

ferent, stronger teeth, and it reaches the great length of from thirty to forty feet. Its closest affinities, indeed, are with the huge extinct sharks of the cretaceous period, which equalled in size the largest whales. The white shark is perhaps the rarest of all noteworthy sharks, being seldom met with even in the tropics, its natural home; but at intervals stray



AT SALONIKA.

"I can just perceive the end of Ferdinand's nose."
"Oh, if it is only the end the enemy is a long way off!"

—Travasco, Rome.

Individuals find their way into temperate seas. It has been taken once or twice in this latitude, but never within fifty miles of New York City until a specimen was captured off South Amboy on July 14 by Michael Schleisser of the Bronx.

WAR SERMONS

How German Preachers Pull the Wool Over Their Own Eyes

SOCIOLOGICAL inquirers and observers of national thought and character among foreign peoples seldom look to the pulpit for any assistance in their studies. Apparently they think sermons and services so stereotyped and conventional or so obsolete that nothing is to be learned from them. It is a mistake. I have made a practice of attending services and listening to sermons, and I have always learned something. But my worst misjudgments have come from underrating the religious factor in national life and taking it too little into account. In this way Mr. Shadwell introduces an article in the Hibbert Journal.

If one could attend the services in a fair number of German churches now, one would learn more about the German people and their true frame of mind than by visiting the cafes and restaurants of Berlin or Munich, to which the numerous neutrals who tell us all about it in the newspapers seem to confine their attention. One cannot do that, but one can learn something from the sermons preached to ordinary congregations. They embody the ideal set before the people, and one which is judged to be not so high above their heads but that they can take it in and profit by it in some measure.

I have on hand a list of publications containing about fifty sermons preached by some thirty German clergymen at different times during last year. Dealing with the sermons as a whole, I would first observe that a large proportion of them are quite unexceptional in tone. They deal with such subjects as death, sacrifice, duty, faith, kindness, and so on, without any reference to the enemy or any polemics at all.

Broadly speaking, the implicit acceptance of the orthodox official version of the war is the most constant feature of these sermons when they touch upon it. The war is always a purely defensive one, forced on Germany against her will. A few quotations will show the attitude. Pastor Schian, whose sermons are conspicuously high-minded and moderate in tone towards the enemy, discusses the question in the following passages: Our enemies maintain that the German people want to subjugate Europe, and that an intolerable pressure has been for years exercised by Germany on the whole Continent. From this pressure they are bound to free themselves. If that were

so we should now be, with all the service we are rendering, the assistants of a policy of force. But we know that what they say is untrue. We are fighting not for rule, but for our life. Germany has not drawn the sword to curtail the rights of any one; she plunged into war to preserve her own possessions.

He contends that the nation as a whole is serving its members by protecting the frontier population and ensuring its safety. But beyond this he suggests that they are also serving other nations—

Those who, like us, have suffered and are suffering under England's sea-rule. Those who are threatened by Russia's insatiable ambition. Those who have always painfully felt English arrogance and French fanaticism. Yes, perhaps we even serve the enemy themselves. Perhaps the English people will at last be taught by this war no longer to regard themselves as the measure of all things. Perhaps French vanity will at last find correction.

This is the most temperately expressed judgment of Germany's enemies that I have been able to find.

Herr Schullerus denounces the enemy more directly without using any scriptural analogy.

Who are our enemies? What is their aim in forcing conflict upon us? The Serbs—their objective is a national-political end, the State-unity of their race. I will say no more of that here. But how have they sought to attain it? By secret plotting, by fostering high treason, and by murder. The Russians—they put forward the protection of their racial brethren. But their means are lies and deception. The Tsar's word promises peace; his statesmen protest friendship on their word of honour. And meanwhile everything is prepared for a blow. France—for years past they have played there, in a way which can only be described in their own language as frivolous, with the thought of a war of revenge, they have stoked up hate and fury against the German Empire.

Other preachers who allude more briefly and dispassionately to the cause of war all assume that the necessity was forced on Germany in self-defence, and emphasize the good conscience with which she is fighting. Nor is it possible to doubt their good faith. They are, for the most part, simple-minded men who speak from conviction.

Pastor Foerster devotes a whole sermon to the general demoralization of the German people before the war. He plunges straight into this unpalatable theme:

One of the ugliest phenomena of our German life before the war was undoubtedly the mammon-worship prevailing in all circles. It was the painful accompaniment of the prosperity which the German people have achieved in the last decades. A poor nation, which barely covered its own needs by agriculture and paid its State officials and officers salaries proverbially known throughout Europe for their modesty, developed into one which by manufacture and commerce won a large place in the world's market, and year by year gathered accumulating wealth. The transformation proceeded too rapidly not to have a corrupting effect on the public mind. The old simplicity and frugality were replaced in the upper classes by a luxury which was not even in good taste. Social life, still impressively intellectual in Goethe's time, became constantly more materialistic and elegant, the claims on enjoyment ever more unrestrained and dissolute.

Pastor Oculi is preaching on driving out evil spirits, and suggests that the storm of war is in a sense a driving out of devils on a great scale.

Only we must understand it aright. We hear and talk a great deal about the diabolical forces, the evil spirits, which are at work among our enemies, in the pious English, the frivolous French, the savage Russians. But do not let us forget ourselves. Just as the prophet (Jeremiah) was bidden to hold out the cup of judgment, but first of all to the people of Jerusalem, so must we submit ourselves honestly and straightforwardly to the divine judgment, recognize and fight against the evil spirits that plague us, and open our hearts to the good spirit from above, who will cleanse and heal us.

SPIES AND SNIPERS

Observations of an American Fighting for John Bull

WHILE serving with the British army, Wm. J. Robinson has some interesting adventures with spies. He recounts them in "World's Work," as follows:—

During the year of 1915 so many spies were caught in the area occupied by our Corps that many of the fellows developed the "spy mania," and to them every one dressed in civilian clothes or who was

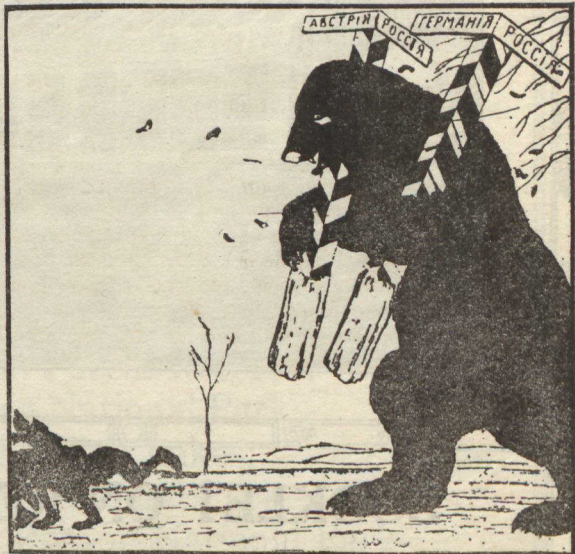
peculiar in any way became the object of suspicion. In a way they could not be blamed, for we caught spies in all guises. Men dressed as women, women dressed as men, Germans in British, French, or Belgian uniform; we even caught them dressed as priests!

Soon after I returned from England we had a very hot time in which the Germans broke through our line in one place. We rushed supports up, though, and the Germans were soon driven back and the breach closed again. After this we began to catch spies wholesale. Conditions became so serious and these spies so numerous that measures were taken to round these people up. It was decided to close our lines entirely for a period of twenty-four hours. During this time sentries were to be placed at short intervals along all roads. They were to stop everybody regardless of what uniform he wore or what rank he held. Special passes were issued which were good only during the twenty-four hours the lines were closed, but regular passes were worthless unless presented with the special pass. Besides all the sentries along the roads there were patrols out also. Everybody was to be stopped and those who were not provided with the special pass were to be placed under arrest, brought in, and examined. All these arrangements were made with the greatest secrecy, and, when everything was in readiness, orders were issued that, from 9 p.m. of one day until 9 p.m. of the next, all men not on duty were to remain in the billet area and men on duty were to make sure that they had in their possession pass number "so and so."

The first I knew of what was happening was when I was warned for special duty on the afternoon of the day the roads were to be closed. I was told to report to the office of the Assistant Provost Marshal at 8 p.m., and to have the dispatch car I was driving prepared for a long journey. I knew nothing of what was happening nor did any but those in charge of the affair. At eight o'clock, I reported myself and found that there were several other dispatch cars there besides my own. The Assistant Provost Marshal told us what to do, gave us each a certain area to cover, and warned us to let no one pass us without giving a satisfactory account of himself. We were to fly the Army Corps flag on our cars, but if any sentry challenged us we were to stop and show the special pass.

I had an area of about three square miles to cover, and I started out expecting plenty of excitement. Mile after mile I covered without seeing any one but sentries and occasionally a cavalry patrol. I arrived back at my starting point without having even challenged anybody. I prepared myself for an uneventful, monotonous night, and began to realize that patrolling country for spies is not as exciting as it sounds.

On my second trip I had better luck. I was more than half way back to camp when, as I swung my car around a curve, my headlights showed the figures of two men leaving the road. I yelled at them, and, turning on the searchlight on the side of the car, kept them right in the glare of it. They were running now, and I shouted again, but as they showed



Merely Changing the Map.

—From Strekoza, Petrograd.

no intention of heeding my challenge, I sent two shots from my revolver after them. They stopped then all right, so, keeping the light still on them, I ordered them to come back to the road. This they did, but rather reluctantly I thought. Getting out of my car I had them come right up into the full glare of the headlights. They were British "Tom-mies." I asked them what regiment they belonged to and they told me they belonged to the Royal Sus-