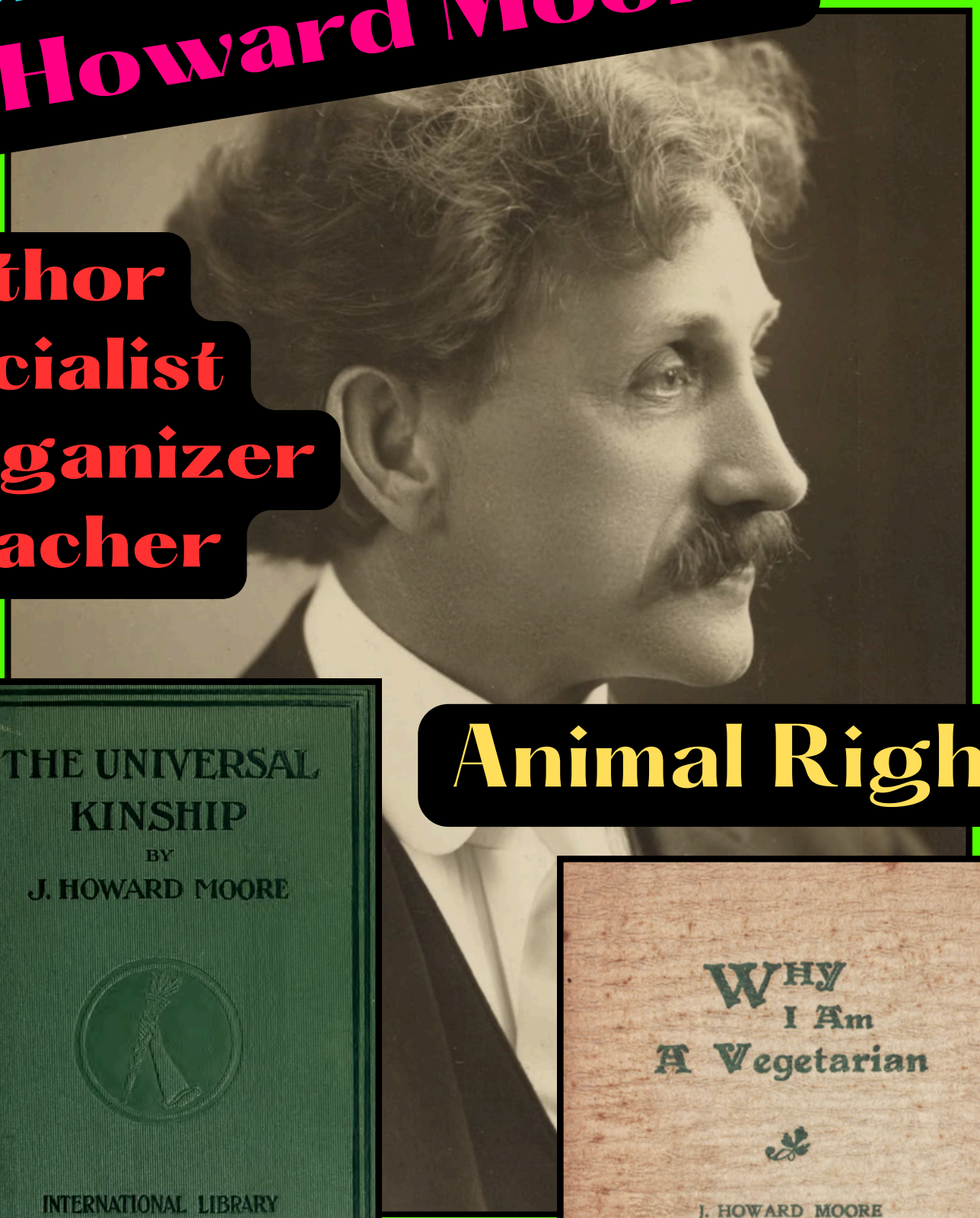
Born on Dec 4, 1862
J. Howard Moore



Author
Socialist
Organizer
Teacher

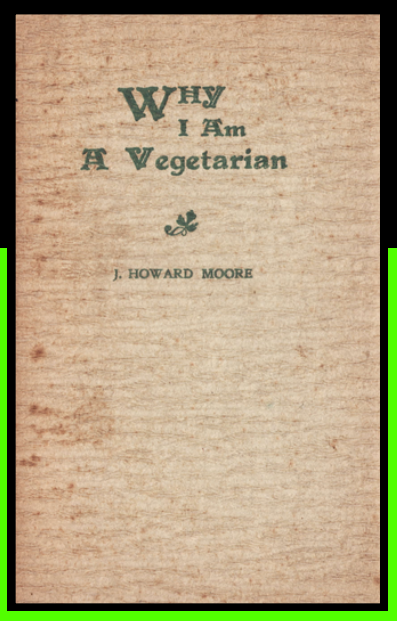
Animal Rights

TW: Suicide

There is, in fact, but one crime in the universe and all varieties of impropriety whatsoever are aspects or phases of this crime. It is the crime of exploitation — the suppression of the interests, lives, or welfares of some beings for the whim or convenience of others—the neglect to recognize the equal or the approxi¬mately equal rights of all to life, con¬sideration and happiness—the crime of doing to others as you would that others would not do to you.

J. HOWARD MOORE

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN, 1896



J. Howard Moore

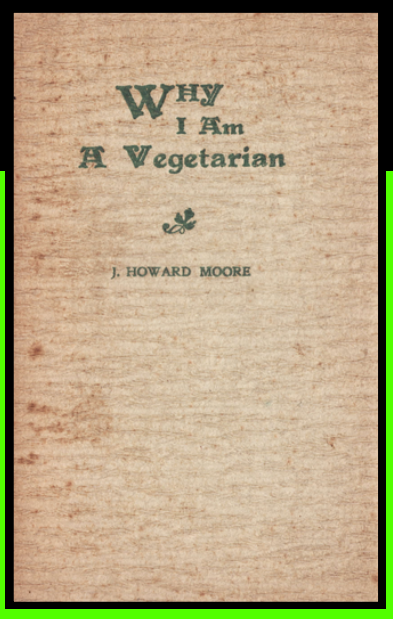
I am a vegetarian because I believe in justice. There is injustice in the universe, because there are beings in it who monopolize its sweets and opportunities. They want their own pleasures and also the pleasures of others. They shuffle upon others their bitters, and at the same time rob them of their sweets. Others live, not as ends, but as means and conveniences.

I do not eat my fellow creatures, for the same reason I do not enslave my brother and treat my sister as an appendage and otherwise monopolize the sweets and opportunities of the planet.

J. HOWARD MOORE

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN, 1896

J. Howard Moore



Enjoy and let others enjoy.

Live and let live.

Do more.

Live and help live.

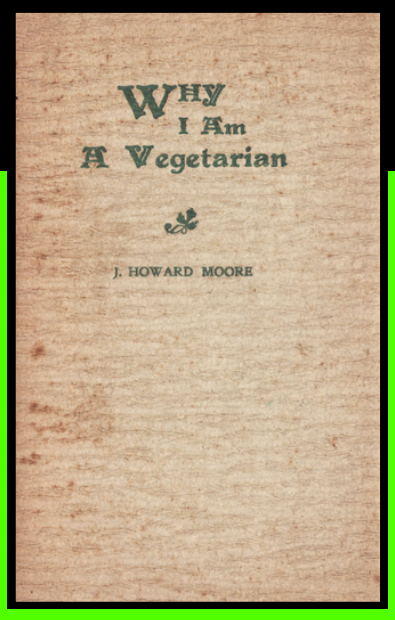
Do to beings below you as you would be
done by by beings above you.

Pity the grub and the ladybug, and have mercy on the mole.

J. HOWARD MOORE

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN, 1896

J. Howard Moore

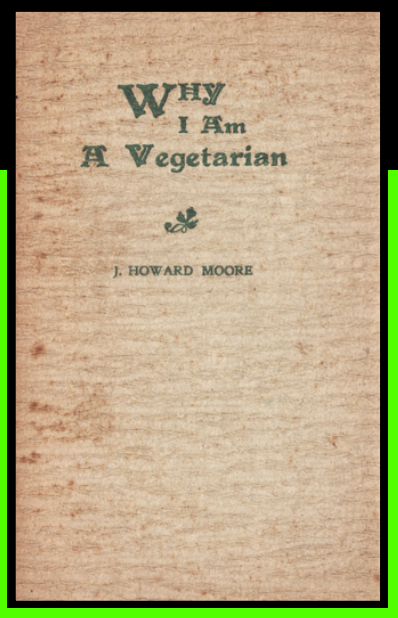


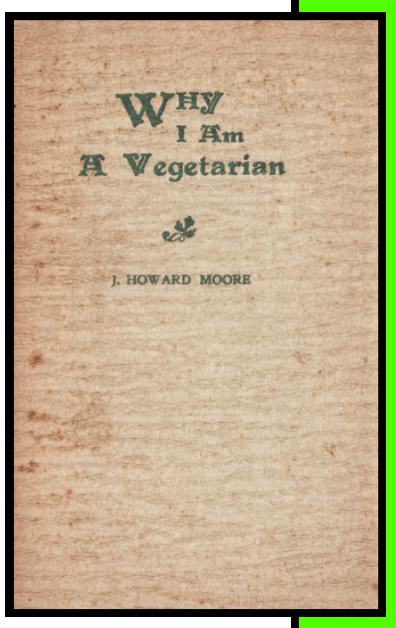
The same spirit of sympathy and fraternity
that broke the black man's manacles
and is today melting the white woman's
chains will tomorrow emancipate the
workingman and the heifer, and as the
ages bloom and the great wheels of the
centuries grind on, the same spirit of
leaven shall banish Selfishness from the
earth and convert the planet finally into
one unbroken and unparalleled spectacle of
Peace, Justice and Solidarity.

J. HOWARD MOORE

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN, 1896

J. Howard Moore





PREFACE.

The human race is like a snake—it sheds. Ever and anon, as the ages bloom, old forms of thought are superseded by intellectual bran-news. Shrines at which one generation adores become to the succeeding desolate and despised.

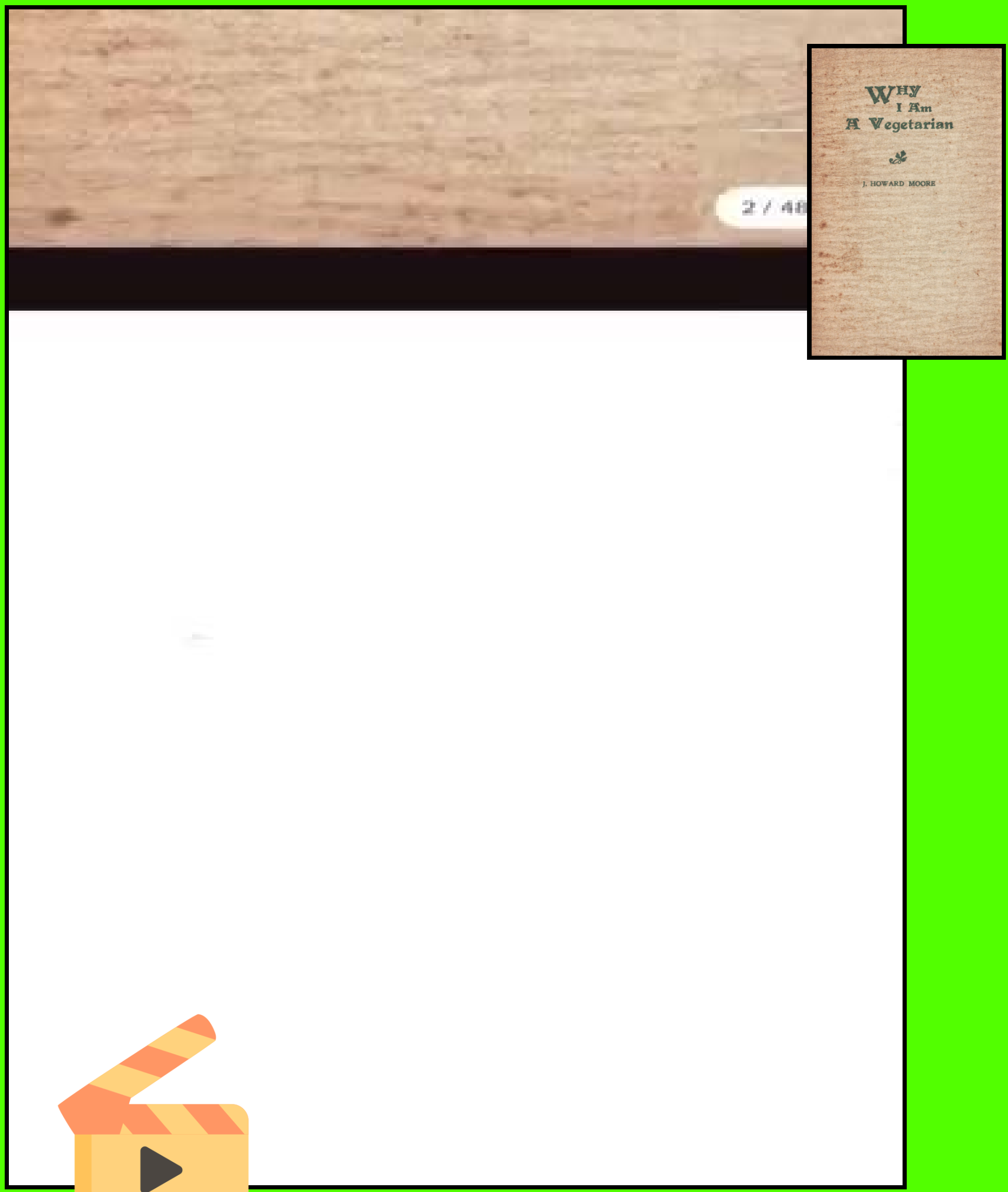
This little brochure has a mission. It is not a formidable one, but it is. It goes out with the hope that it may help, if ever so infinitesimally, in ridding the human of that terrific instinct of *inconsideration* toward the sub-human races. Solidarity is its plea, human and universal.

It would be inexcusable to suppose it to be exhaustive. It is not even defensive. It is a projectile, and projectiles do not apologize.

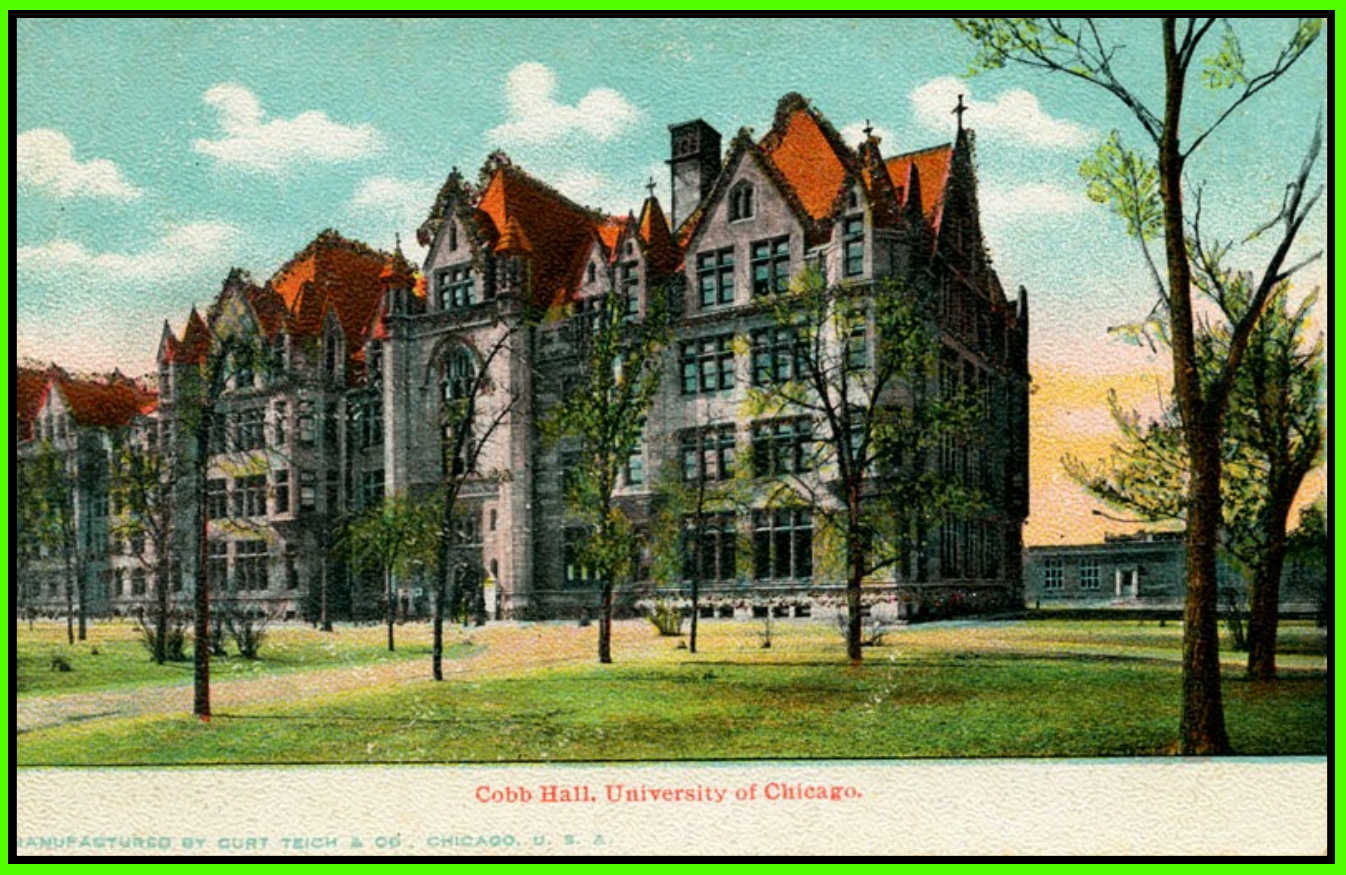
It intends to be followed.

J. H. M.

Chicago, May, 1895.


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WHY
I Am
A Vegetarian
J. HOWARD MOORE



In 1894, Moore started at the **University of Chicago** with advanced academic standing. He graduated in April 1896, earning an A.B. degree in zoology.

> I came to the conclusion out there on the Kansas prairies that the animals were not treated right by human beings. I thought we had not even a right to kill them for food and came to the University of Chicago to study the matter. At that time I had never heard of vegetarianism.
>
> — J. Howard Moore

While studying there, he became a socialist and served as vice president of the university's Prohibition Club.

He also co-founded its **Vegetarian Eating Club**, serving as president in 1895 and the following year as purveyor. They held an annual turkey-less Thanksgiving meal.

Moore was a passionate supporter of women's suffrage.

After graduating, Moore became an active member and speaker of the **Chicago Vegetarian Society**, founded by Carrica Le Favre.

In 1906, American socialist and trade unionist **Eugene Debs** cited Moore while reflecting on the mule's abuse by humanity and the need for the mule and the people to fight back.

Man and Mule

(August 4, 1906)

Eugene Debs

Have you ever looked searchingly into the large, lustrous, knowing eye of a mule while he looked into yours? If so, you cannot fail to have observed a twinkle with an intimation in it that he knows you and has his opinion about you, although he may not be able to express it in language you understand.

The fact is, as I suspect. that the mule knows man better than man knows the mule, and I have often wished I might have the transcript of a mule's mind, or understand his tongue, that I might know just what the mule thinks of his human master.

That the opinion would not be a flattering one I am quite convinced, for the mule has not one single reason to look upon man as his superior. Quite the contrary; there is not a crime known to the catalog that man has not perpetrated upon the mule.

Of all the domestic animals that serve man it is doubtful if there is one, not even excepting the horse, that has been of greater usefulness than the mule, nor is there one that has been more patient and submissive under the harsh treatment inflicted upon him in return for his useful and laborious services.

I have been led to these reflections by the masterful book of Prof. J. Howard Moore on The Universal Kinship,[1] which should be read by every seeker after truth and light; and today, as I saw a brutal human lash a starved and worn-out mule, I said to myself, if that mule were not as far above that man in heart and soul, in sense and conscience, as popular human ignorance supposes him to be below him, he would have but murder in his heart and hooves, and kick his brutal tormenter into kingdom come.

The mule is not only the most serviceable, but he is also the wisest of animals, and the fact that man regards him as dull and stupid is due to man's ignorance of the mule's wisdom, and when the average man who is called a mule resents the epithet, he again reveals his stupidity, for if he were but wiser he would know that he had been flattered and not insulted.

That the mule is "mulish," that is to say, stubborn and slow-going, apparently lazy, is eminently to his credit, and these qualities, properly

understood, show the mule to be possessed of the highest virtues which adorn the nature and character of our four-legged comrade.

Who would not be stubborn and lazy who had man for a master? Look at the wage slave, and if there is any difference between him and the mule it is all in the mule's favor.

The mule serves man in and out of season, for but his provender, and when at last his usefulness is impaired by age he is cast adrift to starve n the highway with but the scars of his master's lash to show for man's humanity to the mule.

What must be the mule's reflections when he stalks blind and halt toward his pathetic doom as the vultures circle lower to end the tragedy of his life?

What must he think of man when at twilight he surveys the field of battle and sees the mingled and mangled flesh and blood of man and mule scattered as far as eye can see?

Would this dumb, patient brute, had he the choice by ballot, vote over and over again to have himself hitched and harnessed by another brute, overworked and underfed, exposed to heat and cold, whipped and lacerated and finally turned adrift to perish from neglect in the winter of old age, or torn to shreds by shrieking shell on field of horror in the name of Christian civilization?

The mule is meek, it must be said, but meekness with the mule is not without its limitation, and when that is reached a kick is registered that may snuff out the human light.

The main trouble with the mule is that he does not kick often enough, and with man that he does not kick at all.

The kick of the mule is nature's means of defense, and if the mule but used it freely he would soon inspire man's respect and admiration, whereas his meekness but provokes the malice of his master.

To paraphrase another, the better I know man the fonder I am of mules.

Published in *The Chicago Socialist,* vol. 6, whole no. 387 (Aug. 4, 1906), p. 2.

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[1] J. Howard Moore, *The Universal Kinship.* Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1906.

In 1908, Moore endorsed and spoke on behalf of **Eugene Debs** for the Socialist Party candidate for President.

In November 1906, Moore's speech "The Cost of a Skin" sparked controversy at the American Humane Association's convention.

The Cost of a Skin.

Furs are luxuries, and it cannot be said in apology for the wrongs done in obtaining them that they are essential to human life. They are no more essential to human welfare than tooth-picks or diamonds.



Doing without them may cause inconvenience sometimes, but it cannot cause anything worse. And inconvenience, especially if it is largely imaginary, is a form of distress not extreme enough to cause any civilized being to commit crimes in order to avoid it.

There are a great many inconveniences in this inconvenient world. It is inconvenient to do without our neighbour's purse sometimes, and our neighbour's wife and wits; much more inconvenient than being deprived of the death-harvest of the birds and quadrupeds. But the most of us are able to stand these greater inconveniences either because we are educated to do so or because we don't like to get mixed up with the club of public opinion and law.

The time will come in the evolution of human sympathy and understanding when the same kindly club will hang over the birds and quadrupeds as hangs over our neighbour now. Then we shall refrain from burglarizing them no doubt with the same joy and eagerness as that with which we keep our hands off our neighbour now. In the present raw state of human nature, the only limit most men place to their sins is that indicated by where punishment begins.

Skins and deceased birds are not half so beautiful anyway as flowers, or ribbons, or velvets, or mohair. They are popular because they are barbaric. They appeal to the vulgarian. Our ideas of art, like our impulses, and like human psychology generally, are still largely in the savage stage of evolution. No one but a vulgarian would attempt to adorn herself by putting the dead bodies of birds on her head or muffling her shoulders in grinning weasels and dangling mink-tails.

Indeed, to one who sees things as they are, in the full light of adult understanding, a woman rigged out in such cemeterial appurtenances is repulsive. She is a concourse of unnecessary funerals. She is about as fascinating, about as choice and ingenious in her decorations, as she would be embellished in a necklace of human scalps. She should excite pity and contempt. She is a pathetic example of a being trying to add to her charms by high crimes and misdemeanours and succeeding only in advertising her indifference to feeling.

Of all the accessories gathered from every quarter of the earth to garnish human vanity, furs are the most expensive; for in no way does man show such complete indifference to the feelings of his victims as he does in the fur trade.

Fur-bearing animals, many of them, are intelligent enough to require the exercise by man of his highest cunning and perfidy to effect their capture. Yet, in addition to death, they are compelled to undergo sufferings so inhuman as to be utterly unjustified, even though the proceeds of these sacrifices were masses of living gold, instead of a skin.

I read the other day of an otter that was pursued by a band of men and boys for four hours, when she gave birth to two little ones, and the account stated that she was pursued for two hours after that before she was finally killed.

❧ ❧ ❧

The Torture Trap.

The most of the skins used for furs are obtained by catching their owners in traps, and death in such cases comes usually at the close of hours or even of days of the most intense suffering and terror.

The principal device used by professional trappers is the steel trap, the most villainous instrument of arrest that was ever invented by the human mind. It is not an uncommon thing for the savage jaws of this monstrous instrument to bite off the leg of their would-be captive at a single stroke,

If the leg is not completely amputated by the snap of the terrible steel, it is likely to be so deeply cut as to encourage the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This latter is the common mode of escape of many animals. Trappers say that on an average one animal out of every five caught has only three legs. A trapper told me recently that he caught a muskrat the past winter that had only one leg. The poor remnant was caught by the tail.

❧ ❧ ❧

In order to guard against the escape of the captive by the amputation of its own limb, trappers are advised by their guide-books to use traps with small "pans," so that the limb of the captive, coming directly in the centre of the trap, will be clutched close up to the body. No amount of self-mastication then can free the unfortunate. It is doomed. It may gnaw its fettered foot, and, in the frenzy of its agony, break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away.

The "spring-pole" is another device used by trappers to prevent the escape of their prey by self-mutilation, and at the same time insure it from destruction by other passing animals. This consists of a flexible pole set in the ground near the trap. The upper end of the pole is bent down and fastened in such a way as to be liberated by any slight wrench. The chain of the trap is fastened to the pole. And when the creature is caught, its struggles to escape, which, we are told, "are often so violent as to break a stout trap or chain," release the pole, and the trap and prisoner are jerked into the air and held there.

Here the unhappy captive must hang until it starves to death, or freezes, or perishes from thirst or pain, or until the particular "paragon" who carries on this accursed business comes along and confers on it the favour of knocking out its brains.

The poor creature may have to hang in this distressing condition for a day or two or even a week, suffering agonies no pen can describe, including the pains of inflammation rendered many times more excruciating by the thousand fruitless struggles of the distracted sufferer to escape.

The "sliding-pole" is an arrangement for causing captives to drown themselves, and the "dead-fall" is a baited log so adjusted as to fall and crush the life out of any being unwary enough to approach it for the proffered food.

I cannot express myself when I get to thinking about these things—these terrible crimes that man is inflicting year after year on millions of his poor, helpless brothers. I become indignant and desperate. I am ashamed of the race of beings to which I belong. It is so cruel and bigoted, so hypocritical, so soul-less and insane. I'd rather be an insect—a bee or a butterfly—and float in dim dreams among the wild flowers of summer than be a man and feel the wrongs and sufferings of this wretched world.

Suppose we human beings were hunted with traps by a race of giants a hundred feet high, very ingenious, and absolutely without conscience so far as their treatment of us was concerned.

Suppose that in spite of all our vigilance we were continually falling into these traps, which were hidden all about us, and compelled in order to escape to eat off our own arms or legs.

Suppose that even then one out of every five of us was so ill-starred as to be caught a second time, and ended up after hours or days of unspeakable agony by having his head mashed into a jelly by a big club.

Suppose we were absolutely helpless in the matter, and that our victimizers had no higher purpose in inflicting these fiendish outrages than to get a scalp or a jawbone to dangle about their demoniacal necks.

Suppose, finally, in order to complete the analogy, that these people imagined themselves to be highly civilized and enlightened. What sort of an opinion do you think we would have in the course of ages as to the real character of these people and of their fitness to be the models and superintendents of a planet?

Prof. J. Howard Moore.

Some attendees met the speech with silence; some applauded. Two women walked out before he finished.

In 1910, Moore denounced President **Theodore Roosevelt** for his bloodlust and hunting trip to **British East Africa** [now Kenya], the **Belgian Congo** [now the Democratic Republic of the Congo, and **British colonial Sudan**.

Roosevelt and his companions **killed or trapped approximately 11,397 animals**.

Moore linked the president's **toxic masculinity** and **animal slaughter** with **imperialism**.

The article was published in **Lucy Mallory**'s newspaper The World's Advance Thought. Mallory was a vegetarian, anti-vivisectionist spiritualist, & African-American education activist and teacher.

DECRIES ROOSEVELT BUTCHERY.

Prof. J. Howard Moore.

I wish to express dissent from the general approval and enthusiasm now being manifested toward Theodore Roosevelt. I believe that this enthusiasm is conclusive evidence of our lack of maturity. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of force and shrewdness, and is a great advertiser. He is the most megaphonic individual since Napoleon Bonaparte. But he is a man who is obsessed with a desire to kill. And, if it were not for public opinion, it wouldn't make much difference to him whethere he exercised this savage instinct by slaying Spaniards or lions.

He is just now returning from an exhibition that is a disgrace to civilization. And, if we were an adult people instead of children, we would condemn him for his inhumanity instead of throwing up our hats to him. The expedition has been a pure exercise in butchery. The fact that it has been carried on in the name of "science" need deceive no one. Men with selfish or evil impulses and who wish at the same time to be popular with their fellows are never straightforward. Napoleon Bonaparte loved war and bloodshed better, perhaps, than any other man who ever lived; but, when he wanted a war, he never failed to make the French people believe that he and they were being attacked.

The comparison of Roosevelt with Lincoln or Washington, in either character or achievements, is desecration. Roosevelt is a mere bubble, and will have absolutely no historic existence. He is utterly selfish in everything he does, and his only achievements of any consequence have been of a negative character. Even the peace conference between Russia and Japan was a mere tneatrical performance. He cares nothing for peace in itself, but he does care for the hurrahs of men. And he did what he did in this case primarily because of its effect on his popularity and because he couldn't stand it any longer to have attention so extensively diverted from himself.

He has done more in the last six months to dehumanize mankind than all the humane societies can do to counteract it in years. Boys and young men the world over have been led to look upon killing as legitimate and manly. Civilization is only a habit at best. It is much easier to drag men down than it is to lead them to a higher moral plane. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt has held one of the highest official positions in the world gives him a power for corruption.

The world is growing. Humanity is in its teens. Out of the future are certain to come beings of far higher character and understanding than we are—beings who will reverse present-day ideals and judgments, and who will recognize such bloody expeditions as Roosevelt has just been engaged in in Africa as needless and barbaric.

THE GLOBE HYGIENIC CIRCLE.

Otto Carque, the author of the "Folly of Meat Eating," "Medicinal Foods," etc., has instituted "The Globe Hygienic Circle" (Incorporated December 1, 1909), for the purpose of the scientific study of health, along the lines of advanced thought.

It has no pecuniary motives and is purely humanitarian in its nature. All its members and officers contribute their services without compensation wherever and whenever practicable.

It is purely educational, and plans to give instructions in regard to everything appertaining to the Science of Hygiene and the Chemistry of Food.

Send a two-cent stamp for a circular to Lesley Marion Carlisle, Secretary of the Globe Hygienic Circle, Room 106, Blanchard Bldg., 232 S. Hill street, Los Angeles, Calif. This institution will do much good.

The vivisection doctors write the text books for school children. The hell of disease, animal torture for experimentation purposes, etc., are all set before the impressionable brain of the child, to be absorbed by its unconscious mind.

Our happiness does not depend upon new years, new days, new breaths, but rather on new deeds, new thoughts and new feelings of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, livingly expressed.

The National Academy of Medicine, of Rio Janiero, Brazil, according to our Brazilian exchanges, is taking up the study of Spiritualism and its phenomena.

Moore continued publishing Animal Rights essays in socialist publications alongside **Eugene Debs** and others.

April 1915

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DEPARTMENTS

Editorial: We Must Fight It Out

News and Views Publishers' Department

Published Monthly, $1.00 a year, Canada $1.20, other countries $1.50
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Moore killed himself
June 17, 1916
Age 53

Life's Seamy Side.

SCHOOL-TEACHER TAKES OWN LIFE

Darrow's Brother-in-law Puts a Bullet in His Head.

Suicide is Believed Due to Temporary Insanity.

Chicago Educator was Author of Several Books.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 17.—J. Howard Moore, 53 years old, of No. 1365 East Sixty-fourth street, brother-in-law of Attorney Clarence S. Darrow and a teacher in the Crane Technical High School, committed suicide today by shooting himself in the head while on the wooded island in Jackson Park.

Illness and pain resulting from an abdominal operation nearly five years ago caused his act.

He left a note to his widow, Mrs. Jennie Moore. The note follows:

"The long struggle is ended. I must pass away. Goodby.

"Oh, men are so cold and hard and half conscious toward their suffering fellows! Nobody understands. O my mother! And O my little girl! What will become of you? And the poor four footed? May the long years be merciful!

"Take me to my river. There, where the wild birds sing and the waters go on and on, alone in my groves forever!

"Oh, Tess, forgive me! Forgive me, please!"

Darrow said Mr. Moore always called Mrs. Moore "Tess."

"He was very fond of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles,' the book written by Thomas Hardy," Darrow said. "Tess was the heroine of the story and he always called his wife by that name."

Where he referred in the note to "take me to my river, there, where the wild birds sing and the waters go on and on, alone in my groves, forever,' he pictured his orchard and other land which he owned in Mobile county, near Earlsville, Ala.," Darrow said.

Mr. Moore had written a number of books. His masterpiece, Darrow said, was the "Universal Kinship," published in England in 1906.

His other works were: "Better World Philosophy," "The New Ethics," "The Whole World Kin," "The Law of Biogenesis," and "The Life of Napoleon," which he had completed but had not published.

The inquest was brief. Darrow told of the circumstances and the

Steamships

Summer Vacation Fares
The White Flyers



Where Moore committed suicide

Wooded Island, Jackson Park, Chicago

Near his undergraduate university,
the University of Chicago

Moore's suicide note:

The long struggle is ended.
I must pass away.
Goodby.

Oh, men are so cold and hard and
half conscious toward their suffering fellows!

Nobody understands.

O my mother! And O my little girl!

What will become of you?

And the poor four footed?

May the long years be merciful!

Take me to my river.
There, where the wild birds sing and
the waters go on and on, alone in my groves forever!

Oh, Tess [his wife], forgive me! Forgive me please!

J. Howard Moore

Excerpt from [Moore's brother-in-law] Clarence Darrow's eulogy

This man, our brother, never purposely killed a living thing until he put the pistol to his head.

— Clarence Darrow on J. Howard Moore

Excerpt from [Moore's brother-in-law] Clarence Darrow's eulogy

John Howard Moore wrote and worked with feverish haste, and he believed that the blind and heartless world would listen to his words and mend its ways.

But humanity went on trading and dickering, lying and cheating, marrying and dying, and never heard his voice.

One day he opened his eyes and knew his work was in vain, and feeling the weight of the universal sorrow on his soul, he took his life.

The coroner's jury determined that "he died from his own hand, while suffering under a temporary fit of insanity."

I tell you he died from his own hand while suffering under a temporary fit of sanity

Poor, dead dreamer!

You are not the first or last mortal to learn the truth.

Other men have awakened from the mad and blissful dream of saving mankind from itself.

I, too, have dreamed my dreams, had my illusions, and wakened from my sleep.

Among all who are gathered here there is but one whom we can felicitate on this event, and that one is our friend who lies peaceful and all unconscious of the world.

If any word of mine could call back his troubled soul, I should feel myself guiltier far than I would to cause a brother's death.

Howard Moore was one of the truest and tenderest of our friends, himself prone to despondency and, as his books show, with a touch of pessimism, yet never failing in his support and encouragement of others and of all humanitarian effort. "What on earth would we Unusuals do, in this lonely dream of life," so he wrote in one of his letters, "if it were not for the sympathy and friendship of the Few?"

Howard Moore died by his own hand (he had good reason for his action) ; and the timorous attitude which so many people adopt towards suicide was shown in the silence on this point which was maintained in most of the English zoophilist journals which mentioned his death : one editor hit upon the sagacious announcement that " he died very suddenly," which deserves, I think, to be noted as a consummate instance of how the truth may be truthfully obscured.

In The Universal Kinship, Howard Moore left to humanitarians a treasure which it will be their own fault if they do not value as it deserves. There is a tendency to forget that it is to modern evolutionary science that the ethic of humaneness owes its strongest corroboration. The physical basis of the humane philosophy rests on the biological fact that kinship is universal.

— Henry Stephens Salt, on J. Howard Moore

English Animal Rights activist/writer, anti-vivisectionist, prison reformer, socialist, pacifist, and naturalist.