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THE "FACTORY FOLKS."

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Let poets write of crested knight
And gay-bedizened beauteous dame;
I sing of those who court the light
But who ar still unknown to Fame.

Yehudim bold in days of old
Askt "Can aught good of Naz'reih cum?"
Lo, Jesus, from the town deposed,
Now makes of Hevn His royal home!

So purs-proud fools who'r Mammon's tools
Now strike with dull sarcastic strokes
At operatives, good and bad,
The tree-born Southern factory folks.

Perhaps some day not far away
Some King of Men shal hav command
Of all this Nation, who has bin
The one despised fact'ry hand.

Broad rivers grand in every land
From littl fountains ofn flo;
The day of smal things ne'er despise;
Great oaks from little akerns gro.

O God abuv, who onse in luv
Didst send Thy Son for ALL to die,
Hastn the day when Christ shal reign
And working men will cease to sigh!

SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT OWN THE COAL MINES?

Public ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines is one of the most positive demands made in the platform adopted by the New York Democratic Convention. These are strong words:

"We advocate the national ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, with just compensation to the owners.

"Fuel, like water, being a public necessity, we advocate national ownership and operation of the mines as a solution of the problem which will relieve the country from the sufferings which follow differences between labor and capital. * * * It will relieve the consumers of coal, not in this State but throughout the whole country; insure steady employment and ample compensation of labor; transfer children from the mines to the schools; insure, strengthen and preserve the stability of the business interests and popular institutions of our country."

Whatever differences of opinion may exist over other propositions of public ownership, the propriety of that policy as applied to anthracite coal mines must be apparent to every citizen

It is not necessary here to enter into the endless arguments for and against such a policy. There are features more significant than the demand itself.

Five years ago, two years ago, such a proposition would have been met not only by sneers, but by violent denunciation. It would have been termed a vicious attack upon vested interest, a blow at established government, an outspoken indictment to anarchy.

Yet to-day there is no such outburst. The demand is received with the respect due to a proposition which is radical, yet open to free and honest discussion. Thinking men must realize that it is to be met by argument on its merits, not by sweeping vituperation.

Likewise significant is the character of the organization which endorses the policy. From a convention of Populist theorists or radical Socialists such an utterance would be accepted as a matter of course. But the Democratic party in New York State has always been conservative. Seymour, Tilden, Cleveland, Hill—none of these men has ever been honestly charged with fanaticism, however resolute their political policies may have been attacked. From such a source, therefore, the

proposition must be taken seriously. And that it is taken seriously indicates how far the revolution of public opinion has progressed. Men are no longer startled by the demand for public ownership of a great natural monopoly. They accept it as a reasonable policy, the justice and feasibility of which may be established.

The steady concentration of wealth and the growing power of combinations of capital are two of the chief reasons for this development. But the most recent and the most effective has been the attitude of the association of railroads and operators which absolutely controls the production of anthracite. The people have before them an object lesson of the perils which result from permitting one of the chief necessities of life to be owned by private persons.

They are ready to listen to plans which will change the situation.

The abducracy of the operators, their refusal to consult the public interest, and their impudent assumption of Divine authority for their acts—these are the things which have brought them face to face with a glowing demand that their power be taken from them and be restored to the people—Philadelphia North American.

BIRD DOGS.

Roading denotes that a dog is following a trail toward the birds by their footscents, as a man, in an analogous manner might follow a flock of sheep by watching their tracks. Drawing denotes that a dog is approaching birds by the scent in the air as a man might follow a flock of sheep by a long line of dust hovering over and around their trail. Drawing is considered a much superior manner to roading. It is commonly marked by greater accuracy, quickness of execution, and dash of manner. Pointing is the stoop which the dogs make when he has definitely located the birds, or when he thinks he has done so. It is the preliminary pause to accurately determine the whereabouts of the hidden birds before he springs to capture. If he misjudges and springs in the wrong direction, all his pains and labor comes to nothing. In his training, he is encouraged to point, but is prohibited springing, so that after a time he makes his point and holds it stanchly. If by any act, wilful or otherwise, he alarms the birds and they take wing it is called a flush. If the dog, when going up wind on game, flushes the birds, he commits an error; if under certain circumstances he flushes when going down wind the error may be excused on the ground that being up wind of them it was impossible to scent them and therefore impossible to know of their presence.—From Field Trials for Setters and Pointers, in Outing.

EVIL OF CHILD LABOR.

The cry for the protection of children is not the cry of a section, but of humanity. Every new manufacturing community has to face this temptation to exploit child labor. England had the struggle years ago. The northern manufacturing States have been compelled to make increasingly strict laws to protect their children and now the great development of the South makes the question an issue there, which should be settled right before vast numbers of children are ruined.

WHY WAGE EARNERS ORGANIZE.

Labor organizations are not formed for the purpose of dispossessing capital of its rightful possessions, or even of that which is wrongfully holds, but are formed in the interests of wage earners to secure for them better and more humane living conditions.

Whenever the efforts of these organizations to secure what rightfully belongs to labor through the adjustment of grievous wrongs culminates in a strike which becomes important enough to become a public inconvenience, labor and its leaders are abusively assailed by the irresponsible of the clergymen who have commercialized their calling, and subsidized judges barricaded with the monstrous power of injunctions. This but serves to excite and inflame that portion of wage earners already rendered desperate by the cruel wrongs inflicted by capitalists, the scientific slave holders of our present era, and to more firmly impress upon the minds of the thoughtful and industrious the absolute necessity of organized strength.

Labor leaders are neither vampires nor parasites, but able, conscientious and self-sacrificing men, who removed their trappings and left their benches at the call of their fellow wage earners as being best fitted to direct the organized efforts of their union. They are strong in their convictions, backed by every moral right, and courageous to the point of almost any sacrifice in promoting the cause for which they labor, and when their work in this direction is finished they can again return to their benches, and taking their tools again become producers of wealth by honest toil, the only way by which the world's store of wealth is added to and which a few capitalists so thoroughly know how to distribute.

It is not strange that against these men, whose energy, zeal, singleness of purpose, and unflinching devotion to labor's cause more than to anything else, is due the gradual improvements gained for the toiling masses, should be directed the irritable and prejudicial criticism of pride bound capitalists and their sycophantic followers. Labor unions and labor leaders are not sudden flashes whose forces will be as suddenly spent. They are permanent fixtures, the logical result of capital's insatiate demands, here to remain until the future discovers a more practical and speedier method of emancipating the great majority of mankind from wage slavery. There is no power on earth today strong enough to more than temporarily disrupt organized labor. It never again can be effectually dismembered and rendered powerless, and every local defeat it may suffer makes it unversally stronger. Every defeat is a compulsory educator teaching the wage earner the helplessness of his unorganized state. The merciless methods, employed by capital during times of strike to gain victory, are the professors of labor's cause, and do more to drive labor to organize than all of the printing presses and vocal organs in christendom.

POVERTY IS A CRUEL CURSE.

History repeats itself. Just as in the past, no evil has been attacked but that "some sober brow would bless it and approve it with a text,"

so now the most serious question with us is the question of poverty, and the apology which pious men make for removing the cause of this evil is couched in the words of Jesus, "Ye have the poor always with you." Jesus might have said: "Slaves ye have always with you." He might have said: "Emperors ye have always with you." He might have said: "Lepers ye have always with you." The people to whom he spoke never knew a civilization without these. He stated what was a fact, that when he was gone there were still opportunity to help the poor. To distort this statement into meaning that never in all the centuries could men hope to solve the problem of poverty—this interpretation is either puerile or malicious—although it is continually made by men who think well of themselves both for wisdom and piety.

Not only do men resign themselves to the inevitableness of poverty, but they even try to persuade themselves that poverty is a blessing. They never think it is a blessing to themselves, but they talk softly about the blessings of other people's poverty. General Booth of the Salvation Army recently preached a sermon in which he gave seven reasons for considering poverty a blessing. The Salvation Army claims to have fed Christmas day in New York city 25,000 people. Montrous! Seven reasons for the blessedness of eating your Christmas dinner at a charity trough with 25,000 other paupers! The blessings of poverty! You might as well talk of the gentleness of a Dakota blizzard. It would be as appropriate to speak of a balmy St. Louis cyclone. Cannot the preachers give us a sermon on the hopefulness of despair or on the pleasurable of pain? I have heard it said of these preachers that they think in their hearts. They seem to me to think in their stomachs. Poverty means want, cold, hunger, shame, hate, vice, crime; it means bodily sickness and moral degradation.

Poverty is a curse and I know of no work so deeply religious and so truly in accord with the spirit of the Nazarene as the work of using the political tools that are within our reach in this republic to put an end to the wrongs which breed poverty in the sight of plenty and cause the slums of human misery to mock the triumphs of civilization.

Let us not blaspheme the memory of that Lover of Men by quoting his words against those who point the way to a higher civilization in which poverty as we know it will not be. Let us rather address ourselves to this splendid task as the only way in which we in our time have opportunity to continue his work in the world.

In the garret of a tenement house which stands in the shadow of five churches there lived a family with seven children. During the intense heat of last July the youngest, a nursing baby, fell sick. In a single day it wilted like a flower. Night brought no relief. All night long the ugly brick walls gave forth heat like great human ovens. The mother carried the little sufferer down in the street in the hope of finding a breath of air. She went to a market place near by and, sitting on the curbstone, rocked the babe in her arms, watching its twitching hands and pleading face. The old cathedral clock tolled away

the hours. At last the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels announced the rising tide of humanity. But that day brought no light to the mother's heart, for in the gray dawn of that morning she saw the light of her life go out, and on her arms she felt the heaviness of death. You may read in the health reports that the baby died of some disease with a Latin name. It died of starvation.

The father works from 6 in the morning until 7 at night. On Saturday he works until 12 at night. On Sunday he works until noon. For all this he receives \$7 a week. A more sober, honest, industrious, willing man never lived. And the mother? Ah, the struggle she has had to make \$7 satisfy the claims of the landlord and the grocer, and pay for shoes and clothes and school books! The truth is, she had not enough to eat, and the baby, therefore, was not properly nourished. Its puny body became the culture ground for disease germs, which it would have had a chance of resisting if it had had good food and pure air. Not having had these, it died, virtually, of starvation.

Mothers, have you known what it means to stand in the lonely nursery with arms so empty and breasts so full? Fathers, have you listened in vain for the music of the little feet and the merry voice in the silent hall? Have not these common experiences of joy and sorrow taught you the great lesson of human brotherhood? How long will you insult your unfortunate fellows with alms? When will you see the need of changing the laws that deny them justice? When will you learn to hear in the cry of these children of poverty the voice of your Christ? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow in Pilgrim, Cincinnati.

AN UP-TO-DATE CHILD.

It was in a photographer's studio, and a lady called and stated that she wished to have her child's portrait taken.

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer. "This is the little man, is it? Boo-roo. Bless 'im, little tootsie wootsie. Dear 'ickle fellow."

"Mother," said the up-to-date child in a voice of scorn, "will you kindly inform me whether the deplorable condition of this person is due to lack of education or hereditary insanity? Kindly proceed, sir, and make as creditable a likeness as lies within your apparently limited capacities."

TWELVE HUNDRED FEEDERS ON A STRIKE.

A strike of 1200 press feeders employed in the book and job printing trade of New York city has involved 550 pressmen and has, it is stated, nearly tied up the business in a large number of plants. The strike may prevent many magazines and periodicals from coming out on time.

Some time ago many of the feeders demanded an advance in wages from \$12 to \$14 a week and struck to enforce them. Then it was decided after several conferences with the employers to make a demand for the advance in wages in all of the union shops.

The employers refused the demand and the strike followed.