

The Kaiser Is Offered a New Job

This noble emperor, with whom I have shared the same fate and their friends, has become an obstacle to the peace. He is a man of from every state in the United States and Canada, and already thousands have been recruited to fight for the Kaiser. He is a man of from every state in the United States and Canada, and already thousands have been recruited to fight for the Kaiser. He is a man of from every state in the United States and Canada, and already thousands have been recruited to fight for the Kaiser.

The Infernal Region, October 1, 1917.

To William von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God:

My dear Wilhelm:

I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you, much closer than you could know. From the time that you were yet in your mother's womb I have shaped your destiny for my own purposes.

In the days of Rome I created a rough-neck known as Nero; he was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient super-criminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood, I placed you as my special instrument to place on earth an emperor of hell. I gave you abnormal intelligence, I twisted your mind to that of a mad man with certain special tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs limp on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety; but your strong sword arm is driven by ambitions that require all excitement and pity. I placed in your soul a deep hatred of all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hated Cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time political entities; she is the great civilizer of the globe, and I hate her. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred of your mother because she was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father, just as it will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

To assist you and hasten my work, I sent you three evil spirits, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi, whose teachings influenced the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect—you cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way. It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when it saw how cleverly you made the crime onto Serbia. I saw you set sail for the fjords of Norway and I know you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done, so much like your noble grandfather who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a war and get by with it.

Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and the bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy; it was the beginning, the foundation of a perfect hell on earth, the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions. You made war on friend and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your teaching toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your unscrupulous warfare is a master stroke from the smallest mechanical part to the Lusitania. You play no favorites; as a war lord you stand before me, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the suffering of the mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together, only to be taken apart and leisurely devoured by the sharks down among the waves.

I have straddled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere, for all your work, super-seed that I made you; I have seen the fields of Flanders, now a wilderness fit for the howling beasts only; no merry children in Flanders now, they are all dead or in fear and starvation. I married into Gallia; she, formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together. I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil for it was all above my expectation. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in the trenches. I have seen the most senseless rape committed on young women, and those forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring and I began to doubt if my inferno was really up to date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have strayed from all legal methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a pupil of mine, and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wolder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians and you a devout worshipper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army commanded by Prussian officers assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a noble woman, who, disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder with one cut of his sabre, and calmly stand by and see a household of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, their teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation. I confess my satanic soul grew sick and there and then I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor. The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gravel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interests of hell—in the future I am at Your Majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,

LUCIFER H. SATAN.

East Fork Items.

Fred Baker has circulated a petition asking the County court to cause notices to be posted that people may vote on a ton mill special road tax in road district No. 14.

W. B. and J. S. Mater are circulating a petition asking the County court to build a bridge across the East Fork at the place where the Gold brick road crosses the river. The pontoon sort of a bridge that is there now is a dangerous contraption and does not stay fast at both ends when the water is high.

The storm of Friday night and since gave drink to a dry earth and moistened the ground so that a wagon does not sound as though it were rolling over a pavement.

Henry Charlton rented two acres of the Krewson boys last spring and planted same in spuds. Chas. Shepherd and son Harold dug and spaded. There were 301 sacks, 451 1/2 bushels. They put 100 potatoes in a sack, they

weighed 100 pounds. The two were eleven days digging and picking up. J. D. Eakin bought a potato digger that takes four horses to work it and several acres a day may be dug.

Mr. Oggilvie, of Myrtle Point, is up in Rowwater valley to build chimneys and reservoirs.

The people who bought John Page's homestead south of Elk creek have moved on to it.

Billie S. me boy, this letter costs an extra cent to mail and you are responsible for the extra cost but there is no begrudging the money, for it is worth it, that your kind may be liked from the face of the earth. Judas Iscariot was a man compared with you for he had some sense to put his body out of the way but your character Billie is that of "the son of perdition."

R. A. Huston.

Ernest Wriggall and Troupes signs at the Sentinel office.

UP TOWN OFFICES

Commercial Club Suggests Them for Western Union and Wells Fargo Companies.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Coquille Commercial Club held last Friday night:

Resolved, that whereas Coquille is one of the two principal shipping points of the Willamette Pacific Railroad between Powers and Portland; and

Whereas, there is much complaint concerning the way the business at the Southern Pacific depot, including the passenger and freight business, the Wells Fargo Express Company's business and the Western Union Telegraph Company's business is handled; and

Whereas, we believe the disservice arising, which is general in this community, has not arisen in any manner from the incompetency or lack of earnest endeavor on the part of the employees but has arisen from a want of sufficient help in all of these offices; and

Whereas, owing to the situation of the Western Union Telegraph Company's office and the Wells Fargo Express Company's office that in our judgment both these companies are losing much business; and

Whereas, we have the very best interests of our town and all its institutions, including the businesses heretofore named, at heart; and

Whereas, Coquille is situated in the center of the principal stock raising district of the county; and

Whereas, in the last few months it has been necessary to drive stock from Coquille to Myrtle Point, a distance of ten miles, or to North Bend, a distance of twenty-five miles, to obtain convenient shipping facilities;

Now, therefore, we respectfully suggest that the Southern Pacific Company, Western Union Telegraph Company and the Wells Fargo Express Company furnish the station at this place with sufficient efficient help to promptly, carefully and satisfactorily attend to the business as it should be attended to.

We further suggest that it would be for the best interest of the Wells Fargo Express Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company and the business patrons of these two companies to locate their respective offices as near as possible to the business center of the town instead of at the depot as at the present time.

And further suggest that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company obtain sufficient ground at Coquille and construct a convenient stock yard for the shipping of stock from this point.

BROADBENT BREEZES.

The writer was too busily engaged in other lines of work to find time to write items for last week's issue, hence the delay.

Miss Ruth Wade, who has been employed at the Myrtle Point Hotel for the past two years is at home with her parents at Broadbent. She will take a two months' rest.

Mr. Kern, of Coquille, was at this place last week doing some surveying for E. Baker and A. Hayes.

A good many people are known to send their good cash to Seelye & Dresser Co., at Portland, Ore., and stand off the local merchants when purchasing groceries at home.

C. A. Lee, of Powers, is doing some carpenter work for O. H. Robinson this week.

Fish diet has been the bill of fare for this section the past week; since the small raise in the river there was been a good run of salmon and trout. They say that Gus Bender is an artist at catching mud cats.

The Literary Society will be re-organized Friday night at the Broadbent Hall.

John Robbins was loading a car with potatoes at this place Wednesday.

J. W. Ball has taken a new three-year lease on the B. S. Shull Dairy Farm at this place. We are glad these people are to remain in this neighborhood.

and I. T. B. J. J. J.

Miss Magnus, of our school, expects to give a farce or comedy play, interspersed with other entertaining features in about a month. The proceeds of which will be used for the benefit of the school.

The Misses Nellie and Mima Bell, Miss Ora Roselle and Mrs. A. E. Bender returned to Myrtle Point Tuesday evening to hear McElroy's Jazz Orchestra at the Oak's Pavilion.

J. B. Gibbs has been sawing a lot of fire wood this week for E. F. Schroeder.

A. McDonald moved into the A. Hayes residence last Saturday. S. J. Hartley was the transfer man.

The basket social at Twin Oaks school house was well patronized and was an all around success. The night

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gled in the web of net. In trying to extricate himself his whole body became entangled, and he was rendered utterly helpless. Along toward morning a couple of fishermen passing along on the river noticed the buck in the net, and going ashore cut the animal's throat and took the carcass, leaving the head with the horns still entangled in the meshes of the net.

Later in the day Mr. Adams came down to the river and found the head in a badly tangled net.

The question naturally arises, what would have been the result had the persons who discovered the deer left it there and filed a complaint against the warden for illegally having a deer in his possession out of season?

Calling cards 100 for \$1.00.

Surveying O. & C. Lands.

A party of eight Government surveyors, under the supervision of D. H. Collins, arrived in Gardiner Friday and left Saturday afternoon to make camp near the falls above Sulphur Springs, where they will be engaged for some time making surveys of the railroad grant lands which have reverted back to the government, says the Florence West. The agricultural lands, having less than 300,000 feet of timber on 40 acres, are expected to be thrown open to settlement soon.

You can get a 2 1/2 horse power Baker-Hamilton gasoline engine cheap at the Sentinel office.

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends