

# THE HARBINGER.

ORGANIZATION, EDUCATION, ELEVATION.

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### THE OLD BARN.

Oh! a jolly old place is grandpa's barn.  
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,  
And the cooing doves fly in and out,  
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the oaken floor,  
And the hens are busily scratching around,  
And the sunbeams flicker and dance and shine,  
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,  
With fluttering wings in the old barn eaves,  
And robins sing in the trees which lean  
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

The timid mice in the corner glean  
A harvest sly from the scattered grain,  
And the insects hum in the well-filled lofts,  
And build their nests on the window pane.

Oh! dear old barn, where my childish days  
Were passed full oft, how I long to be  
Only a child again, to play  
Beneath thy roof with the old-time glee!

—Exchange.

### ONLY A MATTER OF WORDS.

The merchant calls it profit,  
And he winks the other eye;  
The banker calls it interest,  
And he heaves a cheerful sigh;  
The landlord calls it rent,  
As he tucks it in his bag;  
But the honest old burglar,  
He simply calls it swag.

—The New Time.

### LOW DUES KILL UNIONS.

The menace of the unions is the stinginess of the members in the matter of dues. They begrudge every penny paid into an institution that gives returns which makes the Standard Oil dividends look beggarly in comparison. They spend more on peanuts or chewing gum than they contribute to maintain an organization upon which their livelihood and their hopes depend. Five or ten cents a week they call dues, and many of the members if they had their way would actually prefer to go back to their former helpless state in order to save this petty amount. This is one of the disagreeable realities we have to face, and yet we denounce employers for their greed when workers are unwilling to make such trifling sacrifices in order to gain independence and better conditions. These self-same workmen will spend their meager wages without thought of the morrow, but the pennies paid into the union are always too much. They will not dispute that their wages have been increased from \$1 to \$5 a week; that their hours have been reduced several each day; that their grievances have been redressed by means of the union, but they pay the so called dues as though they were being robbed. It is just this spirit that threatens the existence of the union should they encounter adversity or go into a prolonged struggle.—H. White

New trades unions are being formed every week in Indiana, the State chosen by the disciples of Parry for the organization of so-called "independent working unions."

### Was from Kansas, of Course.

Prof. Dan. Harris, the noted Palmist of Raleigh, says he was reading a stranger's hand and told him he had just escaped death from starvation.

"Yes," said the man from Kansas, "I was wearing one of those death-proof rubber suits and fell seventy feet and bounced three days and nights without food or drink. I was finally rescued in a fisherman's net." He says he is sure of recovery from the shock in time to meet his friends at the State Fair.

Prof. Harris is located midway between the Floral Hall and the Grand Stand. Plenty of room. You can make yourself at home. Fifty cents spent with Prof. Harris may save you hundreds of dollars. Scores of Raleigh people will testify to his wonderful readings of their past lives.

### A LAST MESSAGE.

The spirit which animated the writings of the grand reformer, Henry D. Lloyd, was never more compactly expressed than in his last published letter, which comes almost with the news of his death. It is entitled "The Earthly Meaning of Heavenly Words," and reads in part as follows:

"Bear ye one another's burdens." There is not one commercial or financial relation known to the business or industrial world in which there is not already in existence, in some country or city or trade, actual organization striving to realize intentionally the earthly meaning of these heavenly words. This is the religious news of today. London takes possession of street car lines, raises the wages of men, shortens their hours, gives them a six-day week, and carries the people five miles for a cent. This municipal capitalist substitutes the general welfare for selfish profit. The transportation business ceases to be a business and becomes a successful experiment of applied Christianity. In the democracy of New Zealand the people unite as a nation to release each other from the money-trust. They borrow money cheap in London at wholesale, and loan it again at retail to the workman and farmer at cost. They buy and operate at cost coal mines, railroads, and yards, to deliver each other from the coal trust. They tax land and make the tax progressive, tax inheritances and make the tax progressive. The more land, income, inheritance, a man has the more he pays actually and relatively. Thus, these New Zealanders are making good in fiscal science the Bible requirement that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required."

The W. L. Duglass Shoe Co. contemplate increasing the number of its retail stores one-third. This will bring the total number of stores operated by this company to the neighborhood of one hundred.

### INGERSOLL ON LABOR.

Robert G. Ingersoll was in profound sympathy with the working class and his utterances at times showed that he followed closely if he did not actually embrace the socialist philosophy. No man every felt more keenly the inhumanity of the capitalist system—its injustice to labor arouses his wrath, the plea of poverty melted his generous heart, and the sight of suffering moved him to tears.

The great orator was often given to reflections upon the labor question, but he admitted candidly, honestly, that he could arrive at no conclusion that satisfied his heart and brain.

To sit near him, and to hear him as only he could talk, was not only to be impressed with his sincerity, but to feel the current of his wonderful, magnetic power, admire his transcendent genius and love and honor the incomparable man.

Seventy years ago Robert Ingersoll, oratory's greatest master, was born. He had the power of a Titan, adorned by all the tender sensibilities of a child.

"Looking over his works, says the editor of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Toiler, I found the following eloquent passage, which will serve most worthily as an anniversary offering, and receive a hearty welcome in the literature of freedom:

"The first result of the invention of machinery has been to increase the wealth of a few. The hope of the world is that through invention man can finally take such advantages of these forces of nature, of the weight of water, of the force of wind, of steam, of electricity, that they will do the work of the world; and it is the hope of the really civilized that these inventions will finally cease to be the property of the few, to the end that they may do the work of all for all.

"When those who do the work own machines, when those who toil control the inventions, then, and not till then can the world be civilized or free. When these forces shall do the bidding of the individual, when they become the property of the mechanic instead of the monopoly, when they belong to labor instead of what is called capital, when these great powers are as free to the individual laborer as the air and light are now free to all, then, and not until then, the individual will be restored and all forms of slavery will disappear."

### NOT YET.

"They're saying you're just like all the other members of the House," remarked the newly elected legislator's close friend. They say you have your price."

"That's a lie," declared the new member.

"I thought so."  
"Yes, I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A man cannot buy silk on calico wages.

### LINEMEN WIN STRIKE.

After a Five-Months' Struggle, Victory Crowns the Union.

[Special Correspondence.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 15.

On May 5, five months ago today, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers declared a strike against the Sunset Telegraph and Telephone Company, which involved the entire territory from Vancouver, B. C., to El Paso, Texas. Today the men went back to work, the company having come to terms. In no city throughout the vast stretch of country was the fight so bitter as in Los Angeles, where the Employers' Association, aided and abetted by the notorious Times, exercised every effort to break the strike. Scabs were armed and encouraged to create disturbances, union men were arrested without provocation, and the vile Times daily branded the peaceable, law-abiding unionists as hoodlums. But without avail. The men stood like a granite wall and the result was inevitable. The splendid victory of the linemen has been the occasion of much rejoicing by the union men and women of Southern California, not only because of the good that will accrue to the sturdy unionists who remained true throughout the long struggle, but also because it means one more defeat for Otis and his coterie of union-haters.

The Times has reason for its shrill denunciation of organized labor, as ad. after ad. is being withdrawn from its columns through the efforts of unionists everywhere. You can aid in this good work by writing one letter to each of the following advertisers in that notorious sheet:

Carrara Paint, 811 Carrara Building, Cincinnati, O.

"Santal Middy"—E. Faugera, 26 N. William St., New York, N. Y.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 100 William St., New York, N. Y.  
Philo Hay Specialties Co.—Newark, N. J.

"Castoria"—The Centaur Company, 77 Murray street, New York, N. Y.

"Cuticura"—Potter Drug & Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

"Postum"—Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Scott's Emulsion—Scott & Browne, 409 Pearl street, New York, N. Y.

"Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate"—D. Ghirardelli, San Francisco, Cal.

Tell these advertisers that organized labor does not look with favor upon any person or firm that is aiding labor's meanest enemy, the Los Angeles Times.

### PLEASURE.

Wife—I wish we had a nice large country place where I could give a lawn party.

Husband—Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, eh?

Wife—Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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### WHO? WORKINGMEN, OF COURSE.

[By Jerre Baxter in the Coming Nation.]

Who has cleared the forests and built the world's cities? Who built the hanging gardens and historic towers of Babylon? Who neath yokes and lashes erected the pyramids, sphynx, the talking obelisks and temple of Karnak in Egypt? Who built the temple of Solomon and did their work so well that when fitting it in place not a sound of a hammer was heard? Who sat upon the Acropolis a crown of architectural stone and built the causeway up the mountain side, studded with statues of heroes and gods? Who raised the walls of the Roman Coliseum, lifted St. Peter's mighty dome and paved the Appian Way? Who wrought the colossal marble dream at Cologne, fashioned aisles and towers at Notre Dame, the Tuilleries, the temple and tomb at Westminster, or lifted St. Paul's awful form to its eternal place? Workingmen.

Who built the tomb of rant on Riverside Drive, the Hall of Fame on Columbia Heights, or left Jackson in bronze, spurred and mounted, to guard New-Orleans? Workingmen.

Who dug the canals, spanned the rivers and gorges, and girdled the land with the tracks of traffic? Who built the trains by land and fleets by sea? Who has always fed and always will feed, shelter and clothe the world? Workingmen.

Who has subdued barbarism and covered the earth with cities and civilization? Workingmen.

Who has fought the battles of the world? And when the conflict was over, who were found dead upon the bloody field? Workingmen.

Who, more than a century ago, "fired the shot that was heard around the world?" The embattled farmers of Concord. Whose hand wielded the weapons at Lexington? Whose patriotism fed the fires at Valley Forge and proclaimed at Yorktown the birth of a new republic? The workingmen, clad with homespun, from the granite hills of Vermont to the verdant hills of her sister, Virginia. Who made the first serious defence of Bunker Hill? The workingmen of New England. Who changed the tide of the Revolution at King's Mountain? The workingmen of Tennessee and other Southern States. Who sleep beneath the inscribed shafts and monuments in the national cemeteries all over the South, killed in battle for a cause they both believed in? The workingmen of America.

Who makes the cradle in which the dependent rich man's child is rocked to sleep, who makes the food he eats, the clothes he wears, who prints the books he reads, who builds the palace in which he lives? Who defends him in time of war? Who goes for the doctor when he is sick? Who waits on him in his illness, who oftentimes sits by his corpse when he is dead, who lifts the coffin from the hearse to the tomb, who builds the monument over his grave, who chisels the epitaph? Finally, who is it that has created the structures and commerce of this earth, its trade and its story, and inherited neither its wealth or its glory?

THE WORKINGMEN OF THE WORLD.

### THE MURDER OF CHILDREN.

It is a horrible thing to think that the coal, the bright fire that warms us, represents the wornout lives of unfortunate beings put to work almost as mere babies on the coal breakers.

It is sad to think that the shirt you wear may have come from a factory in which with tired eyes, tired backs and exhausted nervous systems work until they can literally work and stand no longer. It is extraordinary that in this country, where a crime of violence outrages public opinion to the point of lynching and where some petty slip in morals or in commercial integrity ruins a man forever, there is no national revolt against the most atrocious crime of all—the wholesale murder of children for the sake of a little profit.—New York Journal.

### THE TURTLE AND THE SCAB.

Zoologists tell us that the turtle is the only animal that never learns anything by experience. If you put a red-hot poker in front of a turtle it will walk straight up to it and burn its feet or nose. No matter how often it gets burned, the turtle never learns to avoid the red-hot poker. The brain of a turtle is smaller than the brain of a mouse, and much less active.

Now, a "scab" is simply a human turtle. He is a creature who never learns by experience. Although non-unionism has never raised wages nor shortened hours, and although unionism has always done both of these, the turtle workman never gets wiser. He continues to refuse to bear a part of the social burden, and fights for the right to bear his own heavy burden all alone.

The turtle is not the most stupid animal in the world.—Fla. Labor Journal.

### CHASTISING A LORD.

Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining in Paris with the British minister. Next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss X.

The conversation had drifted to a discussion of things American and Lord D. made some disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some yankee customs he abhorred.

"Why, d'y'e know," he continued, with an upardonable want of tact, "that at some of the places I dined in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth."

Miss X was thoroughly provoked by this time; she replied with apparent unconcern:

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had my lord."

There was no more unpleasant talk about Americans that evening.

He Was Both.—"Yes, indeed, he is quite tall."

"Why, I always understood he was short."

"You've got it twisted slightly. Perhaps you mean you understood he was 'always short,' which is also correct."