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BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But search for guilt and sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he has been tried;
Should we not like his company
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm that one may do
To those who little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, roost at home;
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—Selected.

Idlewild Farmers' Club.

PRESIDENT VS. 'TATER BUG—THE CLUB'S VIEWSON QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICE—THE DISCOVERY OF IDLEWILD.

When Farmer Norman blew the Alderney cow's horn, Friday night, he blew it loud and long, but the president came not. The crowd was waiting and becoming impatient. A member volunteered to act as sergeant-at-arms and bring him in. The president was found sitting on his back fence with a shotgun across his knees, wearing an anxious look, while determination was ambushed in the jungle of hair on his unshaven chin. "Ross, didn't you hear the horn blow? Norman almost blew his durned brains out trying to make it loud enough for you," asked the irate sergeant. "Yes, I did, and you spoiled my game, too. For the last half hour I've been pokin' paris green down a 'tater bug's neck with a broom-straw; he hopped out of my fingers and has run for that potato hill there, and I got my gun to lay for him till he'd come out, so I could blow his fragments all over Johnson's lot, and you've spoiled it all. I suppose I'll have to go. But I'll get him yet."

It was election night, and the members were trying to settle on the best man for president, when the sergeant and his captive arrived. Now it is one of the laws of the club that no man can be president unless he can show a certificate of good moral character signed by his wife. When the secretary called for credentials for candidacy, he noticed that every member laid his character on the table, except two, who had lost their characters.

In order to test the sense of the meeting, Farmer I. Hoe suggested that an informal vote be taken, the member receiving the highest vote to be the candidate. There were 29 members present, 27 characters in the secretary's pocket, and 27 votes in the hat, each man receiving one vote—the two members who had lost their characters not voting.

The secretary sprang to the board-pile and nominated Farmer Ross, saying, among other things: "It has been said that a man cannot be president of this club unless he belongs to the party in the majority in the club. Why, just imagine, if the president should rule along political lines on a question before him, or that he should recognize a member as having the grass just because he was a Democrat, or Republican, or a Free Lover, what an uproar there would be. What a disjointedness of the whole body corporate and politic would take place. The presi-

dency of this club should be administered without fear or favor—no party should be heard to say "We elected him, and he is bound to be on our side;" or "We defeated him, and we need ask no favor from his hand, nor even expect justice."

No, sir, the time has passed when the American people and the farmers of Idlewild can even think of placing their interests in the hands of a partisan justice of the peace or of a partisan club president; when they must approach the judiciary with their grievance in fear and trembling, lest the law be given a partisan twist, or offer a motion before a club president to be frowned upon and sent to the grass because not of his party. I don't want to listen to any grandiloquent and bombastic display of oratory on this subject, so I'll put in nomination the president who has adorned the board-pile for the past six months, Farmer Ross. He doesn't know a party from a june bug when he sees it. He is only a plain farmer, but learned in bugology, and so knows a humbug at first glance, or a jaybird from a julyfly by their grunt. He's the man for the office. Mr. Secretary, record the name of J. Ross as president. "But we haven't voted," says a member. "Well, we'll vote some other day; Ross is president, and will now give out a few tracts on agricultural and theological subjects, by virtue of his office."

Now that the partisan ghost had been laid, and Ross had been unanimously re-elected president, and I. Hoe had nominated and cast the vote of the club for himself for secretary, the regular order of business was taken up, and the Committee on Present Conditions presented the following report, which showed that they had been delving for facts and not indulging in fancy.

"We do not sufficiently realize the advantages of the times in which we live, nor the locality in which we reside. It will be two hundred years before the man who shall record the rise and progress of Idlewild will be born or its history written or the mortgages all cancelled. Why, just think of it! Five hundred years ago the site of Idlewild was unknown as a progressive community, and this club had not been organized. The real estate agents had got lost in the wilds of Raleigh, and had it not been that one of them dropped a silver dollar on the grade of Jones street, and it rolled down to the branch with the real estate man in pursuit, you, my noble hayseeds, would have been raising things somewhere else. The president might have been a missionary to the colored sinners of Africa or East Raleigh. When the Declaration of Independence was written there were no railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and no moonshine stills. There was no sugar to sweeten your 'corn' with, and no coffee to steady your nerves next morning. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that only as far back as 1864 there was no steel, but now a steel is a common thing.

"And the individual problem had not vexed the mind of man. The boss could pay what he pleased and when he pleased. The politician was but a fledgling; now he comes around every spring, kisses your babies, pats you on the back, says you're all right, promises you a job if he gets there, and then straightway, after election, knoweth you no more; and this fall he'll be around thick as huckleberries, and tell you you are an oppressed nation and that the other party is the cause of it all, and that if his party don't get in, the whole country is gone to the bow-wows.

"But you just ask him for his union card, and see if he's got a union label on him anywhere, or if he reads THE HARBINGER and pays for it, and if he doesn't possess all these qualifications, tell him that your wife don't want him sitting around on the back steps waiting for you to come home; and that she don't want him to kiss her baby

anymore, as she is afraid of political microbes."

The report having been adopted, and dubbed a very able and exhaustive one, and the president being excused from saying his inaugural, farmer Johnson borrowed a match, and the members wended their respective ways along the dusty cowpaths homeward.

I. HOE, Secretary.

SIDE NOTES.

Mr. Wit Fawcett, a retired capitalist, well-known on 'Change, gave the club a visit, but the members being tired already, he was excused from inflicting a speech on the ambient air.

Mr. Editor: I notice there was not an "Idle Thought" in the paper last week.

The club will donate Brother Charlie Simmons a "Blueback Speller," if he will call at the secretary's office. He says we squat on the grass and don't hoe corn. We hoe corn and then squat, Mr. Simmons. We hope Charlie won't have any more such spells.

THE FARMERS WITH US.

TOAD SWAMP, N. C.

MR. EDITOR:—I seen in yoar HARBINGER sum ritins' frum sum of ther country fokes an' Idlewild Farmers. I ain't seen much of that sort of ritin' in nusepapers lately. Them town folks seems ter think tha hav all ther sence, an' we country folks don't know how ter rite fer er nusepaper. I jest want ter rite my notion erbout er few of ther leadin' questions of ther times. Out here in Toad Swamp Presinkt we don't git menny nusepapers, an' we are glad ter git er nusepaper that sumtimes has got sum of ther good sence in 'em like Charlie Simmons an' ther Idlewild Farmers rites, ter sorter keep us posted on ther goings on of the town fokes. I wanted ter read wot Charlie thot erbout ther trusts. We aint got enny of them in this presinkt.

Bud Green sed he got sum seed frum Kongressinan Pou, but that want narry pakage of ther lot had enny trust seed in 'em. I told him ter rite ter yower paper an' git ther Idlewild Farmers ter send him er few plants, jest ter see how tha cud stan' ther klimate of Toad Swamp.

I read er good eal erbout ther labor organizashuns, an' how tha an' ther farmers are goin' ter jine together, so tha can git what 'blongs ter 'em. That's jest wot has bin needed in this country er long time. I want ter jine one of them unions ther fust time I cum ter town. Ike Jordin sed he uster wurk in er print shop in Raleigh, an' ther printers had er union, an' them fellers was alwus treated white, got good pay, an' wurked erbout 9 hours er day. He is one of our Sunday skule teachers, an' allers tells ther truth. I don't no much erbout yoar city church folks, but it seems most of them fokes as dus ther hirin' of ther workin' fokes gits er controllin' intrest in 'em, an' ther preacher has ter figger out his Sunday sermons accordin', er purty sune ther Lord calls him ter ernuther field ter labor in His vineyard. Ther preacher as has got ther grit ter back up ther labor organizashuns don't draw much salery generally.

Ther voters of this precinkt got purty much riled erbout ther way that man Wilson jumped under Jedge Clark in ther Mawmin' Post.

I was thinkin' of runnin' fur offis miself, but if Jedge Clark wants ter be Chief Justis, I'm with him, an' will vote ther whole thing solid fur ther Jedge, ef I don't git ter be konstable. I kan't say how erbout you organized fellers up thar, cos it 'peers ter me you are all mity clos-mouthed erbout pollytics ennyhow; but ther Toad Swamp voter is az free az ther jaybird.

Well, I reckon I've rit erbout 'nuff fur this time. Kraps iz needin rain awful bad, an' grass growin' ter beet ther band. Give mi regards ter Char-

lie Simmons. I useter no Charlie Simmons afore them nusepaper fellers tuck 'im up an' spiled 'im. Send ther HARBINGER every week.

Yours twely,
BILL BUSTER.

Idle Thoughts.

In the death of Hon. Amos J. Cummings, last week, organized labor lost a true and tried friend. No measure affecting the good and welfare of organized labor came before the House of Representatives during his incumbency that did not receive his earnest consideration. Mr. Cummings was for years an active member of Typographical Union No. 6, and was no doubt an active member at the time of his death. Some years ago a member of Congress from the "Lone Star" State demanded an investigation of the affairs of the Government Printing Office, to determine if the office was not run under the influence of a "secret society," referring to the union, when our New York friend arose, took from his pocket a working card of No. 6, and waving same above his head, informed the gentleman from Texas that he (Mr. Cummings) was proud to be privileged with a membership in the alleged secret society, and after a long and stubborn fight succeeded in killing the resolution. Organized labor generally, but Typographical Union No. 6 in particular, has sustained a great loss in the death of New York's foremost statesmen.

The suggestion of Mr. Broughton, which brought forth the letter from Mr. Nichols, to organize a Mechanics' Club, is a good one, and should be encouraged. Such a club, in my opinion, will result in much good to the working people generally from a moral, social and financial way, to say nothing of mutual development. Of course, that will be the initial step in securing a Labor Temple, which I sincerely hope to see erected in this city sometime in the next year or two. I am more interes'ed in the Labor Temple than any other one thing in local labor affairs, and as I believe that the club will be a step in the right direction, I shall be pleas'd to make a list of those who would like to take a membership, to pay a fee of not less than \$10. If I should suggest that you hand me the ten, "Idlewild Farmers," or "I. Hoe" would accuse me of returning "small change," hence I only ask those friendly to the movement to the extent of taking a membership to send in their names. If twenty or twenty-five will join in we can get temporary quarters, and a flood of new members. Come forward, brothers.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I was off, fishing last week, and while the red lemonade was in evidence in abundance, and which was pronounced the best ever "brewed," yet you were mistaken in the excuse you gave for the non-appearance of my "small change." The real facts in the case are somewhat belclouded, which you will no doubt attribute to the red lemonade, but the best solution I can offer is that Hervey insisted on counting the number of fish caught, while Parham and Perry insisted on a close inspection for the union label. Of the 943 fish caught, there were only 3 without the label.

On August 11th the International Typographical Union will meet in Cincinnati, and will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. This is the mother of organized labor in the Western Hemisphere, and probably no other labor organization can place to its credit so much good accomplished for its numbers. Every local typographical union in the South should exercise its prerogative (its duty) and have a delegate present. We stand today at the edge of the commercial wave, which is about to sweep our way, and we should have our section

so organized as to receive the benefits of the coming prosperity.

It is claimed that Charlotte is the most progressive city in the State, and as that city enjoys the distinction of fostering more labor unions than any other, I am inclined to believe the claim is well founded.

A letter of recent date from my old friend, Walter H. Stivers, of Portland, Ore., informs me that the unions of the West are making a great fight for Mr. Derry, candidate for President of the International Typographical Union. The strong endorsement Mr. Derry has received shows that he has the qualifications requisite for a good executive. No. 54 has endorsed the excellent work accomplished by Mr. Lynch. Pay your money and take your choice.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

CALLED TO MIND BY MRS. ASTOR'S REMARK.

A Leesburg (Va.) man, who was a student at Burlington College, New Jersey, in 1858, when Bishop G. W. Doane was president, has sent to the Baltimore Sun the following extract from one of Dr. Doane's addresses: "When you have found a MAN you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman does not depend upon a tailor or the toilet. The proof of gentleman is not to do no work. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a gentleman, no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetite. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman shows his manners. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draft of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst in favor of a dying soldier.

YOUR UNION FIRST.

Labor unions should have the first consideration of all union men who have to earn a living. All other beneficial and social organizations are secondary to them. Through them men are enabled to earn a better living, and if it were not for them many men would not be able to join the other organizations. Your union should come first always.—Iowa Unionist.

THE CANDIDATE.

He kissed the baby and rubbed the heads of Sam and Sue; he swore the twins were beautiful and wished that he had two—but that doesn't count. He asked about the cornbread, which he vainly tried to claw, and forthwith begged for the receipt, of course that tickled ma—but that doesn't count. But just before he left he stopped and winked, closed up his jaw, and slipping out behind the barn he took a drink with pa—and that's what counts.—Brown County Democrat.