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ORGANIZATION, EDUCATION, ELEVATION.

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Poetry.

[Written for THE HARBINGER.]

Sometime, or Song of the Tramp.

It was in the Spring of 1901, whilst I was residing with my son in the city of Raleigh, N. C. on East Lenoir street that I awoke one morning after having one of the sweetest and most delightful dreams of my life. It was a dream of music, which, if not discordant, is said to be always of good omen. I thought I was in some city and was walking along one of the streets when my attention was attracted by the strains of sweet music. Presently I arrived in front of an old dilapidated 2-story wooden building from whence the music was proceeding. The front or entrance door was open and quite a crowd was present. Without any invitation I concluded to venture in and see what was the attraction. Entering the door I found quite a number of spectators and seated on either side of the fireplace in the room was a couple of men, who, from their dress and woe-begone looks, I judged to be old tramps or "hobos." They were performing on some kind of stringed instruments, different from any that I had ever seen or read of. But the music; I shall not attempt to describe it. I may say, however, that I have listened to the strains of the sweetest ever procured in this country, including that of Theodore Thomas' band of 60 trained fiddlers, which, I think, excelled all this of the tramps being far more exquisite than that. I asked one of the listeners present what tune was it that they were playing, and he replied that it was called "Sometime, or the tramps favorite song." Finishing this piece they began tuning their instruments to play another. I asked what they were going to render next and was informed that it was "Sweet bye and bye." Having heard that sung and played so much, I concluded not to wait to hear it and turned to depart when I awoke. Seizing my pencil and paper, I jotted down the song "Sometime," as I remembered it:

The world is dark and dreary,
The clouds hang low and frown;
And of life I'm growing weary
With not a friend in town.
But yet I'm told to hope on
Altho' I've not a dime,
And through the gloom to grope on,
There'll come a time sometime
When the clouds will pass away,
And the bright sunshine of gladness
Will light my weary way—
With no more trouble nor sadness,
Sometime.

Yes, we'll all be happy sometime,
But when, we cannot tell;
The bright sunshine of happiness,
Will come to us to dwell.
Oh, yes, we'll all be jolly,
Altho' we've not a dime;
We can smile at our past folly
And all feel good sometime!
Sometime.

But when Oh, who can tell us?
For we're anxious now to know;
'Twould make us all more zealous
In the right way to go.
But alas, there's none can tell us,
Save Him who rules on high;
So let's live and expect great happiness
In the sweet bye and bye,
Yea, Sometime.
W. R. TERRY.
Raleigh, N. C., June 15, 1903.

WHEN WASHING HANDS.

Beauty doctors are asserting vehemently that the only respectable and safe way to wash the hands is to follow the soapy scrubbing with a thorough rinsing "in running water." You must hold them alternately under the hot and cold water faucet, they declare, and by so doing the flesh is massaged and kept soft and white.

Rinsing the face and hands thoroughly after washing is quite as important as the washing itself, if the people who make beauty a study are to be believed. The soap must be got out of the pores or it will roughen and dry the skin and often aggravate the tendency to blackheads.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WANTS TO MAKE UP BEDS.

Rev. Dr. Hillis is a hysterical parson. He over-does himself when he is excited. His various utterances are sensational generally rather than spiritual.

Because a white chambermaid declined to make up Booker Washington's bed in an Indiana tavern, he goes off into hysterics and says he would esteem it a high honor to tote slops and clean up rooms for such colored men. Then why not?

Let him be accommodated, I should say. Rev. Dr. Hillis preaches in Brooklyn, if we are not misinformed. It has been but a few weeks ago when a furious protest was entered against a colored Young Men's Christian Association because the organization contemplated building a club room on one of the streets where colored people were not wanted. There was some plain talk and the building movement was checked if not prevented by Brooklynites.

That would have been a rarely good time for Rev. Dr. Hillis to have explained his views on social equality with negroes.

Now why didn't he show himself in favor of the colored Y. M. C. A. building, even if it had to be built as an annex to the church he serves? Why did he fail?

What's the matter with Dr. Hillis in Brooklyn when he is willing to get down to such a level in Indiana?

It is the old, old story of blowing hot and cold out of the same mouth. While he might be willing to dine with Booker Washington, a la Roosevelt, what about good faithful coffee who does not teach school and draw gifts, but nevertheless earns an honest living? Is he willing to have coffee lodge with him, and will he insist on cleaning up coffee's room, or will he have Mrs. Hillis or his daughters do it?

How long would he occupy a Brooklyn pulpit if he made a business of dining and sleeping with his colored friends? Let him try it on at home and see how it works.

There is a disposition up North to see matters of this sort in a clearer light than formerly, but Dr. Hillis does not yet see.

Doubtless Booker Washington wears clean clothes and is particular in matters of cleanliness as the average traveler, and Booker is wise in his day and generation, because he collects the wherewith by which to travel and win friends like Mr. Carnegie and President Roosevelt. He is above the average of his race and color, nevertheless he is a colored man, belongs to the colored race, and receives attention not because he is as good as a white man, in the estimation of his admirers, but because he is a remarkable colored man who has had the good sense to keep his head and make a success of his undertakings, without clamoring for a white man's privilege and perquisites.

THE OTHER OX GORED.

One day, after awhile, the foreman of the Daily Times printing establishment of Blanktown sat in his office looking over some editorial proof sheets. The foreman was president of the Blanktown section of the Typographical branch of the Federated Employers' Union of America.

There was a timid knock on the door, and upon the foreman's saying "Come in!" General Otisky, the millionaire owner of the Times establishment, entered, removed his hat and said:

"I have been delegated by the Owners' Union of Blanktown to present to you some grievances."

"Now, now, general," interrupted the foreman, "let me tell you once again and for the last time that I will not recognize the Owners' Union or any delegate thereof. If you, as an individual, have any grievance I will listen to you."

"Well, then," said Otisky, "I find that I cannot live decently upon the \$15 per week that the employes allow me as the owner of this establishment, and I ask for an increase to \$18 per week and a reduction from twelve to ten hours, work per day."

"No general; that cannot be done. The business won't admit of it. Our union has just raised the weekly salaries of employes—that of printer's devil from \$75 to \$100, the typesetters and pressmen from \$150 to \$200 and my own from \$200 to \$300 and made a reduction in all employes' working hours from five to four hours per day, and with these necessary changes, due to present prosperity, we cannot grant your request."

"Won't you submit my case to arbitration?" asked the general eagerly.

"No, general," responded the foreman; "there is nothing to arbitrate. The Baer truth is that God, in his infinite wisdom and tender mercy, has placed the management of this establishment in the employes' hands, and by the Jumping John Rogers, we, the employes, as true Christian gentlemen, are always infallibly right and just, and therefore how can there be anything to arbitrate? If you are not satisfied you are perfectly free to sell out. There are plenty of needy non-union capitalists on the street corners who would gladly buy you out and own this establishment for a much less income than you are getting. You are much better off than the owners of other establishments in the city. The department store employes allow their owners only \$1.98 per day, and that is to be reduced to \$.190 per day, on the first of the month."

"But the cost of living is so high," said the general mournfully. "Rump steak is 50 cents per pound now."

"Steak?" cried the foreman. "Oh, I see the cause of your discontent! You are living beyond your means and indulging in luxuries not justified by one in

your station. Look over the back numbers of the Times, and you will find many articles telling how nicely people with small incomes can live high on simple vegetable foods without any meat. One article demonstrates that a man can work hard and retain perfect health on 5 cents worth of oatmeal per day. Why, general, it you will only acquire habits of thrift and economy you can be putting money in the savings bank every week."

Otisky disconsolately turned to go.

"Stay a moment," said the foreman, picking up one of the editorial proof sheets. "I see that in this editorial you have covertly introduced some socialistic nonsense advocating the idea of owners turning over their property to the employes and sharing more equally with them in the general income. I have penciled out all that stuff and must peremptorily request that you cease endeavoring to stir up discontent among the owning classes. And you must stop all this agitation and strife against the non-union capitalists. You must remember that this is a free country; that the constitution guarantees that even the largest owners and greatest capitalists have the inalienable right to freely accept the very lowest income that a full and free competition enables their employes to cut them down to. And, if necessary, the full force of the army and navy of the United States will be called forth to enable every capitalist, be he millionaire or humble billionaire, to accept the lowest income he can get and to physically, mentally and morally starve himself, his wife and babies without let or hindrance from any discontented and strife breeding owners' unions. Well, general, it is after 1 o'clock. Besides neglecting your own work, you have kept me here several minutes beyond my regular four hours' time today, and I shall have to credit myself with overtime and dock you accordingly. I must run down to the Elite restaurant and get a nice little lunch and then get out my automobile and take a little spin in the fresh air. I just want to add, general, that, although your complaints are very annoying, I have none but the kindest of feelings toward you. Your interests are very dear to my heart. I am constantly trying to find out cheaper ways for you to live so that you can adjust yourself to the cut in your income which we soon intend to make. Return to your duties, be faithful and diligent, consider your employes' interests rather than your own, and when you pass in your checks and go to the hot place—as of course you will in consequence of your discontent and ingratitude—I assure you that you will have a much happier time than you are having in this world."—Denver Alliance.

Take THE HARBINGER.

At the end of the interview: "I am sorry," said the Frenchman, "that I have cock-roached on your time so largely." "You must not say cock-roached," said the Englishman, "you must say hen-roached." "Ah!" said the Frenchman, "I always have so much trouble with zee gender of the English words."

Mr. S. E. Todd, of Charlotte, has brought suit against the Seaboard Air Line Railway for \$50,000. While working for the company he was run over and both legs so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

The street car men of Richmond, Va., have had their proposition turned down.

ARE DROPPING FAST.

LOS ANGELES, June 12 (Delayed in publication one week, on account of not being received in time for last week's HARBINGER.) [Special Correspondence.] As a result of letters of protest written by readers of THE HARBINGER and by union members in general throughout the country, the following advertisers are the latest to withdraw their patronage from the notorious scab Los Angeles Times:

"Tutt's Liver Pills"—Tutt's Mfg. Co., New York, N. Y.
"Wilson Whiskey"—Wilson Distilling Co., New York, N. Y.
"Doans' Kidney Pills"—Foster-Milburne Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
John A. Smith Medicine Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
"Mull's Grape Tonic"—Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill.
Armour Packing Co., Kansas City, Kansas.
Ballard's Snow Liniment Co., St. Louis, Mo.
"Baldwin's Health Tablets"—E. L. Baldwin Co., San Francisco, Cal.
"Bro-man-gel-on"—Stern & Saalberg, New York, N. Y.
"Jell-O"—The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.
"Ladies' Clothing"—Garland's, Saint Louis, Mo.
"None-Such Mince Meat"—Merrill & Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
"Quick Hair Restorer"—Mrs. Gervaise Graham, Chicago, Ill.
Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Let the good work go on by writing a letter to each of the following, who have, thus far, ignored the requests of organized labor:

Philo Hay Specialties Co.—Newark, N. Y.
American Brewing Co., St. Louis, Mo.
"Castoria"—The Centaur Co., 77 Murray St., New York, N. Y.
"Cuticura"—Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.
"Postum"—Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
"Peruna"—Peruna Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.
"Scott's Emulsion"—Scott & Browne, 409 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill Co., New York, N. Y.
"Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate"—D. Ghirardelli, San Francisco, Cal.

UNIONISM AGAIN TRIUMPHS.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 16.—[Special Cor.]—Notwithstanding the existence of a ring having for its avowed purpose the disruption of all labor organizations in Los Angeles, the unions of this city have won two notable victories during the past week. At the request of the Engineers' Union, the Council of Labor levied a boycott on the leading brewery of the city. Within three days the establishment was unionized from top to bottom. The other two breweries, which also had employed non-union engineers, immediately fell in line.

There are four packing houses in the vicinity of Los Angeles, all thoroughly union. The men employed at one place refused to work with an expelled member. H. G. Otis, proprietor of the notorious scab Los Angeles Times, urged the boss butchers to lock out all the union men, and for a day or two it looked as if a widespread industrial disturbance were at hand. Finding that the cooks, waiters and teamsters were backing the butchers, and that they would not handle meat coming from non-union packing houses, the boss butchers promptly threw Otis overboard and came to a settlement with the unions. As a result of these victories, there is much enthusiasm among the unionists of Southern California.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, of St. Louis, Mo., is the latest concern to withdraw its advertisement from the scab Times. The constant bombardment of letters from union men and women is getting in its deadly work, as ad. after ad. is dropping out.

[For a revised list of ads. in the Times and those which have been dropped can be found in the Los Angeles letter above.] Write a letter to each of the above, protesting against the ads. in the scab Los Angeles Times.

Washerwomen of Saint Paul, Minn., have formed a union and demanded an increase of from \$1.35 to \$1.50 a day.

A number of engineers on the Erie Railroad's Delaware division have been set back to firing.