

The Coquille Herald

Published Every Tuesday.

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Editor and Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at Coquille, Oregon, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Devoted to the material and social upbuilding of the Coquille Valley, particularly and of Coos County generally.

Subscription \$1.50 per year, in advance. Phone Main 381.



It seems to be no trick at all to sink a diver, but according to report, the darn things breed like rabbits.

Coquille certainly vindicated herself in the cause of the Red Cross if she did fall down on the Liberty Loan.

Herbert Hoover is food dictator of the United States, but no doubt his mother only hoped he would be president.

Coos county as a whole stands well to the front in her contribution to the Red Cross movement but the towns of North Bend and Coquille stand out even above that.

Let us thank the Lord that human stomachs can only hold enough for one day at a time; otherwise the food hogs would have swallowed a year's supply when the "war panic" struck the country.

Stop the talk—build ships! Build them of wood and build them of steel, as the material is most available, but build them, and to the limit of the available material. This is now official.

Oregon has again proven that her people are at the fore in all movements of patriotism and progress by over-subscribing the Red Cross fund by many thousands of dollars. Here's to old Webfoot every time. She's always there.

The Kaiser has expressed his wrath at the overthrow of King Constantine, and promised that "the mailed fist of Germany, with further aid from Almighty God," will restore him to his throne. Evidently the Kaiser still believes in the combination of "Me and Gott."—Ex.

Any suspicion that the sons of the rich will not get their share of the war's bodily danger is untrue. They will get more than their share. They have enlisted in greater percentage than poorer boys who are equally brave but not so free to leave work. Under conscription they will furnish their full proportion of soldiers because they are commonly in good health and have no "dependents."—Ex.

PASSING OF THE OLD COACH.
Visitors to Yellowstone National Park hereafter will travel in Speedy and Comfortable Touring Cars.

The old-fashioned stage coach has passed from its "last stand" in Yellowstone National Park. In 1915 Secretary Lane admitted private automobiles to the park, but retained the

horse-drawn stages. This necessitated special motor schedules to avoid accidents. The situation remained the same last season under an enormous increase of motor travel. This season, however, the old stages are replaced by a fleet of seven and ten passenger cars, and the restrictions to general automobile travel are largely removed. The work begun in 1915 is completed. The Yellowstone is motorized.

The change was not accomplished wholly without opposition. Many persons held that the old stages should be retained for sentimental and historical reasons. But, while the Department of the Interior shared their regrets in the passing of so picturesque an institution, there was no withstanding the march of progress. Visitors were increasing rapidly and were demanding a faster passage between scenic spots than horse-drawn vehicles permitted. Those with limited time complained that more than half their visit was spent in passing through uninteresting lodgepole forests—time which they wanted in the geysers basins, at the Canyon, and at the greater lakes. Others complained that the stage rides were so exhausting that they could not appreciate the great spectacles when they reached them. And the demand of touring motorists for greater freedom grew even louder and more insistent.

So progress had its way and this year we have a new Yellowstone.

The automobile service will be adequate and rapid. Those who have at their disposal only the six days which was the necessary minimum of a Yellowstone visit under old transportation methods will now be able to spend nearly all of it at points of special scenic interest or in scenic wilderness features never seen by former visitors of limited stay.

As for the motorist, he will now be able to use the park's more than two hundred miles of road with almost the same freedom as roads anywhere else in America.

KILLED BY TREE

Clifford Laird, of Sitkum, Victim of Fatal Accident Yesterday Morning.

Clifford Laird, the 17-year old son of James D. Laird, of Sitkum, was struck by a falling tree at 11 o'clock Thursday morning and almost instantly killed.

He and his brother Ivan were slashing up the hill and across the river about a quarter of a mile from the house. They were cutting large alders with a cross cut saw when a large tree which leaned down hill broke and split before the saw had gone through the trunk. A large piece of log struck back knocking Clifford down and pinning him to the ground.

Ivan exerted the last ounce of strength he had and managed to raise the log slightly but not enough to clear Clifford who was unconscious and could not crawl from under. The older brother then took his axe and chopped through the log and released Clifford.

Picking him up Ivan started down the hill but when Clifford gave a couple of gasps he thought he was dying, as he probably was, and laid him down while he ran to the creek for a hatful of water. When he got back Clifford was dead.

Dr. Hamilton was summoned from here and although Walter Crook took him out there in an hour and a half there was nothing he could do.

The funeral was held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Dora cemetery.

The victim of this sad accident was

a large, well developed young man, although he would not have been 17 until next month. His father had just recently turned the management of the ranch over to him and he was starting at it in a way which insured success.

It was a terrible blow to the entire family, his father and mother being crushed by their loss.

His older brother was summoned from Roseburg and arrived home yesterday afternoon. Besides those mentioned he leaves a younger brother, three sisters, a number of other relatives and a host of friends all over the Coquille valley who mourn his untimely passing. He was esteemed and respected in an unusually high way for one of his years.

THE KAISER'S DREAM.

The following poem which is going the rounds, was written at the front in France by William McLachlan, who is serving with one of the Scotch highlander regiments:

There's a story now current, tho' strange it may seem,
Of the great Kaiser Bill and his wonderful dream.
Being tired of the allies, he lay down in bed,
And amongst other things he dreamt he was dead,
And in a fine coffin was lying in state,
With a guard of brave Belgians, who lamented his fate.
He wasn't long dead, till he found to his cost,
That his soul, like his soldiers, had surely been lost.
On leaving the earth to heaven he went straight,
And arriving up there gave a knock at the gate.
But St. Peter looked out, and in voice loud and clear
Said: "Begone, Kaiser Bill, we don't want you here."
"Well," said the Kaiser, "that's very uncivil,
I suppose after that I must go to the devil."
So he turned on his heel and off he did go,
At the top of his speed to the regions below.
And when he got there he was filled with dismay,
When waiting outside he heard Old Nick say
To his pup: "Now look here boys, I give you a warning,
I'm expecting the Kaiser down here in the morning,
But don't let him in, for to me it's quite clear,
He's a dangerous man and we don't want him here.
If once he gets in there'll be no end of quarrels,
In fact I'm afraid he'll corrupt our good morals."
"O, Satan, my dear friend," the Kaiser then cried,
"Excuse me for listening while waiting outside;
If you don't admit me, where can I go?"
"Indeed," said the devil, "I really don't know."
"O, do let me in, I'm weary and cold,"
Said the Kaiser, quite anxious to enter Nick's fold.
"Let me sit in the corner, no matter how hot,"
"No!" said the devil, "most certainly not,
We don't admit people for riches or self;
Here are sulphur and matches, make a hell for yourself."
Then he kicked Wilhelm out and vanished in smoke,
And just at that moment the Kaiser awoke.
He jumped out of bed in a shivering sweat,
And said: "Well, that dream I shall never forget,
That I won't go to heaven I know very well,
But it's really too bad to be kicked out of hell."

Sour Stomach.

This is a mild form of indigestion. It is usually brought on by eating too rapidly or too much, or of food not suited to your digestive organs. If you will eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, eat but little meat and none at all for supper, you will more than likely avoid the sour stomach without taking any medicine whatever. When you have sour stomach take one of Chamberlain's Tablets to aid digestion.

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The Last Words of Funston "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT IS"

By Henry Polk Lowenstien

- How delightful it is to do one's duty well;
- How delightful it is in the House of God to dwell.
- How delightful it is, like Sheridan on his ride,
With a heart full of hope, to swim to the Other side.
- How delightful it is, at Country's call,
To put on the armor and fight for all.
- How delightful it is, in foreign land,
To uphold the flag and for Justice stand.
- How delightful it is to slip out of the sed,
And on the wings of music to fly to God.

Listening to the orchestra playing a beautiful waltz in the hotel where he was stopping in San Antonio, Texas, General Funston, speaking to a little girl nearby, said "How delightful it is!" and then expired, these being his last words.

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Dedicated to the Army and Navy of the United States.