

THE HARBINGER.

ORGANIZATION. EDUCATION. ELEVATION.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

No. 25

THE LOVE OF COMRADES.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM,

(Author of "The Man With the Hoe.")

Here in the valley where the river bends
I see the great oaks standing like close friends,
Holding their frequent whispers in the high
Still privacies of sky.

I see the comrade bees of Autumn pass
About their merry business with the grass.
I see the old cart-worn horses by the creek,
Neck over neck, as though their hearts would
speak—

As though it helped them to bear unto the end
The unjust lash, to know they have a friend.

Down the hill-road I see three workmen walk,
Hand held in hardened hand, in friendly talk.
A light is on each face, light from the Secret
Place;

For Love has bound them fast, Comrades to the
last.

And as they go my heart takes sudden cheer,
Knowing that in their nearness God is near!

Alas, how much sweet life is lost—
How much is black and bitter with the frost
That might be sweet with the sun,
If men could only know that they are one!
But it will rise. Love's hero-world at last,
The joy-world wreathed with freedom, and
heartfast—
The world love-sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw.

It comes! The high inbrothering of men,
The New Earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The Comrade-dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the Anarchs of the Pit depart; the Greeds,
The Fears, the Hates, the carnal wild-haired
Fates

That sunder, bruise and mar the brothers on
this star.

O, world, rejoice with me for the joy that is to
be,

When far as the bright arch of heaven extends
The world of men shall be a world of friends!

THAT LABOR HALL.

The committee appointed by Central Labor Union, known as the "Labor Hall Committee," are making progress. A sub-committee has presented a partial report, which has been received and adopted, with the recommendation that we proceed at once to canvass the local unions of the city and secure subscriptions for shares of stock in the Labor Hall. The price per share will be placed low enough to come within the reach of every union man in the city. We are particularly anxious to have the organized mechanics of Raleigh subscribe for the stock as soon as they can, and for as many shares as they can. Then an opportunity will be given the friends of organized labor to take some of the shares. Several friends have already expressed a desire to help build a "Labor Hall." We appreciate the good will and good wishes of these friends, and we may call upon them when we have made a thorough canvass of the unions of the city. A canvass of one of the unions was made at a meeting held last week, and out of eight members present twelve shares of stock were subscribed, and perhaps more will be sold later to the same members. Very soon shares will be sought after, and we are soon to have a place we can call our home.

"I've heard an old saying, that's still true to-day,
Where there's a will, there's always a way."

We believe the way will be found, because we have the will; and in after years, when the history of organized labor of Raleigh is written, it will read that "It came to pass that a Labor Hall was erected by the local unions of the city." It will be to your credit, and, perhaps, profit, if it happens that you did what you could to help build this Labor Hall. You have now an opportunity to show your appreciation of labor organization, and what it has done to better

your condition and those of your fellow-workmen. It will be a memorial to us, after we have been worn out and are laid aside, and others are filling the places which we now occupy, and will be an example to encourage others to do their duty.

Brother L. F. Alford, in THE HARBINGER of last week, told us of some of the benefits that a Labor Hall would bring to the local unions of the city, particularly the Club feature—and just think! what an influence, what a standing it will give us. An institution with an interest like this always commands respect from the business men, as well as the community in which the interest is situated. The man who has a home has always a better business standing than one who rents a home. We hope soon to have a fund in hand sufficient to secure a site on which our Home is to be built, and we urge all local unions to keep the interest in this movement until our hopes have been realized.

Very respectfully and fraternally,
G. T. N.

TRUTHS.

(Vancouver News-Advertiser.)

If a man rise in public estimation it is often due largely to the self-abnegation, the nobility, the goodness and the plain common sense of his little wife at home.

If two young people love one another well enough for betrothal they love one another well enough for marriage. Long engagements are extremely trying experiences. And I wish my girl friend who is disposed to accept the homage of the good man who is courting her would remember that life is not always a summer holiday. Married to this gallant knight so fain to surround her with the most solicitous attentions, she will find herself confronted with a good deal of plain prose.

I can well remember the time when a man, if perchance he met a lady while he was smoking on the street, always took his cigar or pipe out of his mouth as he passed her. Yet so far have we progressed since then that now it is only the working-man who offers us this courtesy in Vancouver—the gentleman has long ago become educated to puff smoke in our faces as he "stalks on with quick galvanic tread." It seems a pity.

Girls are sometimes so silly that they discard a man because he wears ill-fitting clothes and an indifferent hat; because he is ill at ease in the touch and go of surface talk in the drawing room. It is no merit in a man to be clumsy, and an awkward youth is not necessarily a genius, but a girl should be too clear-sighted not to distinguish the fine gold, even if the polish be rough. And a good rule for everybody in a matter so vitally important as marriage is not to be in haste. Through the Summer days begin the acquaintance, wait for Autumn or Winter before deciding an issue which must affect the Summers and the Winters of a whole life.

"Ice!" exclaimed a pretty girl during dessert at a small dinner given not long ago in Vancouver. "Good gracious, no! So bad for indy!" And her companion, who had not travelled with the times, learned with amazement that indy was the new pet name for indigestion. "How bitterly cold,"

said a plump matron at a picnic in Victoria recently, "just the thing to give one appendicitis." "Oh," replied her neighbor, surveying the company with great complacency, "we are quite safe there. I don't think there is a single appendix left in the whole crowd." Which was probably true, though I fail to see the necessity for stating it.

People in ordinary everyday society—unless they be cads or snobs, in which case they are not worth considering at all—do not go to their friends' houses for the sake of a gorgeous repast, or a quart of champagne. They go for pleasure, for the sake of a cosy little meal, a chat, a game, a musical evening, a tournament—in short, reasonable, rational amusement—and if the amusement provided be agreeable, and the dinner or supper well cooked and nicely served three courses will please as well as six, and the hostess will not have to count the cost in bitter moments later on. Give what you give well, do what you do well, in a simple, gracious manner, and your house will be popular and your parties a success.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

I very greatly regret to note that the editor of our Advocate consumes his time in fretting over his type errors and those of others, to say nothing of wasting his ink (two kinds mark you) and valuable space in making corrections and apologies concerning them. How much better had that space been filled up with a good anecdote that would have made one laugh, or something touching and tender, you know, that would have made us cry? You talk about perfection etc. in proof reading: Who has ever attained it? Take, for instance, your learned predecessor, he wrote and spoke like an inspired oracle, and yet it was a very common thing for him to have quite a number in every issue of his paper. But he was not alone, nor are you, for all our papers, every week and every day have them. The Bible the best edited book in the world has them. It is almost a human impossibility to publish anything as large as daily or weekly paper unless you find in them typographical errors. A very good argument against absolute human perfection is the apparent impossibility of printing or editing a newspaper without typographical errors.

But who are the men that complain? Only those in whose pieces they occur. They are the ones who think their reputation is at stake, no body else cares a cent for them. If they did you would hear from them.

There also are very great differences in hand writings. Now for instance you take such a hand as I write. There is no excuse for any of my pieces coming out with typographical errors in them, provided your typo knows exactly what I want to say and can spell correctly.

"Yes, but I typewrite my pieces," says a brother. You do, do you? Well, please brother, send me a good long letter type written, done up by yourself, for instance, for I would like to see just one that did not need any correcting, not only in type errors, but also in grammar.

Some brethren affect a good deal about this typographical error business. One says he would write oftener for

the Advocate if there was more care in giving his sense to the public and if there were fewer typographical errors but I don't like to risk my reputation.

Reputation, mark you! I would like to know what reputation such a man has anyway, outside of his own conceit, unless it be that people think generally that he will compare favorably with Balaam's riding animal.

Whenever a new man is elected editor of a paper, the type or proof reader critic comes to the front. The man who excuses himself from writing oftener or at all for our paper, if it were not for poor proof reading, is either barren of good ideas or like myself, too lazy; no barren ideas in this subject, mark you. For these or other reasons as small, is why these little critics pitch into you. Pshaw! my brother, don't notice these very infinitesimally small things, for nobody but the writer ever remembers that there was an error in his piece an hour after it was read, and if a writer calls attention to it, nobody ever hunts up the piece to see if it is so or not, even if it is the editor himself who does it. Why? Because no one cares a fig about it. Of course there are exceptions, when there should be corrections, and such exceptions are only when personal character and truth are involved which affect persons, general interests, the church and the public good.—J. P. DePas, in Florida Christian Advocate.

CHILDREN AND SWEATHEARTS.

Do mothers of little daughters appreciate what they are doing when they jest them about their little "beaux" and "sweathearts?" There is so much of this talk that the clear-eyed listener sickens in the hearing. While boys and girls are young they should be comrades, playmates, friends; but the possibility of a tender relation existing should never for a moment enter the heads of the innocent children. When Mabel's mother speaks of a 12-year-old Jack as her "beau," and the little girl flushes with self-consciousness or with anger, the irreparable wrong has been done. She will never again regard Jack as the jolly boy who was "great fun." The longer boys and girls are kept in ignorance of the facts that they can be anything but dear friends the happier they will be. They cannot help knowing that grown men and women love and are given in marriage, but the "grown-up" period seems very far off to them, and should be kept so.

A LITTLE AMUSEMENT FOR A CENT.

Don't say penny; say cent. A penny is an English coin. The Standard Dictionary says penny may mean any coin of trifling value, but if you mean cent, say cent, as a penny may or may not be a cent.

With this little piece of advice to start with, let us suggest how a little amusement may be obtained from a cent:

What official is suggested by this coin? Copper.

A messenger is mentioned on the coin. Where? One cent (one sent.)

Where do you find the first American? Indian.

Where do you remark a snake? Copperhead.

Point out a Southern fruit? Date.
Where do you find computes? Figures.

Something denounced by Audobonists? Feathers.

Piece of ancient armor? Shield.

Name of an emblem of victory represented? Wreath.

Where do you find a great assurance? Cheek.

Where do you find what all families should be in feeling? United.

Point out a swift animal? Hare (hair.)

Where do you discover an emblem of royalty? Crown.

Part of a hill? Brow.

Part of a river? Mouth.

Pertaining to an Eastern country? Indian.

Place of worship? Temple.

Where do you find a negation? Knot (not.)

That of which our country is made up? States.

Announces or affirms? States.

What our ancestors fought for? Liberty.

Principal, foremost, greatest? Chief.

Abandons? Departs from? Leaves.

Where is an orchestra found? Band.

Name a part of a bottle represented? Neck.

Fastens bolts? Locks.—The American Boy.

THE CLAIMS OF THE HOME MERCHANT.

The home merchant helps pay for the streets you walk on and for the schooling of your children. He helps keep up the churches in which you worship. He is a man who builds up a home which enhances the value of property. Every subscription that is passed around has his name on it.

He is a man who cannot afford to swindle. Self interest, if nothing else, would prevent this. He bears his share of good government and stays with it through sunshine and darkness, in days of adversity and prosperity.

When you have shopping to do, remember the home merchant.—Kinston Free Press.

FACTORIES AND CHILD LABOR.

So the South Carolina Legislature has also turned down a child labor bill.

Perhaps the mill owners of the State have also voluntarily agreed to abolish child slavery—like they have abolished it in Georgia.—Atlanta Journal.

Yes, like they abolished child labor in this State by a voluntary agreement at the last meeting of the General Assembly.

Those "voluntary agreements" are great.—Roxboro Courier.

TORONTO WINS.

The street-car strike has ended in a victory for the men.

Further attempts to run the street cars in Toronto, says a recent dispatch to the Raleigh Post, before the troops arrived from camp at Niagara were unsuccessful. The motormen were stoned again and the cars badly damaged. It was announced that another attempt would not be made to run them until noon, when a good force of troops would uphold the city authorities and the railway company. In the meantime the Board of Trade Conciliation Committee interviewed the strikers and the railway management and brought about mutual concessions which terminated the strike. The company will grant the men the wages asked for, namely, eighteen cents per hour for the first year, and twenty cents thereafter. The company will not interfere with the union and will receive employes with grievances.