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Poetry.

OUR FASHIONABLE BUSTLES.

[Answer to "Merely Observations," by Don Marquis, in Atlanta News, printed in last week's Harbinger.]

You pouch-mouthed, freckled face
Son of a gun,
What business you write
Poking fun—
Because us girls grab
Our skirts,
Pulling them one-sided, as if
Going in the surf.
If we show our footies
Just above the level,
Who peeps more than you?
Young limb of the devil!
If we wear our bustles
Just below our waist,
And was a mile down the street,
Walking a slow pace—
Who would cut across the street
Quicker than you?
To get near that bustle to see
If it was new!
Our bustles are out of sight,
You can content your mind
And imagine all you want—
If they are plain or fine!
You look on and admire,
And wonder to yourself—
If it is natural or artificial,
You rubber-necked whelp!
It is none of your business,
You dad-limbed rake!
It is the fashion and style
And worn for man's sake.
Who admires a fine form
By birth or hand-made
More than you men,
Who so much have said—
Now keep your mouth shut,
You evil-minded Hessian,
And never marry a girl who has
Been in the fashion!

—ONE OF CAROLINA'S DAUGHTERS.

TO MY MOTHER.

Thou type of noblest Womanhood!
Thou who in manhood's evil day,
As by the couch of infancy,
Still faithful stood;
Unflinching, and with purpose strong,
Rebuking all the hosts of wrong,
With "love is more than gift of song,"
And "virtue is the highest good."
Oh would these wildwood flowers for
Thee
Were robed in beauty's charm and bloom
Made rich with every rare perfume
Of Poesy;
With every grace of heart and mind,
With woman in all reverence shrined;
In part repaying so in kind
A debt as boundless as the sea.

—BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

HEART MUSIC.

A laugh is just like sunshine
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.
A laugh is just like music;
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart.
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

[Communicated.]

MR. EDITOR:—I have just finished reading a letter in the Morning Post from Solomon De Cous, and I can safely say there is meaning in every word he says, and he is a Solomon of value to the State and he is a man of brain and has not only an eye to the future, but has been looking around him some time at the neglect of parents who allow their children to run at large as a set of hogs or cattle. The neighbors, by chance, see the stray cattle going at large, attempt to stop them, believing the owner ignorant of his loss,

and that his fence and lots are insecure, and, at the same time, they inform him of his neglect. They are utterly shocked that he should be so blind as not to have noticed his frail protection for his cattle, he being liable at any time to lose them, and there is so much suffering that he should, by his carelessness, give his friends trouble to help him protect and care for his own property.

Mow, Mr. Editor, I only mention this cattle story because it comes in with the cigarette smoking. Just think of a father allowing his son to be smoking and going at large as he pleases, and for fear of ruin to the boy, friends come to his rescue, by getting up a society to vote down smoking and make a law to prevent this child or boy from doing what his parents should make him do. I tell you, Mr. Editor, it is a reflection on parents. I would feel hurt and insulted to think that I had so neglected one of my own children to such an extent that outside people should look to his care and future use as a man and citizen as well as health. Parents in this day and time only expect to see their children at meal hours and bed time, and some don't take any notice or care if they are not there. I have been noticing all this for years and have many times said it was all caused by sending those very children out from home to school so young, when many of them should be at home direct under the mother's eye. I tell you, sir, there is not enough hickory used as should be. Then, again, here come the ladies pleading for a reformatory for young boys. Did they work as hard to get a reformatory for grown men, who set the example, who are not caught or classed as criminals, the boys would by far be better in fact. I think our young boys first-class tramps, considering the example set before them by many of their own fathers, and the mothers many times helpless, even if they wanted to correct the child. The only hope is "Home Rule."

Talk about your United States flag, your State flag, your State laws and your patriotic feeling, but, gentlemen, HOME RULE is all that will save this country and the boys from ruin, and to begin for that rule, plant trees convenient to the house; let them be for beauty as well as useful; make your home law, and see that it is carried out. Should that law be broken, call the case on first report. Should persuasion fail, and the defendant be rather too obstreperous, call him down and get Judge Burch to pass sentence, and you can rest assured you will be soon convinced that, with more home rule, there will be much less use for county rule, State rule or United States rule, for there is no rule equal to home rule well managed by a determined father and mother, that their children shall not go at large as dumb beasts, degrading them in their old age, or that they would blush to hear their names called and they could not call them themselves.

A MAN, NOT A MACHINE.

Members of the local union of Railroad Car Men enjoyed a delightful social session last night in Germania Hall and upwards of two hundred and fifty people were present. It was one of the most delightful affairs of the kind given here in many a day. From the standpoint of pleasure and enjoyment the occasion was a pronounced success.

The order of Railroad Car Men is a national organization. About four months ago a local union was established here. It started out with a small membership. Today the roll of members shows over 200 names. The social session last night was held as a mark of the wonderful success and remarkable growth and every member entered into the celebration with enthusiasm. The Railroad Car Men is one of the strongest orders in Wilmington, N. C., today, and it is the youngest.

After the meeting was called to order last night twenty-five new members were received. The main feature of the evening was a scholarly address by Rev. Calvin S. Blackwell, D. D., and it was received with great favor. The address was able and it was to the point, and Dr. Blackwell received congratulations on every hand. His subject was, "Man, Not a Machine." He spoke in substance as follows:

God, the Master Workman, made a man's hand as his masterpiece of mechanism to work. The same day after God finished man he gave him a job—"dress the garden." He did not make man happy by giving him a woman, but by giving him a job. Honest work is man's only source of earthly happiness.

There are three verbs of life—to have, to do, to be. It's a good thing to get and to have. It's a better thing to be able to do, the best is to be. When Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, said the best thing of man he did not say he has, or he does, but he is the salt of the earth, he is the light of the world. Don't make the mistake of thinking the chief business of life is to make a living. The chief thing is to live—to make a life.

When laws and economic relations justly adjust labor and capital and labor gets its proper share you can give more attention to life. Then you will have what God intends: all men to have eight hours for toil, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours to devote to living. To the thought of home, your families and yourselves.

Paul, the master and tent maker, who belonged to the tentmakers' union of his day, did not exhort Timothy to take heed unto getting, or to doing, but he is, "take heed unto thyself." He put the man above the machine. A skilled, self-respecting workman makes his work build up his own true manhood.

This sort of a workman has pride in his family and hope in his posterity. Out of the homes of the manual toilers of the world

have come the world's greatest thinkers, writers and leaders.

After the address refreshments were served in style and abundance and all enjoyed the repast. Then Mr. Z. A. Murrell, foreman of the coach shop, and Mr. Denny, foreman of the paint shop, of the A. C. L., made short speeches concerning the good of the order. The social session was a great success.—Wilmington Dispatch.

FOR MAYOR.

MR. EDITOR:—Of course I am not in favor of the workingmen entering politics as an organization at this time, not because I think it wrong, but because it is not politic; but every citizen, of whatever vocation, should feel such an interest in the welfare of his town, State and nation, as to use his best efforts to put in office the men most fitted to fill the positions, and he should not allow trivial matters or selfishness to come between him and his duty to himself and people. In the coming city election I see many good men announced for the various offices, the most important, perhaps, is that of Mayor of Raleigh. Our city has, for the last several years, been making great progress, and most especially is there at this time plans being matured for our upbuilding, and recognized business qualifications; a man in sympathy and touch with the great masses; a man with the intelligence and energy to push to completion these plans which are to put us in line if not ahead of any city in the State, and I think from his past administration that Mr. A. M. Powell, the present incumbent, is the man. He has not only evinced his ability and energy, but his universal popularity, by his election for several terms. Some seem to think that because a man has served several terms he should not be a candidate to succeed himself. In my opinion, this is just the gentleman for the place, as he naturally has more experience and is better qualified to fill the office. Mr. Powell has ever thrown whatever influence he may have possessed towards the uplifting of Raleigh, and never failed to be on the side of the laboring man when duty permitted. Of all the men mentioned, let us again try A. M. Powell.

MECHANIC.

AUTOMOBILES FOR THE SEA.

A London company is exhibiting at the salon d'Automobile a novelty in the form of an automobile boat, which, it is said, is an eminently seaworthy craft, capable of a high rate of speed. It is 33 feet in length and fitted with a Mercedes-Simplex motor, of 35 horse power. The propeller shaft is of steel and the screw of bronze. The vessel, whose hull is of oak and cedar, is quite open, and can accommodate ten people. The inventor, M. Charleg, made a voyage in the boat from Athens to Nice last year, averaging nineteen knots an hour.

Take your union paper.

FIGHT CHILD LABOR EVIL.

The Chicago Packing Trades' council, representing thirty-seven unions in the stock yards, has taken up the question of child labor, and will send a lobby to Springfield in the interests of the bill requiring an educational tests for children before they can be employed in factories. This bill has been prepared by the industrial committee of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs and labor organizations interested.

At the last meeting of the Packing Trades' Council the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the state factory inspector's report for 1901 shows that in places inspected there were 19,839 children employed, as against 14,256 for the previous year; and

"Whereas, it is estimated that there are 19,000 children at work in this State, one-third of whom are under fourteen years of age, as required by law; and

"Whereas, Illinois has no law the same as New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and New Jersey, preventing night work for children, and makes no educational test as demanded in twenty other States; and

"Whereas, There is now pending before the Legislature a bill known as House bill No. 174, which will make it necessary for children to make an educational test; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the Packing Trades' Council and the thirty-seven local unions affiliated, therewith, representing 21,957 members, do hereby sincerely request you to use all the influence at your command to assist us to secure the passage of such bill."

A copy of the resolutions has been sent to every Senator and Representative in the Legislature.

[Communicated.]

THE LITTLE BOY AND CAT.

A little country boy went into town to pay his grandma a visit. He, like all little fellows of his age, went barefooted during the summer, so when night came a foot-washing had to be gone through with as usual. The little fellow, not too brave, wanted to bring the foot-tub in the bedroom, but auntie said no, sit down on the stairs in the dining-room. He scarcely knew how to disobey, and did not want to play big coward and let her know he was afraid, but did as he was told, and went to the steps. There was a beautiful pet cat, belonging to the aunt, who did not like children, not being used to them. She was sitting up about half way on the steps, which the little boy was delighted to see. But just as soon as the cat saw the boy well-seated she, in fear and disgust for children, ran down, passing the boy as quick as she could go to get away from him. The boy could no longer play brave, and yelled out, "Oh, auntie, do make the cat stay up there, for it is so dark up stairs!" Brave boy, with cat between him and danger.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The American girl is admired and liked at home and abroad because she is the happiest, healthiest and friendliest of girls. Usually unharmed by any self-consciousness, she is not apologetic and morbidly sensitive, as are many girls brought up in the close, conventional air of European civilization. She likes the world, and is alive to everything beautiful and good in existence. She is easily pleased, and her unstudied, fresh enjoyment of simple pleasures gives happiness to every one around her by its simple, wholesome expression through her face, figure and voice.

American girls, when you study them critically, are not more beautiful than English or French girls, but somehow an American girl always contrives to make a pretty picture of herself, and neither she nor any one else can explain how she does it. She is adaptable to an astonishing degree, and she can dress for a walk, and outdoor game, a dinner or a ball so as to make the impression that in each particular garb she is at her best. This power to change her appearance so as to look almost like another person is one of the American girl's chief charms, and she owes it to her keen appreciation of the people and circumstances around her. She has imagination, intuition and a genius for fitting herself to the hour.—Woman's Home Companion.

LIGHTNING KILLS MOTHER COMBING CHILDREN'S HAIR.

News has been received of the death by lightning of Mrs. Hart Waltrip, who lived at Tusculumbia. Neighbors of the family who brought in the tidings, state that Mrs. Waltrip was engaged in combing the hair of her two children during the storm, she and the children and husband being seated in a room with an open fireplace. After completing her task she walked to the mantel and laid the comb on it. The moment her hand came in contact with the mantel a bolt of lightning came down the chimney and struck her. Death was instant. Strange to say her husband and children, who were not over three to five feet from her, were uninjured, while the house was damaged but little.

STARVED INTO INSANITY.

At Chicago, D. W. Carlin, a student in the theological department of the Northwestern University, is insane from an attempt to live on \$2 a week. Carlin cooked his own meals and practiced many other economies. Students say he did not have sufficient nourishment.

Besides denying himself food, Carlin worked hard, and it is thought this had much to do with his illness. He had charge of a small church at Cardiff, Ill.

The engagement is announced of Jan Kubelik, the violinist, to Countess Marianne Csaky.

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