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And still in our hearts, as an undying light,
 Will your memory ever be learning.
 We think of thee oft at calm hour of eve,
 When the stars and the moon brightly gleaming,
 And a time when all others are dreaming,
 At the time when all others are dreaming,
 'Twas thy own fond request, that when in the cold grave
 Your body laid should be sleeping,
 We might not forget, that still in our hearts,
 We your memory would ever be keeping.
 Forget thee I can, how shall I EVER forget
 The smile which in dying you gave us?
 Forget thee I can, how shall I EVER forget
 'Till memory forever shall leave us!

ELOISA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAITH AND HOPE
 BY DR. CARPENTER.

One morning, as the sun arose, two spirits went upon the earth.
 And they were sisters; but Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.
 They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every eye.
 And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the gardens and the lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like a rainbow.
 "Come, my sister," she cried, "and chase with me the butterfly from flower to flower."
 But her sister was gazing at the lark, as it arose from its low nest and whirled among the clouds.
 And when it was noon, the child said again: "Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."
 But Faith replied:—"Nay, my sister, let the flowers be there, for thou art young and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade until the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose on my bosom."
 And she smiled and departed.
 After a time Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.
 Then Faith said: "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance sad?"
 And the child answered: "Because a cloud is in the rain, and the sunshine is overcast—see the rain begins to fall!"
 "It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over the fields will be greener than before."
 Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been the moonlight. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her the waters flowed with a fuller and a clearer stream, as the showers fell.
 And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.
 Then, Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.
 After a while the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and beheld there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.
 Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.
 And she fled to her sister, and cast herself at her feet, and trembled exceedingly.
 Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed out to the sun and said:
 "A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but none of his glory is diminished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in the beauty of his face. His face is not wholly hidden from us."
 But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.
 And when all was bright again, she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.
 When the evening came, Faith went forth from the thicket of shades, and sought the lawn where she might watch the sun.
 Then she said to her young sister: "Come and behold how for the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning." See how softly they melt away, and give place to the shadows of night!

But Hope was now weary—her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings and dropped on her sister's bosom, and fell asleep.
 But Faith watched through the night. She was never weary; nor did her eyelids need repose.
 She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle about the head of the young sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.
 Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. "She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear hath not heard. And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.
 At length a light appeared in the East, and the sun burst forth from the portals of the heavens. Then the spirit hastened to arouse the sleeper.
 "Awake! oh, my sister, awake!" she cried "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake, for the sun hath arisen, and it shall set no more."

PEASAGE.—Keep pushing—that's the right doctrine. We once knew a man who followed it up to the hilt. From middle to old age he daily pushed ahead and made a comfortable living. Poor fellow! by a sad misfortune had lost his right arm and was made lame blind. But he set not down to weep; his spirits did not leave him. He was poor, what could he do to support himself and family? He thought struck him. He consulted a friend, with whom he went in business in the haundering line.—His partner pulled the cart while he blind and with one arm, pushed behind. For years and years, we used to see this old gentleman pushing the handcart about the streets—up hill and through the mud-week in and week out—through snow and through water.

Yes, who are about discouraged, learn a lesson from the blind and one handed cartman. Push at something and keep pushing. You have eyes and arms, and yet lament your misfortune. Away with such ineffectual and push ahead. Never spend a moment in crying over split milk. If you do, you may as well speak to Mitchell to dig your grave.—[South Western Advocate.]

COMMUNICATIONS.
 This department of the "Voice" is intended to contain the thoughts and sentiments of the People, prompted by a human spirit, and clothed in their own language, which may be in some degree varied and conflicting; and for the views of which the Editor will not be considered responsible.
 LETTERS UPON THE FACTORY SYSTEM.
 No. 3.
 MY DEAR FLORENCE—As the frightened bird returns to its nest when the danger is past, so do I return to thy arms old friendship. How unhappy, even the slight suspicion that I entertained of the genuineness of thy friendship has made me! We find so very few who are worthy the name of friends, that we seldom to that few with so great a tenacity; that when we find one in whom we have long confided is about to turn traitor, and add one more to the list of false friends, and the conviction comes home like an ice bolt to the heart. But now that the dawn, which so cruelly troubled my mind for last few days, is past, I trust I shall not soon suffer my confidence in you to be again disturbed. My dear Florence; you cannot know how much I am gratified to see that you are beginning to feel some curiosity to know something more of that too much despised portion of our community—the Factory Girls, well knowing that what is at first a curiosity in a mind like yours, looked at as it were with a heart, must end in a love and a lively interest. And I promise myself that much good will result from the proposed discussion. Not that I suppose myself capable of imparting to the subject more of importance than it already possesses; or that my reasonings will be so very clear and forcible that no one could fail to be convinced by them. It is to the truth and justice of the cause which I shall attempt to advocate, and to your friendship, that I trust for success. You, at least, in what I may advance, will believe in my endeavors to give an impartial view of the case; and will not think me actuated by any other motive than an earnest desire that the

rights of all classes may be alike respected.—That the operatives may no longer be reckoned a mere cipher, or at most, a living, moving machine, with just intelligence enough to obey the orders of the overseer; but not sufficient to make it possible to allow them any degree of liberty, least they should not make a proper use, of it. And once convinced, once interested in a subject like this, how much might be expected from a person of your influence, benevolence and perseverance towards establishing right views and feelings in society in regard to it.

You say I must have gathered many facts from observation and experience, whilst employed in the factories. It was not, indeed, my hands, only, that were employed while there, my thoughts were also busy. Not only did I observe closely, all that was passing round me, but also, availed myself of the observation, and experience of others. Never did I allow an opportunity to pass, without obtaining the opinion of my fellow-operatives, (and especially those upon whose judgments, and impartiality I could rely.) With regard to the influence of factories upon the health, and morals. And in the course of this correspondence, my friend, I shall endeavor to give the results of those observations, and enquiries. And I hope you will not hesitate to ask any questions that may occur to you, relative to anything connected with the subject, so as to state freely your opinions, and even your prejudices and facts, (from whatever source derived,) which may give to it, a different bearing from that which it would otherwise give if I alone you will not withhold. You say that you "believe factories, themselves, to be a great blessing to the country, but think that the greater part of those employed in them must be from the lowest class of society, if they may be considered as belonging to any class at all. By the "lowest class," do you mean to say those whose poverty has generally been considered a sufficient reason for assigning them a place at the lowest verge of society? or those whose own faults have placed them there? I should think the latter; but, whichever you may mean, I cannot agree with you. I will not pause here, however, to this part of your proposition, as I wish to consider that portion which regards factories as a blessing. And startling as it may seem to your ears, in this age of progressive enterprise, I must assert that so far from considering them a blessing, I believe them to be one of the greatest evils, on more accounts than one, to which our country is subject. I will give a few of my many reasons for so regarding them. In the first place, they are productive of too great a depopulation of wealth. Wealth brought together from various sources, and consolidated into one all powerful interest, which like a mighty car of destruction is made to crush every other interest, and to render its ponderous wheels, yes, before this juggernaut of our Western Hemisphere, the whole people must stand and abashed! Nay, more; whenever they approach the ill-favored monster, they must fall down and worship; and when he rides forth in his car of power, they must prostitute themselves. (If they would prostitute the favor of this homage exacting god,) with their fingers towards the earth, beneath the very wheels; not suffer a single intruder to escape their lips, though themselves should be ground into powder.—Nor is this enough; but this host of ten thousand heads, has in its employ a countless number of emissaries, well skilled in every necessary wile, and armed with every variety of arguments, (golden ones not excepted), and these servants of the beast are sent abroad, like the fabled ones of old, "to deceive the nations." And so well qualified are they in their own mission, so skillfully wrought are their deceptions, that many are persuaded that to lose their life is to save it; or, in other words, that to serve themselves, they have but to serve this mammon-god—the corporations. If any one is suffering from the effect of a chronic debility of the purse, he has but to pay obedience to, and obey the directions of the idol, and by a miracle the disease will be stayed. Off from the lofty heights of Speculation, one is about to be tumbled into the gulf of Insolvency, he has but to reach forth his hand and seize the idol to assist, and in its onward progress it will bear him safely up to the glorious heights

of Silver-land, or, perchance, to the very gates of the Golden Dominion. But if, after expending his whole energy in speeding it forward, some wretch finds himself sinking beneath the destroying vehicle, and is about to be crushed into atoms; if he ventures but a word in a look of remonstrance, he is gravely told by the priest, that the priest are not to blame, neither is their great God, for themselves are urged on by some other power behind, and to that power must he prefer his complaints.

3d. I consider factories an evil, because they throw so many out of employment who would otherwise be occupied in producing the materials and converting them into articles of domestic manufacture. Those who are thus thrown out of one kind of employment are compelled to seek some other occupation; and for this reason while one kind of business is almost entirely destroyed, another is completely overdone.

3d. Because they draw so many thousands away from the peaceful and happy industries of home, thus severing the dearest families, throwing them unprotected and uncared for, among strangers where their manners are in danger of becoming rude, their language vulgar, their habits unrefined, and their minds and hearts (in the rude struggle they have now to encounter,) must, in at least nine cases in ten, become contaminated with the cold treachery and heartlessness of a selfish world.

4th. Because they, in a great measure, unfit those employed in them for any and every other kind of business, thus making them dependent upon, and subservient to the will and caprice of not only the proprietors, (who are constantly reducing their wages,) but the agents, who are devising every means to reduce them to slavery, and to hold them in their chains; the overseer who, in many cases, exercises over them the most insulting tyranny and who, among all the characters of the Bible, seem only to have regarded as worthy of imitation the taskmasters of Egypt, and finally, they must submit to what is not less disagreeable than either of the others, the discipline, and course, and domineering ways, language and rules of boarding-house keepers.

5th. Because they is not only males that are subject to these dangers and inconveniences, but females who are less capable of contenting their rights, not having the same means of self-defense to resist the attempt for their subjugation. I mean the ball-box.—And the last reason which I shall name is, that they are annually consuming scores of delicate families to the silent grave, or sending them forth with decayed energies and strength, and enfeebled constitutions, to eat the bread of dependence, or to consume the little they may have gathered from their wearying, soul-wearying toil, with no prospect before them but to drag on a sickly, helpless, pitiable life for a few, or for many years, as the case may be, with no hope of relief but in death. These are my reasons, Florence, for differing from you, in opinion, with regard to the real benefit of factories to this country; reasons which, whatever those who are interested to deceive may assert to the contrary, are yet founded upon the immutable rock of truth, as my own experience as well as that of hundreds can testify. In your text, you will favor me with your reasons for supposing that it is from the dregs of society that the operatives are produced.

Believe me, unchangeably your friend,
 ELOISA.

"HUMAN SYMPATHY."

It requires no lengthy argument, to prove that the human heart may easily be touched by the language of sympathy, and love. It is the voice of kindness above, that calls back the dark waters of sorrow or sea to the agitating tempest, "peace—be still." Man, wherever found, has provided, himself to be a being eminently social, from the savage to the man of literature and science. A disposition to live together in families or wander about in tribes, is coeval with the earliest history of our race. The African, Indian and the uncivilized European, all seem to have this principle implanted within them by a good God, for a wise purpose. An unhappy train of circumstances often leads the unguarded so far from the path of virtue, that it would seem for a time as though the last

POETRY.

For the Voice of Industry.
THE LOSE GRAVE.

BY MARY.

My mind was pensive—forth I strayed,
 To gaze upon the cypress shades,
 And gaze on that forsaken spot,
 Remembered ages—never forgot—
 The burial ground; that sacred place
 Where hid the once familiar face;
 Beneath whose grassy waving spread,
 Rest the gay heart and aching head.
 'Twas a cold and dreary Autumn day,
 Fit time for gloomy spirits play;
 The wild winds through the forest rang,
 As though some funeral dirge were sang,
 While every leaf its bowling,
 Tapped the side face of weak and strong.

Apart from all, one grave was made,
 Beneath a drooping willow's shade;
 A flowerless rose-tree at its head,
 A girl approached with noiseless tread,
 And flowers, the last of Autumn, brought
 To breathe around that cherished spot.
 She was not what the world calls fair,
 With lily hands and glossy hair;
 Her's was a joyous light within
 That spoke a soul's high for sin;
 Where aspirations rove beyond
 This sin cramped life and jarring world.
 Within her eye the poet's fire,
 Although unbidden yet lurk;
 With every thought from gulf set free,
 Her life—unwritten poetry.
 No sound from her save one low moan,
 As she twined a garland for the stone;
 Nor heeded yet the bleak winds rave,
 Stopped and rove—My Brother's Grave.

A mother's love she ne'er had known,
 A parent of the grave so soon;
 The father earned to rayless night,
 A wanderer from the paths of right;
 The dead innkeeper's mad'ning cup,
 Had dried the fount of being up,
 And from his callous feelings drove
 The pleadings of a father's love;
 And by his wily influence, brought
 To that most foul and base—A SOT!
 The being placed by God above,
 To cherish, guard, protect and love,
 And rear a young and tender mind,
 For great and noble ends designed.
 One brother engendered at her side,
 Her earthly trust, and joy and pride;
 His fate is read at yonder grave,
 Beneath the drooping willow's wave.

The simple tale I'll not prolong,
 'Twere meet for lighter, nobler song;
 For Summer came, her work was done,
 'Till graves were there in place of one.

FORGET THEM! OH! HOW SHALL WE EVER FORGET!

Forget thee, oh, how shall we ever forget
 The smile which in dying you gave us?
 Thy last dying whisper is lingering yet,
 And its memory never shall leave us!

We see thee as when on thy high, ample brow,
 Where intellect brightly seemed shining,
 We dolefully gazed, and remember thee now,
 As when on thy sick bed reclining.

Oh, the keen pang of anguish that pierced our hearts
 When we learned that you might not recover!
 And the feeling of desolate sorrow we knew
 When your last dying struggle was o'er!

O! brother, dear-brother, could we but recall
 The life but one moment, how gladly
 We'd breathe thee, and then if we met thy farewell,
 It seems we might part thy last sadly.

But never—oh, never shall we again see,
 As once, thy eye forth come re-appearing,
 And hear again, we thy footsteps shall hear,
 As thy absence must ever be mourning.

But we think of the still, silent low mounds of graves,
 Your form is to dust now returning.

