

# DISCOVERY OF CONDEMNED-MEAT INDUSTRY ACCIDENTAL, SAYS UPTON SINCLAIR

Fifth Article in Series Which Author of "The Jungle" Is Writing Especially for Evening World Tells How Disclosures Were Made.

HIS PURPOSE WAS TO SHOW CONSEQUENCES OF GRAFT.

Fate of the Immigrants Brought to America to Work in the Slaughter-Houses a Serious Question for the Entire Country.

The Evening World to-day prints the fifth article in the series written exclusively for this newspaper by Upton Sinclair, in which he tells how he had quite another purpose in view when he wrote his book than the exposure of the condemned meat industry. His conclusion is that an appeal to the stomachs of the American people is more effective than one to their hearts and consciences.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

I have said before that my purpose in writing "The Jungle" was to show "what graft means to the workingman," to make a picture of the economic process and its consequences. When I announced that it was my intention to choose my characters from among our foreign population I was told by all my friends that I should fail. The American workingman, they said, cares nothing about the foreigner. I answered that I chose the foreigner because it was the foreigner who most needed help; and that if I could not make the average American sympathize with the story of the foreign-born wage-slave in Packingtown it would be my own fault, and not the fault of my theme.

Perhaps you are thinking that I succeeded in my purpose, but I really do not think that I did. It seems to me that the furor which "The Jungle" has excited is due not at all to indignation caused by its pictures of the condition of the wage-slaves of the Beef Trust, but to an entirely different matter—one which I did not contemplate at the time—an accidental discovery upon which I stumbled. I mean, of course, the Condemned-Meat Industry, a thing which affects the middle classes—the classes which buy the magazines and most of the newspapers. I do not wish to be ungracious, but I fear that "The Jungle" would have been much longer in doing its work had its appeal been simply to the hearts and consciences of its readers and not at all to their stomachs.

And yet we are tied up in the same country with these strangers, and their fate is our fate; the way our country goes in the future depends upon what opportunities and what life we give them. They are coming here at the rate of a million a year, and if we think that we can allow them to be beaten and degraded without limit, and not pay a fearful penalty for it ourselves, we make a great mistake.

The whole country is at this moment struggling against the power of the trusts. You yourself are suffering from their encroachments and are fighting to free yourself. And it is the power of the political machine which holds you down; and the power of the machine is founded upon the foreign vote, which is bought.

So what I learned in Packingtown about the Condemned-Meat Industry was purely incidental. The thing which I went there to study was the lives of the foreign population. I met them in their homes and in their union meeting-rooms at night; and in the daytime I would put on old clothes and loaf about in the packing-houses where they were working. From first to last I talked with hundreds of them and they told me their lives and their troubles.

About twelve years ago old P. D. Armour, at the close of a great strike, had declared with an oath that he would fix the population of Packingtown so that it would never call a strike upon him again; and so he had set his agents at work to bring out hordes of emigrants from Eastern Europe—Lithuanians, Poles, Bohemians and Slovaks. I met dozens of men who had come as a direct result of his endeavor. Strangers had come to their village—men who spoke their own language and were familiar with their ideas, and who told wonderful tales about free America and about the great packing-factories and the tremendous wages that were paid there. One could get over for almost nothing, for arrangements had been made with the steamship company, and so they had sold out all that they owned and come, sometimes whole families of them, sometimes half a dozen families from a single village. They had poured into Packingtown, one swarm after another; and as a result old P. D. Armour had had all the labor he could use and had beaten down wages to the starvation point and made himself one of the richest men in America and his son one of the half-dozen masters of the destiny of the American people.

These poor strangers had been plundered from the moment they left their native village. They were not accustomed to travel; they were doing something bold and new, and any one who wore a blue uniform with brass buttons could frighten them into parting with their money. They were held up for all sorts of fees before they got out of their own country, and again before they got on the steamer, and again when they landed in America and were taken in charge by agents of immigrant boarding-houses. Then when they reached Chicago they had been lost in a perfect wilderness of graft.

There was the "buying-a-home" swindle, for instance. All the facts

## DANGER EVER PRESENT FOR MEN USING KNIVES.

There were the men in the pickle-rooms, for instance, where old Antonas had gotten his death; scarce one of these that had not some spot of horror on his person. Let a man so much as scrape his finger pushing a track in the pickle-rooms and he might have a sore that would put him out of the world; all the joints in his fingers might be eaten one by one. Of the butchers and floormen, the beef-boners and trimmers, and all those who used knives, you could scarcely find a person who had the use of his thumb; time and time again the base of it had been slashed till it was a mere lump of flesh against which the man pressed the knife to hold it. The hands of these men would be criss-crossed with cuts until you could not pretend to count them or to trace them. They would have no nails, they had worn them pulling off hides; their knuckles were so swollen that their fingers spread out like a fan.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

which I have given in "The Jungle" regarding this matter I got directly from a man who had been in the business for many years. He was an agent, of course; he explained to me that he had made nothing but a bare living out of it himself. All the profits went to the owners of the company, several of whom were big packers, and one a prominent politician. That meant, of course, that the company had its own way with its tenants whenever it came to a dispute. The tenants found that out, with the result that they learned to pay whatever they were told to pay.

They bought a house which they were told was new, and they found that nothing was new about it but the paint. And even the paint was rotten. The weatherboards were rotted, and the shingles also, and at every gale of wind something would shake loose. The plaster in the ceiling would give way, the water pipes would burst, and, of course, there were no sewers to the house, and the drainage of a generation would be in a cess-pool underneath it. Then some day an officious settlement-worker would come along and discover disease and death lurking in the premises, and make a complaint to the Health Board, and the unfortunate owner of the house, who was struggling to pay his rent and keep his family from starvation, would find himself liable to an assessment for putting in a sewer, and to an assessment for sidewalks, and so on. If he were renting the house just as soon as this had happened up would go the rent! And the consequence of this is that every tenant endeavored to keep his premises as filthy and squalid as possible, so that he could keep down the rent. The more ambitious of the new arrivals of course bought their home, and when they found how high the cost of living was in America, and how frequently the packing-houses shut down and turned them off, and how frequently they met with accidents and were laid up, they were unable to pay their regular instalments and forfeited all that they had paid, and the house became the property of the company, which rented it over and over again in precisely the same way!

As a consequence of this condition the filth and squalor in which the people live is beyond belief. The country is now convulsed with horror over the revelations of filth in the packing houses, but any one who goes there and studies the subject carefully, will realize that the conditions are inevitable—that brutalized and degraded working people of the type that is found in Packingtown would be unfit to prepare the food-supply of the hogs they kill.

The typical tenement-house in Packingtown is a two-story frame building having four small rooms on a floor. A floor will be rented by a family, which will then take in boarders to help make expenses. Single men, of whom there are large numbers, occasionally rent a flat for themselves. Most of the Poles and Slavs with whom I talked said that they were saving up money to get away from America because the work was too hard for them to stand. They live sometimes as many as thirteen in a room, renting a room and employing a woman to cook for them co-operatively. They have mattresses spread on the floor, covered with blankets which are never changed until they wear out; and frequently the same mattress is owned by a day man and a night man and thus never gets a chance to get cold. The filth and vermin in these rooms are, of course, beyond any words; and, needless to say, in the winter time no fresh air ever gets into the building. Living in homes such as this, and working ten or twelve hours a day under terrific pressure—and liable to work fourteen in rush season—the men have very little vitality left, and know no way to spend their money except in drink.

People found fault with me because I made "The Jungle" such a black and tragic story; they said that it would not succeed unless I gave the

## CLING TO HOMES IN TUMBLING HOUSES

Police Have Hard Work Evicting Dwellers from Tenements Declared Unsafe.

Although the old frame tenements at Nos. 235, 237, 241 and 243 Metropolitan avenue, Williamsburg, are not fit for human habitation and have been condemned by the Tenement-House Department, the tenants have refused to move out and an effort to expel them forcibly today aroused a small but vigorous riot. Tenement-house inspectors who invaded the houses to serve notices to vacate were driven out by angry women and fled to the Bedford avenue station for assistance. Six policemen were detailed to the houses, but none of them ventured inside the doors. Instead, they employed strategy. They allowed those inside to come out, but would not allow any one to go in. About 100 children swarmed to the house during the school recess for their lunches. The policemen would not admit them. Then the mothers of the children ran out to argue with the policemen, and they, too, were barred. Along with the late afternoon nearly all the 26 tenants were in the street clamoring for admission. As soon as all the tenants are ejected the houses will be locked up and watched by the Tenement-House Department. The property belongs to the Delap estate, which is in litigation, and the love of the tenants for their squalid homes is in a measure explained by the fact that they have been paying little or no rent.

## LUDWIG FISCHER IS HELD AT ELLIS ISLAND.

Ludwig Fischer, who says he is a silk and lace merchant from Budapest, Hungary, is being detained at Ellis Island by the authorities on a cable from the police of that city. He is wanted for the alleged embezzlement of 15,000 crowns. Fischer appeared before the Board of Examiners to-day and swore that he was innocent. He said he had been in business, but that he had been ruined by competition. He came to this country, he said, to get a job. He had only \$150 when he landed. He came in on the Kaiser Wilhelm II yesterday.

## "RHINO-ON-THE-RIND."

By Walter A. Sinclair.  
A packer of the Beef Trust was dyeing with no fears for lack of a proper color, for odor or look that cheers. The sausages hung unnumbered, he put on the proper stain and dabbed a little varnish to give it the "gold oak" grain. And when asked "Is this all proper?" he answered, "Oh! never mind. The eater can't taste 'Rhino,' red 'Rhino-on-the-rind.'"  
A soldier of the army was dying far from here. And not alone a soldier, a lot of others near. He'd open'd a can of rations and thoughtfully had sniffed, Then murmured "Days of knighthood! This dents your armor swift! How can a soldier swallow the stuffed within here lined? They didn't paint the 'Rhino,' the 'Rhino-on-the-rind.'"  
A packer of the Beef Trust was "touching up" some lard. And adding a little tallow to make it firm and hard. "Although to the weight it's adding," said he, "it's still all right. For all that I add is tallow, and candles are surely light! For never is stuff so putrid but chemicals we can find To dope it right up like 'Rhino,' great 'Rhino-on-the-rind!'"

## HORSE-TRADING PARSON ON TRIAL

Reformed Church Synod Takes Up Case of the Rev. Mr. Koster.  
The Reformed Church Synod, at the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Forty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, today took up the trial of Rev. Spitzka Koster, "the horse-trading parson" of Iowa, whose case has been exciting the siders of the church. Mr. Koster was suspended by the Classis of Iowa after it had been charged that he borrowed a horse from a neighbor, drove away and returned with another animal, saying the first had died and that he had bought another to replace it. The first horse, however, reappeared later. It is alleged Koster got \$20 to boot in the trade, but Koster says the first horse was about to die, he thought, when he made the deal, and that he paid \$25 to boot. The Synod of Chicago, the appellate court of the Iowa Classis, sustained the Classis's decision, but the action was taken in Koster's absence, and this action, the minister claims, was unconstitutional. The Judicial Committee today recommended that the case be taken up by the Synod and thrashed out, and an agreement to return it to Chicago for a new trial was voted down. The Rev. Mr. Koster then announced he would appeal to the General Synod of Schenectady. He refused to talk to the newspaper men. When asked if he had actually traded off a horse for a dog, he said: "Now I would like to know what you newspaper men are going to say about me. I wish you would send me your papers—that is, if there is no charge for them. I am a poor man. But I refuse to talk." "But how about that horse-trading?" he asked. "There is no use in talking horse-trade in New York," he said. "If you will come out West I will teach you the business."

## UPTON SINCLAIR, BEEF TRUST PROBER.



scene some relief. I answered that I wished to write a book which should be above all things else true; that I had studied conditions carefully in Packingtown, and that I could not see that the people had any happiness whatever in their lives, except such as came from drink. My critics would point out to me "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the model by which I was expected to work. "There are scenes of merriment and fun in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' they would say. "And do you mean to say that you think the average condition of the people in Packingtown is worse than that of the slave before the war?" I answered, "I do, indeed. The slaves of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' lived in the country, and the workers in Packingtown never see a green field. The former were well clothed and fed until they were sixteen—it was their masters' interest to see to it. It is to nobody's interest to see that the wage-slaves of the Beef Trust are well fed at any time in their lives. In the same way, nine-tenths of the black slaves were taken care of when they grew old. But a cattle-butcher is an old man at forty, and his master never saw him and does not care whether he dies at once or drags out his existence as a tramp."

When I had finished "The Jungle" I went through it and cut out everything that sounded like preaching. Here is one of the paragraphs which I cut out—the best statement I can make upon this question:

"Once upon a time a great-hearted woman set forth the sufferings of the black chattel-slave and roused a continent to arms. She had many things in her favor which cannot be counted on by him who would paint the life of the modern slave—the slave of the factory, the sweatshop and the mine. The lash which drives the latter cannot either be seen or heard; most people do not believe that it exists—it is the cant of the philanthropist and the political convention that it does not exist. This slave is never hunted by bloodhounds; he is not beaten to pieces by picturesque villains nor does he die in ecstasies of religious faith. His religion is but another snare of the oppressors, and the bitterest of his misfortunes; the hounds that hunt him are disease and accident, and the villain who murders him is merely the prevailing rate of wages. And who can thrill the reader with the tale of a man-hunt, in which the hunted is a lousy and ignorant foreigner, and the hunters are the germs of consumption, diphtheria and typhoid? Who can make a romance out of the story of a man whose one life adventure is the scratching of a finger by an infected butcher-knife, with a pine box and a pauper's grave as the denouement? And yet it may be just as painful to die of blood-poisoning as to be beaten to death; to be tracked by bloodhounds and torn to pieces is most certainly a merciful fate compared to that which falls to thousands every year in Packingtown—so he hunted for life by bitter poverty, to be ill-clothed and badly housed, to be weakened by starvation, cold and exposure, to be laid low

## Cut Preaching Out Bodily in "The Jungle."

## DWARF BIGAMIST FOUND GUILTY

Little Tailor Levy Has at Least Three Wives, Jury Has Decided.  
Charles Levy the dwarf tailor who is claimed as husband by three women, was today convicted of bigamy by a jury in Part IV, General Sessions, before Judge O'Sullivan. He did not go on the stand in his own defense, but through his attorney, Morris Gottlieb, he put in a denial of all the testimony against him. He will be sentenced on Monday. Levy is not 5 feet tall, but an exceedingly clever tailor who was able to earn high wages, and in spite of his smallness had a great winning power with women. This was brought out two months ago, when the dwarf, who was living at No. 261 Rockaway avenue, Brooklyn, was arraigned in Essex Market Court, charged with abandonment. The woman who accused him was reinforced by another woman who said that Levy had married her. The dwarf denied ever seeing either woman before, and said he had a wife. He was indicted for bigamy. The complaining witness, Yetta Cohen, of No. 31 West street, testified today that the man married her on June 10, 1905, under the name of Raphael Cohen, and that since she had learned that he married Lizzie Levosa on April 4, 1905, under the name of Jeremiah. The rabbi who presided at both marriages, and one of the witnesses who had lived with the dwarf, but he denied ever seeing either woman. Assistant District Attorney O'Connor pointed out that the man's identification was made sure by his size, although the dwarf has a trick of twisting his face into all sorts of shapes. It is believed he has still other wives whom he has duped into marriage. Woman's Burns Fatal.  
Mrs. Margaret Schramm, sixty-four years old, of Brinckerhoff and Fourth streets, Baysides Park N. J., died last night in the Englewood Hospital as the result of severe burns received while lighting a gasoline stove. Mrs. Schramm, whose son-in-law, Henry Brandenburger, conducts a hotel, struck a match yesterday and lighting the wick lit a gasolene oil stove. The flame flared up and caught her clothes.

## HERDED LIKE CATTLE TO VOTE AS BOSSES SAID.

So they drove downtown, and stopped before an imposing granite building, in which they interviewed an official who had the papers all ready, with only the names to be filled in. So each man in turn took an oath of which he did not understand a word, and then was presented with a handsome ornamented document with a big red seal and the shield of the United States upon it, and was told he had become a citizen of the republic and the equal of the President himself. . . . And then finally, when election day came, the packing-houses posted a notice that men who desired to vote might remain away until nine that morning, and the same night-watchman took Jurgis and the rest of his flock into the back-room of a saloon, and showed each of them where and how to mark a ballot, and then gave each \$2 and took them to the polling place, where there was a policeman on duty especially to see that they got through all right. Jurgis felt quite proud of his good luck until he got home and met Jonas, who had taken the leader aside and whispered to him, offering to vote three times for \$4, which offer was accepted.—FROM "THE JUNGLE."

by sickness or accident—and then to lie and watch while the gaunt wolf of hunger creeps in upon you and gnaws out the heart of you, and tears up the bodies and souls of your wife and babies."

The sixth and last article on the Beef Trust horrors by Upton Sinclair will be printed in The Evening World on Saturday.

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