

SATAN ABDICATES HIS THRONE IN FAVOR OF GERMAN KAISER

Admits That He is Not in Class With Spike Helmeted Gentleman at Head of Huns.—Pupil Has Outstripped Master.

When Louis Syberkrop, of Creston, Iowa, wrote the satire on Kaiser Wilhelm, which follows, he little thought it would attract the attention which it has. Requests for copies have come to him from Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Secretary to the President Tumulty and other notables. The article is in the form of a letter from his Satanic majesty to his human prototype. It says:

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 have I shaped your destiny for my purpose.

Nero—Roughneck.

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 you abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a madman with certain normal 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 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 squeleches 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 hatred 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.

Three Evil Spirits.

To assist you and farther hasten my work, I sent you three evil spirits—Nietzsche, Trit-

schke and later Bernhardt—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 fiords 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 away and get by.

Good Work, Bill.

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 borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea 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.

An Up-to-date Inferno.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-fiend that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down in 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 trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring and I began to doubt if my own inferno was really up to date.

Out Sataning Satan.

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