

### The Kaiser's Christmas Oration to his HUNGARY Troops.

"My dear sons, generals, and soldiers; it is with strange feelings stirring within me (damn the British blockade) that I stand before you on this Christmas Day. I am proud of you, my sons. Well have you served me, and got to resist the blandishments of those treacherous Allies. No, never shall they deprive you of your Kaiser.

As I have said before, I did not want this war! I swear it before gott, and I can prove it by my infallible logic. Even our enemies admit that God did not want this war—they say it was the devil. Well, since gott had nothing to do with this business how could I? Is not I and gott one? Are we not in partnership? Again I say to you, my brave soldiers and Zepliners, I did not will this war!

They call me brutal, and accuse me of murder—me, who never did a mean thing! They say I shot Nurse Cavell. No, that is wrong! It was that damn fool the crown prince, there, who was DRUNK and intoxicated with ambition. He left his poor old father all alone and rushed away. Imagine his feelings when he saw this woman, and you will, I know, excuse his UNDIPLOMATIC frenzy. She was tall and slim. So unlike our beautiful round and fat women! Ah! they always remind me of roast pork. What a beautiful thought—is it not? Cannot you NOW, HEARING THE REAL TRUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, sympathise with his great disappointment? I have not the heart to blame, and I know that you or I would also have shot her dead—is it not so? We Germans are all alike, and a thing that disappoints or resists our desires must perish.

Again, my culuminators accuse me of murdering the women and children of the Lusitania. Have I not already said that it was not a gentlemanly thing? That it was cowardly and that an inhuman monster did it? What's that? Soldier, how dare you interrupt me! Oh! you say that it was a good and noble deed? Why, of course it was, but don't talk too loud. Why of course I gave the commander the Iron Cross. What I said before was for the benefit of neutrals only. I thought that everybody in the Fatherland would understand that.

Again they accuse me of the deportation of the Belgian women for vile purposes! But here, as a true German, I would defend myself. Necessity knows no law; that is universally acknowledged, and was it not necessary for you, my lads, to amuse yourselves? A thousand times, yes! Ah! I am glad to see by your cheers that you are of my opinion—true sons of the Fatherland—Germans every inch! And have we not a classical example of this very thing? Did not the ancient Latins do this very thing to the Sabine women? Ah! false Allies, have you not done this also? I accuse you! Have you not deported horses and mules from America? What difference is there between mules and women? I answer in thundering accents—NONE!

I have been accused of wantonly destroying the Churches of France and Belgium. But this I have done by the command of my clergy. It is necessary and seemly, for do not these pagans worship an alien God? A false God? Their God has nothing in common with our gott of Fire and Blood! Germans

one and all have beseeched me to level these places of false worship. I could cry when I think of their ignorance—Ah! my gott, may I and you ever work so smoothly together as we have done in the past. It is my pious wish.

Ah! you gratify me; those cheers denote our great victories by land and—  
What's that? You don't want victories? So it's bread you want? What? To hell with victories? Oh! my gott! Bread! Who ever heard of bread? Have you not your kadavir butter and potted meats? Do you not get it by the car load? Why every day we lose twenty thousand men! Are you not satisfied, my brave men? No! Of course you want something to put the butter on! Ah! but you shall have it. The General Staff have invented a delightful substitute. It is made of powdered bones and cod liver oil that we can get from Sweden. You will never know the difference. Ah! you cheer! Well may you. What would you do without your good Kaiser? Make peace, I suppose? PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER THOUGHT AT ALL IN YOUR LIVES WHAT YOUR KAISER HAS DONE FOR YOU.

But let me wish you happy thoughts for this Christmas.

(And the poor wretch, very proud and vain of his abilities for fooling the Huns all of the time, clinked his sabre and spurs, and made his exit). G.R.S.



A Landsturmer on his way to Blighty after meeting the Canadians. Just once is enough.