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Poetry.

ST. PETER AND THE SCAB.

BY G. C. S. CHARGER.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate
With solemn mien and an air sedate.
When up at the top of the golden stair
A shrouded figure ascended there,
Applied for admission. He came and
stood

Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hope the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let him in.

"O thou who guardest the gate," said he,
"I have come hither beseeching thee
To let me enter the Heavenly Land
And play a harp in the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt,
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me
out."

"I've been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise to speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told them
all—

Of Adam and Eve and the primal fall.
I've talked to them loud; I've talked to
them long.

For my lungs are good and my voice is
strong.

"I've marked their path of duty clear,
And laid out the plan of their whole
career."

"So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
That the gate of Heaven is open to me.
Here's the company's letter of recom-
mend,

Which I hope you'll read before you send
For the angel guide to the Throne of
Grace—

It might gain for me a higher place.
You'll find I was always content to live
On whatever the company was content to
give."

"And I ought to get a large reward
For never owning a union card.
I've never grumbled, I've never struck,
I've never mixed with union truck.
But I must be going my way to win,
So open, St. Peter, and let me in."
St. Peter sat and stroked his staff,
Despite his office he had to laugh.

Said he, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who is tending this gate, sir, you or I?
I've heard of you and your gift of gab;
You are what is known on earth as a
scab."

Thereupon he rose in his stature tall
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the
bell,

"Escort this fellow around to Hell."

"Tell Satan to give him a seat alone
On a red-hot griddle up near the throne,
But stay, e'en the Devil can't stand the
smell

Of a cooking scab on a griddle in Hell.
It would cause a revolt, a strike, I know,
If I sent you down to the imps below.
Go back to your masters on earth and
tell

That they don't even want a scab in
Hell."

NARCISO GENER GONZALES.

[Columbia State.]

The knightly soul of the brave
man, loyal friend and devoted
brother, whose name has graced
these columns since the birth of
the State twelve years ago, has
crossed the river and the paths
his willing feet have trod shall
know him no more. But along
their ways, from the seed he sowed,
flowers are blooming and the
air he loved to breathe, the air of
his native State, is sweet with the
incense of his noble words and
deeds.

To die for his State, even by
the loathly hand that struck him
down, was sweet to him. During
the four days of mortal agony
that followed his cruel wounding
no words save those of love and
sympathy for his bereaved kin-
dred passed his lips. He died
with his face to God's, a gentle-
man unafraid.

With heavy hearts his work is

aken up by those who loved him
well, in his name the State is
pledged anew to the principles for
which he gave his life.

AMBROSE E. GONZALES.

THE PRESS ON THE SLAYING OF GONZALES.

Having reference to the assassina-
tion of Editor Gonzales by
Lieutenant-Governor Tillman, the
Durham Herald says:

"The people of South Carolina
now have an excellent opportu-
nity to shake off at least a part of
the Tillman element.

"And what makes it worse, the
people of South Carolina and of
the South are held partly respon-
sible for the conduct of ruffians
of the Tillman stripe.

"There can be no respect for
the law when men, with a full
knowledge of what they are talk-
ing about, boldly make the claim
that a cold-blooded murderer will
go unpunished.

"The bullet of the assassin,
Tillman, accomplished no more
than he intended it to accomplish,
and if he is not hanged for his
crime the decent people of South
Carolina should string up the
jury.

"Of course Ben Tillman is not
directly responsible for the crime
of his nephew, but he is almost
wholly responsible for the politi-
cal conditions in his State, and
this condition is responsible for
the crime."

Commenting on the assassina-
tion of Editor Gonzales by Lt.
Gov. Jim Tillman, the Florence
(S. C.) Times of the 16th says:

"The sympathy of the people
was all with the stricken editor,
who was recognized as having
been made a martyr to his ideas
of public duties. The indigna-
tion of the people reached its cul-
mination in the hanging in effigy
of Jim Tillman."

The Henderson Gold Leaf, in
commenting on the above, says:
"He ought to be hung in reality,
but under the present regime in
South Carolina it is doubted if
Jim Tillman gets his deserts, not-
withstanding the death of his vic-
tim."

The Times adds further:
"The fear has been generally
expressed that the offense will
not be punished, and that the of-
fender ought to be summarily
dealt with by the enraged people."

WILL BE WATCHED WITH INTEREST.

Mr. Gonzales, the Columbia
editor, is dead.

There can be no two opinions
as to the character of the crime
for which his slayer must answer.

This disposition of this case
by South Carolina will be watch-
ed with deep interest. The atro-
cious crime is the culmination of
a condition which has developed
in that State within recent years.
Will it have the effect of stem-
ming the current of violence
which has disgraced our southern
neighbor? Let us hope so.—
Raleigh Post.

The Gold Leaf has this to say
in comment:

"If justice is not vindicated in
this case—if the strong arm of
the law does not right the wrong
that has been done by legally
hanging the cowardly assassin—
then an outraged public should
do the work instead. As long as
trees grow and telegraph poles
stand Jim Tillman's neck should
not go unbroken.

"We do not believe in mob vio-
lence unless the law proves a
farce and a failure. In this case,
then, we believe that justice
be done without invoking the aid
of the law.

"The people of South Carolina
have something to be thankful for
in that they did not nominate a
cold-blooded assassin for Govern-
or when he was a candidate last
year. It was bad enough that
such a fellow as Jim Tillman
ever got to be Lieutenant-Gov-
ernor."

To which THE HARBINGER
adds:

"Lay on, McDuff,
And do—do be he
Who first cries hold! Enough."

A WORTHY GIFT.

Fifty car-loads of coal from the
Birmingham district will be sent
to New York and Chicago to as-
sist in relieving the distress in
those cities caused by the coal
famine. Twenty-five car loads
of coal will be sent to New York
and twenty-five to Chicago.

Mayor Drennen originated the
idea and was successful in the un-
dertaking. He sent the follow-
ing telegram to Seth Low, mayor
of New York, and Carter Harnis-
son, mayor of Chicago:

"The citizens of Birmingham,
Ala., have donated fifty car-loads
of coal for the poor of New York
and Chicago. Can you aid me
in securing transportation?"

"W. M. DRENNAN,
"Mayor of Birmingham."

In reply to a request of the
New York World the mayor said:

"The coal contributed was do-
nated by citizens of Birmingham
and corporations in this district.
I secured the donations with lit-
tle effort, but fear lack of trans-
portation may prevent prompt de-
livery. Ask your assistance in
having shipment expedited. Out
of the unprecedented prosperity
of this section, it is a pleasure to
our people to be able to contrib-
ute for the relief of suffering else-
where a product so inexhaustible
in supply and mined at so little
cost.

"W. M. DRENNAN, Mayor."

It is thought that transporta-
tion will be arranged and the coal
sent forward within the next two
weeks. Nothing further will be
done in the matter until replies
have been received from the may-
ors of New York and Chicago. It
is estimated that the fifty cars
will carry about 1,500 tons, or 750
tons each city.—Birmingham
Labor Advocate.

Three men forced David Church,
a grocer at Birmingham, Ala., to
open his safe, and after taking
\$69, tied him in bed, set fire to
the house and nearly burned
Church to death.

Union men, patronize the mer-
chants whose ad. is in this paper.

BEAUTY AND AMIABILITY.

The women who can control
herself under the most trying cir-
cumstances is the woman who
holds the strongest power over
men.

The average man prizes per-
manent peace and content above
the happiness and possessing a
beautiful, attractive creature for
a wife, and he knows that a bad-
tempered woman and peace go
not together.

The assertion from a woman
that she has a bad temper, and is
proud of it, has kept more than
one worthy man from asking her
to share his future as his wife.

No matter how beautiful and
bravely and fascinating the bad
tempered woman may be, or how
lengthy her bank account, her
power is infinitesimal compared
with that of her amiable sister.

And amiability is not only pow-
er, it is mental progression and
health and happiness and long
life to one's self and to one's
friends and family.—New York
News.

MISSING THE STITCH IN TIME.

An interesting illustration of
how great and costly strikes may
result from the action of an em-
ploying co. on misinformation was
given by one of the speakers at
the Civic Federation meeting. A
railroad strike tying up the in-
tercommunication of three coun-
ties, involving the presence of
State troops and costing the
counties involved about \$45,000,
in addition to the losses incident-
al to the suspension of travel, be-
gan with the discharge of a man
who had run a train off at a switch.
When the matter was finally set-
tled, this company investigated
the accident, discovered that the
man arbitrarily discharged was
not in any sense at fault and
promptly reinstated him. To have
found this out when the accident
happened would have been an im-
portant economy.—N. Y. Times.

ANSWERED BY TELEPHONE.

Parker—"What's wrong? You
seem worried."

Streeter—"I am. I wrote two
notes—one to my brother, asking
him if he took me for a fool, and
the other to Miss Golding asking
her if she would be mine. While
I was out somebody telephoned
yes, and I don't know which of
'em it was."—Chicago News.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

"I can't help feeling that you
have a rather ignoble view of the
use of money in politics."

"My dear sir," answered Sen-
ator Sorghum, "like other well-
meaning people, you wrong me.
I'd be only to glad to get on with-
out spending a cent. But the
people who control the votes
won't let me."—Washington Star.

Notice scabs, rats and strike-
breakers. The cowboys and sheep
herders are going to form a union.
In case of trouble better keep off
the grass.

UNIONS HAVE COME TO STAY.

In an address before the New
England Society of Scranton, Pa.,
Rev. Dr. W. A. Stryker, Presi-
dent of Hamilton College, said:

Unions of labor have come to
stay. Combination and "commu-
nity of interest" are their in-
herent right also. They are a fact
and a factor. They must be recog-
nized. They are recognized
even in denying them recogni-
tion.

Fingers in one's ears is an ulti-
mum that two can play at. To
hide under the bedclothes may
comfort the child, but will not
stop the thunderstorm. Even to
a criminal the law does not deny
the right to choose his own attor-
ney. The credentials of any
spokesman are from those who
send him, not from those to whom
he is sent. The principal accredits
his agent.

Organized capital speaks through
its delegate. Labor has the same
right. If a given envoy is diffi-
cult, austere or offensive, so much
the worse for those who commis-
sion him. Either party may re-
quest a different delegate, but to
prescribe how he shall be chosen
or to refuse all is to break off dip-
lomatic relations. The right not
to deal through self-sent meddler
does not modify the duty to recog-
nize those who are properly
indorsed. Only fatuity challenges
the right of men to act and to
speak collectively and by whom
they will. Obviously 100,000
workmen cannot state their cause
separately to ten executive boards.
The question, gentlemen, as to
Mr. Baer, or as to Mr. Mitchell,
is not whether he is in the em-
ploy of those to whom he goes,
but whether he is authorized by
those from whom he comes.

The contention of the operators
that they may dictate just how
their men shall approach them,
cannot hold its ground before
American common sense and fair
play. It will fall, it falls already,
for that public which does not
quibble knows that practically
the United Mine Workers as such
and in the person of John Mit-
chell are before the commission
and the country. The arbitrary
precept issues so far only in
mutual exasperations and furnishes
the prolific opportunities of mar-
plots. Any genuine effort to agree
must listen to all parties claiming
to be such.

As to the alleged nonresponsi-
bility of the miners because they
are not incorporated, remember
that since they cannot be enjoined
they cannot enjoin. It is,
even further, remember, that their
adhesion to their word given is
their whole capital. They know
that the country watches them in
this to see if they be men. Under
immense temptation they have
this summer past kept their word.
It is much. It is enough. In-
corporation may be a wise device,
but it is not the first and great
commandment.

As to "compulsory arbitration,"
who wants it? It is a contradic-
tion in terms. The essence of

arbitration is voluntary consent
to take advice. If its *obiter dicta*
are amicably accepted, it is excel-
lent. If it can compel, it is but
a new court, and we are where
we started. Agreement and liti-
gation are two opposite ways. If
arbitration could be compulsory,
it would be superfluous.

But, and moreover, not only
must corporations give the free-
dom they take, not treating equity
as a thing to be settled by an ex
parte dictum; they must also ad-
mit and rectify their errors.

CHILD LABOR.

A remarkable revelation of
child labor is about to be made,
which many who have studied
the matter declare will show that
more child labor exist in New
York than in all the States of the
South combined.

The facts on which the revela-
tion is based have been gathered
in the last six months by the
child labor commission of New
York. Since May 1,000 cases
of child labor in the tenement
region have been personally in-
vestigated by skilled workers,
Public school teachers, factory
inspectors, keepers of boys' lodg-
ing houses and the children and
parents themselves have furnish-
ed the facts.

HE CONVINCED HER.

"Yes," said the young man, as
he threw himself at the feet of
the pretty school teacher, "I love
you and would go to the world's
end for you."

"You could not go to the
world's end for me, George. The
world, or the earth, as it is called,
is round like a ball. Slightly
flattened at the poles. One of
the first lessons in elementary
geography is devoted to the shape
of the globe. You must have
studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer a theory.
Circumstances have established
the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was
that I would do anything to please
you. Ah, Angelina, if you but
knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a
void, George. Nature abhors a
vacuum. But, admitting that
there could be such a thing how
could the void you speak of be a
void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life
would be lonely without you;
that you are my daily thought
and nightly dream. I would go
anywhere to be with you. If
you were darkest Africa or at the
North Pole I would fly to you.
I—"

"Fly! It would be another
century before man can fly. Even
when the laws of gravitation are
successfully overcome there still
remains, says a late scientific au-
thority, the difficulty of balance
—"

"Well, all at events," exclaimed
the youth, "I can get over that!
I've a pretty fair balance in the
bank, and I want you to be my
wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put
it in that light I will."—Chicago
Journal.