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Poetry.

[Written for THE HARBINGER.]

Alone With God.

The day has just begun,
When I'm alone with God:
The rising of the sun
That lights the path I trod.

Let come the thundering storm
With lightning flash and rain;
Let hell appear in form
Tormenting me with pain.

But lo! His peace, God's peace
Stays in my soul to calm;
And Satan's toilers cease:
God's love has grace to balm.

The day is past—is won,
The road I daily trod—
The setting of the sun,
But I'm alone with God.
E. L. C.

[Written for THE HARBINGER.]

To Mary.

Smile on me often, Mary,
For thy smile they have the power,
To cheer my weary soul,
In its darkest, dreariest hour;
They cause me to forget,
That sorrow I have known;
Dispel the gloom from round my heart,

Which sad memory has thrown,
And to me all's bright and beautiful
Where darkness 'twould be the while,

If I were shut out from thy face
And that sweet, sunny smile!
Then smile on me often, Mary,
Though sadness is in thy heart,
Thy smiles have the same power
To cause my troubles to depart.
And oh, when I come to die,
Having finished my earthly race,
May my last look on earth be cheered

By the sight of that sweet face,
W. R. T.
Raleigh, N. C., June 11, 1903.

[Written for THE HARBINGER.]

Those Trusts.

Nearly every "small fry" business
Is being forced to sell or "bust,"
Just because these men of millions
Wish to form into a "Trust."

We can't tell where this thing will stop,
And it's certainly tough on me,
Since a few have got together
And formed a "Trust on Poetry."

They scoop up everything they want,
And we outside poets must
Submit to anything they say,
Because they have formed "a trust."

What's to become of some of us,
For I don't think it just
To shut me small fry out of print,
Not being in the "Trust."

Now, what I've got to say is this,
And this I'll say or burst,
Whether you print this thing or not,
I'm "agin" any "Poetry Trust."
—By George.

The Little Arm Chair.

Nobody sits in the little armchair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil or slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of her father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word so often said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear
sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair,
She lost him back in the busy years
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears,
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent o'er a pencil and slate,
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small armchair stood just in
the way,
The center of everything.

[Written for THE HARBINGER.]

Death.

What a sad thought to think,
From what an end to shrink,
Is death.

What a sad fact to know,
That we all have to go,
To death.

How good we should be,
So as to enable us to see,
In death,

A triumphant and joyous end,
To those who refrain from sin,
Over death.

—Poetry Trust.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
Storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

THIS DOG CAN SPELL.

—There is a south side lady
who owns a Gordon setter which
she believes is endowed with al-
most human intelligence, says
the Chicago News. This is not
a hastily formed nor unfounded
opinion, but has been developed
by years of experience. Here is
one of the many incidents from
which has sprung her faith in her
dog:

One Sunday, having finished
her dinner, the lady went into the
drawing room to read the paper.
On a rug near the window the
setter was basking drowsily in
the sunshine. The lady's two
sons were still in the dining room
finishing the repast, and the
mother overheard something said
about bones. Now, the good
lady has a mortal dread that her
beautiful dog will choke to death
on a bone some day, so, raising
her voice, she called out, "Don't
give Dan any c-h-i-c-k-e-n-b-o-n-e-s"
—spelling these two words so the
dog's attention would not be at-
tracted. "I'm afraid he will
choke."

As she spelled "chicken" the
dog raised his head; at "bones"
he got up, walked into the dining
room and looked at the bones the
boys were picking.

EELS OUT OF RIVER STOLE HIS CHICKENS.

Rochester, May 28.—A farmer
in this locality has been missing
chickens. He kept watch last
night. He saw an eel, he says,
crawl out of the river.

Presently another eel longer
than the first, made its appear-
ance and started for the chicken
coops. Two other eels followed.
The farmer killed them all.

Only three out of two broods
of eighteen and fifteen chicks
respectively are left. Today the
coops have been moved out of
the reach of the eels.

THE GREATEST DEPART- MENT STORE.

Paris boasts of the greatest de-
partment store in the world. Her
immense Bon Marche gives em-
ployment to 15,000 people and
covers nearly two large city
blocks. The store is one of the
sights of Paris. Though this
store has been in existence for
many years it was not until 1865
that it attracted attention, and
not until several years later that
the present magnificent building
was occupied.

In 1853, Mr. Boucicault be-
came sole proprietor. Previous
to this he had been a partner for
some ten years. Mr. Boucicault
and his wife both possessed splen-
did business ability, and at once
entered upon their life work of
making the Bon Marche the
world's greatest store. This store,
under Mr. Boucicault, was the
first store in Paris to introduce
the method of taking back goods
and refunding the money. The
store has always been conducted
on the principles of "quick sales
and small profits," and it is this
policy that has made it the great
trading centre in Europe.

It is said to have the best equip-
ped clerks of any store in the
world, and this is accounted for
from the fact that only those who
are able to pass a severe exami-
nation are taken into service.
Once in the service of the store,
however, they generally remain,
for the proprietor looks after their
interests very carefully. Even-
ing classes in the study of the
English language, music, physical
exercise, etc., were instituted
years ago, and can be enjoyed by
all without cost. An examination
of these evening schools takes
place annually, and those who
excel are sent to London for fur-
ther study at the expense of the
house. The married women are
looked after in the matter of
lodgings, etc. The store many
years ago built fine houses with
sitting rooms, and comfortable
bed rooms.

Breakfast and supper are sup-
plied to the employees. In 1876,
the provident fund was establish-
ed. From this fund is provided
the means for all employees who
have been with the firm for five
years to participate in the profits.
Those who desire this profit
money to remain on deposit re-
ceive an annual interest of four
per cent. The amount of the
provident fund is now 4,000,000
francs. A pension fund has al-
so been provided for with a pres-
ent capital of 7,000,000 francs,
and at present 271 employees who
have retired from the firm are
given pensions which aggregate
200,000 francs.

All employees are entitled to a
pension after twenty years' ser-
vice. It is paid to men who are
over 50 years of age and women at
forty-five. The annual pensions
amount to 600 to 1,500 francs.
There is still another fund—the
relief fund for the temporary re-
lief of employees. This fund
amounts to 600,000 francs.

Two doctors are employed by

the Bon Marche and their ser-
vices is free to all employees. In
1899, an annex opposite the main
building, was completed.

The Bon Marche is a depart-
ment store in every sense of the
word. There are over 100 separ-
ate departments, and one can
buy nearly everything that can
be bought anywhere.

Interpreters speaking all lan-
guages are employed for the
special accommodation of foreign-
ers visiting Paris, and a corps of
attendants are employed to wel-
come all strangers and visitors,
and show them throughout the
building whether they are custom-
ers or not.—The Shoe Workers'
Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Johnny—Papa, where do ships
go when it rains? Papa—In the
dry dock, I suppose.

Bloobs—He's nothing but a
cheap sport. Sloobs—Humph!
He's rather expensive to his
friends.

Wigg—Thanks for lending me
your umbrella, old man. Wagg
—Oh, don't mention it. Many
happy returns!

Father, Matilda is on that
young man's knee." "You don't
say? Well, maybe that's a sign
she'll get off my hands."

Aunt Martha—Was it a long
courtship? Uncle Silas—I should
say so. They wore out two pho-
tograph albums.

Sillicus—If you were going to
marry, would you marry for love
or for money? Cynicus—Oh, I
guess I'd split the difference.

Nell—I hear you and Jack are
going to be married. Belle—
Gracious! Who told you that?
Why, we are merely engaged.

Mrs. Buggins—I know where
you can get a good cook. She's
a deaf mute. Mrs. Muggins—
Then I'm afraid she won't an-
swer.

"Has there ever been any in-
sanity in your family?" thun-
dered the prosecuting attorney.
The witness winced. "Well,"
he replied, hesitatingly, "I have
a daughter who refused to marry
a plumber and eloped with a
poet."

Promoter—I would like to
call your attention, sir, to our
latest mechanical device, the
Smith roller and crusher. In-
vestor—Oh, I guess it's all right.
There are a good many Smiths,
but I'm not interested. I have
nothing against them.

"I'd like to see the man who
wrote the poem, 'Get Up and
Hustle,' which appeared in your
paper," said the caller. "Oh,
you are too early," replied the
editor; "he doesn't get down here
until we are almost ready to go
to press."

Ernie—"So you think it is
woman's privilege to 'kiss and
make up?" Jack (glancing at
cosmetics)—Yes; especially "make
up."

The income of the A. F. of L.
recently was over \$14,000 a
month.

CHILD LABOR.

The evils of child labor can
never be cured while the 'intelli-
gence of adults fails to organize
in defence of innocent, defence-
less children, who know nothing
of self help, nothing of protection,
only what we surround them
with. Child labor is an evil
that no one attempts to justify,
an evil that is recognized not by
one element, one class, are one
nation, but by the whole civilized
world. There are many evils
that though universally recog-
nized, the effects apparent and
contrary to law, are difficult of
correction because carried on
secretly. In the case of child la-
bor everything is different, the
evil is flaunted daily in the face
of an intelligent and in most re-
spects a humane public. In
communities where factories or
mills are allowed to engage the
labor of little tots, the hand of
justice and humanity dwells not.
If the love of a father and mother
for their child, the love of a na-
tion for its children, our religious
and educational systems, human
conceptions of right and wrong
are right—child labor is diabolical.
If kindergartens are right,
the industrial ewe-pens are inhu-
man. Mills, factories and mines
where child labor is employed,
are incubators of an evil which
casts its shadow athwart the
threshold of the home of every
workingman and woman through-
out our country.

The constant companion of
the innocence and purity of the
nursery, the childish mirth, free-
dom and joyousness of the play-
ground, the moral and mental
development of the school room,
with its helpful associations, is
the blasted hopes and happiness
of an army of little ones forced
to "earn their bread in the sweat
of their brows." In the pulpit,
kneeling at the feet of every min-
ister of the gospel, whose voice
is always raised in denunciation
of organized labor, but dumb to
the woes of the little wage work-
er, is the supplicating figure of
the child laborer crying out that
if the church is to endure, I must
endure, not in the unfit, unhealth-
ful atmosphere of the manufac-
tory but in the gladsome light
of sunshine, the happy associa-
tions of the playground, and the
moral influences of the school-
room. The same appealing voice
sounds the note of warning to
our legislators, that if this govern-
ment is to endure our children
must endure, but their nursery,
playground and school-room must
not be the mill, factory or mine.

The pride of our self-made
men is humbled in the presence
of our self made children. Is
there a man or a woman worthy
of the name in the civilized world
who believes in child labor? Is
there an industry in our country
dependent on child labor for its
existence? And what constitutes
the success of such an industry?
If there is such an industry it
were well for us as a people that
we awake tomorrow and find it
swept from the face of the earth.

The threat is constantly held
up to organized labor whenever
a demand is made for an increase
of wages, or an amelioration of
the conditions or hours of labor,
that unless labor accepts the
wages and conditions prescribed
by the employer he will remove
his business to some other local-
ity where child labor is available.
The whole truth as to the reason
for the employment of child la-
bor is summed up in that threat.

From a standpoint of produc-
tivity child labor is the dearest la-
bor possible, and is valuable to
the employer simply because it
affords him a means of clubbing
able bodied labor into submission.
Despite the philanthropic protes-
tations of the cannibals, not
captains of industry, they, and
they alone, are responsible for
child labor. There are many
children, scarcely more than in-
fants, working daily ten and
twelve hours who are incapable
of properly dressing themselves
unaided. The cases are rare
where the needs of the widowed
mother or wifeless father are so
urgent as to necessitate the send-
ing of children into shops to toil
for a week for the \$1.50 or \$2.00
philanthropic money they receive.
No one wants child labor. The
employer don't, the employe don't,
the unionist or non-unionist don't,
the father and mother, religion
and education, government and
society, all oppose child labor.
Yes, it is with us a monument to
our inhumanity, a nation's curse.
While religion remains heedless
of its duty to our little ones, and
college presidents shout in the
same breath pro-creation and the
advocacy of as many hours of la-
bor every workday for the work-
ingman as he can endure, the
eyes of our little ones are turned
to organized labor for relief from
conditions that make their child-
hood one of travail, and predesti-
nates a future of poverty and
misery.—Shoeworkers' Journal.

GIRLS WILL ORGANIZE.

Young women employed in the
packing plants of Kansas City are
planning to organize a union.

Not fewer than 1,000 young
women are on the pay rolls of the
plants, and among them are many
who believe that in unionism they
will find sympathy and strength.
The leaders in the movement are
determined to show their brothers
in toil that they, too, are capable
of successfully conducting a la-
bor organization.

"It is time for us to do some-
thing," said a maiden who is em-
ployed in one of the plants. "I
notice that whenever the men
want anything they get it. When
we make a request our foreman
merely smiles and tells us to 'be
good.' When we organize his
smile will not be so patronizing.
We'll show him! Look at Mayme
there," pointing to her compan-
ion, "she's been in the label de-
partment three years. Has her
wages been raised? Ask the boss,
and he'll say nit. Look at me,
I sort meat. I am still a sorter,
and my pay envelope does not
weigh any more now than it did
when my name first went on the
pay roll. But we are going to
take our time. My motto
is 'One for all, all for one,' you
know, and when all the girls are
in line we'll amount to some-
thing."

The girls it is planned to or-
ganize, work in the label, meat
sorting and oleo departments.
When steadily employed they
work ten hours a day, and their
wages range from \$4 to \$15 a
week. Most of them work by the
piece system.

Negroes in Indianapolis so
much annoyed Miss Hadley, the
young woman who refused to
make Booker Washington's bed,
that she has left that town and
gone to her home in Illinois. An
Indianapolis dispatch says a gang
of them gathered around the
house in which she was stopping
and threatened to burn it. In-
dianapolis ought to fire them.—
Wilmington Star.