf

Dutch bulbs now on sale at "The Fern". Hyacinths, crocus, tulips, all colors, freesia and gladioli. Mrs. F. D. Owen, 111 West Cass street. tf

Broccoli. Its time to think about it now for next season. We will furnish the seed and help you grow it right. See the manager. Umpqua Valley Fruit Union. tf

Cooked foods, salads, etc., for the parties, banquets or dinners delivered on short notice by Roseburg Cafeteria. tf

The imported stock has a high-faluting name, but our superior ginger ale is made just the same. Buy it by the case at pre-war prices. Roseburg Dairy and Soda Works. tf

C. A. McReynolds and L. T. Gibson left this morning for the Glenbrook Farms, where they are em-

MRS. L. B. MOORE Piano Studio Latest Approved Methods. 611 Hamilton st. Phone 187-11.

REAL ESTATE City and Farm Property, Winchester Bay and Westlake Town Lots. GEORGE RITER, 121 West Oak Street.

M. C. RADABAUGH, AUCTIONEER Any one having sales can arrange for dates at the Umpqua Valley Bank.

played making many improvements at that place in a building way.

For milk, phone 186. Roseburg Dairy. tf

We carry over 700 different legal blanks. Douglas Abstract Co. 31

B-4-U buy a farm, C. J. A. Walker, Roseburg National Bank Bldg., room 2, up-stairs. tf

You will sooner or later use Dinmond Brand hard wheat Flour. Why not now? Quality the best. Cost

Chas. Stanton has accepted a position in the freight depot with the S. P. Co., entering upon his duties last Sunday.

If you want to sell your Farm or City Property, see Walker, room 2, up-stairs Roseburg National Bank Building.

W. H. Hartley, a prominent resident of Riddle, was taken to Mercy hospital Sunday to receive treatment, having become ill while visiting in this city.

The Mental Culture Club will meet at the Parish House Tuesday, Jan. 14, 2:30 o'clock, for doing Red Cross work. All members are earnestly urged to attend.

Practice thrift by getting your milk at \$3.75 a quart a month from Roseburg Dairy, besides getting the highest quality milk. You can buy a W. S. S. every month and then get milk for less than others sell it for. tf

FRUING.

Have your fruit or ornamental trees, vines or bushes pruned by a man with practical experience; write LOUIS H. BERGOLD

NEW TODAY.

LOST—Somewhere on the streets, a bunch of keys. Finder please leave at News office.

FOR SALE—4250 feet No. 1 rustic 560 feet No. 2 flooring; Star wind mill, new. A. A. Emmons, Happy Valley. Phone 17F5.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Two No. 1 grade short horn bulls—1 is 1 months old, the other 1 month Tel. 6F13. G. M. Green, Melrose Oregon.

FOR SALE—Twenty-five Shropshire ewes, nearly all young; 3 Shrop rams coming one year old; one Cotswold ram, grade, coming two 10 of the Shropshires registered. \$15 per head takes the bunch. One red Shorthorn bull, yearling past. \$50. H. E. Reed, R. F. D. 1, Roseburg, Oregon.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your-head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone. Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.

BATTLE SCENES VIVIDLY DESCRIBED. (Continued from Saturday.)

After our rest at Chardogne we got orders one fine day, or I should say, one very disagreeable day, to go to a point near Bar-le-Duc, and entrain for Belgium. Quite a change in the scene of operations for us, and as it turned out, the end of the war. Again skirting the environs of Paris, getting but a glimpse of the Eiffel tower and the heights of Montmartre, we went north, passing many of the famous places of the war, Amiens, Peronne and numerous other places whose names have become familiar in the papers. Suddenly one dark night we were dumped out, much to our astonishment, on the outskirts of what once was the famous city of Ypres, today a pile of shattered stone, destroyed beyond repair. One might say that not one stone or brick remains upon another and be truthful. Resting in some British dugouts, just lately vacated by all except the rats, after two days we took up a march across the most damnable desolated country it has been, or ever will be again. I may fairly say, my fortune to look upon. This place you know, Ypres, was held by the British for the whole war and the battle surged back and forth before it without cessation during the whole duration of the war, but the British with characteristic bulldoggedness, never let go, with the result that the city itself, and the country for miles beyond and many miles on either side, is like a page from Dante's Inferno. Words cannot describe the utter scene of desolation existing here for some six miles north, across No Man's Land, of torn up land, leveled villages, and ruined farms. We marched all day long, with frequent halts, as the road was narrow and in bad condition, and jammed with troops, and for such an utter picture of the wreck of war you would need look no further. Tank after tank destroyed and half buried in the Flanders mud, airplane after airplane brought to earth by friend and foe, lying where they fell; trench system after trench system, half filled with water; mile after mile of barbed wire mazes stretching in every direction, brought suddenly home to everyone, as the line down in France had not, the supreme hardship of the gallant British army, which like the French at Verdun, determined the Hun should not pass and pass he did not. But for many generations I will wager that No Man's Land of many miles will bear instant testimony to the thousands of brave men who lie in the churned up land whose supreme sacrifice at last won, we will all hope, everlasting liberty and the end of war, at least in our time.

I hope Americans are not boasting too much of what we have done in the war. We have done well, and beyond any doubt would have done more and more as the war went on, had it lasted, and as it is, with our fifty-three thousand dead and many more wounded, that is sufficient in itself to say we fought during the year we have been in it. But no American who has been over here and seen the desolation of Verdun or of Flanders will ever boast of what Americans have done, and I hope Americans back home will not do so. Having been in battle and knowing what it was, I could not pass by this terribly battle-scarred country without saying to myself: "Thank God for the British army." It is literally true when I say not one foot of ground for miles in every direction about the city of Ypres has not at one time or another during the four years of war been turned over by burning shells. A British officer at Ypres told me as we were looking out over the battlefield where the Canadians were subjected to the first gas attack of the war in April, 1915, that not long before not a blade of grass could be seen as far as the eye could reach, and I could hardly believe it. Nothing remained in some places, of former villages. One place I remember particularly, Poelcapelle, not a vestige remained, and to mark the way for troops a sign reading "Ice Poelcapelle" was all there was to say that there had once been a village. The effect was

GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Back is aching or Bladder bothers, drink lots of water and eat less meat.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 600 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will get fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is expensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

exceedingly depressing. One became adverse to looking about and kept his eye straight down the road, and on some of the weaker natures among the men, who had just been through the Argonne battles, it completely demoralized them.

Bivouacking that night on the edge of No Man's Land, we resumed the march in the morning. The bodies of dead Boches lying about, and here and there a dead Belgian or Frenchman, told us the battle had just lately passed that way, in fact as we entered the city of Roulers we heard the enemy had only been gone a week; however, not without wrecking the city as much as he could in his retreat. Staying about here for several days we cleaned up equipment, rested men and horses, and inspecting the Boche positions, and getting what lessons we could from his dispositions, as we well knew we would soon be after him ourselves.

Soon resuming the march, we passed through the cities of Ingelmunster, Wacken, Oostroosbeke, and Muelbeke, and before we knew it we were up again with the sound of the guns. Our friend the Boche was about, as we soon found out, as at night, not daring to come out in the daytime, due to the air supremacy of the French and British, but he sallied forth at night and amused himself dropping bombs on the towns and bivouacs. A most unpleasant sensation. I can assure you, lying in your blankets at night and hearing the whirr! whirr! of the Boche plane overhead, and it is so easily distinguishable from the allied planes, the motor having a low moaning sound, and wondering whether he would miss your particular billet very far. One night our rolling kitchen fire carefully hidden, we thought, behind barn doors, gave us away, and he let loose. His first bomb burst with a terrific crash in a field several hundred yards away, killing a belated Belgian peasant, his second closer in, but luckily failed to explode. At the same time he dropped some leaflets, propaganda, appealing to the allies to end the war, saying the Germans were only too willing, and threatening if we continued to fight, to fight to the last. It was a strange accompaniment to peace tracts, and a most unpleasant sight. Of all the damnable contrivances of destruction, the airplane bomber is the most unpleasant. One can dig in with ordinary shelling and only a direct hit gets you, and with rifle and machine gun fire you can lie low, but when a plane comes over, the sensation is wretched. I can hope he will miss your particular billet, and that is all you can do. I had the remarkable experience of seeing a Boche plane come down in flames in the Argonne, dropped in an American plane, by the way, and I have been out of my seat by the explosion of the gasoiler tank, fell for a couple of thousand feet and over end. The pilot, poor devil, came to the ground with his machine, burned to a crisp. Such a war, and yet men stand up and cheer like the devil at such a sight. I don't intend to suit us.

Not to weary you any more and to make my letter short, let it suffice to say that again we went into action between the Lys and the Escaut, or as the Belgians call it, the Scheeldt river. Lying on the ground all night, praying the shells would not fall on us, we went, or to be exact, forward we went for the war was now out of the trenches and over the open country. For seven, more long kilometers that day we chased the Boche, mopping up machine gun sniper after sniper, and that evening found the old 91st on the right of the Escaut, overlooking the historic city of Oudenarde, or as it is sometimes spelled, Audenarde. Here the Spaniards fought a great battle in 1450, and later Marlborough won one of his famous victories in 1752 against the French. We had the remarkable experience of digging our machine guns on the very field here some of the worst of the fighting of Marlborough's battle took place. Here from the 31st of October until November 11th, of blessed memory, we stayed, back for two days in the interim for a little rest up in a village within sound of the guns, and then back up again in time to cross the Escaut River at Audenarde, ferrying our machine gun carts, and swimming our horses, the infantry using several foot bridges. Friend Fritz, luckily for us, here decided to move back. We were retreating anyway back to Germany, only we in the line did not know it. However, before crossing, on the other side of the river, he had given us some warm times, and we lost a few men, and I, fortunate again, came through without a scratch, although one morning while dug in along the railroad embankment overlooking Audenarde, waiting to support an earlier contemplated crossing, I thought my time had come. Such a close range and intense shelling I had not been in before, and only thanks to our deep little pits we snuggled down in did we escape, and as it was, one of our officers, Larry O'Neill, of Idaho, who having contempt for the Boche did not dig his deep enough and let his wheel pocket stick above ground, only to have a Boche 77 graze over his dugout, and explode immediately on the other side, a fragment blowing his field glasses off his hip, and ruining them of course, reducing the glass to a fine powder. He says that in the future he will have more respect for the seat of his breeches.

Later on crossing the river we continued the advance, and one fine morning, the 11th of November, we were just getting ready to go over the crest in front of us, when we expected the ball to open, when a mounted courier came galloping along with the order, "Marshal Foch orders that all hostilities cease until further notice, and men will go into billets!"

Finis! L'guerre* Belive me, Herman, the 91st will no longer remember the 11th of November. It was a wonderful spectacle and a strange sensation to see men suddenly rise up all over the landscape as if there were no war on, as the English say, and yell and dance

FISHER'S Big Clean-Up Sale

Now Going On. The Bargain Opportunity of the Year. Everything Reduced.

- 1-4 Off All Ready-to-wear Garments! 1-5 Off All Staple Dry Goods! 1-3 Off All Ladies' Muslin Underwear 10 Per Cent Off All Shoes

Outing Flannel Specials at 27c Gingham, such as other get 35c, our price 28c

around like wild men. The most impressive thing of all was to hear the ever present roar of artillery, which never ceased, day or night, gradually die down, on our right and left, and finally cease altogether, and by noon what had been a battle front stretching for miles in either direction from the North Sea to the Alps, became as quiet as a summer's day back home. The relief to all was immense. The relief to all was immense. The relief to all was immense. The relief to all was immense. The relief to all was immense.

Since writing the foregoing I have been interrupted, and we have in the meantime moved over the border into France and are staying at an old British camp at Houtqueur, France. Very comfortable, considering, but we are all anxious to get back to a more settled area for serious work. Too much like Flanders to suit us. Expect to pull out any day for Le Mans, south and west of Paris, and no doubt under the new conditions will get a chance to see something of that city. Am hoping to be going home before long. The A. E. F. is being reduced apparently, the papers say, to now half its original strength, and many of course will go home. A classification will be made no doubt, permitting certain officers to retire from the service. As I am very anxious to get started in the game again, I intend taking advantage of the first opportunity to go to see something of Europe under comparatively pleasant conditions, i. e. garrison life, is unequalled. If I had not my great interest in the West, and my liking for that sort of life, I would seriously think of applying for a commission in the regular service. The opportunity is now being offered to officers in the A. E. F. and many are taking it up. However, ten years in Southern Oregon, I must admit, spoiled me for anything else. You can appreciate this, I think. The call of the West is too strong.

Hope to see you in the course of the next two or three months. If I am fortunate enough to leave here within that time, I will stay in the East for a visit, and then go West to Roseburg. The charm of Mont Alto is irresistible. Once back in the good old U. S. I am through traveling. My travels this year have contained so many narrow escapes I will be very happy and thankful to reach the banks of the North Umpqua again, where I will stay for the balance of my life, the Lord willing. That I am alive, or am not minus a leg or arm, or crippled up hopelessly some other way, is a mystery to me, and as for adventures, I have had enough. Feel happy that I have done any bit and trust it will not be necessary again to sacrifice thousands of our young men and the young men of Europe to curb the mad ambition of some crazy monarch. I think the pending peace conference will take care of that, and then for a golden age of peace. Let us hope. War is all very glorious in the abstract, but its reality, believe me, is certainly not. There will be no firmer advocates of peace than the two millions of Americans who have been over here, and no firmer advocates of a sensible and reasonable nationally trained army to insure peace. Romance and the glamour of war have all gone. The high explosive and long range gun have taken it all out. To fight an enemy you rarely see, and to sit and take his shelling and machine gun fire, and half the time cannot hit back, has robbed it of even its old elements of sportsmanship.

With best wishes to yourself and to all the boys, and hoping to see you and good old Douglas County soon again. W. L. OSBORNE.

NOTICE EXAMINATIONS.

January 6, 1919. Notice is hereby given that the county school superintendent will cause to be held an eighth grade examination in all school districts in the county having applicants for same, on January 16-17; also on February 6-7, 1919, but no district will be permitted to have examinations on both dates. Each district must choose the date desired and notify this office stating the number of lists of questions desired. The February date is affected because of time lost in many districts on account of influenza. The following program will be observed: Thursday—Arithmetic, Writing, History, Agriculture and Spelling; Friday—Physiology, Language, Geography, Civil Government, and Reading. Very truly yours, O. C. BROWN, County School Superintendent

LECTURE ON PSYCHOLOGY.

Eagle Hall every Sunday evening at 7:30 by Mrs. Tucker, late of Los Angeles. Demonstration at close Collection. tf

LITTLE JACK HORNED.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie, You can just guess his clothes were a mess But we cleaned them all up by and bye.

IMPERIAL CLEANERS.

(Try Our Way) We sell Ed. V. Price & Co's suits and overcoats. The name is your guarantee. Absolute satisfaction.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT.

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 a. m. Precipitation in inches and hundredths: Highest temperature yesterday.....52 Lowest temperature last night.....33 Precipitation, last 24 hours......05 Total precip. since first of month.....89 Normal precip. for this month.....5.70 Total precipitation from Sept. 1, 1918, to date.....10.65 Average precipitation from Sept. 1, 1877.....16.29 Total excess deficiency from September 1, 1918.....5.64 Average precipitation for 41 wet seasons, (Sept. to May incl.).....31.96 WILLIAM BELL, Observer.

WRIGLEYS Is Sealed! LOOK for the sealed package, but have an eye out also for the name WRIGLEYS That name is your protection against inferior imitations. Just as the sealed package is protection against impurity. The Greatest Name In Goody-Land - The Flavor Lasts