

UPTON SINCLAIR'S OWN STORY OF HOW HE WAS LED TO EXPOSE BEEF TRUST HORRORS

Second Article in the Series Which the Author of "The Jungle" Is Writing Especially for The Evening World.

HUMAN BEINGS GROUND DOWN BY PITILESS TRUST.

Conditions Gradually Becoming Worse Since the Strike, Men Sinking to Lower and Lower Depths of Misery and Despair.

The Evening World presents to-day the second article in the series dealing with the horrors of the Chicago packing-houses written exclusively for this newspaper by Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle." In it Mr. Sinclair tells of the inhuman treatment of the men and women who are forced to work in the great establishments from which, as shown by the report of President Roosevelt's investigators, the Beef Trust sends out meats prepared for human food with a nauseating disregard of the consumers' health, and even life.

The third of Mr. Sinclair's articles will be published in The Evening World next Saturday.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

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II.

Since I wrote the first instalment of this series the report of the President's commission has been made public; therefore it will not be worth while to tell much about the revolting conditions, the filth and disease which I saw in the preparation of meat. Mr. Neill and Mr. Reynolds are intimate friends of the President, who possess his confidence and who went out there to get the exact truth, and I do not believe that the public will require any confirmation of their statements.

The report says a few words about the conditions under which the men work, the terrific pressure which is maintained and so on. At the time when I was in Chicago affairs were probably at their very worst, the great strike had been concluded only two or three months before, and the evils which it had brought in its train had only slightly disappeared.

It would exceed human power to portray the hell on earth which existed in Packingtown during the beef strike of 1904. The yards are bad enough at any time, but just then the labor forces of the packers were disorganized and the work was entrusted to an insufficient number of absolutely ignorant workers of the most degraded and brutalized types of humanity. "Green" negroes had been brought up from the far South by the carload—even criminals had been imported, and hundreds of the vilest women of the city had been brought in to cook for them. Some of the slaughter-houses were turned into lodging-houses; by far the greater portion of the working force lived in the yards all through the

Slept in Same Rooms Where Meat Is Prepared.

Lodging-House Laws Broken by Packing-House Bosses.

There was a law forbidding the use of buildings as lodging-houses unless they were licensed for the purpose and provided with proper windows, stairways, fire-escapes; but here in a "paint room," reached only by an enclosed "chute," a room without a single window, and only one door, a hundred men were crowded upon mattresses on the floor. Up on the third story of the "hog-houses" of Jones's was a store-room, without a window, into which were crowded seven hundred men, sleeping upon the bare springs of cots, and with the second shift to use them by day.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

BEEF TRUST FEELS EFFECT OF THE PUBLIC'S DISTRUST

That the consumption of beef and other meats, both fresh killed and in tins, has materially decreased since the exposure of conditions prevailing in the large packing-houses is not denied by the principal distributors of these products in New York City. The more important distributing agents decline to say definitely that there has been a decrease in orders from consumers, but plead ignorance as to the effect, saying that the result may not be determined for several weeks. Among the distributors who refused to discuss the effect of the exposure were the New York representatives of Swift & Co., Nelson, Morris & Co., and the sales agent of the Sulzberger-Schwartzchild Company.

Denies Exposure's Influence. A man speaking for E. G. Dill, general manager of the National Packing Company, which is the distributing agent of the Omaha Packing Company and other large Western packing-houses, said: "Our sales have in no way decreased since the alleged exposures were made. Naturally, we expect a decrease on account of the hot weather yesterday and to-day, but I will not have the reports of those sales for two or three days yet. I understand the same condition exists with other packers' agents. "A circular has been sent out to the trade and the result has been beneficial. I believe. Some of the retailers are demanding a change from Chicago beef, but so far as I am able to tell, there has been no decided or startling decrease in general sales. Of course, the packers expect a falling off, and for that reason issued a circular. What the circular is I am not permitted to say, and all who received it have been asked to keep its contents from the public." Won't Take Chicago Beef. A. P. Wilson, manager of the plant of Adams Brothers, on Barclay street near West, said: "There has been no decrease in the amount of orders. The only thing noticeable is that the country butcher shopkeepers are inclined to take any meat except that of Chicago packing. They frequently specify in their orders that they do not want meat from the Chicago packing-houses; but I know that the Chicago beef is best and cleanest, and we soon will overcome the prejudice which the newspaper reports of the investigation have created in their minds." The Slayes-Zahn Company, Sixth avenue and Tenth street, is perhaps the largest retail butcher shop in New York. The company supplies most of the hotels and hundreds of restaurants and boarding houses, while having a very large trade among families. The

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Vice and Degradation Rampant During Strike.

They (the negroes) were wanted to break the strike, and when it was broken they would be shipped away and their present masters would never see them again; so whiskey and women were brought in by the car load and sold to them, and hell was let loose in the yards. They lodged men and women on the same floor; and with the night there began a saturnalia of debauchery—scenes such as never before had been witnessed in America. As the women wore the dresses of the brothels in Chicago, and the men wore for the most part ignorant country negroes, the nameless diseases of vice were soon rife; and this where food was being handled which was sent out to every corner of the civilized world.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

strike. At night they slept in rooms where meat was prepared during the day; old parlors and meat storerooms were turned into dining-rooms by day and bedrooms at night, with little separation between the sexes attempted. The one desire of the packers was to keep all hands contented and get the work done.

I met a man who worked there during the strike who said that in the dining-rooms in the daytime hundreds of men would be crowded, smoking pipes and eating in their shirt sleeves, with bloody hands and arms, the place being without a single window or fire-escape. Food would be scattered about on the floor and rats would run out after it in the daytime. At night the rats simply swarmed about the place so that the men put their coats on the dining-tables to escape from them.

In another room in immediate proximity to where meat was being prepared would be the filthy laundry of the workers piled up; the washing would be done and clothes hanging up to dry in the meatroom. At night these crowds of thugs and abandoned women would pour out into the streets and alleys in the "yards," and there would be dancing, singing and brawling and orgies beyond description. I talked with a woman physician who studied the conditions during the strike, and finally became so horrified at what she saw that she got access to Mr. Armour personally, and her representations to him were the cause of the final end of the trouble.

Many of these green negroes stayed on after the strike, and they are now working in Packingtown—a constant source of degradation. And the unions being entirely helpless, the packers now drive the men without mercy and use them up faster than ever before.

At the time when I was in the yards the killing gang worked exactly like a football team, yet they were expected to keep this up from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5:30 at night, with only half an hour for lunch; and if there happened to be a rush of cattle they would likely be kept on until 9 or 10 o'clock at night. What wonder if often a man's knife slipped and he cut himself and got a horrible, gangrenous wound? This danger of blood poison is one of the spectres which the Packingtown laborer has always before him. He can never tell at what minute he will strike a bone and will cut himself and be laid up to watch his family starve until he can get at work again. I know a man—an expert workman—who had been at the trade for seventeen years, who often lost as much as four months in a year from this cause. I always made it a point to ask cattle butchers to show me their hands; their fingers would be so scarred from the old wounds and swollen and distorted that they would look more like jellyfish than members of the human body.

The situation of the cattle butcher is particularly hard in the winter, for the killing beds have no heat whatever. Winter in Chicago is frequently severe, but it is not quite so bad when the men are actually working; sometimes they have to stand around for hours before they work, and are then started off with a sudden rush while completely numb. The frost gathers on their arms, and the pillars of the building are so cold that if they put their hands upon them the flesh adheres. They wrap their feet in old rags to keep them warm, and these become soaked with frozen blood and grow larger and larger until the man is scarcely able to walk. Then you can see them sticking their feet into the hot carcasses of the newly slaughtered animals to thaw them out. One of the things pointed out in the President's report is that the men are provided with no places to eat. It is difficult to imagine what this means in the winter time. I saw them crouching in the stairways of the packing houses and outside under the sheds to get away from the falling snow. In conversation with one of the packers I spoke of the horribly low wages that were paid to the men, and he answered that there was no use in paying any more, because the balance

Average Wages of Men Under \$5 a Week.

Danger of Blood Poison a Spectre of Packingtown.

UPTON SINCLAIR, BEEF TRUST PROBER.



Upton Sinclair.

went to the saloon-keeper. My reply was that for one thing I had observed that the companies pay their men in checks, and that saloons are the most convenient places in which these can be cashed; and that also as a consequence of the lack of dining-rooms the men are literally compelled to resort to the saloons in winter. The packer then dropped the subject.

Prior to the last strike in Chicago the union officers made a computation, based upon ten thousand time checks, and found that the average weekly wage in Packingtown was between \$5 and \$6; since the strike conditions have of course grown worse. A friend of mine who has recently been making investigations for me stated that he stood in a saloon on a Saturday night and gathered up the pay envelopes of the men as they came in and got their checks cashed. He collected over a score, and the average was less than \$4; there were some as low as \$1.70. This represented a week's wages for an able-bodied man in Packingtown at a dull season.

It is literally the truth that the packers treat their men like dogs. There is no place in all Packingtown where the slightest consideration is shown for a human being. They are compelled to be on hand at a certain hour in the morning, even though there is no killing to be done; they are laid off without the slightest ceremony, and they have no idea when the work will start up again. They are cheated out of their pay most shamelessly; if enough men happen to be on hand the bosses will start them up before the whistle blows, and cheat them that way. If they are working overtime and do not make a full hour, even though they fall by only five minutes, they get nothing for it. If any error is made in the computation of their work they have no redress; there is always one answer to every complaint: "If you do not like it you can go elsewhere."

Plunged Their Feet Into Beet Carcasses for Warmth.

There was no heat upon the killing-beds; the men might exactly as well have worked out of doors all winter. The men would tie up their feet in newspapers and old socks, and these would be soaked in blood and frozen, and then soaked again, and so on. Now and then, when the bosses were not looking, you would see them plunging their feet and ankles into the steaming hot carcasses of the steer, or darting across the room to the hot water jets. The cruelest thing of all was that nearly all of them—all who used knives—were unable to wear gloves, and their arms would be white with frost and their hands would grow numb and of course there would be accidents. Also the air would be full of steam from the hot water and hot blood, so that you could not see five feet before you; and then, with men rushing about at the speed they kept up on the killing-beds, and all with butcher-knives like razors—well, it was counted a wonder that there were not more men slaughtered than cattle.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

Canning the Canned Goods

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

I do not care for porterhouse; no longer yearn for ham. I seem to lose my appetite for luscious "lamb what am." A sad, depressing feeling 'cross my system seems to steal. Whenever idle fancy lingers 'round a thought of veal. No longer is there craving now for pickled pigglies' feet. And something seems to tell us that no longer will we "meat."

Bologna sausage does not go so well with cooling drinks. Since people queried, "What is missing in the missing links?" A rebate never worried us, but now we seem to feel. Right squamish when they use "all of the hog except the squeal." And though it seems to be a joke, we hear nobody laugh. To hear that "potted-chicken" is related to chopped calf.

Oh, Teddy, see the Muck-Rake Man with Patch Upon His Pants, With greasy apron worn in front to otherwise enhance. The appetizing pictures drawn by Reynolds and by Neill Of dainty ways of serving up ham, beef, lamb, pork and veal. Here, wallowing in slime, we find High Mucky-Muck-Rake Man, And all that we can do is "CAN" the meat the canners can.

floor manager of this company said: "We always sell less meat in summer than in winter and while I am not in a position to give figures, I am under the impression that sales have depreciated no more than is usual this season. At the general offices of James Butler a statement was refused. Vegetable Trade Increases. A. H. Martin, who conducts a very large retail grocery and market on Astor street, said: "I have been buying roots in the wholesale district. I usually sell about 125 cases of tinned meats a week. This week I am clearing only 112 cases, but I do not attribute it to the exposure of the packing-houses as much as I do to the weather. While my sales in vegetables have fallen off, my sales in tinned meats have risen. Lots of tinned meats are being sold now, principally because vegetables are not so heating as meats. The point which may be interesting is that my sales of tinned fish, such as sardines, lobster, salmon and shrimp, have greatly increased in the last ten days." Mr. Frank Merrill, of the Aker, Merrill & Condit Company, dismissed the subject in this manner: "The exposures were concerning cheap tinned meats. We handle no such articles, and consequently our sales cannot have been affected. All of our meats are canned especially for us, under our own brand, and are not mentioned in the report of the President's special investigators. In several weeks we may be able to tell if the general agitation has affected us." Francis H. Legett & Company said, so far as they were able to tell at this time, there had been no decrease in the sales of canned meats, but the whole sale manager said he would not be sur-

WAY IS NOW CLEAR FOR 7TH AVENUE PARKWAY

At last Chief Engineer George W. Olney, of the Manhattan Borough Department of Highways, is to have a clear way for the completion of the

Evening World's project for transforming upper Seventh avenue into a beautiful parkway and drive from the Green memorial exit from Central Park, at One Hundred and Tenth street, straight up through Harlem two and a quarter miles to Harlem River.

The immense contract for the completion of the Jerome Park Reservoir, located down Jerome avenue to and under Harlem River and thence down Seventh avenue to the great mains in St. Nicholas avenue at One Hundred and Sixteenth street has been awarded, the iron mills are hurrying Contractor Joseph Gallo's order for something like twelve miles of 8-inch mains, and that work will be under way from One Hundred and Sixteenth street, working north, where the construction of the parkway begins at one Hundred and Tenth street.

No Time is Lost. The Water Department work is in two contracts. That for the stretch between street of twin mains is to cost \$1,200,000, while the Jerome avenue stretch of the job was bid for at \$1,000,000. The Sewer Department has been putting its lines under Seventh avenue in part, and the Jerome Park Reservoir has been lost in the prosecution of the transformation of the dusty, muddy Seventh avenue's portion into roadway into an east and west drive with a 40-foot strip of green lawn between.

It will be the perfect city driving road, according to George A. Conover, of the Harlem Road Drivers' Association, who says: "The Evening World accomplished in six weeks what the Association, backed by the Harlem Property Owners' Association, Harlem Board of Commerce and a half dozen other organizations, worked unsuccessfully for three years."

The contract for this great work on plans marked out by The Evening World was advertised in April and the work would have begun a month ago but for the fact that the Water Department, which is a city department, was ready to lay the long deferred mains from the new reservoirs of Croton road, which would necessitate the tearing up of the new parkway, so Presi-

Death Lurks in the Knife Men Grip and Slash With.

He is a beef-boner, and that is a dangerous trade, especially when you are on piecework and trying to earn a bride. Your hands are slippery and your knife is slippery, and you are tolling like mad, when somebody happens to speak to you or you strike a bone. Then your hand slips up on the blade, and there is a fearful smash. And that would not be so bad, only for the deadly contagion. The cut may heal, but you never can tell. Twice now, within the last three years, Nikolas has been lying at home with blood-poisoning—once for three months and once for seven. The last time, too, he lost his job, and that meant six weeks more of standing at the doors of the packing-houses at 6 o'clock on bitter winter mornings, with a foot of snow on the ground and more in the air. There are learned people who can tell you of the statistics that beef-boners make 40 cents an hour, but perhaps these people have never looked into a beef-boner's hands.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

The reason for this attitude any one who chooses to go there might discover by watching the scenes in front of the "time stations" at 7 o'clock in the morning. Several times I was on hand at six o'clock in the morning, and five or six hundred men standing shivering in the darkness, half covered with falling snow, stamping about to keep from freezing.

were waiting for the packing-house doors to open. At 7 o'clock the whistle blew, and still these wretches were standing, gazing longingly at the door through which the bosses would come out. The crowd stood until nearly 8 and would probably have stood there longer if the policeman had not driven them away. In all the times that I watched this sight I happened to see but one man actually hired.

The conditions in Packingtown have reached their present state of degradation by the natural process of competition, or rather, there is competition of labor while there is no competition of capital. There is but one vast employing trust and a body of absolutely unorganized and helpless laborers. As a result lower and lower types of human beings are coming there. There has been a regular procession of the races through Packingtown; the industry was founded by skilled cattle butchers from Germany; then they began the importing of Irishmen. After the strike of 1894 they set to work deliberately to crowd the labor market so as to prevent further trouble; first they brought Poles, then Bohemians, then Lithuanians, and now finally Slovaks. These are nearly all under-sized, wretched people who cannot speak English, and who impress one as having no more intelligence than a dumb animal. The bosses beat them and kick them and spit in their faces. I saw sights of this sort which fairly made my blood boil. I saw a poor, wretched Lithuanian pushing a truck in one of Swift & Co.'s cellars; it was loaded with hams, and the poor fellow was scarcely able to stir it on the level floor. He came to a slight incline and could not get it up, and the boss fell upon him and pounded him over the head, finally seizing him by the collar and throwing him out of the place. I presume that he was "fring" him. Another and stronger man took his place.

Human Beings Made to Sink Lower and Lower.

CONGRESSMEN MAY GO TO PACKINGTOWN.

Speaker Cannon Advocates Acceptance by Agricultural Committee of Packers' Invitation.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Chairman Wadsworth, of the House Committee on Agriculture, and Speaker Cannon are strongly in favor of the committee's acceptance of the invitation extended by the beef barons to visit Chicago and spend a week inspecting the packing plants.

Thomas E. Wilson, who represented the packers before the committee at yesterday's hearing, extended the invitation and approached the committee later in the day to personally urge the acceptance of the invitation. Chairman Wadsworth talked the matter over with Speaker Cannon to-day and learned the Speaker's avowed attitude. The committee goes to Chicago its expenses will be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

The plan here appears to be to delay reporting the Agricultural bill to the House until almost the day of adjournment, and then force it through without any most inspection amendment, or to add the Wadsworth-Lorimer substitute, which gives the packers all they want. Congressman Neill made frequent notes. After the adjournment he said: "I did not expect Mr. Wilson to prove

the charges made against the packing-houses. He practically discredited himself at the beginning of his testimony by saying that he had no knowledge of many of the charges. Mr. Reynolds and I saw the incidents we named."



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