FRIDAY EVENING,

wonders if by some instinct the re-frain from old Civil War days welld up in "Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee," putting in the backround the syncopations of "Over There." Whatever it was, we can trust the Globe's, words that "the spirit of America was in the songs that came from the sinking ship, rather than in imprecations against the foe that strikes in the dark and

that came iform the sining earlier rather than in imprecipions against the foe that strikes in the dark and wreaks his fury on women and chil-dren." The Globe goes on in a nobly impassioned strain: "The songs that rose from the flooding decks of the Tuscania are echoing in the hearts of a hun-dred million Americans, cheering them on to redoubled effort. Not in hymns of hate shall our feelings find expression. Not in vain threats. Not in cries for vengeance. But as we, too, begin to feel the wounds of the treacherous enemy of mankind the song that rose to the lips of our sons facing death shall swell our hearts with the love of honor, of liberty, of justice that alone makes war glorious, that dis-pels all doubts, that makes life and possessions dear to us only for what they count in the battle for victory. "Over the crushed bodies of our soldiers dashed upon the rocks of the Irish coast we consecrate all that we are, all that we have, to the cause of man for which our fathers raised the standard our armies fight under in France. Of those that have fallen as men fall it is our part to be worthy, Cheering each other, they went to their deaths; cheering each other, we must bear their deaths, and, counting not the cost, so serve that their deaths may not be in vain. Unhastily, unskillfully, we took up the burden laid upon us. Unangrily, unfearfully, we must carry it, determined only that we will fight as those fight that know their strength and the justice of their quarrel. "They samg of America, those that enguifed them. So let us that stand upon the shores take up their song, so let us still live to honor them that have fallen, and to carry on cheer-fully, wisely, thoroughly, the strug-sole in which ungrudgingly they gave their lives." The singing of the army will be one of the inspiring chapters in the *****

Ele⁵in which ungrudgingly they gave their lives." The singing of the army will be one of the inspiring chapters in the history of the war. Changes have already come about. The British Army is less of a singing force than it was in the early days. There is not so much singing of route songs, says E. B. Osborn, in The II-lustrated London News, as there used to be when the troops were be-ing moved up into the forward sec-tions of the fighting-zone. The offi-cer who provides this information insists that the ine edge of morale has been blunted. But changes of personnel have come over the Army:

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The men are as good as ever they were—better, perhaps, now that were the conscripted recruits are be-oming wary veterans and the iron determination of the whole great protherhood is tempered to steel, but it was the Tommy of the old Army—who is now no more—and the Reservists who were so fond of singing and whistling when on the road or in billets as to surprise even the gay, gallant pollus who have in-herited such a store of quaint marching chanties—many of them closely resembling the counting-out chymes used in children's games. The Territorials who had had camp holl-lays were also a tuneful race. "But the multitudes that arrived ater on, taken out of industrial oc-upations which were always being speeded up, had been worked too hard all their lives to acquire the habit of open-air singing. The mod-ern factory or warehouse or shop has no use for chanties; the wheels of our vast industrial mechanism idve not ground out a single joyous folk-song. The successors of the ferritorials only knew the choruses of a few popular musical songs; und their junior officers—the ma-orly men accustomed to the silent, ngrossing toil and moil of business ite—could teach them mothing bet-Jority men accustomed to the silent, engrossing toil and moil of business life—could teach them nothing bet-ter, as a rule. Such officers and men look on war as a business rather than as a sport—the game of games—and there can be no doubt that their point of view makes for a higher degree of efficiency in the end. The picturesque side of war-fare has vanished forever; the late Tvor Campbell (that new Stevenson in becoming who fell on the road to Kut, after serving in France with his fellow clansmen) spoke salutary truth when he defined modern war as 'organized boredom,' and said he felt its incessant drudgery in his very bones. So the men of the New Armices will march songless for hours and miles—just as they walk-ed aforetime to the dour day's work through the dim, echoing streets of brough the dim, echoing streets of still-slumbering industrial cities.

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