INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

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Capitalism and Vegetarianism

A Virtue Can Aid to Enslave a People.

A REPUBLICAN speaker during the late campaign, informed us t during the Democratic hard times, en soup houses were in full blast all r our blessed country, the soup furhed to the poor was made from dead ses. This statement had better not investigated too closely for fear it be nded on fact. We know there is a se cannery in operation in this State, somebody must eat the product in er to keep the thing running. Peowho pay at first class hotels may be expected to eat such stuff; but should not the paupers who dine at anese restaurants eat it, and thus E WORK for the other paupers who duce it, and also furnish a congenial ying ground for the poor old horses t are so closely related to the poor slaves who work along with them finally eat them.

he horse is an unclean animal for as well as the hog. A horse is not nivorous, but you may observe that es bite and fight with their teeth as hogs do. You may also observe cows or sheep do not bite each r, but push or knock their heads ther, a step in the evolution of ment. Such animals are incipient logians and senators.

ir noble, free, and independent laing and voting class find grievous with poor John Chinaman, because say he eats rats. It is no worse to ats than to eat horses, or to eat that have been fed on dead horses other carrion. It is frightful to k of what may happen here during ext spasm of hard times; for every is growing more desperate than ast as the patient steadily sinks . The people in the fever of deliwar prosperity, imagine that will never be another panic; but oming ones will surpass anything known on earth.

ere are various classes of vegetaadvocating various degrees of abce from animal food. Some of will not even admit the use of aniproducts such as milk or cheese. It t be as well to draw a line first at s and hogs. The stock argument st vegetarianism is that we can do work if we use animal food. The tarians rush in to deny this, as rush in where angels fear to tread. assure us that a man can do more on beans than beef, as if the highessing of man was in the amount ysical slavery he could endure. seem to be unaware that capitalfor many years has been studying anner of ways and means to reduce ost of feeding the working classes, t the same time increase their ing capacity, applying exactly the rules as are applied in similar lations on mules, for labor under alism is a mere commodity no matthether it be extracted from man le. If the vegetarians can prove man can do more work on beans will be earning capitalistic laurels. an be proved that a man can be t an expense of six cents a day on of beans, and that his labor is ten dollars a day, there will be a le profit to capitalism of $9.94, very additional cent subtracted the subsistence of labor can be to the profit of capital. This is ndency of our profit-mongering, non-worshipping man-enslaving rial system, and also of the mastic-scientific inhumanity of the tion disseminated by press, pulpit niversity. Let it go on, and let how cheap and despicable they ake a man, and how dear and de above all things they can make llar.

right argument in favor of vegeism is not that a man can do more on beans than he can on beef. look at a man as something diffrom a mule or mere working for capitalism. Let us affirm th and the fact before the world a really free country, no man have any need to do any more han he liked anyhow. In a right ystem, no more labor would be to supply physical wants than be good for pleasant exercise chnical training. Labor is now enforced on humanity by capilaw as it was forced on the ancient Israelites by Pharaoh: for Pharaoh is a symbol that represents kingly and capitalistic tyranny in all ages. The work imposed on the Israelites was of no possible use except to keep them down and keep a tyrant up. Ninety per cent of the work done by this generation who are the same children of Israel in a new form of bondage, is as useless as carrying mud up a hill and then carrying it down again. It goes to support a horde of landlords, Shylocks, priests, officials and taxeaters, with all the foolish and extravagant fashions that they set—all wholly unnecessary in a true civilization. These evils will be left behind as the Egyptians were left, for the Exodus is a symbolism that foreshows the transition from the old dispensation to the new.

The vegetarians are right, however, even from an economic standpoint. People can live at trifling expense on fruits, vegetables and grains, better, more healthfully and infinitely more humanly than on the vile compounds of meat and grease set up by capitalistic cannibalism. Capitalism is wholly cannibalistic in every way. The capitalist lives by devouring the substance of his fellows, as a spider devours flies. A great part of the labor that now curses human life, is caused by the constant strife with hogs and other brutes that we raise to kill and eat. The labor spent in cooking meat and greasy compounds, and washing greasy dishes, constitutes a great part of domestic drudgery, and is worse than useless, for the whole greasy discomfort militates against purity, cleanliness and peace of mind. Grease and grossness go together. You cannot make progress spiritually on a diet of grease any faster than you can climb a greased pole. The vile slavery endured in fattening swine and other animals, the still more filthy and brutal work of killing and preparing them for sale, all deaden or destroy the finer sensibilities of the soul, and familiarize people with cruelty, murder and filth from their very infancy. By this continual contact, the animal nature is incorporated with humanity, and humanity is held down to the level of animality. The killing and eating of animals is quite unnecessary. It is part of the Ancient Curse, part of the brutal struggle for the survival of the fittest among monsters that are all unfit. In the New Dispensation there will be a new standard of fitness, and a new law of survival that will exclude the abominations that disgrace our present uncivilization.—[New Dispensation, Corvallis, Oregon.

THE WAY TO VOTE.

The Chicago & Alton railroad has laid off 115 mechanics at the Bloomington shops, and the same policy will hit all along the line. The excuse is a falling off in business, but the truth is that better appliances enable the road to handle larger volumes of business with less and less help. It is doing a greatly larger business than years ago with only a fraction of the employes. Some of the discharged men have been in the employ of the road for 40 years, says the dispatch. When enough men lose their jobs and hit the road they will either have to use their votes to get public ownership or starve. If they are too ignorant to realize this while suffering the sooner they leave this vale of tears and give way to a more intelligent human animal the better. Vote the old tickets, boys. You prosper so well under the rule of private monopoly.—[Appeal to Reason.

THE SONG OF THE TOILERS.

The surging mass moves on.
With bleeding hands and weary feet
And haggard faces, down the street
They pass. And turning where they will,
They hear the plaudits echoed still,
Of heroes dead and gone.

There is no place to rest.
They toil along the dusty road
Still prodded by the Usurer's goad.
And through it all they seem to know,
Their fathers—in the long ago—
Had called the Nation blessed.

They hold the magic key,
And in their multitude and might
Can scale the height of truth and right
And through the heroes of the past
Their sons can enter—free at last—
The gates of Liberty!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Facts.

MUSINGS OF A MOSSBACK.

THE ministers of Olympia issued a protest against Sunday base ball and signed it with gratifying unanimity, only one of the resident pastors failing to register his objection. Of course no one paid any attention to it No one expected they would, least of all, probably, the ministers. But it offered what they thought an excellent opportunity of earning their salaries, and they took it.

I have no objections to anyone showing a disposition to "get next" to his "visible means of support" these times: but when the ministerial fraternity leave their pulpits en masse and rush into the newspapers to compare people who attend Sunday base ball to the Spaniards, whom none of us are "stuck" on just now, it may not be out of place to see if they are justified in the assault. It may not occur to them that Spain has always had a superfluity, though not a monopoly, of just such religion as they are displaying when they invoke, as they do, the law, for the proper observance of a day of worship It isn't often I find myself with the majority, but more people attended the ball game, that day, than went to church: and it wasn't much of a game, either.

If the congregations of these very worthy gentlemen were right, which I do not deny, and the devotees of the national game were wrong, which may be admitted, it makes no difference. Whatever Christianity may have done for civilization has been done in the way of "moral suasion." It is not the nations that have inflicted the most terrible punishments upon those who departed from the true faith, and kept it up the longest, that have made the greatest progress.

In my extremely humble opinion, all moves towards a closer union of church and state are reactionary and to be deplored. So long as many excellent people differ as to the proper day to observe, and many equally excellent (in all other respects at least) people are not convinced of the propriety or necessity of observing any Sunday laws are bound to work hardship: when there is no longer any disagreement such laws will be unnecessary.

I am not prejudiced against clergymen because a majority of them have usually been found on the side of the wrongs from which the masses have suffered, including chattel slavery and usury. The majority of the people are usually wrong: what more could a reasonable man expect of the ministers? I am not kicking because they make a living easier than I do. Their support is a very "indirect" tax upon me.

If I am asked what the world would be were it not for preachers and Christianity, is it not fair for me to inquire what it would have been had all the ministers and their followers practiced what they preached. The total severance of the industrial teachings of Christ from his spiritual doctrine may not have been willfully done, but the greater part of the want and privation of the last 1800 years is directly traceable to that cause.

They are very free with their "Spaniards." "Spaniards" themselves. They tell us of the beauties of Heaven and point the way Christ has directed, but by ignoring his equally plain economic teachings have allowed this earth to become such a place that hell has no terrors for the average resident.

Do preaching and practice coincide when, after 1800 years of the doctrine of the Prince of Peace, a nation's Christianity may be said to be gauged by the number of inches of nickel steel their guns will shoot through; when at the dawn of the twentieth century after his birth the Christian world is armed to the teeth?

But even among the ministers, the most conservative of mankind, the leaven is spreading, and many broad-minded preachers are coming to see that applied Christianity will regenerate this world as well as point the path to the world to come. Narrow-mindedness and bigotry are giving way before the light of reason, and less and less frequently is our attention called to attacks upon our blood-bought freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. We can afford to be tolerant when some few lapse into eighteenth century methods and determine to bring the sheep to the fold, not by putting more and better fodder in the rack, but by invoking the strong arm of the law to cut them off from all other pasture.

BIGE EDDY.

SPECTRES.

Of course you have read of a haunted house
That stood on some lonely hill,
And the fearful things that had there been seen,
Made your blood almost curdle and chill:
But perhaps you didn't believe the tale,
So I'll picture you one that you will.

There are thousands of houses haunted,
With spectres cruel and gaunt
Continually clamoring at the doors,
With their burdens of terrible want:
Bringing hunger and cold and suffering,
That no artist's brush can paint.

You can hear the mournful wailing
Of some cold and starving child:
And the careworn mother sobbing—
See her haunted look—and wild.
Can such phantoms, you ask, be driven away
By the prayers of the undefiled?

Not while the sun remains shining,
And millions in gorgeous display,
Are spent building beautiful structures,
In which for the suffering they pray:
Nor while pastors their flowery sermons preach,
Not for mankind, nor God, but for pay.

—A. L. Ferster.

IN FIFTH AVENUE: TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Just outside the Fifth avenue windows of Delmonico's the drunken woman writhed and fought with the two policemen, striking them resonant blows on the face with her hard hands, thrusting the murderous hat pin at their eyes, grappling and twisting, with all the sinewy skill of a practiced wrestler, to win the applause of the onlooking crowd. She did not expect to escape arrest. Seemingly she did not wish to, but centred her mind and her muscles on putting up a good fight, when the policemen overcame her, and laid her flat on her back, one holding wrists, the other sitting on her ankles, she remained undaunted. Unable to fight longer she maintained an unterrified demeanor by shrieking forth obscenities and profanities—not a bit to the sorrow of the onlookers, for they seemed to enjoy it.

It was all in the Fifth avenue at 5 o'clock of a bright spring day. The respectability, if not the fashion, of all the city was there. The early diners at "Del's" rose in their seats at the windows to look out at the curious spectacle of a woman drunk—publicly. The dapper business men walking uptown stopped to watch the row and listened, with grins and sly nudges, to the indecent outpourings of the fusing mind. Typewriter girls, trim and neat, gorgeous as to shirt waists and coy of demeanor, secured the best seats at the show. The courtesy of men—withheld when a seat in a street car is involved—passed them to the front that they might hear all the Rabelaisian ravings of the drunkard and giggle to masculine delight. Thereat the gentlemen bored out of eye corners, and the thinly-gowned ones tittered, blushed and stayed to hear some more.

Out of the throng pressed a woman, black-clad, wrinkled, toothless—the marks of poverty, age and all that poverty and age bring in the line of dirt, vulgarity and ugliness stamped on her features and her garb.

"Yer call yerselves gentlemen and lydies," she said with fine scorn. "Yer who cain't do nothin' better than stand here an' grin at a poor wummin what's overcome by the heat. Gerlong wid yez." And she walked off majestic.

But assembled respectability stayed to see the patrol wagon come, and thrilled with a fine sense of the picturesque when that vehicle and a tally-ho arrived at the same moment and the drunken women—made in God's own image—was bundled into the one, while the riders on t'other looked down on the scene with a lofty sense of their superiority to vulgarians who were drunken out of doors.—[N. Y. Journal.

SOMETHING TO THINK OF.

If the people through their power of government were to pass a law fixing the price at which flour, meat or any other commodity should be sold, there would be raised a cry of oppression and tyranny from millions of throats. Revolution would fill the air. Yet these same people submit without a murmur to the usurpation of trusts and combines of men, for private gains, fixing the price of almost every article of use by the people. What strange and contradictory creatures men are! Reader, did this idea ever strike you squarely? Think it over.—[Canadian Searchlight.

Those who labor in reality feed both the pensioners (the rich) and themselves—[Edmund Burke.

THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

The Reward of Faithful Labor.

And Life and Death fought for the mastery over a man.
And Death said to Life, "Give me the man."
And Life cried, "No! he is mine: he is my plaything."
But suddenly the man himself rose and smote Life.

"HENRY!"

"Yassir."

"Have you delivered those parcels?"

"Yas, Mr. Morrison."

"Hum—yes. Tell John Bruce I want him."

"Yassir."

The colored youth grinned and disappeared.

The man who stepped in was a man of nearly seventy years. He was quite gray and slightly stooped. His denim overalls and smock were spotted with grease from the machinery. It was a rugged, honest, but somewhat anxious face that was turned to the manager of the foundry. Mr. Morrison looked up.

"Oh, it's you, Bruce. I merely wanted to tell you that we won't be wanting you after the 30th."

"Sir?" The old man's hand sought a near chair for support.

"I believe I was quite plain. Your work of late has not been quite satisfactory. You're a little behind the times. See? So we've got another man for your place."

"But, Mr. Morrison"—he began.

"Now, John, I know all the old arguments. Now, you know you'll be living on your money," jocularly. "No, we've no other job just now. You'll get your pay to the 30th. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

John walked home wearily. He must not let this worry Jessie—Jessie who was sick, and who bore it so patiently. He had had ten years added to his life that day. He stopped a moment to rest at the gate. He saw the little cottage which had been their home for so long, and which they had hoped to buy. The garden to the right looked so pretty. How fresh the green of the potatoes and the silvery leaves of the little cabbages looked in the June twilight! Then the old man turned into the house, and right through to the bedroom at the back.

"Well, Jessie," with a kiss for the pale, faded face on the pillow. "Better tonight?"

"Oh, yes, John," a sweet voice answered. "Mrs. Bascome was in such a long time today. She made a meat pie for your dinner. It's in the oven. You'd better get it before it gets cold."

But he stood looking at her. His news would get no sweeter for keeping.

"What's wrong, John?" she questioned, vaguely disturbed by his look.

"Nothing, dear, only next week I'll be having holidays."

"Oh, John."

"Never mind, Jessie: I'll soon get another place. I'm good for lots of work yet, little woman."

"Dismissed! What happened? What did they do it for?"

John sat down and took one of the white hands in his own rough brown ones.

"I'm an old man, Jessie dear, though you are so pretty and young yet. Your man's not young, you see."

It was not the faded, drawn face, framed by rapidly whitening hair that the old man saw. He looked down through her eyes and saw but the blooming girl he had married.

"It's a shame!" began Jessie, rising—

"There now, hush! Lie down quiet, or I'll be sorry I told you. I tell you it won't be two days till I have another job."

Thus he comforted her, but not himself.

"Well, John," said the foreman on the night of the 30th, "sorry you're going. Got another job?"

The old man shook his head.

"Jobs are hard to get these days."

"Seems too bad," the foreman remarked to the next foreman, "to turn him off when he is getting old. He's been iron helper here ever since I came, and that's fourteen years this June."

"Yes, and he can't have saved much. You remember when the four children died: and his missis as good as a cripple! Poor fellow!"

So John Bruce dropped out of the old life.

The next Monday the quest started. It was not easy for a man of his age to go from shop to shop asking for work.

"What can you do?" was asked him.

"Iron work, fix machinery or tools; but I'll do anything."

"We have nothing for you today. Good morning."

Again, though rarely, he would find sympathy.

"Sorry, my man. You see, younger men are wanted. Too bad for a man of your age to be hunting work. Still, we have all the hands we need."

Just before noon he entered a large factory. A young man sat at a desk reading a paper.

"Well?"

John stated his errand. The man took in his age, his weariness, and his evident need with one contemptuous glance.

"Our men are all engaged. Besides it's workmen we want, not paupers."

John drew himself up. "It was work I asked for," he answered with slow anger.

"And if," he continued to himself looking back at the buzzing smoking factory,—"if I should starve he would not put out one hand to help me. Yet that is the man who built the new wing to the hospital, and gives thousands to charity. It is strange."

Disheartened he turned toward home. Jessie was waiting with flushed cheek.

"Well, what luck?"

"Better tomorrow, Jessie. Give me my two days."

And he had his two days, till they grew to weeks—weeks in their heart-sickening weariness as long as years. His pay was gone. Their tiny savings were going rapidly. Sickness is a hundred mouthed monster for money. Besides, medicine and dainties are dear in the city in summer: and Jessie had no appetite for common food.

"John," she would ask, when he brought her meals to her, "have you had a good meal?"

"Dined down town," he would say with a grim smile.

This meant a bun eaten with a drink of water in the park.

But with all his care Jessie did not seem to gain. John saw that she was worried, and he strove in many ways to set her mind at rest. So when at last he got a couple of days work sawing wood, he determined not to let his wife know when it ended. So each morning, after tidying the tiny kitchen, he would come to kiss her good bye. They could not now afford a woman to do the work.

"I'm off to work. Don't be lonesome. I'll ask one of the neighbors to look in."

"Thank you, John. Good bye."

Then he would fix her comfortably, put her medicine and bit of fancy work within reach, and leave. But when he got to the hall door he would softly set his dinner pail in the entry and slip off to hunt work.

But this farce brought no money. Jessie must have food and medicine, whatever happened. So piece by piece the furniture was taken quietly from the diningroom: then from the little parlor that Jessie had taken such pride in. John cried as he lifted out the little sofa they had bought together.

"O God," he cried, biting his fingers so that Jessie could not hear—"O God! I ask nothing for myself. Give me nothing but work—the hardest work. So long as it keeps Jessie, I will starve. O God, Jessie must not feel it."

But both crying and praying were in vain. He must not waste strength crying. Besides, Jessie might see.

Day after day the struggle went on. The heat was suffocating. The old man grew faint and discouraged and well nigh frantic. Jessie grew weaker. The weather and worry told on her. She failed visibly.

One long, hot day John had been seeking work all day. He had almost given up expecting it: still he went on with a dogged persistence. He had even begged for some fruit for Jessie. But he got neither work nor fruit. Steal he would not, though the thought entered his mind many a time.

Weak from hunger, and wild from failure and fear for Jessie, he staggered home. There was a strange pain at his heart. It was there often now. His head throbbed. He felt as a man does who knows he is going insane. He tottered through the dismantled house to Jessie. But Jessie was already past the pain, and want, and suffering. He looked at her dully and uncomprehendingly.

On the pinched face of the dead woman there was peace unutterable; on the old man's astazed despair.

With a cry as that of an animal at bay, he staggered from the room, and out toward the river——

ETHEL MACNIEH.

Toronto, Canada.