

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY AND THE KAISER.

Old Nick Feels He is a Back Number Running the "Hot Place"---Willing to Abdicate in Favor Germany's Cold Blooded Butcher.

Louis Syberkrop of Creston has acquired much fame in recent weeks as author of a satire on Kaiser Wilhelm. Requests have come to him from Tumulty, Secretary Daniels, and Roosevelt, and people in every state of the union and in Canada have asked for copies of Mr. Syberkrop's article. It is:

"Ottumwa, Iowa.
The Internal Region
June 28, 1917.

"To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all 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 ever know.

"From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb I have chafed your destiny for my own purpose.

"In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history 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 picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of hell. I gave abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a mad man with certain normal tendencies to carry you by; a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of an hypnotist and certain magnetic force that you may sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless 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 your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity; I placed in your soul a deep hatred for 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 practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe and I hate her. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for 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 any further hasten my work I sent you three evil spirits, Nietzsche Treitschke and later Bernhardi, whose teachings inflamed the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager 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 saddled the crime on Serbia. I saw you set sails for the fjords of Norway and I knew 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 way and get by.

"Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and 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 friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had born fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your under-sea warfare is a master stroke from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

"I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-did that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down into Galicia where 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 selfish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were crushing the father of their offspring and I began to doubt if my own 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 stayed away from all legalized war 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 part of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

"I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk the chronic killer of christians, and you a devotee worshiper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army, commanded by German officers assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new lane of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disembowled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder with one cut of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my 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 gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interest of hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

"Affectionately and sincerely,
Lucifer H. Satan."

The Devil Resigns his Job.

The Devil sat by the Lake of Fire, On a pile of sulphur kegs; His head was bowed upon his breast, His tail between his legs. A look of shame was on his face, The sparks dropped from his eyes; He had sent his resignation To the throne up in the skies. I'm down and out the devil said, He said it with a sob; There are others that outclass me, And I want to quit my job. Hell isn't in it with the land. And his army on the Rhine, I'm a "has been" and a "piker," And therefore I resign. Those ammunition slingers, With their bloody shot and shell; Know more about damnation Than all theimps of hell. Give my job to Kaiser Wilhelm, And his army on the Rhine, Von Tripitz or Von Hindenberg Or some such child of mine. I hate to leave the old home, The spot I love so well; But I feel that I'm not up-to-date, In the art of running hell.

Wilhelm the Only.

(These satirical verses were written over a quarter of a century ago by John Kendrick Bangs on the occasion of the Kaiser's ousting of Bismarck, the "iron chancellor," whom he publicly humiliated with the assertion: "I am the lord of the land; I will tolerate no other.")

Oh Me!
Oh MY!
And likewise I!
Sit still ye churls, whilst I orate—
Me I, Myself, the Throne, the Sun,
I am the Earth, the Moon the Sun,
All rolled in one;
Both hemispheres am I,
Oh MY!
If there were three
The three I'd be.

I am the Dipper, Night and Day,
The North and Southern Poles, the Milky Way!
I'm they that walk, or fly upon the wing,
Or swim or creep—I'm everything!
It makes me tremble like an aspen tree.
To think I'm Me!
And blink like stars up in the sky,
To think I'm—I!
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf.
To realize that I'm—Myself!

Ye blithering slaves beneath my iron heel,
What know ye of the things I feel?
Didst ever walk at dead of night
And stand in awe of thine own might?
God took six days to make the land and sea;
But centuries were passed in making Me.
The universe? An easy task. But I?
Oh, My!

I can't describe Myself. Why take
The speech that ancient people spake;
And then again take every tongue
By moderns spoken, writ or sung,
And every tongue that is to be,
Mix in with these—You cannot picture Me!
So do not try, ignoble worms, to grasp
A greatness that can only make you gasp;
But look, and silence keep; unless
Some whim
Compels an utterance; then whisper, "Him!"
An awesome "Him."

Whilst I for evermore content will be
With "Me."
That simple, yet majestic pronoun "Me!"

What Ailed Poker Johnson.

By James Barton Adams.
Poker Johnson got to droppin' in a most peculiar way.
Sot around the jag emporiums half a-sleepin' every day;
Didn't have a durned ambition or a impulse, 'cept to snooze.
An' occasionally brighten his vitality with booze.

When we'd ask about the trouble he would say he didn't know
What the dickens was the ailment a-collapsin' of him
An' his woman got uneasy that he'd fly the mortal track—
Got to asking other wimmen if she'd look all right in black.

Dr. Slaughter diagnosed him, but it baffled all his skill
To locate the innard trouble, so he sent to deadman's hill.
For a medico to hold a consultation on the case
An' endeavor to discover what had knocked Poke off his base.

After much deliberation they agreed without a doubt
That his uniform appendix was a-knockin' of him out,
An' to place him in position fur to hold a cinch on life
They would have to go prospectin, fur his trouble with the knife.

Not a-havin' sleepin' dope, they filled his system full o' booze
Til his sensitiveness vanished in a paralytic snooze,
An' they both was somewhat rattled when they layed his innards bare
Fur to find that the appendix they wuz huntin' wasn't there.

Then they thought it was his liver, an' they took a squirt at that,
But 'twas healthy, an' his heart was not degenerating fat,
An' they monkeyed with his stomach an' the organs round about,
But they couldn't find no ailment that demanded cuttin' out.

When the coroner came over fur to set on what was left
Of the mangled late lamented, and' to sort o' feel the heft
Of the evidence submitted, he had deemed it wise to bring
A medicinary expert to investigate the thing
After hearin' all the symptoms an' a-lookin' round inside,
Of the physical construction of the corpse he testified
That the trouble was spring fever, an' he'd lost what life he had
Through a brace of lig'ant butchers chasin' up a modern fad.

Loyalty Among the Newspapers.

The spirit of loyalty just now in co-operating with the national government is well exemplified by the newspaper men of the country. Before the second Liberty Loan was instituted an effort was made to convince Congress of the right and the necessity of appropriating money for proper advertising of the loan. The newspaper men did not overestimate their own importance to the nation in making the loan a success. The government needs their aid to bring the loan before the people and this was recognized by Mr. McAdoo, but no money was appropriated. The fact remains, nevertheless, and is splendidly realized, that this is our union and that newspapers are part of the government and in its need they are going to do even more than their duty. Free space is donated and we believe no more loyal men exist in America today as a class than the men who run the country's newspapers. With few exceptions they stand shoulder to shoulder with Uncle Sam and are endeavoring in every way possible to aid and promote the carrying out of our national program.—Silverton Appeal.

Are Farmers Hoarding?

Some of our big city editors are attempting to prove that the farmers of the country are hoarding potatoes and other produce, including eggs. Potatoes have been placed in elevators and cellars and are not sent to market, these wise men claim. The papers probably wish the farmers to flood the markets with their potatoes, give the middlemen splendid opportunities to buy them up for storing in town, and then have the public pay exorbitant prices later. It is far better to have the produce held up and stored in the country than in the big cities, because the proceeds will be distributed among thousands, where otherwise it is merely distributed between a gang of storage middlemen who have already made millions since the war started. An example of the storage in the cities was had last winter when the middlemen were accused of going to every limit to raise the price on potatoes—even going to the length of destroying large lots of them, in some instances. Let them be stored in the country—the producer will not knowingly destroy the fruits of his labor.

Any way, it is very likely that the farmer is not storing more than is necessary to keep the stuff from going directly into the hands of the speculators. More power to the farmer and his storeroom.—Seaside Signal

The Real Atrocities.

The Germans entered Belgium in August and September, 1914; we began to come in November. Hence we saw none of the "atrocities" of the invasion—we saw only results of them. Among these results, as seen by us, were, I hasten to say, no women without breasts or children without hands. But there were women without husbands and sons and daughters, and children without mothers and fathers. There were families without homes, farms without cattle or horses or houses, towns without town halls and churches and most of the other buildings, and even some without any buildings at all, and a few without many citizens. But there were cemeteries with scores and hundreds of new graves—not of soldiers; and little toddling children who came up eagerly to you, saying, "Mon pere est

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Redeemed Land.
In a very few vivid words, Prof. Fitch of Amherst gives the whole story of the desolation wrought by the Germans in northern France: "The enemy showed a well defined policy as he gave France back to her children. He meant so to leave it that the heart of France should be broken, the spirit to fight gone. "He fought against France's God, and in each ruined village the parish church is a heap of powdered stone. Next, he destroyed the town hall where the records of birth, death, marriage, lend tenures and all such data were kept. Next he attacked the great historical monuments. Then he cut down all the fruit trees. "It was oppressive to ride through this desolated and deserted country. Everywhere there was the sinister silence of death, and the only human touch was the solitary sentry of France. "That is the aspect of "redeemed France," as the French heroes win it back foot by foot. May we never have to redeem any of our own loved soil from the grasp of the Hun!—Umpqua Valley News.