

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel; 'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free. While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

THE WAR'S GREATEST SPEECH.

"Lafayette, We Are Here."

"Lafayette, we are here!" By all France, this simple, unaffected utterance of General Pershing at the tomb of Lafayette proclaimed the great inspired oration of the war.

How it came to win instant place with the famed sayings of history—how it stirred and strengthened a nation's faltering soul were told with vivid force by a hero of the Marne—Lieutenant Paul Perigord, of the French Army—at the Speakers' Bureau meeting in the Hall of the Union League last month.

A slender figure was the Lieutenant in his steel blue uniform of the line, so colorfully reminiscent of Marne battle-smoke. And just as battle-smoke cloaks the flash and thunder of the guns, so, too, his tunic of battle-smoke blue enveloped fire and force—the fire of ardent patriotism and the force of dramatic oratory. An audience swaying from tears to laughter and back again to tears testified to the emotional appeal of Lieutenant Perigord's recital.

His putting aside the robes of priesthood to rejoin the colors, his desperate wounds, his five decorations for valor on the field of honor, his presence as the "living voice of the fighting man from the front," all were themes of a masterly introduction by Chairman Pepper. It was an introduction that prepared the big audience for thrills. And the thrills were forthcoming. Lieutenant Perigord's remarks made all the more effective by the savor of native French that clung to his words.

Here is the story he told—the manner of the telling cannot be reproduced: "I am the smallest man on this platform tonight, and I have just been very bold. I have made all the few minutes so I could tell him what I have on my heart, and this is what I have on my heart:

"I have wished, while the Secretary was speaking, that his voice could carry so far that every one of my boys—every one of the boys of the infantry, with whom I have lived for three long years, in mud and blood—might hear his words. And then I have wished that the boys of the British army might have heard him. Could your words have carried so far, Mr. Secretary, five million boys fighting for our liberty would be trying to shake your hand for these sentiments.

"This war has meant loss of blood and money and sacrifice to us boys. We are the boys who are going over the top, who live in mud and dirt, under gas, steam, and fire. These are the men who should hear you say that self-sacrifice is going to win this war. Ah, yes! tonight the boys of France, England, and Italy are thankful to you, sir, for I know they shall hear of these words. For there will be less blood shed and there will be victory for us all because of those words.

"If I have ever wished for eloquence, my friends, I have wished for it now. I am not a speaker, I am only a poor soldier, and a very tired soldier at that. But, whatever I have I give willingly, and I shall only speak to you out of the fullness of my heart, not looking for eloquence of human wisdom. And, of course, the first thing I must do is to repeat for you what France has proclaimed to be the best speech of the war. After hearing your Secretary, tonight, I believe I should say the two best speeches of the war.

"When General Pershing came to France and visited the tomb of Lafayette; when he arrived there the French people and the French officers expected a great oration.

"But the striking figure of your General—your typical great soldier—bent low as if to greet the silent spirit that lay beneath the stone and he whispered, 'Lafayette, we are here.' My friends, do you know what that meant to France? Do you understand why we salute that speech?"

"I come from the Middle West and, before leaving again for the Middle West, I want to say that some one has expressed the fear that the West is not perhaps quite awakened. My friends, there are two lines of defense, the first and the second. The first line of defense on the Eastern front has collapsed; the Western has not—be sure of that. I have my boys there, and I am going to them shortly, and that company has not lost one foot of ground since the battle of the Marne, when they retreated on orders.

And I know they are not going to lose one foot of ground.

"What is the second line of defense? I know now that the Western front here in this country is going to hold. I have seen a most wonderful thing. I have seen the soul of these States—Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri,—and there is there a wonderful miracle taking place. A new soul is being born, and the Western front of the second line of defense is going to hold. I know it is going to make up largely for the collapse of the Eastern front of the first line.

"Well, my friends, I will detain you but a very short time because I know you want to go home. But make this little sacrifice: Just you imagine you are in the trenches and you have got to stay for a while. I know you will expect a little story of me. I have very few stories, because a soldier does not know very much about the war. But there is one I am going to tell you.

"NEW USE FOR PESTS. "You know we cannot keep very clean in the trenches, and when we go back to rest we are seldom alone. We bring a lot of company that comes to us unexpectedly in the trenches. At the beginning of the war the officials were alarmed at that state of things, and they decided to take the boys who had them and send them for a few days to a 'de lousing' hospital.

"When that first group of boys came back they had the most interesting report. They were well taken care of, and had slept in beds. This is the utmost luxury for a soldier. I have not slept in a bed more than fifty times during the last three years. So they came back with wonderful stories about the treatment they had received, and all the boys wanted to go.

"But those who did not have them could not go, and would say to the ones that did have them, 'Have you got any?' (Laughter). And if they said 'yes,' the next question would be, 'Can you give me a couple?' (Laughter).

"Of course you would think it was easy to find a couple, but it is not. And so the boy who was fortunate to have a couple would say, 'I am not giving them away, I am selling them.' (Laughter). So you see, you never thought that a Frenchman could make business out of such a product.

"I am bringing you the warmest greetings of the French army, that body of valorous officers and men who have fought and bled for three long years from a thousand wounds, and who have lost three million boys. Their children are looking longingly to this Republic without uttering a word of complaint. But they have felt a great fear that this sacrifice might be in vain.

"But, behold! one beautiful morning a new flag came out of the trenches, its colors well known. It was red, white, and blue, with stars within its fold. And the voices of a down-trodden people along the Atlantic, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean arose in tones of happiness. Those voices came from France, England, Italy, Australia, and every corner of the world where liberty-loving people, speaking love and greeting to you, the American people. And it is the echo of that voice that I bring you tonight, my friends.

FAITH IN THE FLAG.

"When I left New York in the early part of August, 1914, one of my old teachers of the University of Columbia gave me a small American flag. He said, 'Take it, my friend, thousands will follow you soon.' He was one of those men who had a clear vision of the future. He knew that was to be no ordinary war between two races or nations, but a mighty conflict between two different interpretations of national dignity and international justice. But the flag he had promised did not come soon, and when the officers of the allied armies inquired, 'Well, what of the United States?' I always answered, 'Be patient, they are coming.' For I had studied and labored amongst them, and I knew the day they would see light they would be with us. And I was not disappointed.

"The little flag that was given me I kept with me. I treasured it lovingly, and I brought it through all the great battles of this war. And I assure you, my friends, I never lost confidence in the glorious Stars and Stripes and the principles it represented.

"But I am bringing you more than the war greetings of the French army; I am bringing to the American people the warmest embrace of the whole French nation. Do you know how much France loves the United States? France looks upon this nation as her spiritual child. You know her history. France always rushes to the aid of the nation for the cause of freedom. She is always ready to shed her blood for Christianity and civilization. So when the most terrific conflict the world has ever seen was begun, she proceeded to carry out that plan.

"She sprung forth and rushed into the frontiers and isolated cities and exposed the breasts of her children to the sabers of tyrants, endeavoring to stop the criminal practices of war. But, my friends, France had been dreaming dreams, even as you have been dreaming them, and she was un- duly prepared for this mighty conflict. And this living wall crumbled down under thousands of thousands of machine guns and monster engines of destruction. And you sat aghast and wondered, 'Was Prussia to destroy the liberties of mankind?' But no! It seems that God heard the prayer of all the liberty-loving nations, and then took place the most wonderful miracle of all ages.

JOFFRE'S GREAT MESSAGE.

"Broken in heart and spirit, we heard that wonderful message from our great General, Marshall Joffre: 'My boys, my boys, the retreat is over now. It is victory or death! And indeed it was death—death for many, for thousands. The rivers of France were red with the blood of her children. But, my friends, a victory for France was a victory for you all, a victory for the whole world. It was the dawn of the day the sun of which will never set.

"As for the boys you are sending over there, don't worry about them.

endured in its three long years of war. While England and Russia were preparing for war news came of the violation of Belgium, her northern cities destroyed, her treasures ruined, women ravished, young children taken into slavery, her whole civil population led into bondage and made to work against their will, children and mothers murdered, and fathers fighting with their boys dying on the same battlefield. We have that same thing in the French army.

HER ALL FOR FRANCE.

"I will never forget, my friends, the day our regiment was stopping at a small village and our colonel asked us to give a parade for the benefit of the citizens. It was my privilege to carry the flag on that day. Suddenly a woman came and knelt at my feet, raised the corner of the flag lovingly to her lips and kissed it, and buried her face within its folds. The colonel came and said, 'What is it, mother?' She handed him a letter. That letter contained notice of the death of her fourth son and the last child. She was a widow. And then she said, 'I have given all to France, her flag is my only love. How proud I am of my flag!'

"That is the spirit which is going to win the war, my friends. You have heard a good deal about the mud, fire, soil and blood in which the soldiers live, and I know they are bad enough. But you have not heard enough about the love, the courage and physical agony—endured by the women of France. The women in France have not only worked in the trenches, but have filled the factories. When they get home at night, they sit down and write, 'My child, my beloved one, be strong, be brave.' And do you know what they do with these letters? They put them in the trenches, and they are there for the boys to find. I hope you will never know. Do you know, my friends, what it is that has helped France most in this mighty struggle? You might think it was victory, glorious as it is. But no!

"Here I must pay tribute to England, England has not always been our friend. We fought many a fight with England, but it was always a chivalrous fight. England was our gentle enemy. Well, my friends, surely a Frenchman would be the last man in the world to forget Ireland. But today I must say England stands a four-square defender of liberty for all nations. As to the Irish people, we love them, we love them! We have always looked upon them as brothers of France—the good Celtic family, our family.

When the first boys in khaki came, the attention given them by the French mothers made their boys jealous. The boys in France have never been so well received in our capital cities as have the boys you are sending over. Some will stay. I hope it will not be too many of them. Remember, the number will depend upon your loyalty and support, but it will not be many. Let me say to the fathers and mothers of your boys that the French mothers, with empty hearts, will take the place of their mothers."

Russia Sets the Pace in Giving Women the Vote.

Suffrage is universal in Russia," explains Charles Edward Russell, back from Russia with the American Commission and reporting his experiences in Hearst's Magazine.

"I mention this fact once more in the hope (probably vain) that I may gain some attention for it. I don't know why the world has elected to dwell forever on Russian anarchy that never existed and calmly ignore the Russian progress that has been so great and so veritable. The moment the wormy old structure of imperialism fell over there was but one thought in the mind of everybody, and that was universal adult suffrage. Nobody opposed it; everybody was for it—instinctively. The worst old troglodyte in all Russia had not a single growl in him about home as the place for women, about the degrading influence of the ballot, or the terrors of the ignorant vote.

"Compare, then, our own exalted achievements on these lines. After fifty years of ceaseless campaigning we have won in America full suffrage for women in nine States and part suffrage for women in three or four others. After sixty years of argument and five years of what was really civil war, the English suffragists have won too a sight of a part of the justice they demanded. In Russia, suffrage for women was achieved in a moment and without discussion. It was taken as a matter of course. To the Russian mind democracy meant democracy; it didn't mean a fake argument under which one-half of the population was denied any share in the government that governed them.

Order Fertilizer Early, Advises College Expert.

The fertilizer problem should be given immediate attention by Pennsylvania farmers, advises E. L. Worthen, of the agronomy department of The Pennsylvania State College.

There need be no hesitancy in ordering the normal amount of fertilizing materials. Although fertilizer prices are high they are proportionately lower than those of farm produce. The rate of application of plant-food should be increased rather than diminished.

There is an opportunity for great saving in the more intelligent purchase of fertilizers. Acid phosphate, bonemeal, or rock phosphate can, in most cases, be profitably substituted for the high-priced mixed materials. Farm manure should be conserved and applied judiciously in order to furnish costly nitrogen and potash in mixed costs.

Acid phosphate can be purchased for about \$20 a ton f. o. b. Baltimore. It contains nearly twice as much phosphate as the ordinary mixed fertilizer. At this price we cannot afford, either from the standpoint of business or patriotism, to keep down yields for want of this plant-food.

Fertilizer prices will not go down in the near future. Freight is moving slowly at best. Let us help ourselves as well as aid in reducing additional freight congestion in the spring by ordering fertilizers now.

A Troublesome Carpet.

A member of the diplomatic corps at Washington tells a story of a Persian who came to the United States on a special mission.

Among those who entertained him was a wealthy American, who invited the Oriental to his country house. On the morning of the guest's arrival the American visited him in his apartment, and was astonished to see him hopping about the floor in the strangest way imaginable. The host ventured to ask the reason for this curious action. The Persian replied:

"You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so I am obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing."

The Wonders of Cookery.

A new pupil in the cooking school sat at the instructor's desk copying recipes from cards. She wrote busily for some time and then approached a fellow student and asked wonderingly:

"Do we have to have all these things to make fruit punch?" Her card read: "Fruit Punch.—2 lbs. powdered sugar, 12 lemons, nutmegs, paprika, tarragon vinegar, 2 heads of lettuce, raisins, buttermilk.

It appeared that she had copied the teacher's grocery memorandum for the next day.—Youth's Companion.

Esther Cleveland Engaged to British Army Captain.

London.—The engagement is announced of Esther, daughter of Grover Cleveland, to Captain Bosanquet, of the Cold Stream Guards. Captain Bosanquet, a son of Sir Albert Bosanquet, has been decorated with the distinguished service order.

Miss Cleveland came to London in June of last year after having qualified as a nurse and instructor of the blind and took up work as a volunteer at St. Dunstan's Home for Blind Soldiers.

More Trying Position.

Newrich (to prospective butler)—A hundred dollars a month? Why, that's all I pay my bookkeeper. Butler—But 'e doesn't 'ave to associate hevery day with your family over there, don't worry about them.

Health and Happiness

"Mens sana in corpore sano"

"Public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of the country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."—Disraeli.

At the beginning of last year it was announced that under the headlines "Health and Happiness" the "Watchman" would publish a systematic series of articles intended to arouse interest and induce careful thought on subjects of vital importance to every individual.

Happiness is the universal goal of mankind and while philosophers and poets, from time immemorial, have attempted to tell how it may be attained the advice of Elbert Hubbard, "If you don't find HAPPINESS in your work, you won't find it," seems the simplest and sanest exposition yet offered.

"The delight of work, of doing the work well that one is best fitted for, is hard to beat" says another writer and the great Rodin exclaims "How much happier humanity would be if work, instead of being a means of existence, were its end!"

But without health work is impossible: therefore to be happy we must first learn how to be healthy. This is a duty not only to ourselves but to our State and Nation for as Socrates, the Wise Man of Ancient Greece, expressed it: "No citizen has a right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training. It is a part of his profession as a citizen to keep himself in good condition and ready to serve his State at a moment's notice."

In Switzerland it is considered more or less of a disgrace to be found unfit for duty and the temperate, healthy, open-air life among the Swiss has produced a wonderfully sturdy physique, not the least of the assets of this little country and one that has doubtless gone far to make an effective insurance against attack by her powerful military neighbors.

A healthy State requires a healthy citizenry and to aid in securing physical well-being and the public health—for public health is merely individual health in the aggregate—this series was undertaken and will be continued through the coming year. The articles thus far published may be grouped as follows:

GROUP I Eugenic. How to Have Better Children.—Cleveland Moffet.

GROUP II Diseases—Their Cause and Prevention. As a fitting preface to this subject, the advice given to one of his patients by Dr. Charles K. Mills, Professor of Neurology at the University of Pennsylvania, was quoted, "Never go to the point of fatigue for if you do you are breaking down and not building up tissue."

Nov. 24, 1916—Take as Much Care of Your Body as You Do of Your Furnace and You'll Ward off Disease and Eliminate Operations.—Maxwell Lauterman, M. D.

Feb. 2, 1917—The Necessity for Cleanliness.

Feb. 9, 1917—How to Prevent Colds in the Head from Becoming Dangerous Diseases.

Feb. 16, 1917—Hygiene of the Mouth How to Help Prevent Decay of the Teeth.

Feb. 23, 1917—Bad Teeth and Their Effect on the Laboring Man's Efficiency.

March 2, 1917—Five Cases of Tuberculosis and Their Probable Origin.

March 9, 1917—Cancer.

March 16, 1917—Notes from the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

April 6 and 13, 1917—Diphtheria: Its Cause and Prevention.

April 20, 1917—Care of Diphtheria in the Home.

Aug. 10, 1917—Sunstroke and Summer Complaint.

Oct. 12, 1917—The Danger of Poisoning from Vegetables Canned by the Cold-Pack Method.

Scientific Nutrition.

May 18, 1917—Balanced Rations.

July 27 and Aug. 3, 1917—How to Regulate Your Weight.

Aug. 3, 1917—Eat Wisely.

Sept. 21, 1917—Family Balanced Ration.

GROUP IV The Relation of Bacteria to Milk.

Aug. 17, 1917—Bacterial Content of Milks Supplied to Bellefonte.

Aug. 24, 1917—How the Number of Bacteria in Milk is Determined. What are Bacteria?

Aug. 31 and Sept. 7, 1917—Environmental Influences Upon Bacteria.

Sept. 28, 1917—Sources of Bacteria in Milk.

Oct. 5, 1917—Influence of Temperature Upon the Growth of Bacteria in Milk.

Oct. 26, 1917—Effect of Bacteria Upon Milk.

Nov. 9, 1917—Relation of Disease Bacteria to Milk.

Nov. 23, 1917—Preservation of Milk and the Significance of the Bacterial Count.

Dec. 7, 1917—Pasteurization of Milk.

ON THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"The Secret of Happiness is not in Satisfying your Wants, but in changing them," writes Dr. Frank Crane in Hearst's Magazine.

"Satiety is the Great Delusion. Getting what we want does not bring happiness. The real joy of the Spirit of Man is in Development, in rising ever to higher planes. The Soul is not to be filled, as a bucket, it is to be unfolded, as a bud. The only Satisfaction of Life is more Life.

No Room for Choice.

First Little Girl.—Your papa and mamma are not real parents. They adopted you.

Second Little Girl.—Well, that makes it all the more satisfactory. My parents picked me out and yours had to take you just as you came.—Exchange.

Playing it on Father.

She.—Papa says he will pay half the cost of furnishing a house for us. He.—But how about the other half? She.—Don't be a goose! Of course we'll pick out a lot of nice things, get papa's check for half of the bill, and then go back and select things only half as expensive.

"And, to state the proposition more concretely, the Happiness of Man comes not from Without but from Within.

"Anarcharis, by some reckoned as one of the Seven Wise Men, stated it: 'A man's felicity consists, not in the outward and visible favors and blessings of Fortune, but in the inward and unseen perfections and riches of the mind.'

"That is the Great Truth, perhaps the Greatest of Truths.

"That is what Buddha discovered when he sat under the Bo Tree and received the Illumination. Not the Sating of Desire, but the Rising to purer and higher desires, is the answer to the Soul's Riddle.

"That is the gist of what today we call New Thought.

"That is the dynamic that underlies the Christian Science movement.

"That is the essence of Christianity, as expressed by its founder: 'Except ye be converted, ye cannot see the Kingdom.'

"Circus Feats" on Fighting Lines.

Every day at the front all manner of what in peace time would be regarded as "circus tricks" are performed as necessary measures of safety in the presence of hostile machines. With a view of illustrating their bearing upon aerial fighting methods, and alike upon the conquest of the air, I may now describe in detail the chief variations from ordinary straightway flying, says Charles L. Freeston in January Scribner. Let us first take the feat, well known on every flying exhibition ground, of "looping the loop."

A Hun pilot, we will suppose, has succeeded owing to a misty atmosphere, in dropping behind an Allied machine, and the pilot of the latter hears at close quarters the unwelcome "tack-tack-tack" of a machine gun. If he is not "winged" there are many things he may do, but we will suppose that he "loops the loop," and meanwhile the oncoming machine passes beneath him. The position of affairs is thereby reversed; the Allied machine is now "sitting on the tail" of the Hun, and may get in a vital shot. It may be, on the other hand, that the Allied pilot has engaged a Hun in a direct attack, and each may have an observer with a swivel. Either pilot may elect to loop in order to pass under the enemy machine, and thus provide a fair mark for his observer from below.

A variant on the original loop is the sideways loop. In order to get out of the line of fire as speedily as possible, in case of being attacked en masse, the pilot swings aside and loops with a rolling motion instead of in a vertical circle. This is a very useful expedient for the pilot of a single-seater, who has only his wits and skill to depend upon, whether for attack or defense.

The tail slide is frequently employed for the same purpose—that of causing the enemy to overshoot the mark and so effect a reversal of the positions. The pilot elevates his machine just as if he were beginning a loop, but instead of turning over and completing the circle, he allows the machine to "stall" itself when at a steep forward angle. It does not actually slide backward on its tail; as soon as it is "stalled" the machine is allowed to fall by the head and the pilot dives. The enemy has meanwhile passed overhead.

There is yet another remarkable feat which has been evolved as a result of war-time experience, namely, the "spinning dive," and nothing perhaps could illustrate more forcibly the extent to which the skilled pilot has assumed the mastery of the air. Circumstances may render it desirable for a machine to drop as directly as possible either to avoid an attack or in order to reach a particular point below. An ordinary glide would carry the machine way past the objective, while even a plain nose dive would involve a certain amount of drift during the descent, as very few pilots care to dive in a strictly vertical line. The pilot, therefore, imparts a rotary action to the machine, and falls vertically in consequence. No absolute uniform method of putting a machine into a spin is practiced, but after discussing the subject with many fighting pilots I may state that the commonest method is as follows: The pilot first pulls his "joystick" right back, and then, by operating the elevator at its steepest angle, soon "stalls" the machine, i. e., deprives it of its flying speed. It then automatically settles down by the head, but, instead of letting it merely "nose dive," the pilot still keeps his elevator up and at the same time operates the ailerons of the opposite wing. Some pilots would use the rudder before diving, and others would not use the ailerons at all while stalling the machine. In any case, the elevator becomes a rudder when the machine is vertical. It therefore sets up a spin, and falls in a series of gyrations that to the uninitiated would appear to represent the ultimate limit of "uncontrollability." As a matter of fact, however, the pilot has only to put his control in the neutral position for the machine to right itself, provided he has room enough.

The amount of fall that is obligatory before the machine will automatically recover from its spin depends upon the weight and design of the particular aeroplane concerned. It may be a question of 3,000 feet or as little as 100 feet on the most suitable type; the lighter the machine the quicker will be the recovery. Only a very badly designed machine would fail to right itself.

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