

UPTON SINCLAIR TELLS ABOUT THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WOMEN IN PACKINGTOWN

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

CONDITIONS PAST BELIEF, BUT PROVED BY FACTS.

Politics and Graft Are So Intertwined that the Enforcement of Laws Is Hopeless Where Money Is to Be Made by the Bosses.

The Evening World presents herewith the third article in the series written exclusively for this newspaper by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," in which he is disclosing how he obtained his information about the horrors of the Chicago slaughter-houses. The sufferings of the women unfortunate enough to be compelled to work for the Beef Trust for the support of themselves, and too often their entire families, are shown in the present instalment. Mr. Sinclair tells of the widespread political graft and also of the spread of Socialism among the workmen. The fourth article in Mr. Sinclair's series will be published Monday.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

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In my last article I said something about the conditions under which the men work; I will now tell something about how the women suffer. I know that women are oppressed and seduced by their bosses in every industry, but I do not believe that evil is so prevalent anywhere else as it is in Packingtown. The language of the workmen as they told me about what happens there would not be printed. The country has found "The Jungle" full of horrible and almost unbearable details, but I did not tell one-tenth of what I know about this aspect of things. I met one man whose daughter had secured employment in Packingtown no less than six times in a single year, only to leave her job within a few weeks because she refused to accept the convention that she was at the disposal of her foreman.

As a consequence of the continual beating down of wages by the competition of women and girls, it is a common thing to find a family in which the men cannot secure any work at all, and literally have to be supported by their wives and daughters. And married women who are the only support of their families of course remain at work when they are in advanced stages of pregnancy. Just before I came to Packingtown a woman gave birth to a child in one of the corridors of a slaughter-house, where she had crawled away into a dark corner. Wishing to get rid of the child, she threw it into a carload of meat which was in one of the cooking-rooms, and only the fact that the baby happened to cry out the instant the car was being dumped prevented it from going in to be canned.

Such incidents as these are sufficiently revolting, and yet I speak but the literal truth when I say that I know of worse things—that worse things are the every-day traditions of the packing-houses, about which any one will tell you if you ask. I did not put into "The Jungle" one-tenth of what I know about the oppression and abuse of women.

I keep getting letters from people who express their horror at this or that incident in "The Jungle," and to ask me if it could possibly be true. For instance, I give in detail a picture of a Packingtown midwife, of her ignorance and filth and of the horrible sufferings which result from her practices. Some people thought that I exceeded the possibilities in this case. Yet in a single mile of a Packingtown avenue—that on Ashland, between Perry-seventh and Fifty-fifth streets—I counted over forty physicians, and I talked with one of those, a Polish gentleman, who gave me some of the facts about the midwives which I have used. He said to me:

"I have been practicing in this neighborhood for thirteen years and during that time hardly a week has passed that I have not been called in to two or three cases where women have been mangled by midwives. It is one of the innumerable scandals of our city that the most ignorant and debased creatures are able to get certificates."

I did not make a particular note of what he told me about the requirements for a midwife's certificate, if there are any, but it would make no difference what they were, the law would not be enforced. My general attitude toward this part of the Beef Trust problem is one of indifference toward all proposed legislative reforms, because I know that there is no law or ordinance that is enforced in Chicago if there is graft to be made by its non-enforcement. The packers steal the city water by the hundreds of millions of gallons, and they are not punished, and from them down to the saloon-keeper who pays the policeman on the corner for the privilege of running gambling games and keeping open on Sunday there is one carnival of graft. There is no picturing the graft, to say nothing of exaggerating it.

Among the incidents of my story which I had in mind when I went to Packingtown was the arrest of my hero. I wished to know about what

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AN AWFUL CASE OF JUNE ODORS.

By Maurice Ketten.



HORRORS OF THE CELLS IN POLICE STATIONS.

The cells were in tiers, opening upon galleries. His cell was about five feet by seven in size, with a stone floor and a heavy wooden bench built into it. There was no window—the only light came from windows near the roof at one end of the court outside. There were two bunks, one above the other, each with a straw mattress and a pair of gray blankets, the latter stiff as boards with filth and alive with fleas, bed-bugs and lice. When Jurgis lifted the mattress he discovered beneath it a layer of scurrying roaches, almost as badly frightened as himself. Here they brought him more "duffers and dope," with the addition of a bowl of soup.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

happens to a man when he is arrested, and I was fortunate in meeting at the outset a young physician who had been through the experience himself, and could tell me exactly what I wanted. This man had lived all his life in the yards and had worked his way up. He had been graduated from a medical school and was entitled to a license, but he did not get it because he was unwilling to pay the usual graft to the city official who was charged with issuing it. After waiting for several months he made up his mind to force the issue, and began practicing without a license. He was arrested and sent to jail. He only stayed there one night, however, because those in authority realized that he meant to fight, and so they let him go and gave him his license to hush up the scandal. His experience during that night was the same as the experience of Jurgis; that is, he was shut up in a stone cell, which has a double tier of berths, the blankets of which were gray with filth. He described to me how he felt when he lifted them up and saw thousands of roaches scurrying away. His supper and his breakfast the next morning consisted of "duffers and dope"—the former being hunks of bread and the latter coffee, with some kind of a drug in it to quiet the prisoners.

This young doctor introduced me to a young lawyer in Packingtown who had taken part (rather as an amused spectator) in Packingtown politics, and who gave me some delightful details about conditions there. I could write a book about the facts which I got concerning this aspect of the life of the neighborhood. After I got through talking with this lawyer I met some men on the other side, and got their stories, and from every workman with whom I talked I got new views.

The Democratic machine in the stockyards district is owned and run by Tom Carey, Alderman from the district; I have called him "Scully" in "The Jungle." He has made a million or two out of his opportunities. He is the political agent of the packers, and puts through all their deals for them. When they want a bridge built, he gets the franchise; when they are caught stealing city water, he fixes it up so that there is no scandal. He owns the dumps of which you are prevented from taking pictures by the city police. He owns a brick factory, and after he gets the clay out of the ground, he gets the city to fill up the hole with garbage, and then he builds homes on it for the working class of Packingtown. When election day comes around the packers put up large sums of money, and Carey gets the working class to vote for him, and then sells them out to their masters. To help him with his election work he has a gang of ruffians called "Indians"; they are in the "Wa-ti-to League," and they have prize fights and dog fights in defiance of the law.

All the policemen belong to it, in spite of the fact that this is against the law. All the saloon keepers belong to it, because they cannot do business otherwise. So on election day Carey's "Indians" have free drinks to distribute to wavering voters. Since I left Packingtown the announcement has been made that Carey has been building himself a palatial home over in the Hyde Park section of the town. Packingtown is no longer good enough for him. He tried his best, however, to make it good enough. I noticed that his street was the only well paved street in the neighborhood, except those on which the packers' wagons have to pass to get to the city. It is one of the few streets which has any lights, and, needless to say, it has sewers; there were no cesspools underneath Tom Carey's house.

I know that this is a black picture; a picture that makes any true American turn sick to look at. It is bad enough that these hundreds of

UPTON SINCLAIR, BEEF TRUST PROBER.



Upton Sinclair.

POLITICAL GRAFT OF THE STOCKYARDS BOSS.

Scully held an important party office in the State and bossed even the Mayor of the city, it was said. It was his boast that he carried the stockyards in his pocket. He was an enormously rich man. He had a hand in all the big graft in the neighborhood. It was Scully who owned the dump. Not only did he own the dump, but he owned the brick factory as well; and first he took out the clay and made it into bricks, and then he had the city bring garbage to fill up the hole, so that he could build houses to sell to the people. Then, too, he sold the bricks to the city, at his own price, and the city came and got them in its own wagons. He also owned the other hole near by, where the stagnant water was; it was he who cut the ice and sold it; and, what was more, if the men told the truth, he had not to pay any taxes for the water, and he had built the foxhouse out of city lumber and had not had to pay anything for that.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

thousands of wretches should be dependent upon the Beef Trust for their daily bread, but that the packers should use the profits wrung from their toll to overthrow the political institutions of the country and establish a despotism of graft, is worse yet. However, I am glad to say that I do not have to leave the picture without some ray of sunlight. The people of Packingtown are beginning to find a way out of their misery.

I did not get to have a talk with Carey, for he had gone to Florida for his health when I was there, but I talked with a man who had been discussing the situation with him only a few days before. Carey had said he was getting out of politics; he was "up against it," as he explained. He could not understand it; the town had gone crazy. They had got a new, wild and impossible idea into their noddies—they no longer came to the polls to vote for his Democratic bartenders and prizefighters, and neither would they vote for the puppets which the fake Republican machine put up and elected with Tom Carey's money; they were nominating candidates of their own, and stranger yet, they were electing them—Socialist candidates! Only the day before I came to Packingtown two members had been elected from the stockyards district

LOOKED LIKE WORKER ON THE KILLING BEDS.

In a few moments it became clear that Mme. Haupt (the midwife) was engaged in descending the ladder, scolding and exhorting again, while the ladder creaked in protest. In a moment or two she reached the ground, angry and breathless, and they heard her coming into the room. Jurgis gave one glance at her, then turned white and reeled. She had her jacket off, like one of the workers on the killing beds. Her hands and arms were smeared with blood and blood was splashed upon her clothing and face. . . . And Jurgis gave a frantic scream: "Dead!" "She will die, of course," said the other angrily. "Der baby is dead now."—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

to the Illinois State Legislature—a man named Olson, and a Bohemian machinist by the name of Joseph Ambros. They had gone in to vote for the rights of Packingtown workers, and for the overthrow of the Beef Trust.

Carey did not know what to make of it, and I have found lots of other people in Chicago who did not know what to make of it—of the 47,000 Socialist votes which had been cast in the city that fall. I fancy that Carey is still more puzzled now; for these two legislators not merely promised to vote for the rights of the people by whom they were elected—they have actually been doing it! The first thing these two men did was to hand back their passes to the railroad companies, with letters informing said companies that they were elected by the people, and were not in the Legislature to work for the railroad companies.

No picture of stockyard conditions would be adequate that did not contain some mention of the Socialist movement in Packingtown. I personally believe that big business and the concentration of wealth is the cause of graft, and that the abolition of the competitive system is the only means for its overthrow. So, wherever I see the people realizing this, I feel that there is hope; and for that reason I consider Chicago, with all its vice and corruption, one of the most promising corners of America. In Packingtown, especially, the Socialists are as busy as bees; there is a vigorous English movement, and locals of nearly all the foreign-speaking population; there is an English paper and a couple of foreign papers. I have seen 20,000 copies of the "Appeal to Reason" loaded on a truck and taken to a little cigar store in Packingtown, and distributed by workmen in the evening. Of course the packers are fighting the movement, as they are fighting every other effort that their wage slaves make to better their conditions. I know half a dozen men who have been blacklisted for talking too much class struggle, and I know many others who have been told to shut up or get out; but the experience of every civilized nation proves that very little harm can be done to the Socialist movement by that means.

The fourth article in the series being written by Mr. Sinclair exclusively for The Evening World will be published next Monday.

WORKMAN'S WIFE TELLS VILLAINY OF FOREMAN.

Ona, the wife, confesses the plot of Connors, the foreman: "I tried not to do it. I only did it to save us. . . . He told me he would have me turned off. He told me he would—we would all of us lose our places. We could never get anything to do—here—again. He meant it—he would have ruined us. . . . He warned me. He used to speak to me—out on the platform. Then he began—to make love to me. He offered me money. He begged me—he said he loved me. Then he threatened me. He knew all about us; he knew we would starve. He knew your boss—he knew Marija's. He would hound us to death, he said—then he said if I would—if I—we would all be sure of work—always."—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

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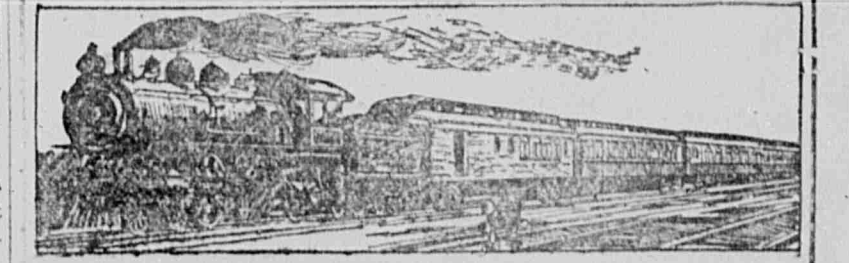
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