

Puckett's Disinfectant
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CORNS,
Blistered, Sore and Offensive
FEET. 25 Cts.
At Raleigh Drug Stores.

THE HARBINGER.

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ORGANIZATION. EDUCATION. ELEVATION.

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No. 9

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

JOHN LOCKE.

Oh, Mother of God! but there it is.
The dawn on the coast of Ireland!
God's angel's lifting the night's black
veil,
From the fair, sweet face of my sire-
land.

Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look.
Like a bride in your rich adorning,
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the morning

This one short hour pays lavishly back,
For many a year of mourning,
Sure I'd almost venture another flight
There's so much joy in returning.
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning,
Oh! Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top of the morning.

O, kindly, generous, Irish land,
So leal, so fair, so loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should
pause,
And dream of me in his roving.
The western home may have gems and
gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will fly to that absent land,
Where the lovelight first illumed it.

See! See! Upon Cleena's shelving
strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headland out
To give us the kindly greeting.
Into the shore the seabirds fly.
On pinions that knew no drooping,
And out from the cliffs a million of waves
With welcomes charged come trooping.

And don't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion!
Leaning her back up against the hill,
With the top of her toes in the ocean.
And I wonder I don't hear Shandon's
bells,
Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
For 'tis many a year since I began
The life of a western rover

For thirty years ashore macree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose,
Over memory's dim horizon.
Even so, it was grand and fair they seem-
ed,
In the landscape spread before me—
But dreams are dreams! And my eyes
would ope
To find Texas skies still o'er me

And often upon the Texas plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary
waves,
And around this coast line hover:
And the prayer would rise that some
future day,
All dangers and doubters scorning,
I would help to win from my native land,
The light of young liberty's morning.

Now fuller and truer the shore line
What ever a scene more splendid!
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old home, old friends again!
The rath, the cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the morning!

AT DE FESTIBUL—I'S RESULT.

BY JACK PLANE.

I went last night to de festibul
Down at de big warehouse,
Where de gals were dressed in fashun
An' de boys were all a-abounce.

De music was mos' charming,
It driv away de blues—
An' I thought I was de "hull" thing
Wid my yellow-patent shoes.

I danced wid all de coon gals,
'Till de boys dey jealous grew,
An' when de dance was over
Dar was fassing 'mong a few.

I was loaded with a razzar,
Likewise were de rest,
An' when it come to carvin'
I done my level best.

De ambulance was sent for,
Dem coons was took away,
An' now de doctors' s'pecting
Dey will all be dead 'fo day.

The Glass Blowers' Union has
adopted the income tax for dues
and each man is to pay 2 per cent
of his earnings until a defense
fund of 200,000 is raised.

Hamlet suffered considerable loss
by fire one night last week.

Convention of Toilers Proposed.

"I should like to see a move started by the unions to hold a national celebration of Labor Day next September at the World's Fair to which the whole country should be invited," said Chas. W. Fear, a well know union printer of Kansas City, Mo.

"As many union men know the first organized effort toward the holding of a World's Fair in commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase was held by and under the auspices of organized labor. All the work on the exposition grounds has been begun and will be finished by organized labor. Therefore there is no objection to holding a national jubilee celebration at the fair by organized labor of the United States on these grounds, and everyone will agree that the wonderful strides made by organized labor in the whole country certainly warrants a week of general rejoicing and rest by the men who have helped to bring about this condition of affairs and their families, who have been benefited, and who are certainly thankful for the benefits which have accrued to all as a result of the successes of organized labor as a whole

"All that is necessary to hold the biggest gathering of laboring men ever held in this country is for St. Louis union men to start the ball rolling and make arrangements for a big Labor Day parade the first Monday in next September and the holding of the jubilee services on the fair grounds and then invite the organized workingmen of the United States to participate. Everything is ripe for it, and the conditions require that such a demonstration be held at no distant date.

The idea suggested above is not a bad one by any means. It has already been stated that the directors have considered the advisability of offering free entrance to the Labor Day parades, on condition that the parades end at the central gate.

Let the idea be given hearty consideration, and let organized labor of all cities within a thousand miles or more from St. Louis be invited to make the World's Fair Grounds their mecca on Labor Day, 1904 and it is certain that the day will be the most memorable one yet in history.

THE REASON WHY.

Mrs. Juack—Why did you run so fast when the cook came out?
Mr. Bronze Gobbler—I'd rather have the family say, "Can't he run fast?" than "Don't he taste good?"

VEXING DELAY.

"Our new company is capitalized at \$40,000,000."
"Great!" Let me see your prospectus."
"Oh, we haven't got out a prospectus yet. The—er—the darned printer wants his pay in advance."

The encampment of the National Guard of this State will be held some time in July.

Labor Conference Called.

(Written for The Harbinger.)

Crazy Joe.

HE GETS AFTER JACK SELLERS ABOUT THE NEW PAPER.

"What's all this ruccus about a new labor paper," I asked Jack Sellers today.

"Yes, we going to start one," he said.

"Who you call 'we,'" I asked him.

"Ed Varby and me," said Jack. I have got 34 cents and I have had a good breckus, and we are going to start the paper. Dis here feller Gown didn't do me right. He said I wasn't a union man and didn't work. I been talking to de laborin' fokes and da say da will stick to me. Anoder thing about it is this: When de paper gets started and we get 11,000 subscribers and a printin' press I'm gwine' to run far office. Mr. Gown told me that he was makin' money so fast he couldn't count it, and if he can make money I can. Then I belong to the federation of de laborin' fokes and da say da will see dat I get dere; dat da don't like Mr Gown's paper 'cause it ain't a labor paber; and another thing they say is, Mr. Gown is no good 'cause he won't run for office—I am going to run for office myself."

"You don't know what an office is, Jack," remarked some one.

"Go way from here. I know what I'm talking about. Ha! feller, got any lickin'?"

A bottle of 30-years old, 130-proof dispensary liquor is produced and Jack hit it and hits it hard.

"Well, Jack, when are you going to start your paper?" he was asked.

"Jes as soon as we get 11,000 subscribers. I got 34 cents now. If we can git 11,000 subscribers and another drink of 'spensary liquor I am goin' to kill dat Gown paper dead."

"Don't you know, Jack, there ain't any money in a labor paper nor any other kind of paper in Raleigh? Mr. Gown has worked hard for his paper since he started it, and it is true he has saved up \$30,000 (in his mind) since he began printing the paper, still there is no money in it, and if I was you I would tell the labor folks to let it alone; that you will starve to death, *not get any office*, lose all the good blockade and dispensary liquor, your girl will talk about you after you are dead and the devil will be to pay."

"Starve to deth, lose all de good liquor and my gal go back on me if I start de paper, besides get no office?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, d—n the paper. I ain't got no time to work nohow. Hah! feller! Feel good! Done had my breckus and got 34 cents left." And then we both separated.

CRAZY JOE.

The settlement of the strike of the St. Louis drivers provides for increased wages and shorter hours, dating from February 1.

ALL THE UNIONS OF LOS ANGELES TO HOLD A MASS MEETING

(Special Correspondence.)

LOS ANGELES, March 1.

The County Council of Labor has issued a call to all the unions of this vicinity for a mass-meeting on the night of March 14 for the purpose of taking steps to offset the secret assaults being made upon the union men and women of Los Angeles by the Citizens' Alliance, which is aided and encouraged by the notorious Los Algeles Times

Herbert George, of Colorado, who, with Governor Peabody, is largely responsible for the military anarchy that reigns throughout Colorado, called in person upon every prominent merchant, manufacturer and corporation manager in Los Angeles, with the result that, population considered, this city has the strongest Citizens' Alliance in the United States, incorporating in its membership almost the entire membership of both the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and the Employers' Association.

The building trades are thoroughly aroused, for never before were there so many idle mechanics in Los Angeles as now, in the face of steady building all over the city. The fact is, this section of the country is being literally flooded with workmen, induced to come here by cunningly-worded literature sent broadcast by the union-wreckers.

The Citizens' Alliance has publicly announced its intention to support any institution that incurs the displeasure of organized labor and has made good this declaration by compelling all non-union employes of down-town business houses to patronize a restaurant that is being boycotted by the Council of Labor for discharging its union help.

The scab Times is delighted at the workings of the Citizens' Alliance, and no doubt it will endeavor to force all the members to advertise in its columns, thus giving it a new lease on life.

While the hostility to organized labor has been always pronounced in Los Angeles, as a result of the pernicious activity of the Employers' Association, the unions thoroughly understand that the fight here has just begun, and the forthcoming mass meeting will devise ways and means to resist the onslaughts of the Citizens' Alliance.

Los Angeles is destined to be the scene of a hot time.

A POINTER TO UP-TO-DATE ADVERTISERS

"A labor paper is a far better advertising medium than a secular daily relatively to the number of subscribers.

"A labor paper for instance, with 2,000 subscribers, will bring better returns to the merchants advertising therein than would a daily of 10,000 subscribers."
—Printers' Ink.

Shavings from "Jack Plane"

OUR DUTY TO OUR FELLOW CRAFTSMEN

MR. EDITOR:—I bespeak your indulgence for a sufficiency of space in your columns to give expression to a few ideas relevant to the above caption, which, I think, just at this epoch in the struggle for the cause of unionism, will not be amiss.

The object of organization is for the mutual protection of its members and for the advancement of the cause or profession they represent. There is an old and often quoted adage, that is as true as it is ancient and familiar, "In union there is strength." Therefore, the most pertinent and vital question is how best to maintain this solidarity? Can we more effectually accomplish this than to be amiable to one another and scrupulously loyal to our obligation, ever reluctant to offend a brother by insinuation or innuendo, but always on the alert to administer to his wants and to lend succor in whatever way possible, thereby creating and perpetuating the brotherly love so essential to the success of our organization?

Let us go to our meetings with a determination to do something for the good of our fellowman, and to discuss matters pertaining to the advancement of the cause in general; but in an effort to assist others we should be ever mindful not to injure our own household or a member thereof, for the Good Book teaches us that "he who provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel," and is not this quotation as applicable to this matter as to our own fireside? Then, too, let us lay aside our personalities when we enter said meeting and co-operate with those whom we may have some outside grievance or personal feeling, in order that we may solidify our unity, and present a solid phalanx, working harmoniously for the same grand cause.

May THE HARBINGER continue as the forerunner and exponent of the cause it has so faithfully represented from its incipency, and may those who desire its extirpation and delight in airing its shortcomings, join its editor in an effort to make it come up to their idea of proficiency. Long live THE HARBINGER and success to its editor.

Fraternally,
C. E. HAMPTON.

"JACK PLANE'S" PHILOSOPHY.

Perseverance and pluck will generally bring success—though sometimes it's a small measure.

There is a work for all to do, and life is too short to be fussing with your neighbor.

Be careful what you say and how you say it. Some people take offense when no offense is intended.

People sometimes say things in public that ought to be spoken privately; or, perhaps better, not spoken at all.

Beware of the braggart. Most likely he will show the "white feather" when the time comes.

Girls to the number of 2,000, employed in the manufacture of petticoats, in New York city, have formed a union and demand a general increase in wages.

I am a strong union man. It is the only way we can ever hope to accomplish anything for the masses—organizing and sticking together.

Disruption is not best.

Wherever there is discord there will be troubles that will be hard to overcome. The "rule or ruin" spirit is never found to exist in a true unionist.

The obligation of a union man is greater than all else, save allegiance to our Maker. It is an obligation to stand united for the protection of each member against unfair wages and long hours—an obligation "not to wrong a brother member, or see him wronged." Obedience to this obligation means the uplifting and upbuilding of all working classes. Let there be no division along this line.

Do not get the idea into your head that you are greater and better than any one else. You may think so, but perhaps no one will agree with you. It may be that you can dress a bit nicer, and have the qualification of putting on a few more five-cent airs than other fellow-men, but such deceitful, numbskull ideas will quickly vanish in time of trouble.

Never get the idea into your head that you are the leader. There are very few leaders of men. A self-constituted leader is a deceiver, a hypocrite and a destructionist. He is blind to his own faults, and doesn't believe his best friend when his they are pointed out to him.

There must be harmony in union if there is success. If there is an unruly member, he should be dealt with severely. Politicians should be thrown overboard headlong, and the union man allowed to seek and work out his own salvation.

Stifle the disturber, bridle the ass, and let's keep pushing onward and upward.

JACK PLANE.

BETTER THAN FIFTY CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 29.—In his will, made public today, Captain Daniel G. Parr, who died here recently, leaves immediately \$400,000 in personalty and after the death of his last grandchild \$450,000 in realty, for his entire estate, toward the establishment and maintenance of "Parr's Rest," a refuge for old and infirm women. Captain Parr refrained from making a will until a short time ago, when after seeing an aged woman, poorly clad and sick, he remarked: "A refuge which would make unnecessary such suffering as that woman's would be worth half a hundred Carnegie libraries."

Captain Parr was 79 years of age. His legal heirs probably will contest the will.

THE CONVERSATIONAL NUISANCE.

"I went to California," said the distinguished western man, "as a fortyminer."

"Dear me!" rejoined the annoying girl. "Were you marked down from fifty?"