National Anthem Cannot Be Made at Will; It Must Rise From the Soul

In a leading editorial the New York Sun recently made bold to tackle the hitherto waged over "The Star-Spangled Banner" and to champion its worthiness. It admirably pleads its case on the following points:

"From time to time we hear criticisms of our national anthem. It is alleged by the many who know what they like that the tune 'goes too high' and that everybody does not like the words. The few who know all about art insist that the music and the words measured by artistic standards, are alike unworthy to express the soul of a great nation. In all these criticisms there may well be a good deal of truth. But as against them we have two certain and simple facts which criticism is powerless to remove. The first is that 'The Star Spangled Banner' was written a century ago; the second is that it has unfalteringly identified with our patriotism ever since.

"There are, perhaps, unfortunately, certain things which no amount of money and brains and energy can produce promptly at will. You can not improvise a tradition or a river. You can not, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, grow a beard in a night. Neither can 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' achieve a religion or a nation or a hymn. The most that can be done in haste is to begin these things.

"Their growth requires, whether we like it or not, the deliberate efforts of time and circumstance. There might be in the country a score of composers, any of whom, given a happy inspiration, could make the melody we need. There may be several poets, who, feeling the American spirit and abstaining from verbal perversity, could form that feeling into a poem.

"But suppose now the perfect song were written, great enough and popular enough to fulfill our whole desire. Suppose it were as fine in all these elements as the 'Marseillaise' even so, before it became national in any sense it would have to be rationally loved and sung. And you can not people in music, but you can not make them sing. Then it would have to become hallowed with many memories and to wed with the associations of an unforgettable past, of heroism and devotion.

"Let us by all means write our patriotic hymns. Then we shall have to watch and wait; and some day, perhaps, one of them may come to mean something to us. Meanwhile, we shall have plenty of such mushroom popularities as 'Over There' and 'Tipperary' and 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag,' and mushrooms are perfectly good and wholesome food. As for 'The Star Spangled Banner,' that represents fairly slowly improved modern taste. It will be best that our nation of the last 100 years has been capable of appreciating. Its successor will have to do more than merely represent our present taste. It will have to be recognized and appreciated, which is a matter of happy chance. And it will have to take on tradition; which is a matter of time."

Lee Caldwell on a Twister

Khaki First Used by British Troops in India; Color Safe

Some years ago, in India, a company of English troops grew weary of exposing themselves in white cotton uniforms to the fire of the enemy snipers. So they adopted nature's good old law of protective coloring and dashed their uniforms with mud from the banks of the sluggish streams.

Those who direct the affairs of the army in India heard of this cannonade and proceeded to make some interesting experiments. What they discovered evidently pleased them, for eventually a uniform of this color as a standard was adopted for all the troops in active service in the east. Khaki, the name given the color of the new uniforms, is the Hindu word for muddy. While the original khaki was cotton, the soldiers campaigning in France wear wool of this muddy gray-brown color.

The mud-colored tinge is not obtained by immersing the piece of woven material in a bath of khaki dye and then cutting up the fabric to be made into uniforms.

The regulation color is purely and simply the result of the skillful blending of wools. No fewer than eight distinct colors enter into the preparation of our khaki, some of which, when seen individually have a very vivid tinge, such as a brilliant red and a brigh orange. It is the cunning combination of these colors which produces the ultimate mud tone.

Friendship at the Front Carries Its Grief

BY MISS GLADYS McINTYRE.
Salvation Army Doughgirl in France.
(Written for the United Press.)

WITH THE AMERICAN BOYS AT THE FRONT.—Friendships are a big problem. At least, they are out here on the front. It's hard to keep from letting your interest in people worry you.

It has been harder than usual for us, I think, because our acquaintances are continually changing. Troops are always on the move and we have stayed quite a long time in each of the locations we were in. So we were never with any regiment permanently, usually just long enough to make a bunch of good friends from whom we hated to part.

We have almost decided that it doesn't pay to make friends. Not that they are not wonderful to have and a lot of joy, but that it is so hard to see them go, especially when you know the danger they are in all the time.

It's strange the way we make friends out here, anyway. When a new outfit comes in town, we are always feeling as though the bottom has dropped out of things, naturally, because our old friends have pulled out the night before. Then a few of the new ones will drop around the kitchen, and ask if there is anything they can do to help us.

That is where friends are first made usually, in the kitchen or at the wood pile. Sometimes it's over the stove, where the boys ask us to let them dip doughnuts. Then there is usually a gradual growth without any effort on anyone's part, and some acquaintances become friends and others just stay acquaintances.

The Home-Folky Sort.

Usually it's the home-folky sort that comes around and makes friends. They usually want to talk, and it seems to do them good just to get stories told to some one. We always like to listen. It never takes them long to come around to the girls they left behind, and they always tell us of them.

You cannot help liking these chaps who want to talk of their sweethearts They're always devoted, and they carry pictures with them, which they always like to show. It is interesting to see the kinds of girls they have all picked out, and they are never just what you expect.

These men usually take a big brotherly interest in us and their attention is sometimes amusing. I've had as many as five lectures from different "big brothers" in one day, all of them keen to advise us.

Lots of Advice.

Usually, these "big brthers" tell us to go home. They say it is no place for us, so near the lines, though they all tell us how much they enjoy having us there, and how much they like doughnuts. But they would rather have us home, they say, and get along without doughnuts.

But we think otherwise. We want to stay.

When we left our old division we thought we had lost all the friends we had on this side of the world. If we were ever discouraged, it was then. Irene and I were both enthusiastic to get a new hut started, but we could not forget the friends we had left, and who were to go soon to a far more dangerous part of the line.

We still miss them terribly, but a very few days have shown us there are prospective "big brothers" everywhere. We had scarcely moved into our new quarters when the most fatherly gray-haired old colonel you ever saw came in to see us. He offered us any help at his command and comes in twice every day to see that all is going well. He is almost too fatherly in the way he hovers over us, for he puts restrictions on where we can go. But they are for our good, and we appreciate his interest. A sergeant soon turned up with a wife at home and a faculty for house-work, and "big brothers" are growing in number. Americans are pretty generally of the "big brother" type, we have found.

Touching Scenes When Old Sergeant Major Finds Son and Nephew Blind

LONDON.—(By Mail.)—Eagle Hut was crowded as usual the other night when a grizzled veteran in the uniform of the Second London Scottish Regiment made his way to the desk and asked the 'Y' secretary in charge if there was any one from Boston in the building. Before he joined the colors Sergeant Major J. Ripple had lived in Boston, and he yearned for a sight of some one from the New England metropolis.

Over in one corner of the room two young men sat in earnest conversation. Both had been blinded on the Marne and one of them, George Arthur Sugden, had returned from a German prison camp after eight months to seek his cousin, Vincent Francis Ripple, a sergeant in the 21st Canadian Rifles, in which both had enlisted soon after the war broke out. By chance they had come together under the hospitable Y. M. C. A. roof and were busily engaged in having a real reunion when the "Y" man shouted through a megaphone:

"Is there any one here from Boston? A veteran who hails from Boston wants to see some one from home."

"Here! Here!" came from the corner and two sightless pairs of eyes turned toward the voice. And as the cousins rose to their feet and haltingly started through the lane made as the crowd stepped back, Sergeant Major Ripple pushed toward them. There was an expression of hope in his face that the casual observer would have said could not have been inspired merely by a desire to see some one from Boston.

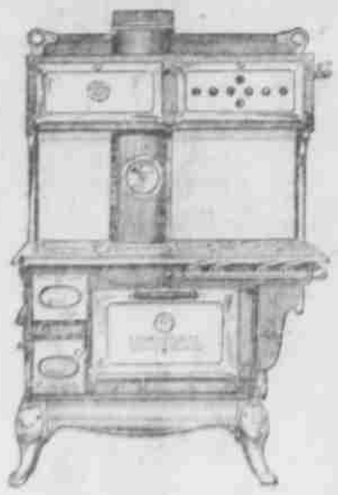
"My son!" he cried, in a voice that shook with emotion. "Vincent. And George!"

Suddenly that expression of hope was changed. Sergeant Major Ripple had been looking everywhere for his son and his nephew.

Soon the two blind boys will return to America. They will go first to La Salle, New York, where Vincent was living when he enlisted. Sugden enlisted from East Calgary, Alberta. But they hailed from Boston, and to them the Y. M. C. A. has more than justified its selection as an essential part of the military machine. They announced that any call that may be made upon their services in conection with the forthcoming campaign in America for money to support the work would not be unheeded.

WIN THE WAR

This is our slogan like all other true Americans



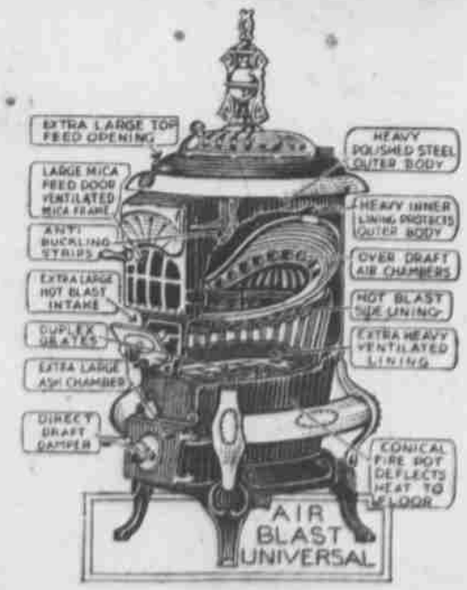
We are making every effort to conserve. That is why we URGE THE USE OF THE

Universal Combination Range

Two Ranges in One

Burns Coal, Wood or Gas

No parts to change. The best range is a COMBINATION and the best combination is a SIMPLEX UNIVERSAL.



LET US SHOW YOU THIS RANGE AND YOU WILL READILY SEE WHY WE HAVE OVER ONE HUNDRED IN USE IN PENDLETON HOMES AT THIS TIME.

We have a complete line of Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Tools, Building Material, Cooking Utensils, Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Guns, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle

WE AIM TO GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE POSSIBLE UNDER WAR CONDITIONS AND YOUR BUSINESS IS ALWAYS DEEPLY APPRECIATED, WHETHER LARGE OR SMALL.

GEO. C. BAER & CO.

643 Main Street

Phone 81