

SOCIAL REFORM.

"Hereditary bondsmen; know who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

Pope Gregory on Communism.

"It is no great thing not to rob others of their belongings, and in vain do they think themselves innocent who appropriate to their own use alone those goods which God gave in common; by not giving to others that which they themselves receive, they become homicides and murderers, inasmuch as in keeping for themselves those things which would have alleviated the sufferings of the poor, we may say that they every day cause the death of as many persons as they might have fed and did not. When, therefore, we offer the means of living to the indigent we do not give them anything of ours, but that which of right belongs to them. It is less a work of mercy that we perform than the payment of a debt."—Pope Gregory the Great.

The Land of the Noonday Night.

[Miners' Song by E. H. Crosby of New York and Eleanor Smith of Chicago.]

Mr. Crosby's lines have been set to music by Miss Eleanor Smith of Hull House, Chicago, a gifted composer, who in her setting has clearly caught the spirit of the theme. The song has been taken up by organized labor and the people generally. It is copyrighted by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., who have kindly given us permission to reprint the verses,

We have eyes to see like yours
Way down in the deep, deep mine,
But there's nothing to mark but the dreadful dark
Where the sun can never shine.
On the banks of the clammy coal
Our lamps cast a flickering light,
At the bottom drear of the moist black hole
In the land of the noonday night.

We have children at home like yours,
But at eve when we homeward tread
We find them asleep in a tangled heap,
Three or four in a single bed.
In the morning our tasks begin,
Before the sun shines bright,
For we have no sun and we have no kin
In the land of the noonday night.

But our home is not like yours,
'Tis a bare unpainted shack,
Where the raindrops pour on the shaky floor
And the coal dust stains it black.
Not a flower or blade of grass
Can escape the grimy blight,
For the face of our yard is seared and scarred
In the land of the noonday night.

But the men who own the mines,
And who live like kings of old—
Ah! little they care how their wage-slaves fare,
So long as they get their gold;
And the fire damp may explode
And a thousand die outright,
For the men come cheap who go down deep
In the land of the noonday night.

And like feathers they weigh the coal
When they pay us by the head,
But for you who buy it twice too high
They weigh it like chunks of lead.
And our wage goes back in rent—
For they have us in such a plight—
And they squeeze us sore at the company's store,
In the land of the noonday night.

OH, MY HEAD!

HOW IT ACHES!



NERVOUS
BILIOUS
SICK
PERIODICAL
SPASMODIC

HEADACHES.

Headache is not of itself a disease, but is generally caused by some disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels. Before you can be cured you must remove the cause.

Burdock Blood Bitters

will do it for you.

It regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, purifies the blood and tones up the whole system to full health and vigor.

And we labor with straining arms
For the pittance they deign to give,
And our boys must quit the school for the pit
To drudge that we all may live.

And our teeth feel the grit of the mine
In the very bread we bite,
Till our inmost soul is defiled with coal
In the land of the noonday night.

And if in the end we dare
To assert our just demands,
Then their courts emit an injunction writ
To shackle our tongues and hands,
And if in spite of their frown
We protest that we will unite,
Then they lock us up or they shoot us down
In the land of the noonday night.

Who was it that made the coal?
Our God as well as theirs!
If He gave it free to you and me,
Then keep us out who dares!
Let the people own their mines—
Bitumen and anthracite—
And the right prevail under hill and dale
In the land of the noonday night.

Saturday Blade, Chicago.

The Nation's Prayer.

[Saturday Globe, Utica.]

God of our fathers, Lord of All,
Who sits on justice for a throne,
Both right and might are Thine alone,
Beseechingly on Thee we call.

Forbid that greed should vanquish right,
That haughty power and selfish lust
Should strangle justice. Thou art just;
Let justice triumph by Thy might.

Save us from foolish men and blind,
Who sell their souls to save a cause
And trample under foot the laws
Thou hast decreed for all mankind.

Have mercy on the few who hold
The million's welfare in their hand,
Who fail to see or understand
That justice pays a thousandfold.

And pity, Lord, as pity's Thine,
The arrogance that mounts a throne
And robbing Thee of what's Thine own
Proclaims it rules by right divine.

Let caste and class be checked again,
And ranks and odors, let them pass,
And let us, looking at the mass,
Find beings God has made for men.

And give us patience to command,
The faith to hope that right at last
Will triumph; till the storm is past
Let reason lead us by the hand.

The burden of our brother's wrong
By fellow feeling let us learn,
And if allowed this one return
Help us to suffer and be strong.

.....NOVEMBER 6TH.....

GOOD MORNING!

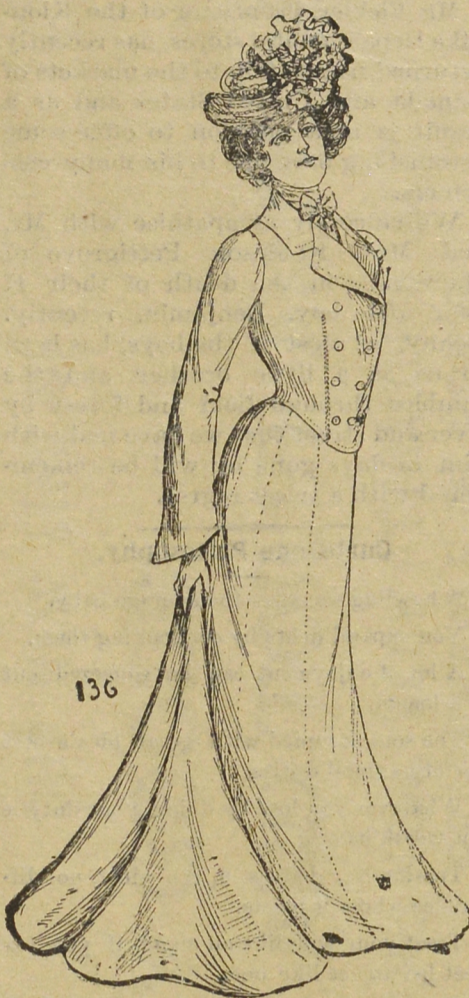
When you want

Fur Goods,
Ladies' Jackete,
Dress Goods,
or Men's Wear,

It will pay you to go to the

BIG STORE

Opp. Normal School, near City Hall and Market.



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Fred B. Edgecombe

7 PERCENT Is good interest on money invested.

We want all the buying public to know that during our 5th Monster Fall Sale which is now in progress and will continue the balance of this month, that a rebate of 7c. on every dollar will be allowed to all buyers who ask for it. This means considerable to those who have big purchases to make, and it means more in our case than it has been your good fortune to meet before as our prices were below all others before we installed this idea. Our 4 stores are packed with new stylish fall and winter wearables. For all ages, all sizes, and all stations in life. We think we can furnish you with most anything you ask for that young or old need to wear.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Suits, Reefers, Pants; the largest stock and biggest assortment in the city.
Ladies' Suits, Coats, Capes, Skirts and Shirt Waists, immense assortments.
Fur Coats, Capes, Collars, Mitts, Ruffs and Muffs, a big display in these goods.
Dry Goods, anything needed in that line we keep.

Look for our stores to do your buying, it will pay you.

M. FICKLER & CO., DOWN TOWN STORES.

P. S.—No Branch Stores or Side Shows in connection.