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## Tiger or Angel?



There are some who doubt whether the day will ever break.

There are some who believe that the night is eternal.

There are some who argue that cruelty always has been and that, therefore, cruelty always will be.

There are some who look out on the dismal waste of waters and croak that there is no land. They would bid every Columbus turn back in disappointment from his voyage of discovery, and would point to the old ruins of Spain as the limit of progressive development.

To them it suffices that it has been, it was good enough for their fathers and, therefore, it is good enough for them.

That is what they say when you ask for any progress of *self-sacrifice*, but they tell a very different story when it is a question of progress of *luxuries*.

They are not willing to read by a farthing rushlight, or to sit in a straw-strewn chamber, or to strike a light by flint and steel, or to treat bread and tea and sugar as expensive luxuries, only to be indulged in sparingly and at long intervals.

The fine old crusted phrase of conservative custom has a smack of reality about it until it is tested, but it is found wanting in the balance when it is proved.

If interpreted it means only, "I want to endure no more hardships than my father endured; what was good enough for my father is good enough for me, if it is something I like; I want to possess all the good things my father had and as many more as I can get."

And this is the spirit which proposes to stop the progress of the great wave of humanitarian teaching which is rising in England! A wave which is going to sweep away those dregs of selfish barbarism which hang like cobwebs upon life's fairest palaces! A wave which is going to let men know that flesh-eating is a sin because it is essentially connected with pain,

with agony, and with deterioration of character! A wave of humanitarian teaching which tells of mercy to the weak, of justice to the oppressed, and of gentle care to everything that can sorrow or suffer.

When your opponent's arguments are based upon selfishness you know that his cause is weak, when his cause *can* only be based upon selfishness you know that it is doomed.

The cause of the pessimist is a lost one. What is it to us to-day, if it were true, that cruelty has always existed? What is it to us to-day, if it were true, that the strong always have preyed upon the weak? What value is it, I ask, to go on wailing and croaking that creation has ever been groaning and travelling in pain up to this time, unless you remember that there is a day of deliverance, and unless you declare the advent of a jubilee.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse—  
coffins at last,  
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of  
a meaningless Past?\*

Supposing we admit for the sake of argument that the lower rungs of life's ladder are smirched with gore, that bleeding mouths proclaim the history of the past, and that gaunt skeletons of agonized death leave a track across the desert pages of bygone æons.

Supposing we admit that in the fight for life the talons have been fleshed in quivering flanks and the cruel beaks have drunk deep of living blood.

Supposing we admit that brother has ever lifted up his hand against brother, and that rape and murder, cannibalism and warfare, fire and sword, are the marks which men of all ages have inscribed upon the granite walls of time.

Supposing that all this, which is alleged, is an accurate record of life upon this planet, and of the way in which the developing cell has left its trail behind, does it follow that this shall be our guide for all time?

Is the past to dominate for ever the future? Is the lower to eternally drag down the higher?

Is there to be no millennial land to come, and no hope of a redemption ahead?

Happily for us all, such maligners of the cosmic architect will themselves receive better things than they yet dream of, and will gather pearls in a land of promise whose gates have not yet been unfolded to their view.

\*From Tennyson's Poem "Vastness."



From the carcase of the dead lion of yesterday there shall to-morrow be gathered honey sweeter than that of Hybla.

If evolution teaches me anything, it tells me of the possibility of the poet's promise that stronger shall ever grow out of weaker and better come from worse.

Because in every waste place the thistle and the thorn have sprung up with savage spike and poison sting, shall this prevent the fulfilment of the prophetic vision that in the good time to come the desert place shall blossom like the garden, and the wilderness be fragrant with the perfume of many flowers?

When a man gets up and says "*I refuse to give up eating meat because tigers are cruel,*" I can but recall the pious wish of the late Laureate that the tiger in man may die down and the angel in him live.

And herein is the solution of the whole matter, herein is the chain which unites those who live in the brutal past and those who long for the gentle future.

There are two parts in man, in part he is linked to the tiger, in part he is allied to the angel.

When we call upon him to look up to heaven and in humility to imitate the Divine attributes of the All Father—the mercy, the gentleness, the tender loving kindness, the pity, and the compassionate care for all life that can yearn or suffer—the tiger within seizes him and bids him remember that he is allied to the savage, and the brutal, and the cruel.

Of the earth, earthy; of the animal, bestial; implacable, pitiless, blood-thirsty; close kin to the parasite which flourishes by basest breach of the laws of hospitality; near born to the vulture which barely discriminates between the living and the dead; comrade but little removed from the teeth that bite, and the jaws that snap, the talons that tear, and the maw that slakes its thirst in blood.

This is the song the tiger sings of carnage and cruelty, of ruth and raven, of darkness and devilry.

And man believes and thinks that he too is all tiger, and he gets up at public meetings and tries to veto all humanitarian progress because he says that the world is built on tiger lines, that cruelty always *has* been and therefore cruelty always *will* be, and that man may as well settle down once for all to snarl an eternal snarl over cracking bones and rent entrails and gouty blood.

The tiger within has a ghoulish song to sing, a song of hopelessness, a song of despair, but man believes him and is satisfied that the tiger within him is the emblem of the necessary and the eternal. But it is false.

*The tiger is not eternal,  
The angel in man shall live.*

The world is not built on tiger lines, but progresses *in spite* of the tiger force in the universe.

Out of the evil shall spring the good,  
Out of cruel, the gentle,  
Out of tiger, the angel.

And so shall it come to pass that when the tiger within snarls for his dead flesh, the angel voice shall be heard speaking of better things to come—of self-sacrifice, of infinite self-sacrifice, of a love which knows no cruelty, and of a tenderness which knows no brutality.

When the tiger within snarls of the right of might, and of the ceaseless warfare by the strong over the weak, and of the bloody pages of the brutal past, the angel within shall touch the harp of celestial beauty, and shall bid man call out his best and his holiest, and shall sing of the paradise of the future, where there shall be no more sorrow, and no more

pain, and where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and where the tiger shall be for ever destroyed, and where the reign of peace shall have come.

This is our faith, and as such we know that the future is with us, the beautiful future is ours, let who will claim the past.

In time we shall have left the tiger behind, and shall have climbed into the sunlit hall of peace. Then indeed shall we be able to join in truth in those exquisite lines:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age,  
And I gaze at a field in the Past,  
Where I sank with the body at times, in the  
Sloughs of a low desire;  
But I hear no yelp of beast, and the Man is quiet  
At last,  
As he stands on the heights of his life,  
With a glimpse of a height that is higher."  
Josiah Oldfield.

## Magic, Past and Present.

What is magic? A wishing-cap  
To waft me at once into Fortune's lap;  
A wonderful lamp, to raise in a night  
A palace of jewels all sparkling bright;  
A curious ring with a mystic stone  
That links the wearer with powers unknown,  
A theme for romance and airy rhymes,  
This is the Magic of ancient times.

What is Magic? A conjuror's show,  
With a gaping audience, row upon row,  
A box of queer ingenious things,  
Mirrors and magnets, wires and springs;  
The mesmerised girl and the basket feat,  
And the Indian marvels all complete.  
And, to shame deception and crown the fun,  
We finish by showing you "how it's done!"

What is Magic? Mysterious power,  
To do a year's work in half an hour,  
To rule strange realms with a silent sway,  
Till the unseen legions hear and obey—  
To force with a word, to move with a thought;  
This is the Magic that some have wrought,  
And the spell of the past is the same power still,  
The Magic Wand of the steadfast Will.

Edith Thompson.

## THE CONQUEST OF SILENCE.

There is a silence of mind which is both strength and peace; a modesty of mind which retreats in upon itself to work out its highest aims with quietness; a delicacy of mind which shrinks from the hardening grossness of display. Men possessing this spirit seek retirement to pursue their thoughts. Difficulties come before them, and they know that the triumphant way of meeting them is not by publicly exhibiting them, but by arraying against them, in the embattled enclosure of their own heart, all their patience and trust and hope. There are uprisings of desire which they must go away from the peering world to subdue. Their heart knows its own bitterness, and oftentimes wisely keeps it to itself. They taste joys with which a stranger does not intermeddle; for there are joys delicate as the blush of the rose, which the glare of society might soon destroy—joys so bright, blessed, and beautiful that a man cannot blazon them abroad, and thus debase them, but can only let his heart overflow with thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift who sends them.

Rev. S. Fletcher Williams.



## Man and the Beast.\*



**A**mong Academy pictures of the present year's exhibition is one called "The Sale of Old Dobbin." We see an old English farmhouse with thatched shed and stable, whose condition gives signs of some neglect. Things have evidently been getting from bad to worse; the old order has struggled in vain against the new; the old farmer must leave the farm, and his effects are being "sold up." There, in the foreground, he is sitting disconsolately amid some things of private worth saved from the general wreckage. The pet bird is by his side; the faithful sheep dog with nose upon his master's knee is looking up sympathetically into his eyes; the granddaughter's hand is gently laid upon his shoulder; but *they* are forgotten now, for, yonder in the yard, old Dobbin is being sold. So many years 'twas he who bore him to and from market, sharing secrets of the bargains mumbled to him on the way; it was he who ploughed and harrowed his few acres; who never needed whip; who knew his footstep afar off and whinnied at his coming; who seemed to understand each caressing word—and now even dear Dobbin must go. As we watch him sitting with bent face, twisting his hat in his hands, we know that with every bid a drop is wrung from the old man's heart, that, in all the cup of trial, this is the bitterest draught—the sale of old Dobbin.

It is no spurious pathos that such a scene is fraught with borrowed from art, but rather what the compassion of the artist, glowing through canvas, gives it; and only he can respond in whose heart dwells that large compassion which feels the "pity of it," not in a sad human tale alone, but also in the fate of those dumb creatures, the humble helpers of our race, to whom their master is as God.

A merciful man cannot stop short at mercy to his fellows; he is merciful to his beast. A man who is neglectful of the animals which serve him well, or guilty of cruelty to helpless brutes within his power, or capable of finding delight in the wild beast's pain, cannot be a thoroughly kind man; he may show kindness to friend and love to loved ones, but his affections are not whole; they have a flaw; they suffer from arrested development. The affections of the whole man are large enough to overflow the human cup and run in a thousand rillets to timorous hare, and stock dove cooing in pine-tree, and flippant squirrel full of play, and bounding fawn that darts across the glade, as Cowper so lovingly describes them.

In speaking a word upon man's relations to the lower animals, I would emphasise this law of growth of human affection. The effect of its operation is manifested not merely in intensity and persistence of tenderness towards objects already beloved, but in the increase of objects of affection. As our love grows, we love more deeply and we love *more* things. Enlarging of the sphere of love becomes a test of the growth of character.

The difference is quite patent between the two great classes of people; those on the one hand who are content with the

ordinary standard of responsibility, and the humanitarians on the other; the "men of sense" who will not stand any of the sentimental nonsense of the zoöphilist, and those awakened ones who with difficulty are spelling out the meaning of justice and mercy which the Eternal exacts.

Remembering that the distinction really resolves itself into a question of degree, a relativity of growth, let us roughly classify the sheep and the goats.

1.—There is the man who owns so much "live-stock"; who knows something of horse flesh; who has his use for whip-cord; who occasionally vents his wrath upon a vicious brute—made so probably by ill-usage at human hands. When he has had the best out of a willing worker, he sells it. After brief service as tram-horse, the poor beast drops through sheer exhaustion upon the tram lines one busy day, and is finally sent over to Hamburg for transmutation into beef extract or potted meat for English consumers.

2.—There is the man who finds by artificial excitement in the chase, in pursuit of a frenzied creature to its death, or in shooting down pigeons let out from coops, or in setting hounds upon rabbits removed from sacks, an interest ironically called "sport" amid the monotony of a blasé existence.

3.—There is the man who by divorcing intellectual curiosity from humane emotion brings himself to maim and torture numerous beasts; by his side stands the man who is willing to connive at these practices, to accept supposed advantage to himself and his fellows at the price of untold suffering to thousands of fellow-creatures.

4.—There is the man who having full knowledge (I say nothing of those who do not know or have never considered), that it is possible to sustain the body upon food that needs no shedding of blood, nevertheless, by reason of the difficulty of changing established customs or the strength of the palate's desire, is willing to accept that great sacrifice of life which is made to give us our daily meat.

These be the types of the goat after his kind.

Against them I place four types of the opposite class.

1.—There is a man who amongst many friends hath his dumb friends. The Welsh Cottars who never drive the kine home to milk but call them at the gate, each by pet name, are here. Men like Tolstoy who replied to the English visitor's wonder that he could drive without a whip:—"I *talk* to my horses, I don't beat them." Men like Plutarch, who in criticism of one of the maxims of Cato the Censor as to selling slaves when they grew old, wrote, "For my part I should never have the heart to sell an ox that had grown old in my service, still less my aged slave." Men and women who have caught the gentle spirit of the Hindoo, whose stalwart hearts prepare a quiet grazing spot where the faithful mare ends her days, who cherish old dogs, though sans teeth and dim of eye, who are not ashamed of the "weakness" that wise men who have dealings with the knacker's yard attribute to them.

But which is the truer spirit, the more compassionate, the more just?

2.—Whom shall we place against the sportsman? Why, all the poets.

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,  
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

Thus Browning in his "Saul." Yea, all the prophets, too. That even Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, will participate in the humaneness of the times to be is their dream. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord."



We all know the story from the *Light of Asia*, how Siddârtha won the swan his cousin had shot, and, having healed it, sent it joyous to its kind—the first fruits of the myriad things which would be His by right of mercy and love's lordliness.

Like the Christ, he too came to save life not to destroy.

3.—In urging a plea against believers in Vivisection, one might feel backward in speaking words of condemnation of men of high intellectual position were there not ample considerations to justify this course.

(a) We know that intellectual attainment is no criterion for humane dealing; that it may exist side by side with callous insensibility to suffering, human and animal; that this one-sided development often leads to atrophy of the finer emotions.

(b) We possess sufficient testimony from scientific men well qualified to judge, to the effect that the practice is not only useless to man, but that the supposed knowledge which experiments upon living animals have furnished has often proved misleading. Men of the ability of Professor Lawson Tait, who was the best abdominal surgeon in England, whose repute may be judged from the fact that he was in a position to refuse the offer both of a Knighthood and a Baronetcy, have disposed of every claim advanced by vivisectionists for their practice.

(c) Even if all that is claimed for Vivisection were true, in reading the authorised accounts of the experiments, the unutterable horror which they inspire is more than sufficient assurance that no advantage ought to be purchased at such a price, nor can atone for the moral injury which must be done to the experimentalist, and to the community that sanctions it. So cruel is the work that I cannot bring myself to describe it, nor would you be able to endure.

Now turn to the thought of a character like that of S. Francis of Assisi. To him the beasts of the field were "little brothers and sisters." Loving God, he loved all creatures that His hand had fashioned. He did more than set worm and creeping thing in safety; more than help lame dogs over stiles; he heard a song of praise in the carol of the bird; he found his Lord in the heart of the beast and he drew him into that close brotherhood with all he loved until something of the love he showered upon them was reflected back to man; he humanised the brute until he had killed his fear and wakened his love. Is it better to serve one's kind by cruelty than thus to live in love and die for men?

4.—S. Francis had gone a step further than the man who would be kind to the beast but grieves he must still slay him. It is the way you will all have to come, my friends. Large sections of humanity have joined hands upon this matter with the Nazarites and Essenes of old, with Brahmins and Benedictines. They refuse to feed upon anything which costs the shedding of blood. Those who have not the heart to slay the lamb that looks them in the face (Shelley), or wring a pullet's neck, or sheathe the knife in the kine with their gentle patient eyes, in order to make a dinner, are already virtually pledged to reform in favour of a bloodless diet, whatever their practice. It is only a question of time. Your repugnance must grow till it can no longer be borne, the distaste for the flesh of a fellow-creature must intensify till the palate obeys the true instincts of the heart, and your hands are for ever washed clean from blood. I do not say all the world is ripe for this change; or that there are not more needed reforms—but I do say it is an ideal for all men, imperative upon all who have learnt the worth

"Of life, which all can take but none can give,  
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,  
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,  
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all  
Where pity is, for pity makes the world  
Soft to the weak and noble to the strong."

I would urge upon you the consideration that the development of these gentle qualities—all that is meant by humanitarianism—is not a pardonable weakness, but a new strength. It is only the strong who are endowed with sufficient moral courage to be kind and merciful and full of saving love towards all creatures.

It was not weakness of mind made the great Newton forget his calculus in attention to his cat Diamond; which made Huxley prefer to stand rather than disturb his pet from his chair; or J. S. Mill go elsewhere to write if her fluffiness chose his desk for her repose. When Byron said "I had but one friend—and here he lies," it was of his dog he wrote. There was plenty of Christian manliness about Kingsley, though he let dogs lick his handsome face. It was within the province of Culture, of which M. Arnold was apostle, to write pathetic lines on Geist's Grave and similar poems which tell of all the love and winning ways that make him yearn for the presence of his little friends. Who are most true alone are most tender; sweetness comes forth from the strong. Large must be the soul of them who can understand a soul struggling for expression in a linnet's song, and yearning for the impossible in a spaniel's eyes.

We have not realised what power for development lies in the lower animals. Remember how much domestication has done; and then imagine how much more will tenderness and care, exempt from all selfish motive, do. Animals to whom men are as gods either to slay or to save, I believe are given us to use in a way that will raise them in the scale of being. They do not stand outside the operation of the law of Evolution.

All who have kept dogs and even cats as friends know what a fine sense of shame and remorse they will develop. All who have kept pigeons know that it is not extraordinary to find them pine to death for their mates. When we read of pet monkeys, lacking the affection they were wont to receive, after days of misery putting an end to their life by suicide, when we read the beautiful stories of devotion to master or mistress and sacrifice of life on their behalf which fleck our literature, we ask if these qualities are not the germs of something higher.

Consider then whether this view be a wise one or not. The animals are not given us to use as we will, to pursue upon the plain for pleasure, to torture for our intellectual curiosity, to turn to food amid the shambles, but to develop and foster all those elements which are the earnest of their higher destiny. True is it of the man in the beast as of man to be in man, that nothing is lost, "that not one life shall be destroyed or cast as rubbish to the void, when God hath made the pile complete." Trust then to the full your kindly instincts, those "weaknesses" of affection and solicitude for what is dependent on yourself to slay or save, and pray to be made worthy of the beatitude:—

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

J. Tyssul Davis, B.A.

## HIDDEN JEWELS.

Earth's children must learn lessons  
Ere wisdom is attained;  
All hearts must have their sorrows  
Ere jewels of Truth are gained.  
The richest gems lie hidden  
From careless, indolent eyes;  
The best rewards are given  
To him that truly tries.

Isabella Ingalese.



## A Glimpse of Hell.

### The Meat Supply.

**T**he largest single industry in the world of commerce, says a writer in the *New York Press*, is the production of meat for mankind to eat. The carnivorous herd of humans remains uninfluenced by the theories of vegetarians. Our dog tooth holds its own against our grinder; we would rather tear flesh than crush grain. Ten days ago I seized the opportunity to see how beef, pork, and mutton are prepared for the table in the vast slaughter-houses of Kansas City, Kan. The distributive sales of the firm I visited exceeded 160,000,000 dollars in 1899. Nearly 111,000 carloads of meat and its by-products were shipped.

### The Manufactured Product.

Here are some figures for 1899. A few years ago there was much waste in slaughtering, but to-day nothing is cast aside. Every part of the animal, from ear-tip to heel, from nose-tip to tail-tip, is utilised with profit. The list of last year's by-products includes 230,102,657 pounds of lard, 6,515,917 pounds of wool, 3,925,332 pounds of neatsfoot oil, 6,285,730 pounds of glue, 11,750,155 pounds of butterine, 31,354,845 pounds of tallow and grease, 60,037,669 pounds of oil, 90,787,407 pounds of hides, 104,726,333 pounds of fertilizer. Here is the largest day's slaughtering: 10,343 cattle, 19,607 sheep, 26,865 hogs. The largest number of poultry slaughtered in one day of 1899 was 29,802.

### Seeing the Sights.

The visitor is invited into a coat room and enveloped in a white canvas garment reaching from ears to heels. And before returning from the tour he is grateful for the protection it affords. The temperature drops to 70 degrees in the first great hall, where refrigerator cars are packed and sealed. The company owns 4,600 of these. Thence we passed through swinging doors into one of the cold storage rooms, where hung sides of beef and pork. The temperature dropped to 41 degrees, and we buttoned our overcoats. The floor was ice-cold, and piping was incased as you have seen it in breweries. Clean sawdust was everywhere.

### In the Abattoir.

Our blood boiled to see the killing. The murderous human instinct impelled us hurriedly forward through numerous refrigerators to the hell where beeves are butchered. Eagerly we climbed up slimy ladders in dark corners, amid the more than two-and-seventy stench, all well-defined, and several stinks, which Coleridge counted in the City of Cologne. The heat stifled, and we wanted to discard our heavy coats. The guide said "No," with emphasis, and presently we felt the hot blood drops spattering against them. The work here is parcelled out just as the various parts of a shirt are distributed in sweatshops. The first task lies with the killer.

### Killed with a Spike Maul.

After the cattle are driven into pens ten feet deep, men with rubber-tipped prods urge them, two at a time, into narrow lanes of oaken beams, separated by huge doors. They fit so tightly that to turn around is impossible, so after a brief struggle for liberty they stand there panting, with heads raised and eyes on the lord high executioner. This functionary is a yellow negro six feet high, quite the most important individual I have ever seen. He had on nothing but an undershirt, a pair of ragged trousers and one "gallus." He was barefooted, barearmed, bareheaded, and a fine type of coloured humanity he appeared as he picked up his spike maul and prepared to kill. He walks in a deep trough along the side and top of the lanes.

### One Blow in the Curl.

Eight beeves, in pairs, looking appealingly to high heaven, await the blow that ends their days of grace and grazing. The negro is right-handed. He poises himself for an instant above the victim, then, so quickly that the eye cannot follow, the maul descends, striking in the very centre of the

small curl of hair that is in every beef's forehead. In less than a quarter of a second it rises and falls again, felling the other victim. The animals sink down with glazed eyes, foaming slightly at the mouth, their bodies rigid in death. The executioner touches a chain, great doors rise automatically, and the two beeves are dumped into the adjoining apartment.

### The Spectators.

For the convenience of "ladies" and "women" a platform has been erected high above the killing room, where they may stand and view the awful spectacle of death. The creatures who flock to the scene of carnage become so fascinated that they are with difficulty driven from the spot. Horrors! I saw one well-dressed woman, so called, with a twelve months' old babe in her arms, taking in the picture. The stink caused the child to grow sick at the stomach.

### Letting the Blood.

The Talmudic law of killing is observed. Everything is kosher. The butchers are negroes who stand in blood, in a steaming atmosphere, forever whetting their knives. The beeves are hooked up by their hind legs as soon as they are dumped out of the killing lanes and drawn so high that their noses hang four feet from the floor. The butcher stands directly in front, and at a single stroke sends his razor-like blade through the heart. Only one stroke is permitted. Out gushes the hot red blood. It is a river released from confinement. It strikes the butcher in the chest and runs down his body to the floor. He lives in blood, his body absorbs blood through the pores of his skin. He thrives on it.

### Passed from Hand to Hand.

The dead animals ride around on overhead railroads, passing from hand to hand until landed in halves in the cold storage vaults. The time occupied in this operation, from the moment when the lord high executioner crushes the skull with his steel maul, is from thirteen to fourteen minutes. Wonderful work. When all the horrors are passed through, all the blood, filth, stench, heat, slime and pity put behind your back, step into the refrigerator, button your coat tightly and pause to admire the result.

### Killing Hogs.

Hogs are killed near the top of the building, so that by the time they reach the lower floors they are converted into 370 different products. They go through like greased lightning. The killing bed contains about 100 at a time, some so fat as to be unable to walk. When moving from place to place they drag their hind parts on the ground. A slip-noose is fastened around the hind legs, and the porker, frantically squealing, is jerked off the floor and started down an inclined overhead railway. In the first apartment he meets the butcher, who, by one deft stroke of the knife, opens the heart, then shoves him along to the scraping vat, where he more often than not arrives alive and kicking. A trigger being touched, he plunges into scalding water, where his hair is removed by machinery, after which he passes on down from room to room until landed in the cold storage with his fellow victim, the bull, the cow, or the ox. The time required to stick a hog and land him clean and halved in the refrigerator is seven minutes.

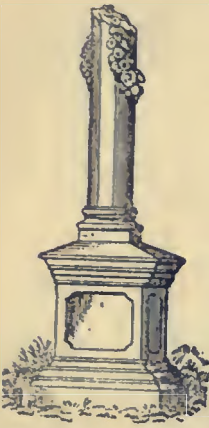
### Making Sausage.

After seeing the process of making sausage by wholesale, I have decided never more to regard it as a necessity in my household. I think we can manage to struggle along without it. When I remarked upon the poverty of certain cattle that were being sent to kingdom come the assistant manager of the abattoir replied: "These are about third-rate beeves. We would never think of offering them for sale as prime. They go into cans as corned beef." Some of the hogs and parts of the beeves go into cases as sausage, but no more for me. The "tailings" are chopped into bits and handled with shovels. They are unattractive. After grinding, other shovels throw the product into centrifugal machines, such as we have in sugar refineries, which dry out the blood. It looks like red mortar, and is handled much after the same manner. It is then placed in hoppers and put under high pressure.



## Editorial Notes.

**I** have drawn attention many times in these pages to the dreadful aftermath of war.



As I look back and think of the wave of sporting enthusiasm which overran the country a few months ago—hundreds and thousands of young men eager and anxious to go out to shoot Boers, hundreds and thousands only too delighted to have a chance of “getting some fun out of life,” and when I hear now on all sides the sighs of relief that it is nearly all over and the earnest yearning of those same men to come back again, I understand something of the lessons they have learned of the terrible side of war.

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### THE LONELY GRAVES.

But I do not think that the worst side is to be found in the graves of those that are lying in broken heaps upon the lonely veldt. Loss of life is not such a very terrible thing in itself. It is not that some of the best and bravest of two nations have fallen stricken down by quick bullet or shell or by lingering typhoid. It is not that upon the frozen uplands cold white faces have looked up to the pitiless sky and glazing eyes have filmed over in dreary hopeless waiting for the succour that never came, it is the aftermath that is the worst.

\* \* \*

### THE BATTLE IS SOON OVER.

The battle is soon over. A few hours or days or months and the pain is eased and the very place of the fight is grown green again and smiling. The corpses are buried, satiated vultures have gone elsewhere, the moans have ended, the groans have ceased, and the joyous song of birds is heard once more in the sky, but the aftermath has yet to come.

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### WORN OUT HORSES.

Here is an extract from a daily paper which gives a glimpse into the way in which the faithful servants of the war may get treated when all is over, when with broken wind and strained limbs they come limping home to rest and find a worse doom than death before them. Lord Roberts, thoughtful in peace as he is gentle and kindly in war, will do his best, but his rule will soon be over and the horrors of the aftermath to the horses will never be known.

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### SAVED FOR THE MOMENT.

A fortnight ago the *Cape Times* drew attention to the scandals arising out of the sale of Army horses condemned as unfit for further service in the field. Once out of the control of the service officers the nags were bought for a mere song by hawkers, crammed into trucks, hurried to Cape Town, enduring careless and inhuman treatment on the road, and then resold. It was the intention of the transport officers that the animals should be nursed and fed back to health, but instead of this a system of gross cruelty sprang into existence, so that the dealers might profit.

On learning the facts stated by the *Cape Times*, Lord Roberts has issued an order forbidding the sale of Army horses in any part of the Colonies. For this kindly deed he has received the gratitude of all humanitarians.

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### WAR BRUTALISES.

This is but a symptom of the aftermath. The keynote is brutality. War brutalises. The after harvest is the crop of crimes which result for years and years to come from character brutalisation.

A disregard of life, daily attempts to take life, hourly attacks on others' lives or protection of your own makes life so much cheaper that it is well known that capital crimes and suicides greatly increase after bloody wars.

We are fighting and praying for a gentler world and a kindlier race and manners more humane, but the end of the war will send back to our homes hundreds of thousands of men who have been to a school where the opposite lesson has been taught, and the fruit of this lesson cannot but be harvested—harvested in pain and sorrow and suffering for many a year to come—this is the aftermath.

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### THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE.

There is being a tremendous demand for this new book. Messrs. Smith have placed it on their bookstalls. Press notices of a most favourable character are welcoming it everywhere. *The Torquay Advertiser* devoted nearly a column to an exhaustive review of it, and what is better than all, friends on all hands who are critical judges are sending out copies to those whom they wish to convert, and are arranging to send out large numbers in place of Christmas Cards. Mr. Beard has made a great hit by a book which will help on the cause for many a year to come.

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### NEW ZEALAND.

This month my foreign budget is exceptionally full and I can only give extracts from a few of the many letters received, but they all breathe the same glad news of “progress, progress, progress.”

Here are some bits from a letter which will stimulate all who read them to do likewise.

Mr. Reynolds writing from Canterbury, New Zealand, says:—

You will be pleased to hear that Food Reform is making better progress in New Zealand of late. The people are just awakening to the fact that “Flesh-eating” is becoming a serious danger and menace to the public health. I am spreading *The Herald of the Golden Age* Literature as much as possible, also corresponding with several newspaper editors on the subject, with good results, I hope, in the future.

*The Herald of the Golden Age* is circulated freely in Christchurch, and I shall not rest until I find it read with regularity in every home.

I forward *The Herald* to members of the “House of Representatives,” Wellington, every month, and have had several letters containing appreciative remarks, as “a capital little work”; “should be widely read”; “an ideal paper for the elevation of mankind”; and so on.

I remain, yours fraternally, EDWARD CLARK REYNOLDS.

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### BRADFORD IS BUSY.

Here is a splendid tribute to what *The Herald* has done. Does it not overpower one with the sense of the immense responsibility of helping to direct such an organ? One short article has won over to our cause a man who is doing his best to awaken hundreds and thousands of others to the importance of the Gospel of Humaneness.

Here is just one extract from Mr. Wright Gill's letter which I quote as a guide and a help to others who want to know what to do to help.

I am indebted to your glorious *Herald of the Golden Age* for my conversion to the pure, bloodless, natural diet, having read a short article in a copy 2 years and 8 months ago. For some months I have taken 2 dozen copies each month and sent them out to ministers, doctors, professors at the colleges, to matrons at our hospitals, temperance societies, religious, philanthropic, literary, scientific, oddfellows, trade and other societies, labour clubs, libraries, etc., enclosing a note-head of our Society.

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### LEICESTER IN EARNEST.

Very encouraging news comes from the new joint Secretary of the Society there, news which speaks of a living enthusiasm. “We mean to go for it in earnest this winter” says Mr. Allen, and it is this “going for it in earnest” which will win more battles in one winter than years of dilettante advocacy can ever accomplish. Mr. Allen adds:—

We have sent a circular to all the members of the British Women's Temperance Union and to all people of our town who we think are likely to be interested.

We have received great encouragement. People whom we can tell are really seeking for the light are constantly asking us questions, and we trust many of these will in due course reach the perfect day. The literature of our Order which you so kindly sent to me has been of great use. *The Herald* is just the right thing in the right place.

The blessings of God come to me more and more each day of my life.



HOSPITAL  
ABUSES.

Mr. Laxmidas sends me a cutting from the *Bombay Gazette*, containing a letter by himself on the terrible abuses connected with the Animals' Hospital at Bombay. When we remember what a state our own hospitals for the sick poor were a hundred years ago, and when we see how desperately behind-hand many of the continental hospitals are to-day we cannot wonder while we deplore and must remedy the state of the Bombay Pinjrapole.

In the mofussil pinjrapoles that I have visited I saw (1) live animals' wounds being pecked by crows, (2) open wounds covered with flies and without a drop of medicine, (3) most dirty water to drink, (4) helplessly infirm animals lying in filth, (5) food mixed with dirt, (6) broken legs without bandages, (7) a pigeon lying helplessly in a pot of water, (8) animals shut up in filthy sheds, whose sufferings I compared to those of the unfortunate victims of the Calcutta Black Hole. At this very moment hundreds of dumb unfortunates must be undergoing, most of them, dreadful tortures, simply because the rich stethias leave the poor creatures entirely to the tender mercies of ignorant and ill-paid servants, and care not to see with their own eyes that their dumb protégés are well treated.

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BIOGRAPHICAL  
SKETCH.

Mr. Laxmidas adds a suggestion about biographical sketches. Our Cause is too beautiful and unselfish a one to allow it to be made a stalking house for personal vanities which so often are at the bottom of biographical sketches.

It doesn't matter very much where or when a man was born, whether his hair is brown or black, whether he lives in a palace or a cottage. The important question is what *is* he now, and in what way can he mould men's minds to a higher humanity.

*The Herald* is always open to any man who can help others by telling something of his own life. Here, however, is Mr. Laxmidas' letter:—

I submit to you the following humble suggestion. If you can devote a page or more of *The Herald* every month to a series of biographical sketches, with photos, of *eminent friends of animals*, it may prove no small inducement to others to emulate their noble examples. I submit the following few names as deserving this honour:—Mr. S. H. Beard, Dr. J. Oldfield, Mr. H. S. Salt, Mr. A. F. Hills, Mrs. A. Besant, Miss F. P. Cobbe, Mrs. F. E. Lemon, Mrs. Fairchild Allen. In my humble opinion such a series cannot fail to be generally attractive.

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INDIAN  
SUGGESTIONS.

Some would have us believe that Eastern nations are mere dreamers, but if my good friend Mr. Laxmidas is a type of what Indian vegetarians are like, this reproach is unjust.

His letters are always full of practical suggestions for active work, and they are nearly always coupled with actual records of what he has been able to accomplish.

I gladly reproduce part of another of his letters and heartily commend his idea. What a gladness will come to the hearts of the Executive when the end of each year brings news from the world over of a year's work done, and of progress made, of fighting and of victories.

The Order of Knighthood is only for those who win it—win it by righteousness and by zeal.

You are quite right in wishing in your Editorial Notes for August "that every member of The Order should do something to help on the Cause," and as a means to induce us all to do something every year in order to leave the world a little better than we found it, I would venture to propose that every member be asked by a special rule to submit his or her Annual Report of the work (however humble it may be) which has been done to justify the membership of our noble Order.

The three chief questions on my hand at present are:—

I.—The Repeal or Amendment of Sec. II of the Government of India Act XI, of 1890, under which animals are horribly tortured with impunity in the name of *religion*. I have addressed several letters on the subject to the Government of India, and humbly hope that my prayer will be granted.

II.—The introduction into India of the Swiss law for the protection of birds, which forbids the use of snares, etc., for catching or decoying birds, and prohibition to export or import, sell or use, feathers for millinery purposes, as well as feathered caps, etc. I have already sent up my petition, together with five copies of Sir Charles Lawson's pamphlet *India and her Wild Birds*, to Government.

III.—Protection to large numbers of sheep, which are *starved* for two or three days *en route* to the Bandova Slaughterhouses (Bombay). As directed by the Bombay Government, I have addressed the District Magistrate of Thana on the subject.

All this, and something else also, I will submit to you in my Annual Report to the Provost in January next.

LABHSHANKAR LAXMIDAS.

## SLAUGHTERY.

Here is a letter which needs no words of mine to add to its pathos. It only needs reading, and then the question must be faced, "Am I responsible for it? Is it necessary?"

"I think it would interest you to know," writes Mr. George W. Reading, "what a friend of mine has to say about the slaughter and packing houses of South Omaha, Nebraska. I was in Omaha in May of this year, but only visited the big stock-yards myself. There I saw great numbers of splendid cattle, which are herded and crammed together for hours under the direct rays of a blazing, scorching sun, and patiently waiting for their initiation into the hellish mysteries of the slaughter-house. The friend referred to is Mr. Nels Svendgard, whom I first met in Omaha. He is doing a grand work in that city in the Socialist cause, and is a true man and a brother. He knows something about the conditions of work in the slaughter and packing houses, and I wrote him recently suggesting that he might be able to let you have an article for *The Herald*."

\* \* \*

WADING IN  
BLOOD.

In a letter which I have just received he says:—

"The full meaning of this command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' never dawned so vividly on my mind as when for the first time I visited the slaughter-houses in South Omaha. I hardly know whom to pity the most—the killer or the killed. What do you think of little boys, twelve to fourteen or fifteen years old, with rubber boots on reaching to their thighs, wading in and scooping blood all day long; and girls of the same tender age cutting and slashing in all this bloody meat from morning until night? What kind of men and women do you think they will make when matured? What kind of progeny will they produce? And still we wonder that intemperance and prostitution are increasing."

\* \* \*

ALL DAY  
KILLING.

"Think of men doing nothing else but killing day after day, and at the extravagant salary of seven to nine dollars per week! A glorious and remunerative occupation, indeed! These men are in turn being killed, for there can be no doubt but what their better and higher nature is slowly being annihilated, and presently there will be nothing left but soulless automatic mud-machines.

Flesh-eating has always appeared repugnant to me, and for seven years I have been a fruitarian. I am stronger now than when I indulged in the carnivorous habit of my species, and possess a clearer and keener mind. Animalism is but very little better than cannibalism—all the difference is one of degree, that is all. I have vowed that it shall never be necessary to take the life of any innocent brute in order to sustain mine. The finer sensibilities can never be evolved under a flesh diet."

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## CRIME.

Thus far, Mr. Svendgard. "When I was out there," continues Mr. Reading, "I was told that a great many Bohemians are employed as slaughtermen, and in South Omaha I noticed many queer Bohemian names over the shops. About three miles out of the city I came across a Bohemian cemetery in one of my walks. Atrocious crimes of all kinds are very common in South Omaha, and the knife is freely used; and what else may be expected where blood and murder are the daily environments? South Omaha is the third great meat packing centre after Chicago and Kansas City."

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THE OCCULT  
IN LIFE.

Life is full of mysteries, and all that we do not know is the realm of the occult.

The reverent study of the unknown, the earnest and humble reaching forward into the darkness, and bringing thence treasures new and old, has been the method by which life has ever been broadened and beautified.

A new Magazine, entitled *The Occult and Biological Journal*, has just reached me, and from its opening page I take one



paragraph, which gives an insight into the spirit in which its studies will be conducted. The Editor says:—

In the present state of the world, when trading interests are governed so largely by deceptive methods, it seems to many an impossibility—and we have often heard them so express themselves—to maintain principles of honor and hold their place in the business world. We believe, however, that this is not absolutely true: and yet, if necessary, a person should sacrifice either one or the other. If, to uphold one's honor means a sacrifice of one's business, then let the business go. If circumstances and conditions will not permit this course, we then advise him by all means not to undertake a line of methods for attainment in the spiritual and occult; for as surely as the weeds in the garden will spring up and choke out the plants, so surely will the evils within the individual outgrow the good cover it, and choke it out.

\* \* \*

#### THE W.C.T.U.

Miss Yates has just issued her Report of the Food Department of the W.C.T.U.

It is most delightful reading, for it tells of women the world over who are bringing before their branches of the Temperance Society the close connection between eating and drinking. Just one quotation will show the importance of Miss Yates' work:—

*Japan.*—Miss H. Frances Parmelee, Superintendent of the Japanese Food Reform Department, writes: Your letter reached me just as I was preparing a paper on Food Reform for an extra W.C.T.U. Convention, where we had, I think, the most interesting convention yet held by foreigners in Japan. Your letter and literature helped me a great deal, and the spirited discussion that followed must, I think, have awakened thought on the subject. It is now nearly four years since I gave up the use of meat, greatly to my benefit, and I think the bronchial trouble I have had for years has been diminished by it.

There is great need of this work in Japan. Formerly, the Japanese used no animal food other than fish and fowl, although they never had simple, natural ways of living. Now they use cows, horses, hogs, sheep, dogs, and even monkeys. The number of cattle slaughtered in Tokyo increases by about one-third yearly. At the same time disease is increasing at a fearful rate—tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and especially dysentery. We civilized flesh-eating foreigners have taught the Japanese to eat meat, as an enlightened art. Naturally, at the same time, the art of doctoring and drug-dosing is well under way and on the increase.

\* \* \*

#### SPORT.

So many people think that there is something "manly" in Sport, that I would fain remind them that Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, considered that only the lowest of the slaves should be compelled to undertake the slaughter of rural wild animals.

All butchery should be done by slaves, he thought, but *wanton* butchery by only the lowest of the slaves, and yet to-day Sport is the occupation of the *gentleman*!

Thus far are we removed from Utopia!

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#### RABBIT SHOOTING.

I always look back with the greatest sorrow to the days when I was proud to carry a gun, and when over every life I took I rejoiced at my prowess.

I remember only too well how keenly I followed, and how disappointed I was when my prey escaped from the fatal charge; and now I am glad for every life that escaped, and sorry for every death that was ascribed to me.

*Humanity* for the current month has a powerful article on "The Shooting Mania," in which the writer writes from experience, and says:—

It is hard to fix upon one form of shooting as being more repulsive than another, but for downright cruelty let me single out that of an ordinary big "rabbit shoot." Rabbits are well-known to "carry" more lead in their bodies than any other creature of their size, and these "shoots" are productive of most painful and horrible scenes. The man who "stalks" a deer may possibly feel he has done something to entitle him to what he terms his "reward;" but for those who idly stand in the rabbit-warren and deal out death with callous hand for pure fun, nothing, it seems to me, can be felt but contempt and disgust. Perhaps one of the worst features of the "shoots" of to-day is that they are made public *spectacles*, turned into social, hilarious gatherings, where "gentlemen" and (heaven take note of it!) "gentlewomen," so-called, assemble and—in the midst of suffering and death—talk their little nothings, smile, laugh, flirt, and make merry, with these disgraceful butcherings going on around.

\* \* \*

#### COLLECTING BOX.

Mrs. Jessie Kay has collected 8s. 5d. in her box during the last quarter. The Secretary will only too gladly forward collecting boxes to all members who will

help in this way to increase the funds of The Order. Please write direct to the Secretary, O.G.A., The Beacon, Ilfracombe.

#### RESCUE SUPPERS.

Miss F. I. Nicholson has written to me to say that the L.V.A. has arranged to give two free vegetarian suppers in connection with the Salvation Army Rescue Work.

The meals will continue from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m., and an attempt will be made to feed and to teach at the same time these poor children of the midnight streets. Miss Nicholson will be glad of subscriptions, to help to cover the cost of the suppers, sent to her at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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#### THE SALVATION ARMY.

This, together with the dinners lately given to Salvation Army officers, brings into prominence the important effect that Mr. Bramwell Booth's articles on vegetarian dietary have had on the Army.

Owing to the persistent way in which Mr. Sidney Beard has emphasised the moral aspect of vegetarianism upon the Salvation Army, they have grasped in a marvellous way the essential connection which exists between food and religion.

In everything thorough, in everything earnest, in everything honest through to the core, the leaders of this great Christian army have begun to feel that if vegetarianism be of God it must be adopted by the salt of His pioneers.

\* \* \*

Fearing nothing but evil, afraid of nothing but cowardice, Mr. Bramwell Booth and his Staff have come to the Provost of The Order of the Golden Age and have asked to be taught of this new step toward personal holiness, and they have not gone away empty.

Then asking for practical demonstration of what they shall live upon when they have rejected the flesh of Egypt for the milk and honey of the Land of Promise, the L.V.A. has replied by giving a series of meals to the officers.

And so the work goes on, and ere long poor Mr. Sheldon will have to learn from the Salvation Army that those who want to be worthy of the title of Christian Endeavourers will be unable to ignore the Christianity of the Table or the Ethics of Eating by saying they "have not considered the question."

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#### IN THE PRESS.

Miss Springett asks me to thank those Members who have carried out my suggestions and sent to her extracts from the press or letters that they have themselves written to their local newspapers.

She will welcome all cuttings at Salter's Hall Court, E.C.

Mr. H. G. Smith has spoken out for The Order in the *South Essex Mail* and ends his letter with these words:—

Do you wish for a more humane world? Do you wish to mitigate the wretchedness and poverty of to-day? Do you really wish to see the labourers back to the land? Then cease to be a party to the slaughtering and cruelty that is daily being perpetrated upon innocents; eat of pure food, and create a demand for fruits and vegetables of all sorts. You will then see the labourer going back to a healthy life and a decrease in the number of deaths from tuberculosis and other various forms of disease, which are directly traceable to the eating of animal flesh. Think on these things.

\* \* \*

#### DOGS IN HEAVEN.

Miss G. L. Banks, writing to the *Westminster Gazette* a few days ago under the above heading, says:—

I have seen immortality in my dog's eyes—my faithful friend for thirteen years, now dead, yet over whose grave I have placed the inscription "Not dead, but gone before."

As for that fifteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation so often glibly quoted, all I have to say is that if 'tis true, then may it be granted unto me to have lived in such a way that I also may be one of the despised "withouts" so that I may have the company of my dog!

I think Miss Banks *must* be a Vegetarian. How is it possible that any one can grant immortality and the friendship of a future life to their dog and deny it to their calf or their sheep?

How is it possible to suppose that we may gratuitously and deliberately kill and eat our fellow immortals whom we shall meet again in the realms to come!

Miss Banks' arguments do not greatly appeal to me, but surely her convictions must prevent her joining the ranks of the carnivores.



# An Electric Creed.

By an Electrical Engineer.

"That we can subsist on plant food and perform our work to advantage is not a theory but a well demonstrated fact. Every effort should be made to stop the wanton and cruel slaughter of animals, which must be destructive to morals. To free ourselves from animal instincts and appetites, which keep us down, we should begin at the very root at which they spring; we should effect a radical reform in the character of food."—NIKOLA TESLA.

The whole of the engineering world was greatly startled a few weeks ago by the remarkable article published in the *Century Magazine*, upon "The Problem of Increasing Human Energy," by Nikola Tesla. The *Technical Press* criticised the wonderful forecast very severely; some gravely hinted that the author had allowed his imagination to carry him farther than even an inventor should permit of, others simply stated that they failed to follow and understand this problem, but that it was well worth thinking over.

Perhaps the opening remarks astounded many a scientist and engineer far more than even the final ones, where Tesla talks of war as a thing of the past. The remedy has been solved by the ready brain of the inventor who has made for humanity machines to settle all disputes, and to do the fighting—obviously a far more satisfactory method than the present miserable manner of settling national differences. He, the genius of his profession, the practical man of the world, actually dares to assert that before attacking this portion of the problem, we must drop our present depraved fashion of pandering to the animal nature, we must let the light of love illumine our whole being, we must educate ourselves to live upon the fruits and grains so bountifully placed at our disposal, but we must—if we would tread this higher path, if we would increase the whole energy of our human forms, if we would obtain the greatest work from hand and brain,—we must stop the cruel practice of feeding upon our fellow-creatures.

Self and stomach must have no standing in the new creed, humility and humanity must displace them.

By education shall we hasten the joyous day when each shall have his heart's desire, by raising the level of men, by showing him the God within, by teaching the world the divinity of simplicity.

"There are many ways of decreasing human energy," says Tesla, "but the use of stimulants, such as alcohol and tobacco, and the depraved fashion of flesh-eating are among the worst, for they are the most harmful." Obviously the latter fashion is far the most harmful, for by following it we not only injure ourselves but our fellow-creatures. Let any one who works hard try the effect of leading a more wholesome life, throwing aside the drugs which drag heavily upon civilization, the stimulants which create morbid appetites, the unnatural food which surely cannot "grace" the otherwise hospitable English home. Let him try, but for a short while, and he will have a far better reward than any experimentalist who mixes chemicals and creates wonders. He will find his whole life permeated with a new and wonderful force, a love for the whole of mankind. He will have found his real "ego."

It may be a continual source of annoyance to have to attend to the body, yet it should be the source of highest pride to keep it a fitting dwelling place for the holiest thoughts. What can we think of the Lord of the Manor, be he ever so wealthy, if he let his lovely mansion fall into decay, if he allow the rooms to reek of filth—how can we remain still when we see many a human mansion decaying from ignorance of Nature's

laws? The most beautiful tropical plants are rooted in the mud—they are as much indebted to it as to the sunshine, for their beauty; the careful gardener does not despise root culture, the careful mechanic watches the edge of his tool, the man who wishes to lead his soul into higher paths commences by placing his body in harmony with his thoughts.

There are the three phases of life, material, mental and spiritual—body, mind and soul; sacrifice neither for the others, let all vibrate actively and pleasantly together, and remember the words of the sage, "Health is a key to character." Just as the Röntgen rays illumine solids with their wonderful vibrations, so let our thoughts be useful to humanity and we shall illumine some part of it. There is only one freedom, the freedom of unselfishness; only one education, the simplicity of childhood. Amiability and instability are like magnets, they draw to themselves those of their own vibrations.

"Life is not worth living" is an expression so common that the awful meaning of the words have left them, familiarity has made us grow callous, and instead of asking "Are we living aright?" the world accepts the verdict of a few morbid creatures who would have us think that the teachings of the greatest men were vain. They have not yet discovered how to live to the best advantage for others as well as themselves, therefore they issue a depressing edict. Yet there are some who know that life, if lived aright, is the most glorious of all God's gifts. Their thoughts are positive, are for good, they refuse to allow a disintegration to be set up within, by the harbouring of negative, unwise thoughts.

Every substance in the chemist's tables is negatively elective to the one above it, positive to that below it. Water will dissolve wood, wood will dissolve iron, air will dissolve water, the electric fire will dissolve air, but the brain of man has dissolved all.

Can it be that there are negative and positive frames of mind? Can it be that by opening the flood gates of our inmost soul to let the true teachings of every creed—truth, peace and goodwill—to enter, that we are drawing, attracting ourselves to the promised heaven, that every act of kindness and true manliness will generate the positive germs of our nature, which will show itself in the fearless step, the frank, honest countenance, the feeling of real desire of living; whilst the uncharitable, scornful thoughts will make us tired of life and send us into a negative condition.

"Let me feed the nation for a hundred years and you shall have no need of laws and police," said a Statesman, and every man who *thinks* must know that ignorance is at the root of nearly all evil. All Nature is in motion, it is a song of harmony, for motion is life.

Edison was showing a friend one of his inventions. "How wonderful!" said the friend, but, he added, in a disappointed tone, "How simple!" It was the same old cry which Naaman uttered thousands of years ago, it is the same cry many are uttering to-day. Tell them that they can keep their bodies whole and lead pure lives only by conforming to the new creed, and they cry "It is too simple!"

The normal constitution never needs stimulants nor desires opiates, a healthy mind and body can be abundantly sustained without artificial aids. Man is a glorious trinity of body, mind and soul; commence with the first, bring your body to a state of perfection. The engineer must have an intimate knowledge of every part of a machine to "speed it" to the best advantage. Study the construction of your body that you may work it to the greatest efficiency. Wonderful mechanisms will break when just a little dirt clogs the wheels, your being



will droop unless you keep yourself clean within and without. Throw heavy incombustible fuel into the furnace and the boiler cannot generate steam, the engine fails to rotate the dynamo and the light goes out. From how many does the vital spark die away because of their lack of judgment in caring for the body.

"If we go forward we die,  
If we go backward we die,  
Better go forward and die."

But how much better to go forward and live. Disease has a large menu, the diet of health is simple and strong. There is a great temple in the world, that temple is the body of man. Nothing can be as holy as this, says the author Novalis, "We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body." Can we imagine heaven impure?

Forward! Let us remember the words of Goethe, "The true, the good, and the excellent are always simple, error is elaborate."

C. A. S.

## Beef Demands Beer.

A recent issue of the *Scientific American* says:—"In 1897 in Germany 1,383,700,000 gallons of beer were consumed; 1,192,000,000 were drunk in Great Britain, 180,000,000 in France, and 90,000,000 in Russia. It is estimated that 36 gallons per head are drunk in Belgium, 32 in Great Britain, 25 in Germany, 21 in Denmark, 12 in Switzerland, 10 in the United States, 9 in Holland, 5 in France, 3½ in Norway, 2½ in Sweden, and one in Russia. A writer in the *North American Review* declares that a large quantity of beer is consumed in order to satisfy the craving for the elements which are eliminated from wheat in making white bread."

It will be observed that the foregoing figures represent nothing more than the beer that has been drunk; they do not include wines, whiskies, and numerous other alcoholic drinks. The suggestion of the doctor who writes for the *North American Review* is worthy of consideration. And in connection with the thought that the system is being deprived of the natural food elements that are taken out of the flour for making white bread, there are some other points that should be thought about.

This is an age of stimulants and stimulation. Every nerve is drawn to the highest possible tension in prosecuting business or pleasure, or, more frequently, in trying to prosecute both. Flesh foods, which form the most stimulating diet that can be eaten, have come to be almost universally used. *A beefsteak or a mutton roast is not merely a food; it is a stimulant as well. And this flesh food stimulant calls for other stimulants and irritants.* The flesh-eater desires with his meat such things as pepper, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and other similar stimulants and irritants. And by thus stimulating the body through the foods that are eaten daily, the system clamours for stronger and still stronger stimulants. At first tea and coffee seem to satisfy the demand. But in thousands of instances wines, beer, and other strong drinks are soon indulged, so that this increasing craving may be satisfied.

The tendency, however is strongly running toward a more and more exciting life, and, consequently, toward a more and more exciting diet, and along with the diet a still greater demand for strong drink. The tastes and habits of the people are becoming more and more luxuriant and extravagant. Debasing luxuries that only a prince could afford a few decades ago are freely indulged in by the common people to-day. So-called "high living" is becoming well-nigh universal, and the spread of the drink habit is alarmingly enormous.

Should we leave the utterances of divine prophecy out of the question, any philosopher who is not blinded by prejudice would be able to see that the race cannot continue in its present course without soon destroying itself. Every sincere person should honestly and earnestly study the conditions of to-day.

## Be Ye Merciful.

[Extracts from a book entitled "Zoophilos," by the Rev. Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham, published in 1822, lately in the possession of Mr. Lawson Tait, and presented by his widow to Mr. Sidney Trist.]



Can there be a doubt whether the buds of the humane and benevolent feelings will not be more endangered by a child's pursuing and killing butterflies, taking birds'-nests, or impaling cockchafers, than by his playing with a ball, hoop, top, or battledore.

Montaigne has remarked, as a matter of reproach to our nature, that few of us feel any gratification at seeing animals playing together and happy among themselves, but almost every one takes delight at their quarrelling, fighting or tormenting each other.

\* \* \*

Let us suppose animals possessed of speech, as we may without any stretch of imagination, and as is usual in fables. Let us further suppose them their own advocates, when suffering under the numberless cruelties which are inflicted upon them. Probably the consciences of some of us would then put into their mouths words to this effect.—"You boast yourself superior to us, by the endowments of reason; and the feelings of humanity, pre-eminences which we do not question; yet how frequently do you lose sight of both, in your actual conduct towards us? We readily admit that you are ordained by the *Word of God Himself* lords of the creation, and of us inferior animals; but why should you therefore be the tyrants also? Be well aware, that the 'dominion over us,' so vested in you, is not a supreme and arbitrary sway, but a delegated authority, and therefore a trust of awful responsibility from our benevolent Father and Protector.

\* \* \*

We look up to you, therefore, for protection, or at least kindness in return, which expectations in us will appear the more just and equitable, when it is considered that you are far more dependent on us for support, preservation and general well-being, than we can be on any requital from you. We entreat you to bear in mind that we have all of us our several enjoyments of existence, bestowed by the common *Author of Nature*; that we are susceptible of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery, like yourselves.

Destroy such of us, if need be, for your own security, yet remember that you are inflicting pain and death. At least, do not, without some adequate end or advantage to yourselves, ever deprive us of our lives, cause to us any misery, or debar us of any enjoyments.

\* \* \*

"The Author of your religion has taught you, and we trust you believe the assurance, that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His regard.' Have you then never felt any alarm that you may hereafter be called to account for the use or abuse of us His creatures? Allow us further to reason with you by applying to feelings which, whatever be your dispositions, you must possess in common with us, those of bodily suffering. Few of you are, or always will be, strangers to the torments incidental to disease, and ever attendant on violence received. In the midst of such agonies, perhaps you have, if never before, implored mercy of that *Being*, who alone can confer relief. Has it never occurred to you in those bitter moments to ask yourselves, whether you



have not caused to other animals misery as great, or greater than you were enduring, perhaps too in mere wantonness; and refused to them the mercy for which you were then a supplicant? If you have not already profited by these visitations of heaven, be admonished before the evil day arrives, and anticipate a profitable lesson."

\* \* \*

If they who have felt a surgeon's knife, and undergone long and painful operations; who have received gun-shot or other severe wounds, or lost limbs on a field of battle, and been left there many hours, or perhaps days, before they were dressed; or have had broken limbs, dislocations, or violent bruises, and suffered all the wretchedness of a long confinement from these causes; or have been terrified, pursued, or attacked by beasts of prey, and escaped after being torn by their teeth or claws; or have known the agony of the stone, gout, spasms, iliac passion, cancer, cholera morbus, and various other disorders, would reflect thus seriously, they would probably need no other monitor to impress them with some, though still an inadequate, idea of the miseries caused to the objects of sport in field diversions. They might then judge a little of the feelings of a hare, fox, or stag during a chase, which must, no doubt, much resemble those in themselves, if they were pursued, seized and devoured by fifty ravening, open-mouthed, howling wolves; of the torments of a worm when impaled and writhing on a hook, till it expires; of the state of a bird with its beak shot off, or its legs and wings broken; or of a hare or rabbit maimed, and hardly escaping with shattered legs; of any of them with their eyes shot out, and with such dreadful mutilations perishing with hunger and anguish, or becoming an helpless prey to any enemy, after lingering perhaps many weeks.

\* \* \*

The horrid and offensive scene of slaughter is generally, and very properly, removed from our sight. I cannot easily imagine any one so grossly unfeeling as to take a gratification in beholding it, much less in assisting at it. If he did his conduct probably would be reprobated by universal indignation; yet to say the truth I cannot help tracing (and surely without injustice) some similitude between him and a sportsman. Allow me, then, to put the case of a number of men, for want of something better to do, frequenting slaughter-houses, and amusing themselves there with trials of their strength, activity, or dexterity in killing the animals. Supposing them contending and betting, for instance, who should knock down bullocks at the fewest blows, or *spine* them most scientifically and quickly; or kill the greatest number of calves, sheep or pigs in a given time, or most dexterously in the opinion of the butchers; or draw the greatest quantity of blood from wounds, etc., and occasionally contriving or trying different methods of slaughter, as well as comparing the merits of each; let us likewise imagine others to be spectators of the scene, and to enjoy it equally with the actors; (a scene, by the way pretty well realized, in my opinion, when a stag is killed at the end of a chase, and the huntsman cuts its throat from ear to ear, amidst the applauses, and exultations, and remunerations of perhaps a hundred sportsmen of both sexes; when the principal lady present is complimented with this delicate office and sometimes deigns to accept it, or at least to assist in it; when even mirth often abounds and appears in sprinkling the novices with blood!)

\* \* \*

Amusement alone, as a motive, is ever admitted to constitute *fair sporting*, according to the established and absolute laws of the field; every other, especially the above, being treated with immediate and open scorn.

Our countryman Soame Jenyns has written at some length on the subject. From his paper I shall extract this passage, which is at the conclusion. "What name," says he, "should we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting and destroying mankind? whose superior

faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation and advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and to be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet if we impartially consider the case and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that with regard to inferior animals just such a being is a sportsman."

\* \* \*

Before the Reformation we find that, by the canon law, the clergy were forbidden the amusements of hunting, hawking, and fowling, as sanguinary.

\* \* \*

I cannot but notice, a habit not uncommon amongst sportsmen, in every species of shooting which is their method of putting to death the wounded birds, *by biting their heads!* In respect to the animals themselves the way may be as humane as any other. But the act has something so *tiger-like* in its appearance, at least, that I ever regard it with horror; and must think it very likely to vitiate and harden the mind.

\* \* \*

A Mr. George Staverton, in 1661, bequeathed the rent of a house at Staines, now worth £12 12s. a year, for the purchase of a bull to be baited every St. Thomas's day, at Wokingham, in Berkshire, and to be given afterwards to the poor. In pursuance of his will the custom has been continued to the present time; and one bull not being found sufficient, another has for some time been added by the inhabitants. It appears to me surprising that any one should choose to perpetuate his memory by thus providing means for corrupting the manners and morals of mankind, and at the same time causing misery to other animals. If he meant this as an act of charity, I can only say that it is a singular species, and its pretensions derived something like *lucus a non lucendo*. Some merit may perhaps be due to him for leaving the meat to the poor; but even in this respect his judgment may fairly be questioned. Bull's beef is at best very ordinary food, and there can be no doubt if his bequest had been placed in the hands of trustees to relieve proper objects of distress at Christmas, by supplying them at discretion with other provision, clothing, or firing, much good might have been done, instead of thus entailing a certain evil.

\* \* \*

Some years ago, when an attempt was made in Parliament to suppress it, Mr. Windham spoke much in its favour in common with other amusements of the same class, boxing, etc., as tending to preserve the "courageous, manly, national character of our countrymen!"

"With regard to the cruelty of bull-baiting," he says, "were gentlemen certain that the bull does not receive pleasure from it? Probably far from feeling pain, he feels gratification in the contest. True *game* bulls seem to shew an eagerness for the attack!"

\* \* \*

The company of minstrels belonging to the manor of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, claimed annually a bull for this purpose from the prior of that place on the day of the



Assumption. In the seventeenth century this day was altered to the next, and the bull was given by the Duke of Devonshire as the prior's representative. Dr. Plot informs us that on this occasion a dinner was provided for the minstrels, after which they proceeded to their amusement. The devoted bull *had his horns sawed off, his ears cropt, his tail cut short, his body well soaped, and his nose blown into with ground pepper to render him as furious as possible!* In this state he was turned loose to be caught by the minstrels. When, if they failed to do so before sunset, he continued to be the Duke's property; but if any of them could so far seize him as to produce in proof of his hair at the market cross he was considered as won. Upon which he was taken to the bull-ring and made to undergo three successive baitings; the first course in honour of the king, the second of the town, the third of the king of the minstrels! as he was called. Afterwards he was consigned to them to sell or kill, and divide his value at pleasure. Perhaps the Abyssinians, whose successive meals off the living animal we learn from Mr. Bruce, have hardly outdone, in their treatment of it, these musical charmers!

(To be concluded).

## Flesh Eating and Cancer.



Contributed to the "Herald of Health,"  
Sydney, N.S.W.

Within the past few years a great deal has been said and written by our most able members of the medical profession in regard to Cancer and its cause. In this brief article I wish to call attention to a few things which I have observed during the past five years of my medical practice, and to others gleaned from my fellow labourers. I have become more and more impressed with the fact, pointed out so often in this same period of time by others, that the eating of diseased meat is one of the great predisposing, and, to my mind, one of the first, if not the first actual cause of cancer.

### My Personal Experience.

For five years my practice has been in the Samoan Islands, among a people who, from the very first acquaintance with the civilised world, were noted for their physical perfection. The Samoans are practically a race of vegetarians, although the civilised European has taken to them all of our domestic animals, including the loathsome hog. While the Samoan Islanders and Maori races of the Southern Pacific, and New Zealand, are still physically powerful, yet my observation and facts gathered from the natives themselves lead me to believe that they are not the race of athletes that they were half a century ago. Their adoption of the European ways of eating in particular, and their intermarrying with the lower classes of Europeans have degraded them both physically and morally.

During my entire residence in Samoa, I saw but four cases of cancer. One of these, however, was a case of smoker's cancer of the tongue, so should be eliminated from the list. Even counting the whole number of these cases there is given the proportion of one to every 8,750 people; this, I think, will compare favourably with any other part of the civilised world.

### What Eminent Scientists Believe.

Verneuil, of Paris, and Reaux, of Lausanne, not long since announced that it was their opinion that the use of pork is a prominent cause of cancer. Indeed, M. Verneuil stated some time ago that his observation had convinced him that the use

of meat, as a regular article of diet, was the most frequent cause of the disease.

It has been noticed by many that the orthodox Jews, who closely observe the regulations prescribed by Moses, are rarely, if ever, subject to cancer. It is also a very rare disease among the non-flesh eaters of India; and a physician who had practised for years among the Arabs, who do not use pork, and eat very little flesh of any kind, encountered no cases whatever. Another, having spent many years among the Indian tribes of Mexico, who live almost wholly upon corn cakes, gives a similar report.

An eminent English physician, Roger Williams, F.R.C.S., writing in the *London Lancet* of August 20, 1898, points out in a very decided manner the relation of flesh eating to cancer. We quote from his article as follows:—

"Many indications point to the gluttonous consumption of meat, which is such a characteristic feature of this age, as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Statistics show that meat eating has for many years been increasing by leaps and bounds, till it has now reached an alarming total per head per annum—more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were more compatible with high feeding. When excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in these parts of the body where vital processes are still active, such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer. No doubt other factors co-operate, and among these I should be especially inclined to name deficient exercise, and probably, also, an insufficient supply of fresh vegetable food.

"In 1840 cancer caused 2,786 deaths, the proportion being one in 5,646 of the total population, and one in 129 of the total mortality, or 177 per million living. In 1896 the deaths due to it numbered 23,521, or one in 1,306 of the total population, and one in 32 of the total mortality, or 764 per million living. Thus the proportionate mortality from cancer now is four and a half times greater than it was half a century ago. In this respect its position is unique, for no other disease can show anything like such an immense increase."

These statements, which are but a few of the many that we have at hand, and the observations made in relation to the rarity of cancer among the vegetarian tribes of uncivilised and semi-civilised portions of the world, as well as among the Jews and vegetarian sects in our civilised communities, seem to argue powerfully against the use of flesh as an article of diet.

It has recently been stated by an eminent cancer specialist of New York, that if this disease continues to increase in the next few years as it has in the past half century, it will stand at the top of the list as causing more deaths than any other in the whole category of physical maladies. Consumption now heads the list, but if these statements are true, it will soon have to give way to an even more loathsome and dread disease.

Cancer is only one of the many diseases which may be caused by flesh eating. There are other maladies which are undoubtedly aggravated by a flesh diet. Anything which renders the blood impure predisposes to disease. For this reason it is the safest and wisest plan to discard flesh entirely, and to rely upon the menu which Nature so freely provides for mankind, and which gives the body the most natural, nutritious, and blood-purifying elements—fruits, grains, nuts, and vegetables. These articles, when intelligently and carefully prepared, furnish the best and most healthful of all dietaries.

F. E. Braucht, M.D., M.D.S.