

Sowing Horror in God's Name.

The leading clergy of Germany preach that the world must suffer until it accepts Teutonic rule administered by the Kaiser.

HURRAH and Hallelujah" is the rather startling title of a new book published, dealing with Germany's war spirit. It is written by a citizen of a neutral nation, and a theologian, J. P. Bang, D. D., professor of theology at the University of Copenhagen, and he justifies its title by the statement that "the new German spirit has found one of its most classical expressions in a collection of poems published by a German pastor, Konsistorialrat Dietrich Vorwerk, under the significant title, 'Hurrah and Hallelujah.' and I find in this combination something so absolutely characteristic of the German spirit that I have adopted it as the title for this book."

This book, in the opinion of Ralph Connor, who has written the preface to it, "constitutes the most terrific arraignment of Germany through her intellectual and religious leaders which has yet been put forth. Out of her own mouth it is that she stands before the world condemned. And the tragedy of it all is in this, that these men (whom Doctor Bang quotes) are sincere, deeply, passionately sincere. And herein consists the awful nemesis that has after 50 years' pursuit at length overtaken the German soul. For the crime of Germany today of which these sermons and lectures convict her is not hypocrisy; but the long practice of hypocrisy has induced in her a spiritual blindness which has become at once her calamity and her curse."

"The allies," says Doctor Bang, "have denounced the Germans as barbarians. If this were meant to imply that Germany was not a civilized nation (Kulturnation) such an accusation would, of course, be absurd. Germany is unquestionably a civilized nation and none of the spokesmen of the allied powers would think of denying that she has produced rich treasures of Kultur. Wherever the German mind has labored, wonderful riches have been the outcome. In the most diverse domains, but especially in those of music, of literature, of science and religion, it would be easy to mention names that shine with the luster of renown throughout the whole world. But the charge of barbarism points in an entirely different direction. It points to a development within Germany which has been going on with headlong rapidity, especially during the last 50 years. Even the highest Kultur can turn to barbarism when it becomes subservient to utterly false and immoral ideas. In Germany such a craving for power, such a worship for mere strength, has taken root and grown, that the claim of right to be a determining factor in international relations has been entirely pushed aside. A colossal and ever increasing self-admiration, a belief in the glory of all things German, the surpassing merits of the German nature (Wesen), which alone has the right to rule the world, a cynical, brutal assertion that in relation to this claim all existing treaties, all appeals to international law, all consideration for weaker peoples, are of no significance whatever—all this we have witnessed with shuddering astonishment."

Foretold Belgium's Fate.
"The first place is due to Ernst Moritz Arndt, the great German patriot of the time of the War of Liberation. As early as 1834 he declared in one of his writings that the neutrality of Belgium could not possibly be maintained in a future war. He wrote:

"Belgium, the granary and armory, is predestined to be the battlefield in the struggle for the Meuse and the Rhine. I ask any general or statesman who has seriously considered the problems of war and politics whether Belgium can remain neutral in a European war—that is to say, can be respected as neutral any longer than may appear expedient to the power which feels itself possessed of the best advantages for attack."

"The German writer, G. Traub, makes the following inimitable comment on the above:
"Thus an Arndt has, as far back as 80 years ago, given us absolution for this so-called breach of neutrality, having foreseen that it is here a question of higher necessities, and that Belgium herself, that 'half-French country,' cannot possibly remain neutral."

"The second German prophet is the well-known philologist and theologian, P. de Lagarde. Already in 1874 he expressed the view that Bismarck's creation of the German empire was only an episode on the way to the formation of the Great Middle European state. He calls the German empire 'Little Germany.' Even at that time Lagarde, as a German has lately put it, formulated the national demands which the Germans, 'not with unblinking arrogance, but realizing the inherent necessity of the case,' must consider as the indispensable foundation for the German people's co-operation in the history of mankind. These demands are extensions of frontier both towards the East and the West."

"The greatest and most popular of all the new German prophets is, however, the poet Emanuel Geibel, whose centenary has recently been celebrated (born 1815, died 1884). It is he who has given the classic expression to the new German hope of Germany's victorious march through the world. This has been achieved in the lines to which I have already referred, and which are quoted times without number in the newest German war literature:
"Und es mag am deutschen Wesen
Einmal noch die Welt genesen!"

"The world may yet again be healed by Germanism? The hope here expressed has become a certainty for modern Germany, and the Germans see in this the moral basis for all their demands. He says:
"Germany had set her mind upon building her house in peace, but then came her hereditary foe, puffed up with venom and envy. The blood so criminally shed shall be upon him and his brood. We do not dream of an easy victory; this war is a world judgment, and strong is the spirit of lies; but he who was once the stronghold of our fathers will again see us safely through it, be assured of that!"

"God, who went before us in the flame of fire, now grant our people strength for the last victory, strength to root out the dark seed of lies, the foreign ally, from our hearts, in faith, word and deed. Enter at every portal, thou strong



(Oscar Cesare in New York Evening Post.)

German spirit, which, born of light, dost show us the way to light, and establish in our midst, at once weapon-strong and pious, in freedom, discipline and morality, thy millennium."

The German Lord's Prayer.

"The new German spirit has found one of its most classical expressions in a collection of poems published by a German pastor, Konsistorialrat Dietrich Vorwerk, under the significant title, 'Hurrah and Hallelujah.' In the first edition of Pastor Vorwerk's poems there occurred a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, of which I will cite the last three petitions and the close:

"Though the warrior's breed be scanty, do thou work daily death and tenfold send us into the enemy. Forgive in merciful long suffering each bullet and each blow which misses its mark! Lead us not into temptation of letting our wrath be too time in carrying out thy divine judgment! Deliver us and our ally from the infernal enemy and his servants on earth. Thine is the kingdom, the German land; may we, by aid of thy steel-clad hand, achieve the power and the glory. He thus invokes God in a battle prayer:
"Thou who dwellest high above cherubim, seraphim and Zepheerim in thy heaven; thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurting upon our enemy, bestow upon us his banners, hurl him down into the dark burial pits."

"Another poet, Fritz Philipp, has written the following poem, entitled 'World-Germany':
"In the midst of the world war Germany lies like a peaceful garden of God behind the wall of her armies. Then the poet hears the giant strides of the new armor-clad Germany; the earth trembles, the nations shiver, the old era sinks into ruin. Formerly Germany thought was shut up in her corner, but now the world shall have its coat cut according to German measure ('Jetzt wird der Welt gemessen Der Rock nach deutschem Maass'), and as far as our sword's flash and German blood flows, the circle of the earth shall come under the tutelage of German activity."

"We have become a nation of wrath; we think only of the war. We execute God's almighty will and the edicts of his justice we will fulfill, imbued with holy rage."
Other German poets revel in radiant visions of the blessings which victorious Germany is to shower upon the poor, thirsty, ailing world.

German Virtue 'Gushes.'

One F. Lienhardt writes:
"When these storms have done their work, Germany's purest mission begins: to become a place of refuge, a holy grove for all the seekers of the earth, a central land, a land of wisdom, a land of morals. Then will it be the flower-wreathed hospitable gateway, facing towards the glittering East."
Another, K. Hildebrand:
"Blessings stream and flow down upon those who have given themselves up to thee; there German virtues gush limpid forth, there German power wells up. What a draught from this spring! Strong and deep and of high courage, the German spirit flows along, the German nature (Wesen) flows far over the life of all nations."

Here is an extract from a German theological professor, the burden of whose thesis was that room must be found in the world-history for that great event, the healing of the sick world by Germanism:
"There are also signs that the German people may be singled out by God to be the means of 'once again' defeating the destructive anti-Christian tendencies of the age, and in virtue of his having entrusted them above others with his pure gospel, carrying on the course of the mission to its consummation. So much is certain, that God is planning to do something with us. Our people are inspired by the thought that they are called upon to play a special part in the decisive battle between light and darkness, and by the hope of their standing on the side of light."

In the report of an address by another German theological professor, in the Berliner Lokalan-

zeiger for November 13, 1914, we read as follows:

"But the deepest and most thought-inspiring result of the war is 'the German God.' Not the national God, such as the lower nations worship, but 'our God' who is not ashamed of belonging to us, the peculiar acquirement of our heart. Max Lenz has already testified to the revelation of the 'German God,' and Luther's hymn, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' merely expresses the same idea in other words."

Doctor Bang then proceeds to substantiate his statements in detail by quotations from German war sermons, of which we have only space for one or two samples. H. Francke is the author of a popular book of "war-sermons," which was ornamented with the iron cross and published at the request of numerous members of his flock. Here is a typical utterance of the many quoted by Doctor Bang:

A Promise of the Lord.

"They envy us our freedom, our power to do our work in peace, to excel in virtue of ability, to fulfill our appointed task for the good of the world and humanity, to heal the world by the German nature, to become a blessing to the people of the earth. Wherever the German spirit obtains supremacy, there freedom also prevails. And have not our enemies to fall back upon lies and venomous calumnies in the endeavor to justify their assault in the world's eyes and their own? Does this not prove that the truth, too, is with us? Truth and freedom, those two great blessings, are in our gospel promised by the Lord himself."
"Germany is precisely—who would venture to deny it?—the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism."

Walter Lehmann is the pastor of Hamberge in Holstein. He has preached a series of sermons which he has published under the title: "About the German God." The book is ornamented with the Iron cross.

In a sermon of August 23 the question is put: "Who is responsible: the crazy murderer in Sarajevo, the weakening in character and will on the Russian imperial throne, the criminal grand dukes, our neighbors on both sides, or the deceitful islands? In any case it is not we." He then lauds the Fatherland, the mother tongue—it is for these we are fighting, and "Germany is the future of humanity."

"He who in these days sets forth to defend the German hearth, sets forth in a holy fight; he sets forth to a great, incomparable divine service, in which, indeed, no neither prays nor sings, but in which one stakes life itself, this single sweet, beloved life, for the life of a whole nation, a nation which is God's seed-corn for the future."

In a discourse on Sedan day, September 2, he rises to loftier heights. "Once again German soldiers are treading the soil of places rendered famous by the war of 1870-71. Once again German soldiers lie at St. Quentin, preparing, quietly and confidently, for the march on Paris. God writes, indeed, a wonderful history."

"Yes, but so it is, my friends; that glorious feat of arms 44 years ago gives us courage to believe that the German soul is the world's soul, that God and Germany belong to one another."

Here is one from Karl Koenig, the author of "Six War Sermons":

It Is God's Will.

"God does not will the war, but he wills that we, as Germans, shall will freedom, because otherwise we cannot fulfill our great tasks in the service of mankind, and be enabled to become a source of love and light, of truth, virtue and religion. We Germans did not will the war, but we did will and are bound to will freedom. And because they will not let us have it, it was God's will that we should will the war. And thus we carry on the war in God's cause, in the cause of mankind, in the cause of liberty, in the cause of our dear, great Fatherland."—Kansas City Star.

Keeping Dahlias Fresh.
Dahlias will usually keep fresh several days if the stems are thrust into water as hot as the hand can bear and left there until the water cools, they being placed in their regular holders. Of course, the leaves must be stripped from the stem before this is done. The foliage should always be removed from the lower part of all flower stems or it will foul the water in the vases.

LARGE HATS ARE RULE IN FRANCE

Bell Shapes Are Also in High Favor Among Paris Millinery Designers.

BRILLIANT COLORS FEATURED

Black Has Given Way to Brighter Hues, With Red a Favorite—Draped Crown Has Been Generally Adopted.

New York.—The American woman buys the hat to match the frock after the latter has been purchased. The French woman buys the hat first and matches the frock to it, or chooses the two from the same dressmaker and keeps the one costume intact. So goes the criticism of the experts who make a study of the important differences between women's methods of dress in various countries.

No one can deny that our methods of choosing hats have left much to be desired. The usual quota of millinery was one hat for formal wear, one for informal occasions. No matter what the frock, the suit, or the wrap, the hat of the hour was added to it.

When the shops made \$5 hats possible and pretty, then women began to learn the lesson of a completed costume, which is the hat and the frock that go together. Each season, the demand for more hats, per capita has increased, until the newer lesson to be learned is the perfect pose of the hat, the trick of disobeying fashion, if necessary, to bring the hat into harmony with the face. It is not easy, but it can be done.

As a nation, we have gone quite mad over a variety of hats, and we eagerly search for something new and daring. Therefore, I sent over to the source of perfect hats for more information concerning what the smart milliners there were making, and the interesting story received is as follows:

Black Hats Disappear.

The draped crown has been with us off and on for a long time, and now that all the milliners have launched it they mean to try to make the feature a success. The crown rolls over in layers and often renders the hat heavy and old. At the Riviera, where all fashionables have been running, the loose crown is having great success.

The all-black hat has practically disappeared, and the houses which are recognized as leaders in their art show little that is dark. This might be a new idea, were it not that for 1½ years

esque, and they rest low on the head. Sometimes they are garnished with a wide Albatian bow that rests flat across the front; again with a band of rose leaves built up as high as the crown. There is a tendency to employ the uncurled ostrich tip, also aigrettes hunched together and massed all around the crown, the tip-ends fastened to it. As with the other milliners, crowns are high here, but the height is relieved by applications of all sorts—from the trimming with tips to the straw motifs sewed flat against the crown. These latter objects are in circles, scrolls, amonemes.

It was here that the geranium capeau is seen in all its glory, and with



This sleeveless coat cape of Jersey is reseda green in color and the hem of cape is stitched with black. The belt is of black patent leather.

Paris the dark Siberian winter it has been, the gay-colored headgear is attractive. Then the dyes near geranium—flame, cerise, old rose, strawberry—are used, and evidently for the next few months we shall see many varieties of the brilliant red hat. This color takes well in pique straw, in lisere, in brush straw, and in tissues. The hat is not many-hued—that is to say, it is garnished only in its own shade; so to possess a red hat that will be a success there must be but the one single note. I did not see many combinations of colors at Riboux's. Where shades were intermingled it was the case of a colored border only, and this was a dye so soft that it blended finely.

Lewis Features Veils.

Lewis is making smart effects with the veiled hat. This kind of millinery is always alluring, and when Paris last saw it—about 12 years ago, people went mad over it. The veil is of black lace, and is draped over the back of the hat to fall to the neck. Fine mesh is employed, for it is the aim to have the effect as diaphanous as possible, and a veil which was heavy would spoil everything. Sometimes Lewis makes the veil serve as the sole trimming for the hat.

The big capeline is ordered not only for France but American commissionaires are commanding many. The capeline is nothing more than a big, soft hat, loose of crown and soft of brim. Some shapes have ribbon to come over in front and rest under the chin, while others have a loose bride, "the bride," or bridle, has not enjoyed approval here for years, and now that some of the best houses show it, it is probable that it may form part of the spring and summer hat. Strings are charming whether on hat or bonnet, but if the multitude adopt the garish then the woman who does not want to appear like a moving bargain counter will drop the fashion.

Lewis shows a large assortment of big hats. None are particularly dark and all show a brilliant assortment of dyes. A few are tiny, but these are built out with stiff horsehair lace, which in some instances is wired with tiny vines, and the hat is made in almost any line.

Georgette Revives Aigrette.

Georgette shows a fondness for the crown, and this style is especially effective for hats with tailored suits. The crown is in one tone, the brim in another, and the most favored is that of the helix straw crown, the tiny brim of black or navy blue satin or peau de sole. This very quiet effect changes place with the crown of geranium soft straw and brim of black satin. Georgette likes the capeline and she lets the lace flow over the face, and in some examples shows wide soft ribbon brides. The lace capeline at Georgette's is a tulle crown covered in lace, while the brim is lace with the last row hanging over the rim. Black hats of this kind trimmed in groups of colored aigrettes are stunning. The aigrettes are put on in groups of two and three over the brim.

Caroline Reboux shows hats that are immense, not only the wide-brimmed Breton sailor, but a huge hat with a very high crown. These are pictur-

AN INDEPENDENT GIRL

By C. B. LEWIS.

At nine o'clock in the morning Miss Effie Rayl was trimming and tying up a vine at the gate. Along the dusty road which led to the village and the railroad half a mile away came a girl with a suitcase.

"That's Mrs. Roberts' second girl, and she has quit her place," mused Miss Effie, as she caught sight of the traveler.

Miss Effie was cutting and trimming with praiseworthy energy and wondering whether Mrs. Roberts had got angry and discharged Julia or whether Julia had got angry and discharged her mistress, when the suitcase halted at the gate and a snuffing voice said:

"It's all on your account, Miss Rayl!"

"But it can't be. I hardly know Mrs. Roberts, and this is the first time I have ever spoken to you."

"Yes; but she is always criticizing you and I was always standing up for you. That has been the trouble. Every time she has said a word against you I have answered her back and that has kept her mad at me."

"How dare she!"

"Yes, miss; how dare she? I asked her that same question several times."

"And has she had anything more to say?"

"Well, miss, as I am going away, I might as well tell you that she says you never had a beau, can't get one and will probably die an old maid. I must hurry along now or I will miss my train."

Why should Mrs. Roberts criticize Miss Rayl at all? Why have the bad taste to do it to a servant if she felt that she must speak. Miss Effie didn't stop to figure out an answer. Mrs. Roberts hadn't talked. She hadn't criticized. She had discharged the girl for insolence and inefficiency. Julia had got even.

"Are you going for a ride?" asked the mother of Miss Effie came in.

"A short one," was answered.

"You look awfully sober about it."

"And I'll make someone else look sober before I get back."

And she would say no more, but got ready and rode away.

When you arrive at the residence of the woman you are going to lay down the law to, it is due you to make what stage folk call an "entrance." You trip up the walk and the steps and ring the bell, and if it is in the forenoon the lady herself may come to the door. You bow coldly. You look her up and down. In tones to remind her of the North pole, you lead off with:

"Madam, I would like a few words with you!"

Miss Effie was ready to follow this program, but no madam appeared. She rang again. The cook was heard singing "Happy Days" at the rear end of the house, but there was no sight or sound of Mrs. Roberts.

After waiting for five or six minutes, the girl turned away. Of course, she thought, Mrs. Roberts had seen her arrival and her guilty conscience had driven her to hide under a bed. She might escape that way this morning, but there were other days coming!

Miss Effie started down the three or four steps, but missed her footing somehow and pitched head-first into a rose bush. She screamed, of course. That scream brought somebody from the house just as she was picking herself up. That somebody was a young man fair to look upon—Mrs. Roberts' cousin, Archie Shelbourne.

"Ah—beg pardon—so sorry," he exclaimed, as he came forward. "He wanted to see Mrs. Roberts?" he queried.

"Yes!" she gulped.

"So sorry; but she has gone to see about a servant and may not be back until late this afternoon. You came on an errand?"

"But never mind." And Effie walked away without further words.

But the penalty came within two minutes. She climbed into the runabout, but it would not start. She tried again and again.

"Beg pardon, but let me assist you." It was Mr. Shelbourne at the gate. Miss Effie would not answer him. She would not even look his way. After a last desperate but vain attempt to get away in the machine, she stepped from it and headed for home on foot.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Mr. Shelbourne, as he looked after her. The girl reached home to find her hat on the floor and her gloves at the end, and, ignoring the questions of her mother, she locked herself in her room and wept. Four hours later, when she came downstairs, the mother said:

"About an hour after you went upstairs a young man brought your runabout back and put it in the garage and went off without a word. What is the mystery?"

"It got out of order, I guess," was the reply.

Then Mrs. Roberts and her cousin came motoring up, and while she came in he stayed in the machine.

Julia, the discharged servant, had fled like a trooper. It came out after ten minutes' talk, and then things went happily.

"She said that I said you couldn't catch a beau, did she?" queried Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes, something of the sort."

"Why, you have caught one already! Come out and be formally introduced to him!"

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Needs of the Child.

The child needs the kind of food that make blood, bone and muscle so he should always have cereal for breakfast. Cereals are excellent and oats are favorites with a nation noted for its good health, the Scotch. Here is what the doctor says about milk:
"The child may not like milk—he should be encouraged to try it in various ways. The growing child needs milk, all of it, and the skimmed variety does not answer the purpose at all. The fat plays an important part in the development of the little body."

Landing Lights for Aviators

Ingenious System of Signals Adopted by Germans—Assistance to Aviators at Night.

The one great problem of the airplane pilot—namely, making a safe landing at night—appears to have been solved by the Germans in an ingenious manner.

A large white light is placed in the center of the airfield, sunk in a pit in the ground and covered over with a sheet of thick glass to withstand the weight of an airplane should the wheels pass over it. At a distance of about 250 feet from this light, and also sunk in the ground, are four red lights corresponding to the cardinal points of the compass. Each of the red lights

is connected by subterranean cables to a wind vane, mounted on a mast or tower at some convenient point. At night the central light glows constantly, while the red light in the direction of the wind that happens to be blowing also shows, indicating to the pilot the wind conditions where the landing is to be made. It is understood that a system of altering the lights has been devised, so that an aviator has to understand the code in order to know his whereabouts. Thus enemy airmen are thwarted from

ing use of the lights as guides.—Scientific American.

CAPES TAKE PLACE OF COATS

Made of Jersey and Silk and Even of Lace, They Are Seen Everywhere.

A distinct change in fashions is the insistence upon capes instead of topcoats. Mme. Paquin and Mme. Georgette wore these capes in Paris all through the winter and featured them at the spring openings. The house of Cheruit also turned out a goodly number of them, with all the peculiar tricks that belong to this little group of designers.

The only topcoats that the smart houses offer are for sport use, and they are made of colored velvet and stockinet jersey in bold, gay designs. For other hours and purposes, the cape is offered instead of the topcoat. It is of serge lined with figured crepe; it is of satin lined with horizon blue or flaming pink; it is of Chinese blue woven jersey lined with gray, and it is in gray lined with pink, blue or yellow.

A woman will own as many capes as

she once owned sweaters. They not only appear as outdoor garments, but as indoor necessities to house gowns. They are also used for late afternoon and evening wear, indoors, and are of chiffon or net. They are banded with bright materials in the same color, they are lavishly embroidered with beads, silk floss and bullion threads, and again, they are made of chantilly, Spanish, or filet lace, unlined and ungirdled.

Becoming Hats.

Hats are this season particularly lovely, and the fabrics and materials used do much to contribute to their charm. Flexibility characterizes many of the hats, especially those which are made of sports silks, including practically every kind of silk, indeed, of which sports wraps and frocks are made. This means, of course, that it will be comparatively easy to obtain hats that harmonize with the rest of one's garments.