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Poetry.

WHATEVER IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older
And mine eyes have a clearer sight,
Than under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the roof of right.
That each sorrow has its purpose
By the sorrowing unguessed,
And as sure as the sun brings morning
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time, punished,
Though the hour be long delayed,
I know that my soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means oft to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan;
That all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know as my soul speeds onward
On its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is, is best."

—Author Unknown.

DAY PARADE--PRIZE OFFER ED.

Portsmouth Lodge, No. 441, A. of M., at its meeting Monday night, decided, by a unanimous vote of the members present, to join in the Labor Day parade. As this lodge has about 135 men enrolled it should make a good appearance in the ranks.

The boys were very much disappointed at the failure of their excursion last Sunday, due to the breaking of some of the machinery of the steamer Pocahontas, but are all the more determined that the one on the 10th shall be a success.

To that end, several additional attractions will be added, notably, in addition to the umbrella offered the successful holder, a prize will be awarded the most handsome baby on the boat. A brass band of seventeen pieces will also be in attendance and sweet music will be rendered for two hours going and returning as well as at the landings. It is our aim to make this the most enjoyable event of the season.

The fight for the nine-hour day continues to wage fiercely in many places, and scarcely a month rolls around but two or three more reports come in of agreements signed granting valuable concessions, and, with the exception of the railroad companies, nearly all report the nine-hour day as won without reduction of pay.

It appears that Sweden as well as America is cursed with a Manufacturing Association. All of the ironworkers of Sweden are locked out, in an effort to destroy unionism. Capitalists in Sweden as well as here have yet to learn that persecution breeds revolution in labor circles as well as out of them.—Norfolk, Va., Unionist.

Senator Simmons has made the following appointments to fill the cadetship for the State at large at the United States Military Academy at West Point to become vacant upon the graduation of Robert P. Howell, Jr., next June: Alexander Long James, Jr., of Laurinburg, principal, and Garry Thurman Fulghum, of Wilson, first alternate.

Salisbury, Aug. 15.—Eighty-seven shares of the stock of the First National Bank of Salisbury, of the par value of \$100 each, belonging to the estate of the late A. J. Holmes, were sold at public sale to-day in several lots, 131 being the prevailing rate of sale.

A ROMANCE FROM LIFE.

(By John S. Campbell, in Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.)

SCENE NO. I.

More than twenty years ago, one snowy day in the early part of December, the superintendent of a large cotton mill in Augusta, Ga., was passing through the spinning department, when his attention was drawn to a mere mite of a lad who was engaged in what is known in mill vernacular as doffing. A doffer boy's duty consists in operating a little wagon up and down the alleyways, stripping the full bobbings of thread from the spinning frames, and putting on empty ones to be filled. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of this particular boy, only to the trained eye of the superintendent he seemed entirely too youthful to spend his happiest days confined in the unwholesome atmosphere of a big factory.

"Come here, lad," exclaimed the superintendent as he approached the little fellow, "what is your name and how old are you?" Despite his extreme youth, this little tot acquired enough cunning to conceal his real age.

"Please sir," answered the artful little imp, "my name is Clarke, and I am 12 years of age."

A smile flitted over the face of the superintendent as he surveyed the little prevaricator.

"What does your father and mother do?" he asked.

"Please, sir," papa is dead and mother works down in the weave room," tremblingly answered the now frightened little scamp as he nervously toyed with an empty bobbing. Patting the little fellow on the head in a fatherly fashion, the kind-hearted superintendent passed on, thinking perhaps of his own youth cursed with the same endless toil. A close observer would have noticed a shade of sadness hovering in the depths of his soulful eyes as he hurried on, inspecting the condition of the work around him.

Coming in contact with one of his section bosses, he asked sternly: "Is not that boy Clarke entirely too young to work around the machinery?"

That much-feared individual was staggered for a moment with this direct question. Full well he knew that to misrepresent facts to his superior officer meant instant dismissal. With the tact of a diplomat he met the issue, "He is rather young," he answered, "but he is a worker, and no mistake. Beyond question he is the smartest boy in the room. I would rather lose a dozen of the others than to think of parting with him. Besides, he helps support an invalid sister. It would be a pity to deprive the family of his earnings."

"Oh, well, then," said the superintendent, as he sighed wearily, "be as lenient with him as possible, he looks like a smart boy."

Thus you see, my friends, necessity is a main factor as well as a service, in maintaining childhood slavery in the industrial world of America. The superintendent had hardly reached his office, when the big bell rang out

a dismissal and homeward hurried the little toilers, to toss in restless slumber after a hard day's work.

SCENE 2.

In a humble little cabin, near the first level of the canal, a little family group constituted a picture worthy of an artist's best effort. The unceiled room was bare, with the exception of a few old-fashioned chromos, a bed and several chairs of the simplest design. Hovering around a blazing fire of oak was a woman, apparently in the meridian of life, an invalid girl, possibly 16 years of age, and a mere scrap of a boy, whose thin clothing was thick with a combination of dirt, grease and cotton. The girl was reclining in an easy chair, holding an old-fashioned primer in her delicate hand, while the boy, his eyes aglow with suppressed ambition, was crouching at her feet, answering the questions she was asking from the book. The woman, pale and worn with toil in the big factory, was deftly plying a needle, mending the many holes in the garments of the boy. Noticing how weary she had become, the boy paused with his lesson and exclaimed:

"Don't worry any more, mama. Let the holes go. If folks don't like 'em they will just have to lump 'em. That's all. By the way, mama, the superintendent asked me how old I was today."

The mother was all attention instantly. "And what did you tell him, Clarke?" she asked hurriedly, her face a picture of dread.

"Oh, you bet I was up to snuff, mama," answered the cunning little rascal. "I told him I was 12 years old. He did not seem to believe me at first, but when I told him papa was dead and I had to work for a living, he patted me on the head and called me a fine little fellow."

A tear stole down the mother's face, as recollections of happier days came trooping into her mind.

Concealing her grief, she gathered the boy in her arms and said:

"Be a good boy, Clarke, and do your work well. May be some day you will become a great man, then your your mama won't have to work so hard."

"I try to be good, mama," answered the manly little fellow, "but today Frank Smith stuck a pin in me, and I just had to paste him in the mouth."

"But you must not fight, my boy," said the mother, while she inwardly gloried in the fact that the little fellow could take care himself.

"I am good to those who are good to me." With judgment far beyond his tender years, the little fellow continued: "I am so anxious to learn, so I can be a boss, when I grow to be a man."

Thus through the years of his childhood Clarke Livingston toiled through day and studied his books at night. Fighting his way, inch by inch, from the entangling meshes of poverty and endless toil, to win in the end a position of honor and trust worthy of his highest ambition.

SCENE 3.

A dozen summers had waxed and waned when we again find the puny little doffer boy developed into a strapping young man and promoted to the position of second boss. No gaming house or saloon claims him as an habitue, for his whole life is devoted to a worthy ambition. He is the moving spirit of the spinners' union, and is sought out by all for the benefit of his sound advice and unerring counsel.

I remember one night in Hicks' brick hall, hearing him deliver an

address on child labor. It was the most touching oration that ever fell upon my ears. Sparkling with wisdom and truth, yet rendered sad by a golden vein of tender pathos, it went straight to the hearts of all those so fortunate as to hear it. Still pursuing his studies by attending night school and reading standard authors during spare moments, this remarkable man was fast developing into a cultured gentleman. The years drifted by. A flattering offer of a position as overseer of spinning by a superintendent of a mill in North Augusta was accepted.

Success attended this venture and the once humble office boy, without friends or influence, had worked his way to the very head of the department which claimed him as a victim in the tender years of his childhood.

The poor old mother had long since ceased to bend over the battern of the loom, but, alas, the unfortunate hand of fate had sped the soul of the poor invalid sister into the great beyond. Poor girl; little did she dream that her poor, little, ragged brother, whom she taught to lisp his A, B, C's, would some day reach a position of trust and honor so high, compared with his humble start in life.

SCENE 4.

In a picturesque little cottage, surrounded by a wealth of flowers and situated in the suburbs of a thriving factory town of the State of South Carolina, a well-dressed gentleman, with a kindly face, had picked up the morning paper, and was carefully cleaning a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles as he settled back in an easy chair to scan its columns.

"Ah, mother," he exclaimed, "I see the Georgia Legislature has defeated the child labor bill. What a reflection on the intelligence of that grand old commonwealth."

A homely old soul, whose back was bent with years of toil and whose locks were white with the frost of time, paused in her pleasant task of needlework, and looked upon her son, a world of admiration gleaming from her aged eyes: "Ah, Clarke!" she spoke in a tender tone, "that subject carries my thoughts back to the old days when you, a mere infant, worked so manfully to keep starvation from our door. Suppose the law had prevented you from working; what would we have done?"

"Rest assured, mother, an All-wise Providence would have come to our rescue. But in those days children of tender ages were employed all over the country. Now, progressive States like South Carolina prohibit the employment of small children, and get along just as well, or better than they do in Georgia."

"Not to change the subject, Clarke, but I want you to promise that some day we shall again visit Augusta and view the old familiar scenes so dear to my heart. I want to see the old mill, and the little cabin where we spent so many happy years."

"Yes, mother, any request you ask shall be granted," answered Clarke Livingston, once an humble doffer boy, but now the superintendent of the largest cotton mill in the South. Lighting a cigar, he strolled out through the open door upon the porch, lost in reveries. He was dreaming of the old days, so full of toil, yet withal so happy, when the superintendent of an Augusta mill patted him kindly on the back and called him a fine little man.

Ah, well; he thought, "man proposes, but God disposes" to

work out the great scheme of destiny. Whether we are born to endless toil or to a life of profigate ease, we are subject to His directing hand for some good purpose. We may not discern it here, but some day somewhere, especially if our lives seem blighted with toil we shall rejoice to learn that what we thought was a curse was nothing more than a furnace to cleanse our spirits of dross, in preparation for a life sublime beyond conception.

A soft, sweet melody came floating out on the evening air and aroused him from his reveries. He listened intently. It was the voice of his darling wife.

Once a toiling weaver in the big factory, but now a beautiful queen of a happy home, she was a fit companion for the man who won in the battle of life, even though the odds were against him.

THAT SCALLAWAG LEGISLATURE AND WOMAN.

POVERTY HILL, N. C.,

Aug 21.

MR EDITOR: Sir: I am a continual reader of your paper, and think you are doing much for your organization and the working people in general, but there is one thing you should think about, and that very seriously, because it is a most awful serious question to us gentlemen, who feel the sting of being let down a little. True, it ain't very much of a let down, but enough to make it a little uncomfortable for the present and poor prospects in the future for we gentlemen, and a halt should be made, and the sooner the better. Should it continue, some other fool women will begin to feel the importance of being free to express an opinion when it suits them; and when allowed in a small matter, there is no telling where it will stop, and I say it should be nipped in the bud before it gets too much hold. Women folks must be kept in subjection like they used to be in good old days when a man could whip his wife and make her do as he said, and she could not prance off to a magistrate and get out a paper for him, because the law was his by right of being the boss of the house and head of the family; besides, our gentlemen of humanity and brain, whom we elected to make laws for the safety of the country, made a law, saying we gentlemen (?) could whip our wives; also made a law that as soon as we married any rich girl her property was ours (we gentlemen) and she had not a dollar, but must "come to us and ask we bo ses for that same money," and if we did not give it, she had brain enough to say nothing, as she was even told the law, and that it would be carried out. Therefore, we had not the trouble this young generation are having since that low-down, carpet-bag Legislature changed these laws and gave a woman more latitude and allowed her to spend money foolishly; besides, that same disgraceful Legislature gave her a chance to waltz over to some infernal magistrate, who was fool enough to issue a paper, and then the sheriff would come around to pay his respects to we gentlemen and a hearing would be had, and just apt as not we had to pay out money to keep out of trouble of that same low-down law, while she, that very woman we had hit, could laugh in our faces, and dare us again to hit her, or she would enforce that low-down law.

Now, Mr. Editor, you know that is humiliating, after knowing and seeing our grandpaps and

paps using the cowhide and making women move around and be more useful in those days than they are now. They went visiting, when allowed, in those days, and our George Washington, the father and salvation of this country, smiled and said that was a good law. (I know he did, for it would not begin to do for women to be allowed their freedom of speech or use of property.) This was God's country, for man, and woman was not known in it, because she came in secondary. I am sure old man George Washington was a Bible-reading being and knew that a man was head over all and must be respected, because God made man first out of the best dirt he had, and I suppose it took about all he had, as man is a big thing. So, when God decided to make woman, he had no good clay, and had to take any scraping he could find, therefore she is a small affair, and should be so considered, and after thinking over the way those old gentlemen levied, especially Mr. Solomon no man could much blame him, as women are an inferior set, and it would take a good many to make one. And I guess He had an eye to business and knew the quality of the clay. And I tell you, Mr. Editor, God had a big respect for we gentlemen, as it took something over nine hundred women to be equal to one of we gentlemen, showing them to be inferior beings, and we should so treat them. There is another matter we should look after before the next Legislature, and that is to nominate no man who will not promise faithfully to make a law demolishing that vile law made by that carpet-bag Legislature, a set of low-down nincompoops, who didn't care how we gentlemen through here were treated; and, again, we must see the most important newspapers and get them to promise not to mention anything about those fool women, as they will be killed out by silence—and not being heard from, we gentlemen will get protection and can do as we please. I tell you, the women must be kept in subjection, and not allowed to know that George Washington and Jeff Davis approved of the old law. If they found it out they would turn loose those societies and we gentlemen would have more trouble than we are after, and they would begin, not only to fuss about the condition of the streets and flying paper, but would soon have we gentlemen before the police, just as if we were some low-down being. They must be kept in subjection, I tell you, in this State I will ask your aid, and hope you will be true to the boss and head of the house, and not allow any of those fool women any space in your paper.

This thing of being claimed as the husband of that Mrs. Matildy Jane is a serious insult, and if her man and my woman find out this mistake, and not being fully informed, there might be trouble, as things have changed, and we are about to get one mouthful of law to protect we gentlemen, and the only hope is to buy up the newspapers, judges and lawyers, and if we fail in that, we are in a bad fix, because those women are a set of wild varmints, and unless we get them scared of us or the law, it is best to hold both over them for our safety.

"Zip."

The Confederate veterans of Catawba County held their first general reunion at Newton last week. The number of people attending was estimated to be from 5,000 to 7,000.