

Puckett's Disinfectant  
CURES  
CORNES,  
Blistered, Sore and Offensive  
FEET. 25 CENTS.  
At Raleigh Drug Stores.

# THE HARBINGER.

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ORGANIZATION. EDUCATION. ELEVATION.

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No. 8

## "Love." I

(In reply to a drummer who wanted to know the meaning of "Love.")  
Love is just a fake,  
Don'tcher know?  
It's a short and sweet mistake,  
Don'tcher know?  
If you love a girl right dearly,  
And she sees it very clearly,  
She will pull your leg severely,  
Don'tcher know?  
When you get to your last copper  
Don'tcher know?  
And you go to see her "popper,"  
Don'tcher know?  
And you ask him for her hand,  
It's more than he can stand,  
And he'll bounce you off the land,  
Don'tcher know?  
Then you've played a losing game,  
Don'tcher know?  
And you'll find it just the same,  
Don'tcher know?  
She may let you call her honey,  
Until you're short of money,  
Then she'll shake you and think it's funny,  
Don'tcher know?  
Then your "love" is over,  
And you no longer live in "clover,"  
Don'tcher know?  
You must not try to match it,  
If you do you'll surely catch it,  
Where the chicken got the hatchet,  
Don'tcher know?

## But Subscribe to The Harbinger.

## Father Teaches Young America

### Why Trade Unions Are A Bad Thing.

Say, Pa, do you belong to a trade union?"  
Pa, snappingly: "No, I don't."  
"Why don't you, pa?"  
"Because I don't believe in them."  
"Why don't you believe in them, pa?"  
"Well—er—er—why, this is a free country and everyone should be permitted to work who wants to."  
"And do the unions keep men from working, pa?"  
"Yes, they do."  
"How, pa?"  
"Well, when the union men quit work and go on a strike they won't let anyone take their places."  
"Why do other men want to work where the union men quit working, pa? Why don't they keep the jobs they have?"  
"Why—er—er—you see, there are always lots of men who haven't any jobs and who want to work and they are always glad to get a job whenever a chance offers."  
"And have they got a right to a job, pa?"  
"Certainly they have! Why, the poor devils can't live without work unless they steal or beg, and these deluged union fellows would freeze them out of a chance to make an honest living."  
"Is it an 'honest' thing to do to take another man's job, pa?"  
"Well—er—er—but these union fellows quit the jobs themselves and they have no right to keep other men from taking them."  
"But, pa, don't the union men intend to go back to work when they have secured better pay or shorter hours?"  
"Well—er—er—I suppose they do."

"And they couldn't go back if some other men had taken their places, could they?"

"Well—er—er—I suppose they could not."

"If the other men should get the union men's jobs, pa, what could the union men do?"

"Well—er—er—I suppose they could do the same as the men did who took their jobs."

"What's that, pa?"

"Why—er—er—well, wait their chance to get another job."

"And would they then have to beg or steal or take the places of other men who were striking for things that would be good for the working class?"

"Why—er—er—why—"

"And pa, didn't you say every man had a right to work?"

"Yes, I did; and so he has."

"And pa, didn't you tell me that there were lots of men out of work all the time who are glad to take the strikers' places?"

"Why—er—er—why—"

"And, pa, if the strikers didn't strike and try to better workingmen's conditions, and just kept on working and taking any old thing they could get, wouldn't the capitalists soon have them working seventeen hours a day for seventeen cents? And would not that mean that a lot more workingmen would be out of work; and would not these workingmen all have a right to work; and are not the efforts of the trade union men to keep up wages and shorten hours a benefit to all workingmen; and are not the union men justified in employing the means they use to benefit their class; and isn't a man who takes a striking union man's job a traitor to his class; and isn't it the capitalist system that refuse to let men work and compels them to beg or steal? And, pa, why don't the workingmen get together and form—"

Pa, fairly red with anger: See here, you infernal brat! If you let out any more of that rot I'll just yank you bald headed!"

"But, pa—"

"Shut up!"

"But—"

"Shut up! If you don't clear out of here I'll fix you—you—An-arkist you."

Boy decides the lesson is over and goes out in the alley to play marbles.

Pa, soliloquizing; "That darr-ed kid gets the best of me every time. He certainly takes after his mother—but you bet I have the last word on this deal, anyway"—G. H. Lockwood, in the Appeal to Reason.

There will be no change in the wages of brickmakers this year. The date for either the union or employers to ask for a change has passed.

The State law, declaring that no boy up to sixteen years of age should work in or around a coal mine in Pennsylvania has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that State.

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## Negroes Will Die Out

### It Will Go the Way of the Indian.

"Whatever solution of the negro problem can be offered," said Professor William Craig Wilcox, in an address to the students of the State University of Iowa, "there is a natural one which we must not lose sight of. The negro will follow the American Indian to the happy hunting grounds. Every lesson of history teaches us this in no uncertain language. Every condition of his surroundings can give no other answer."

"History has proven time and time again that when the representatives of an inferior civilization comes into contact with the representatives of a superior civilization the people of the poorer civilization must pass away."

"The Indian, the representative of an inferior civilization, came in direct competition with the superior civilization of the early settlers, and the Indian has disappeared. He has, in fact, been legislated out of existence. Harassed by unfriendly laws and supplied with cheap whiskey, he is slowly passing away."

"The lot of the negro has been different. Under the old regime of slavery he increased in numbers because his body was worth money to his master. Removed from the conditions of a valuable animal, every condition that a sympathetic people could devise has been brought forward to help him."

"But now the Indian, removed from the guiding care of a careful master, has fallen upon his own too slender moral and intellectual resources. He earns no money; he will not work if he has dollar in his pocket; he is idle, lazy and a detriment to every place in which he lives."

"The solution of the burden which is being put upon the people, is, as I have pointed out, a purely natural one. He will go the way of the American Indian. Not so fast, it is true; the negro is a prolific breeder and besides that he is protected by a multitude of State and National laws. But he is as surely doomed as are the Indians left in the scattered settlements of the West. Statistics show that the per cent. of increase is growing less and less with each decade, and the passing years will no doubt see him classed in the side shows of the traveling circus with the Caucasian girl and tattooed man"—New York Herald.

Most of the leading unions in England have levied an assessment on their members to raise the funds for a campaign and to pay their members \$1,500 a year during their term of service in Parliament.

Unless the operators and miners of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania agree at the forthcoming wage scale conference 190,000 miners in those States will strike.

## (Written for The Harbinger.) Crazy Joe.

### Scattering Ideas From a Weak Mind.

They call me Crazy Joe. Maybe I am. I don't know. I guess so.

Some people say I am foolish, and that I am like Jack Sellers. Maybe I am, but I ain't, out of my "breckus" as often as Jack is.

Ain't it curious how some people call others crazy when they are as crazy as some others.

In my wanderings at night I have seen young and pretty women, dressed, it seemed, with nothing on but their clothes, and very few of them, going to balls at Raney Library, when the weather would be 32 zero. Such sensible people as that have the right to call others crazy.

Ain't it curious how some people, good, Christian people will slur at a drinking man, at a liquor selling man, and say they are no good? And ain't it curious how these selfsame righteous people will stand up in church and tell you, in the language of the Bible, that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, then turn around and sell it. Now I know I am crazy. I guess so.

Now, I drink when I want to. I love it. I like to be with people that drink liquor. I despise a man who will drink it and then talk about others who do the same thing. But a man who drinks, and is not sneaking in it, stands a better show with St. Peter than the man who sneaks and talks about others. It's not fashionable to talk this way, I know but a crazy man is liable to talk any kind of fashion. I must be crazy. I guess so.

Ain't it curious how some people will start out to manufacture a grade of goods, put the label on them, and tell all union people to buy only that grade of goods and use no other; that all other stuff is no good. "That," says a manufacturer, "we make the best, use the best material and employ none but union labor, as our label tells you, and you, as a union man, should and must patronize me." Take tobacco, for instance. I like good tobacco or a good cigar. Nothing much better.

"You have been using trust made tobacco," said a friend, "and you a union man!" "Yes, I answered. "I've tried label tobacco, and I have never found either that was worth a fig."

A friend came to me one night and says: "Here's some union made tobacco that's out of sight. I have not tried it yet, but 'they' say it's good." I tried it and it was like all the rest—it was rotten. Later on my friend threw the tobacco away.

If people who carry the union label want union people to use union goods they must make them fit to use or else they won't be used except by a few. Now I know I am crazy. The trusts will attach on to this crazy idea of mine and will use it for all it's worth, and the union people will get mad with me and have me put in the assee-lum. Oh! I don't know? I guess so.

Speaking about asylums, a man told me a story. He said he was working inside the enclosure of one. Some of the crazy ones were allowed to roam about the grounds by themselves. I expect, though, the man didn't say so, they were put in there, for nothing against the dispensary

in their town. There was a high fence around the grounds.

One real crazy man walked up to the fence and through a crack espied a white man on the outside digging a ditch. This conversation ensued:

Crazy Man—"Oh, wat you doin' out there?"

Working Man—"Diggin' a ditch."

"How deep you goin' to dig it?"

"Three feet."

"How much you get a day?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yes."

"How many children have you got?"

"Seven."

"And you are diggin' a ditch?"

"Yes."

"And a married man?"

"Yes."

"And get 75 cents a day?"

"Yes. What do you think of it?" asked the digger.

"I think you ought to be in here with me," said the real crazy man.

Well, I must be

CRAZY JOE.

WE ARE NOT PERFECT.

The editor of THE HARBINGER does not claim to be perfect, none are perfect—no not one. We have made mistakes, and as long as we continue to do anything we are afraid we will continue to make mistakes.

We have labored hard, long, and honestly to make THE HARBINGER a success for over two long years we have done this without a murmur, thinking that perhaps we would get our reward in the end if not from financial returns, at least from the endorsement and well wishes of those whom we tried to serve. And now, friends, do you think it right when at last, after these years of honest endeavor, just when we begin to see the silver lining behind the hitherto darkened cloud, that you should throw a gloom over our every effort made in your behalf? Is it fair? Is it honorable? We are willing to leave the answer to the honest judge.

Immigration South.

The bill recently introduced in the Senate to induce foreign immigration to come South has met with both approval and disapproval throughout the south. The more exclusive cotton States holding that the negro as a laborer is more desirable. In Burke county, North Carolina, there is a colony of Waldensians, who settled on the rough, rugged hills of that county some years ago. At first their efforts in tilling the soil, fertile with rocks and mountain laurel, where no one else had thought the plow would penetrate were not so encouraging, but year by year they have kept digging away, without any knowledge of modern usages in cultivating until their results have been most satisfactory and even enviable. Should any one doubt the desirability of this class of citizenship a trip to Waldenburg would be convincing.

The high regard those people have for the laws of the State is indeed striking. They are peaceable and law abiding citizens and scorn crime.

By their industry they have accumulated property and own their homes—Asheboro Courier

## Cross Swords.

### The Citizens' Alliance and the Labor Unions of Los Angeles Cross Swords.

(Special Correspondence.)  
LOS ANGELES, February 23.

The Citizens' Alliance of Los Angeles, recently organized by "Herb" George, of Denver, a tool of Governor Peabody, of Colorado, and of Blatherskite Parry, of Indianapolis, has had its first tilt with unions of this city. This "Alliance" is composed of all the union-haters who, for the past two years, have dominated the Employers' and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Associations. H. G. Otis is chairman of the new combination, and the Los Angeles Times is its official mouthpiece. A few days ago the Rival restaurant, which, for years, had been a union house, discharged its union help, and the proprietor immediately joined the Citizens' Alliance. The Council of Labor placed a boycott upon the house, and pickets were stationed in front of the place. For the first day or two the Alliance distributed free meal tickets to hobos, with whom the city is now flooded. This proved too expensive a ruse for the union-haters, so they had the street railway company, the Times office and a big department store issue orders to their employes to patronize the boycotted restaurant, which, of course, they did, in order to retain their jobs. Police have been placed about the place, their presence attracting large crowds about the noon hour.

Just how long the Alliance can force the clerks, bookkeepers, non-union mechanics and others to patronize the boycotted place, time alone can tell. Organized labor is thoroughly aroused, and the effect will be a more determined fight against the Times.

Since Jan. 1 the following advertisements have been withdrawn from that notorious paper, as a result of letter-writing by unionists everywhere:

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"—Anglo-American Drug Co., 215 Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

Wolff process Leather Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Philo-Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J.

"S. B. Catarrh Cure"—Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.

"White Ribbon, Remedy."—Dr. Wm. P. Brown, 218 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Radcliffe Shoe Co., Dept. 43, Boston, Mass.

The following advertisers have promised to withdraw, at the expiration of their contracts:

Castoria"—The Centaur Co., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Welsbach Co., 25 W. Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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

"Ivory Soap"—Proctor & Gamble, Third & Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.