

Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant

(THANKSGIVING)  
BY HERMAN HAGEDORN

By empty chairs a promise of returning,  
Thou wast the sword of Liberty, agonizing,  
Thou wast the still, small voice in the battle's din:  
"The wicked are caught in the snares of their own devising.  
Faint not, fight on! Only the just shall win!"

Thou knowest, Lord, we fought and fainted not.  
We suffered all things, hunger and cold and pain,  
Death with the huddled dead, and death, forgot  
In some lost crater alone with the dark and the rain;  
Fever and endless obeying and digging and carrying  
And slaughter and evil winds and gathering and burying.  
We bore them all, for something, dim-discerned,  
That in our hearts like white auroras burned.

And our enemy ravaged our fields and ravished our treasures,  
And he made our maidens and golden boys his slaves;  
And he slaughtered our babes and took our wives for his pleasures,  
And was king by the grace of volleys and open graves.  
And he sent his vultures scattering death at whim,  
And his demon-ships to gather glory for him;  
And the spirits of earth and air came at his nod  
And blew green poisons to put out the eyes of God.

Under the beak of black hours ravenous,  
God of free peoples, Thou hast been true to us!

III  
And again our enemy gathered his legions, and struck.  
With flashing of myriad thunders, crashing, he came on.  
And the walls of our stronghold shuddered and heaved and shook,  
And the solid earth churned as the sea, in the muddy dawn;  
And plunging out of the dark as the waves of the sea,  
Breaker on breaker, he charged the hills of the free.

And the waves came, broke and ebbed, and other waves came.  
Up from the infinite deep, up the wild shore  
They climbed, they broke in a crackle of fierce flame;  
They surged, they shuddered, they crumbled, they were no more.  
And out of the wallowing ground like the dead, emerging,  
Through the fog and the snow the gray-green waves came surging.

And our bodies grew faint with slaying, our eyes grew dim,  
And our strong walls sprang in the air and fell and were dust;  
And nearer and nearer the hills' shot-shattered rim  
The seething deep his terrible fingers thrust.  
And giddy and sick we faced the charging mass.  
"They shall not pass, dear God! They shall not pass."

Friend of the free, when man's weak barriers fall,  
Thou art a wall, great Lord, Thou art a wall!

And we struck our enemy, struck to east and to west,  
Struck on the sea, struck in the huddled town.  
The darkness we gave no sleep, the silence no rest,  
Pity no bed to lay her weariness down.

And the battle boiled and seethed and bubbled and fell  
In the rocking cauldron over the coals of hell;  
And the breath of a hundred valleys went out in thunder,  
And a thousand villages crumbled and were plowed under;  
And the strong were afraid and the weak met death with a shout;  
And gods, like an empty lamp, sputtered and went out;  
And shapes rose out of graves and dragged at kings;  
And hands in the dark broke the bright bubbles of kings;  
And loud and wild on the uttermost crags and coasts  
Ebb'd and flow'd the supplications of ghosts.  
And hate the sower was choked by a world of haters;  
And monstrous offspring sprang on their own creators;  
And high seats toppled and proud kings begged for bread;  
And golden banners flared to the dawn, blood-red;  
And nations died and nations rose from the dead.

And once more our enemy flung forth his legions; once more  
With thundering mouths and drums and clattering swords  
And mad-eyed Terror with torches running before,  
He came, he came with his hordes!

And he beat against us; with iron hands from our heights  
He hurled us down; from our valleys on waves of blood,  
Terribly on, through the days and the red nights  
He swept us like a flood.

And the snake in the covert hissed, "Break and flee!"  
And the jackal barked in the dark, "He hangs at your throat!"  
But Thy children lifted their heads, remembering Thee,  
And stood, and turned, and smote!

Lord God of high heaven, shield and sword of the free!  
Splendor, defender of light and liberty!  
Arms to the weak of arm, eyes to the dim of eye,  
Comfort and confidence to them that go to die!  
Confounder of tyranny, smiter of perfidy,  
Uplifter of burdens fallen on the way to Thee!  
Breaker of snares, blunter of swords,  
Terror and turner of infidel hordes,  
Pursuer of the foes of light, harrier of the unjust,  
Trampler of the rebellious with hoofs in the dust!  
Driver with whips, driver with scorpions,  
Driver with thunders terrible than guns,  
Dropper of bursting fire on the hearts of the proud,  
Blower of biting death on the hopes of the haughty-browed—  
Our enemy is shattered,  
Our enemy is frown'd,  
His charging hosts are scattered,  
His towers are overthrown!  
His trumpets trumpet vainly  
To stay the last retreat,  
The monstrous beast ungainly  
Lies at Thy conquering feet!  
Saviour of freedom, preserver of the right!  
Redeemer of nations, sweeper-away of night!  
Bringer of morning, bringer of air,  
Kinder of laughter in ashes of despair!  
God of high heaven, lodged in the hearts of men,  
Triumphant Love, lighting the peaks again,  
Giver of liberty,  
Thy daughters acclaim Thee!  
Preserver of liberty,  
Thy sons bow down to Thee!  
Keeper of the stars, Thy freemen  
Bring home their banners to Thee!

Out of the Valley of Death, Lord, Thou hast led us!  
By the sea we lay panting with burning eyes;  
By the dunes, by the flooded fields, where the wind fed us  
Despair, and day was blacker with sunrise  
Than ever night with storms, we crouched; but lo,  
On the plains afar, on the brown fields, facing the west,  
Not of dismay and imminent overthrow,  
Through the day, through the dark, we made a spectral guest;  
God, how we came, with banners! With drums, we came!  
Head high, flashing the sun back, sparkling, we came on!  
Our enemy fled, Down the gray gorge of shame  
He drew away as the dark draws away from the dawn.  
We cried, "Now he is ours!" but lo, in the north,  
Like a new spear flashing, he sprang; again; again!  
And back and forth we lunged; and back and forth  
Like wrestlers with bloodshot eyes who heave and strain  
At the abyss's edge, we tossed panting; we sprang back;  
Grappled, recoiled; grappled again; lay still;  
Arms locked, eye to red eye demonic;  
Limbs lax, astrir only the invincible will.  
And again by the white peaks, bugles and victory-laughter,  
Legions of marching men, files without end!  
Death on the winding roads; slaughter, and triumph after!  
Biting winds on the passes and April after  
Where the winding roads descend.  
God, how we came with banners! God, how they fled,  
Crag to crag, leaping, stricken, down the gray slopes!  
We crashed upon them like water that bursts their bed,  
Like churning waters, whirling away their hopes.  
"At last! At last! Now is the end!" we cried.  
But our enemy thrust from the dark; terribly he thrust.  
And we melted like snow from the gay, green mountain-side;  
To the icy passes we fled like wind-blown dust.  
And the foe plunged and came on; with thunder and flame  
He cut him a highway and paved it with bones and blood;  
Of eyes and palpitant hearts that knew Thy name,  
God, and knew love and beauty and fatherhood,  
An instrument to batter a bastion low  
He fashioned him there, God; and smote us.

Dear Lord,  
Who knowest all things, this also Thou dost know:  
Not lightly there we yielded to Thy abhorred,  
He lunged, he trampled, he plunged; he swept us aside.  
We died, we rose from the dead, we died, we died.

God, in the Valley, in the gray-green canyon of Death  
Thou gavest our lips water and our lungs breath;  
Thou gavest our eyes sweet pictures to gaze upon;  
Thou gavest our hearts sweet love to feed upon;  
Thou gavest our spirits music of Thine own making,  
Of daylight breaking,  
And slumbering birds and slumbering worlds awaking.  
Thou gavest our spirits food to eat,  
Bread and apples, honey and meat,  
And hands to clasp and fields to sow,  
And children to fondle, as long ago.

Thou art home-fires to them who gave and are done with giving,  
But a ring of ten thousand chariots Thou art to the living!

God, in disaster Thou hast been near to us.  
We cried, "We will strike our foe by land and by sea;  
In the narrow way, by the strait gate perilous,  
Where the black heart blasphemous  
Camps and breaks bread with our Lord's black enemy,  
We will make us a road; to his throat we will carve us a way!"  
Over the sea, over the wine-dark sea,  
From the ends of the earth with singing and banter gay  
For the love of a ravished bride, sweet Liberty,  
We came; and round us were gods and welcoming ghosts;  
And the deep voice of Agamemnon calling his hosts.

Lord God, Thou knowest that we were glad to die.  
Our strength, our hope, our vision of far, loved faces,  
Of sweet years hand in hand and eye in eye,  
And children and friends, old paths and familiar places,  
Lord, these were all we had to give; we gave them;  
Throwing away our dreams that we might save them.  
We died in the sea, we died in the snares of the beaches;  
We died in the daffodils, when their cups were red;  
We died amid wails and singing and madmen's screeches  
And crawling fire and under the piled-up dead.  
We landed, we stormed, we stabbed, we pressed on, we prevailed;  
We hungered, we thirsted, we burned, we fell back, we failed.

God, in black days Thou hast kept true to us!  
Our enemy laughed; he said, "They are babes at war.  
What are they, to match their swords presumptuous  
With the sword of a conqueror?"  
And he gathered his legions and smote us where we were weak.  
With treachery and a sword, with guile and a blow,  
He fell on our fields like winter and left them bleak,  
He came on our cities like Judgment and trampled them low.  
We stood, we fought; by the river, black with his coming,  
For a high price, we sold each drop of freemen's blood!  
But our foe came on with his hordes and his vultures humming;  
Like a glacier, darkly, like a slow-rising flood,  
Like a plague of locusts that leaves the green fields brown,  
He came; we fought in the valley, we poured death from the height;  
We defied the tide; the thunder we thundered down.  
But he came as the dark comes, putting out the light;  
He came as death comes, putting dreams to flight.  
And we fled to the mountains, we fled with our loves in our arms;  
Starving and bleeding, we staggered, with Terror behind  
Flaring to heaven, and around us the whirling storms  
And the snow on our loved ones lost and the pitiless wind.

But our foe cried, "Fools! that die for a phantom-light!  
Shatter your hearts, if you must, I stand, I am Might!"

II  
God, in defeat, in the deluge of black defeat,  
Thou bleavest upon our courage and kept it burning.  
Thou wast a light along the blackened street;

ing an annual revenue of about \$2,000,000 therefrom. Being anxious to ascertain where additional revenue might be procured without feeling faint every time we looked at our tax receipts, we proceeded to investigate. To our astonishment we ascertained that wort is a concoction of barley, hops, rice, etc., which when some yeast and water is added produces a beverage reminiscent of the old days when placed one foot on a brass rail and blew the "collar" off'n the foaming steins. It is something like "wie concentrates," only different in several respects. First, the makers of wort have never been financed by the federal farm board. Second, they have never had the

benefit of the advice of a former member of Uncle Sam's legal department. If you buy a wine brick and carefully follow the directions you are cautioned to avoid, you get a pretty fair wine of about 18 or 20 per cent alcoholic content. All of which has been declared perfectly legal, in addition to being financed by the government. If you buy a few gallons of wort and thoughtlessly drop some yeast and water into it, you get beer with about 4 per cent alcoholic content, which is pretty near the kind that could be legally purchased a few years ago. But what puzzles us is this: The same legal authorities that accept

addition was received from the Far East, consisting of 6,000 specimens from the Kurile Islands. More than thirty five books, and pamphlets have been written on these flies and bugs.

CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION Milwaukee—(UP)—The Catholic Press Association, with nearly 300 members, has been organized under the direction of J. L. O'Sullivan, former member of the United Press staff and now dean of the Marquette University College of Journalism. The association will furnish a critical service for newspapers, magazines and yearbooks published by Catholic high schools and colleges throughout the country.

MIXED PROVERBS. The adage has it that there will a leader great arise, To meet each crisis that appears To cloud our nation's skies. So then there is no crisis now. And we should stop our walls; But 'mong' our politicians, quite Another thought prevails. For each one claims himself the man That proverb had in mind, Nor ever notes that fitter one, "The blind shall lead the blind." —Sam Page.

SQUIRREL VISITS HUNTER Conneaut, Ohio — (UP) — W. D. Rice, hunter here, asserts that he discovered an extreme example of a squirrel's inquisitive nature. While seated on a log, Rice declared, he felt a tug at his shotgun and glanced around to see a squirrel peering into the muzzle.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of good skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, freckles, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Did Too Good a Job  
Herman Katz of Worcester, Mass., cleaned the windows of his automobile and did a good job. A short time later he wished to get something in the front seat of the car and stuck his head through what he thought was an open window. But the window was closed. Five stitches were required to close the laceration on his forehead.

STOP THAT COUGH!

Bronchitis is increasingly prevalent at this season. Alone, it is seldom serious, although the cough may be very annoying. But the serious side of Bronchitis and other mild infections of the lungs and throat is that the inflamed tissues may be invaded by some far more serious organism, particularly Pneumonia. This is a real danger in most cases. It is the best of reasons why a bronchial cough or an attack of laryngitis should be stopped as quickly as possible. The quick effective way to check these troubles is to apply B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide, three times a day, spreading it over the entire chest and throat. Usually the first application will bring out a reddish flush showing where the trouble is. B. & M. is obtainable from most druggists. If yours cannot supply it, send his name and \$1.25 for a large-size bottle sent postpaid. Helpful booklet free on request. F. E. ROLINS COMPANY, 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.—Adv.

Writers' Pluck  
Sinclair Lewis, at an Algonquin luncheon, praised writers' pluck. "A writer," he said, "will work two or three years on a book, make \$40 out of it, and then plunge pluckily into two or three years' more work on another book."

This Mother Had Problem

As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, sallow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity, flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless; even for babies.

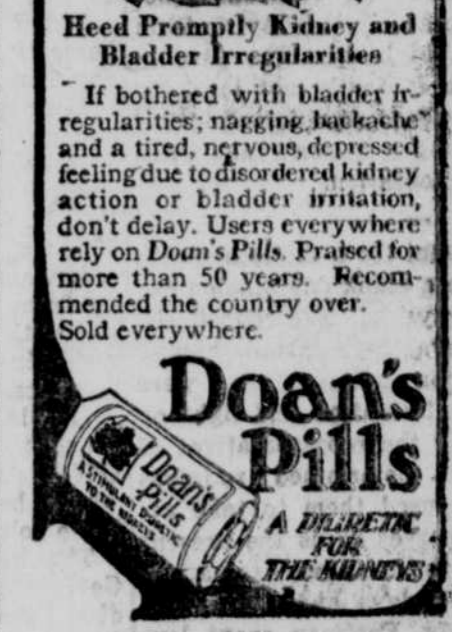
Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Los Angeles, California, says: "My little girl, Edna, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

Had Proof  
"Do you believe that there is a higher power?"  
"My good man, I married her."

Don't Neglect Your Kidneys

Heed Promptly Kidney and Bladder Irregularities  
If bothered with bladder irregularities; nagging backache and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling due to disordered kidney action or bladder irritation, don't delay. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years. Recommended the country over. Sold everywhere.



STOP YOUR COLD IN 12 HOURS WITH  
**DAROL**  
Breaks a cold in 6 hours.  
Drives it away in 12 hours.  
Relieves  
Headache—Neuralgia—Pains  
McKesson & Robbins  
Quality Since 1853

Estimate of Friendship  
"Hello, Pal, lend me a nickel, will you? I want to call up a friend."  
"Here's a dime. Call up all your friends."



Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:



Plaque on Historic Spot  
A bronze plaque marking the spot where gold was first discovered in Silver Bow county, Montana, recently was dedicated by the Butte chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The plaque, which was mounted on a six-ton granite boulder, marked the spot where B. H. Barker and companions panned the first gold from Silver Bow creek in 1864. The spot is between Nissler and Silver Bow.

MENTHOLATUM  
Open stuffy nostrils,  
soothe irritation by use of Mentholatum in nose. Rub briskly on chest to improve blood circulation and prevent congestion. Jars and tubes 30c.  
**CHECKS COLDS**

Large-Hearted Fish  
A catfish weighing about two and one-half pounds swam up to the boat of Clifford King, of Del Rio, Texas, and nibbled bits of chicken tossed to it. After taking a few bites the fish swam back to the channel and returned in a few moments with four others. They partook of the refreshments, then swam off and returned in a short time with a whole school of fish about the same size.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

Lost Her Prominent Hips—Double Chin—Sluggishness

Gained Physical Vigor—A Shapely Figure  
If you're fat—first remove the cause!  
Take one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.  
Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.  
Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 weeks). If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—your money gladly returned.

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Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling  
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Sells at 40c at Druggists  
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