CHAPTER 6

MEATPACKING AND MUCKRAKING

HISTORICAL CONTEXT

Chicago's growth during the nineteenth century was nothing short of amazing. It was a backwoods settlement in 1830, and in the 1840s, a provincial berg dwarfed by the likes of Cincinnati and St. Louis. With their commercial domination of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers Valleys, the supremacy of those two cities over the American heartland seemed assured. But when Chicago established itself as the main western hub for railroad traffic, it began to grow at an astonishing rate, easily surpassing its midwestern rivals in just a few years. Over 100,000 Chicagoans in 1860 became a quarter million a decade later, a number that kept doubling every ten years until at the turn of the century, Chicago's population approached 2 million people. Here the goods flowed in—timber from the northwest, wheat and corn from prairie states, coal and iron ore from mines scattered across the middle west, and cattle from out on the plains. These raw materials were processed into lumber, meat, and steel, and then shipped back out, not just to the far corners of America but into the world aboard ships that sailed out of the Great Lakes to international ports. People were part of this flow of commodities. All American cities contained enormous numbers of immigrants but Chicago was at the high end of the trend. Roughly two-thirds of turn-of-the-century Chicago's citizens were either born overseas or had a parent who started life outside America. Then too, tens of thousands of rural and small-town migrants from neighboring states came pouring in. Along with enormous growth came horrifying social problems of poverty, illness, and social alienation. The "muckraking" journalist Lincoln Steffens described Chicago as "first in violence, deepest in dirt, lawless, unlovely, ill-smelling, irreverent, new; an overgrown gawk of a village, the 'tough' among cities, a spectacle for the nation."

Chicago was emblematic of the difficulties facing America in the new century. The Progressive Era, which lasted roughly from 1900 through World War I, was a set of responses to these problems. The Gilded Age had unleashed the incredible productive capacity of American business. With new technologies such as the telephone, massive infrastructure including tens of thousands of miles of railroad track, enormous amounts of capital invested in new corporations, factories on a scale never seen before, and a young and ambitious labor force, the national economy grew explosively. But rapid urbanization and industrialization had their costs. While enormous fortunes were built up (and displayed in such new playgrounds for the rich as Newport, Rhode Island), a disconcerting number of Americans went to bed hungry at night. Workers often put in ten- and twelve-hour days, six days a week, and many families barely made ends meet on the combined income of husband, wife, and children, all going out to work. Equally important, to the extent that government intervened in daily life, it was to assist the productive capacity of business—granting corporations limited liability, giving away public lands to encourage the development of new markets, and sending in troops to break strikes. Problems like garbage piling up in the streets, drinking water contaminated by sewage, and deadly streetcar crossings in every American town all contributed to a grudging reconsideration of the role of government in the lives of citizens.

Not everyone agreed on what reforms were needed, and historians have differed for decades on what to include or exclude within the category of "progressivism." But reformers generally believed that the sheer size of business created problems. America was more organized, centralized, and bureaucratic than ever before. For example, at the turn of the century, banker J.P. Morgan purchased Andrew Carnegie's steel plants and folded them into a new company called United States Steel, capitalized at an unheard of $1 billion. The old fears that massive agglomerations of wealth and power would crush economic opportunity, destroy workers' chance for a decent life, pollute democracy, and undermine the citizens' republic grew more intense than ever. Labor unions proliferated among the working class, and populist farmers organized against the incorporation of America. At the beginning of the twentieth century, the Progressive Era was a middle-class response to the situation. Crusading journalists, reform-minded women, college professors, preachers of the new "social gospel," liberal politicians, and even forward-thinking businessmen joined together in shifting coalitions to expose problems and seek solutions.

For many, the answer to growing corporate power was the countervailing force of government. To make democracy less vulnerable to corruption, cities reconfigured themselves, holding at-large elections for local offices, vesting power in "expert" managers, and assuring fair elections with the "Australian" (secret) ballot, all designed, it was said, to reduce the power of corrupt aldermen. States instituted the initiative, referendum, and recall to revitalize citizen participation in the political process. And in countless ways, the federal government weighed in, from the "trust-busting" of President Theodore Roosevelt (which broke up only a handful of businesses) to such regulatory legislation as the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 and the Clayton Antitrust Act of 1914 under Woodrow Wilson. Progressive reforms, however, were not always as progressive as their proponents claimed. At-large elections disenfranchised many neighborhoods, and state electoral reforms often became new tools for the powerful. Moreover, laws reigning in business frequently were written with the help of the very companies they were designed to regulate, and the results often reduced competition and encouraged bigness.

The progressives' style was as notable as their substance. As a middle-class movement led largely by well-educated people, progressives valued facts and figures, expert knowledge, and bureaucratic efficiency. The attorney Louis Brandeis, whom Woodrow Wilson appointed to the Supreme Court, pioneered the use of sociological knowledge in legal briefs. Precedent and case law were no longer enough to win the day, "scientifically" gathered data mattered too. The progressive style was fact-laden, logical, and systematic. Progressives placed great faith in the wisdom of those with the training and knowledge to address social problems in methodical ways. This emphasis on expertise gave a distinctly elitist cast to much of their thinking and writing, even as they professed reforms in the name of "the people" against special interests.

But parallel to the rhetoric of disinterested expertise was another language, often quite emotional, filled with moral and even religious fervor. One need only picture the Progressive (or Bull Moose) Party convention in Chicago in 1912. Having nominated former president Theodore Roosevelt to run as a third-party candidate for president, the delegates concluded their meetings by rising and singing in unison "Onward Christian Soldiers." One might even argue that the old revulsion against drinking, so common in many Protestant churches during the late nineteenth century, became the culmination of progressive reform when in 1920 Congress authorized prohibition through the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

In this chapter, we examine an example of this progressive reform impulse involving workers in the meatpacking industry. This was an entirely new form of production in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, one which made it possible for, say, a cow grazing in Kansas to be eaten three or four days later by a family in New Jersey. This could not have occurred before the Civil War, yet it was commonplace by 1900. What happened? Technology was important—the railroad connected the Great Plains with the East, so that shipping goods over hundreds, even thousands of miles, now could be measured in hours. Also, refrigeration allowed freshly butchered beef and pork to be preserved. But equally important was the mental leap of thinking of meat as just one more product in the marketplace.

The key was keeping goods cheap through mass production and using every part of an animal—bone for buttons, gut for sporting goods, and hides for outerwear. If thousands of cattle—which required a lot of space to raise—could be brought together and slaughtered systematically, and every part of each animal made into a commodity with a market value, then costs would come down, manufacturers might ship dressed meat to distant places for less money than local butchers could produce it, and beef would be consumed by more and more new customers. Butchers—skilled tradesmen whose labor was expensive—could be replaced by countless unskilled workers who performed but one task over and over, such as cutting off a particular part of the cow as it came down the "disassembly line." These ideas did not occur all at once, but slowly a handful of Chicago entrepreneurs in competition with each other turned what had been a locally based business into a national industry. The result was the famous Packingtown on Chicago's South Side, roughly a mile-and-a-half square bordered by 39th and 51st Streets, and by Halsted and Western, filled with stockyards, slaughterhouses and meatpacking plants.

Packingtown stank. It was ugly, dangerous, and unhealthy. Entering Packingtown from the north, a visitor was greeted—or perhaps insulted—by two prominent landmarks. The main entrance to the Union Stockyards was an imposing stone and iron gate that dwarfed humans and served as a grim portent of the serious and difficult work inside. Snaking its way to the west of the stockyards was Bubbly Creek, a branch of the Chicago River named

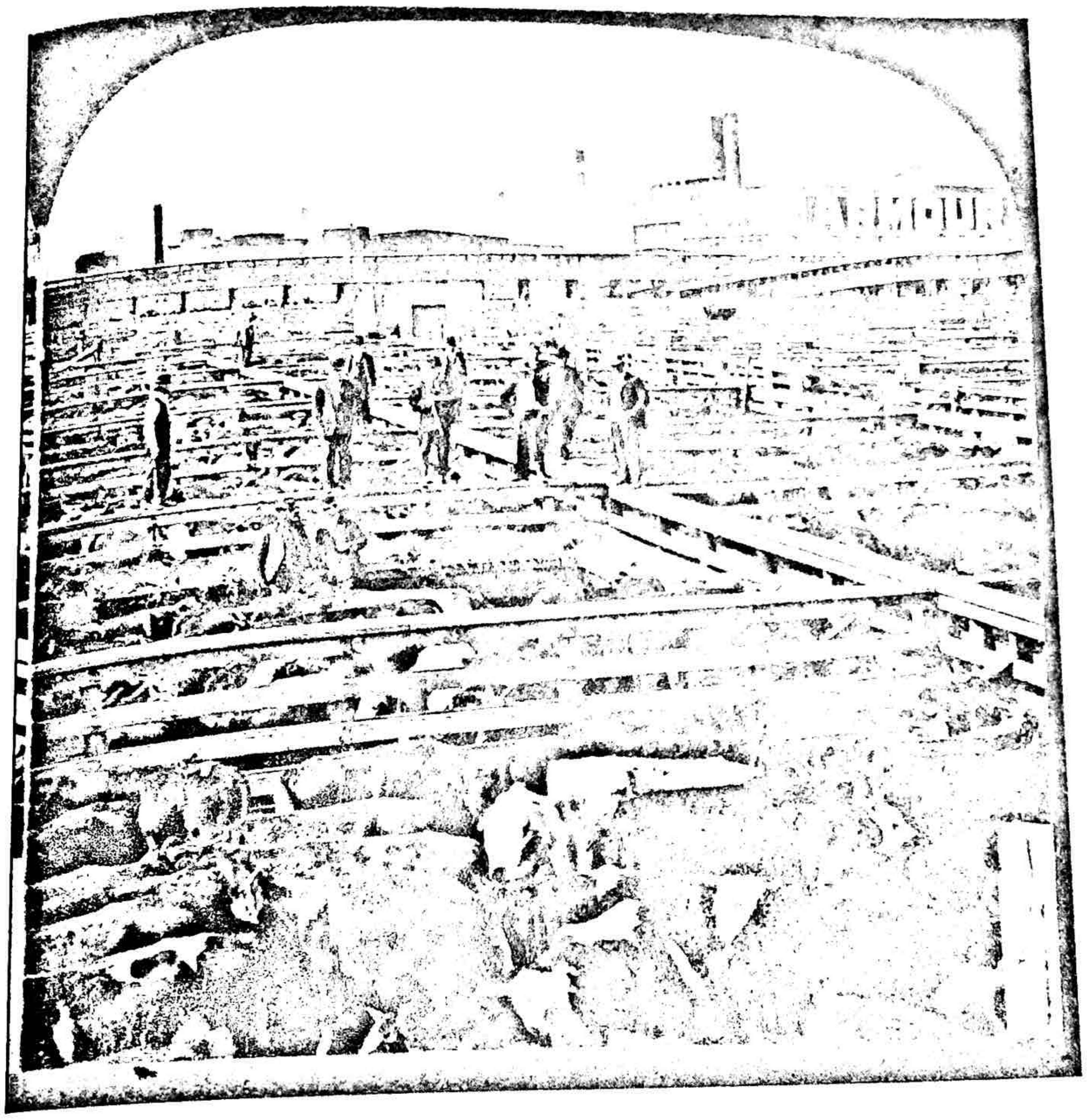

Image 6.1 "In the Heart of the Great Union Stock Yards, Chicago" (c. 1909)

Cattle were driven to railroad depots on the Great Plains, then loaded onto cars bound for Chicago, where they were sorted and fattened in pens in enormous stockyards.

Source: Philadelphia? Kelley & Chadwick. Courtesy Library of Congress

for the carbolic acid gas that rose to the surface from the decaying wastes. The gasses of Bubbly Creek mixed with the odors of dying animals and decaying meat, and a series of uncovered dumps gave Packingtown its unforgettable smell.

Forty thousand people lived and worked in Packingtown. Most resided in poorly constructed frame houses that were often firetraps. Unlike better South Side neighborhoods, Packingtown's roads were largely unpaved and its sewage facilities were inadequate. The uncollected garbage, open sewers, and accumulated filth lowered health standards as well as human morale. Tuberculosis was the major scourge, but bronchitis, diphtheria, and other contagious diseases also claimed their victims. Children were especially vulnerable; one out of every three infants did not live to a second birthday.

The residents of Packingtown, mostly immigrants from central Europe and Scandinavia, tolerated these dreadful conditions for a chance to work in the packinghouses. The jobs they acquired were difficult and dangerous—very dangerous. And for risking lives and limbs, unskilled workers were paid between 15 and 18 cents per hour. Men and women were exposed to freezing temperatures, constant dampness, noxious chemicals, and razor-sharp tools. The pace of work, dictated by management, increased the chances of serious injury. Often the results read more like battlefield casualty reports than worker accidents. During the first six months of 1910, Swift and Company reported 3,500 injuries serious enough to require a physician's care. In 1917, Armour workers became ill or injured over 22,000 times.

A man named Upton Sinclair came to Packingtown in 1904. He did not come as a worker looking for a job but as a writer in pursuit of a subject. Workers had just lost a major strike, and Sinclair went to the stockyards to observe their lives. Though only in his twenties, he had already written a number of undistinguished but modestly popular novels. The literary marketplace rewarded sensational writing, and the ambitious young Sinclair had been successful with tales of love and blood and revenge. Even though writing dime novels earned him a fine living, it failed to satisfy his soul. Sinclair's early efforts at serious fiction were commercial and artistic failures. His characters, like the author himself, were consumed with the idea of individual genius, with romantic images of suffering and misunderstood individuals dedicated to their private visions. But then Upton Sinclair had what amounted to a religious conversion—he discovered socialism.

Various ideas for bringing the enormous new corporations under public control were advanced after 1900, but socialism was a radical but surprisingly popular solution. Socialists wanted to nationalize the means of production—factories, mills, and mines must be owned by the state; no more private profits for capitalists and low wages for workers. The socialists proposed to remake America through the electoral system, and they saw their cause as a patriotic calling. The Socialist Party never threatened to displace the Democrats or Republicans, but before World War I, dozens of socialists became legislators, mayors, and councilmen, while Eugene Debs of Terre Haute, Indiana, garnered 6 percent of the vote for president in 1912.

By 1904, Sinclair's faith in the socialist cause led him to write about the plight of American workers. New magazines like *McClure's* had published so-called muckraking journalists such as Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, who wrote exposés of civic and corporate

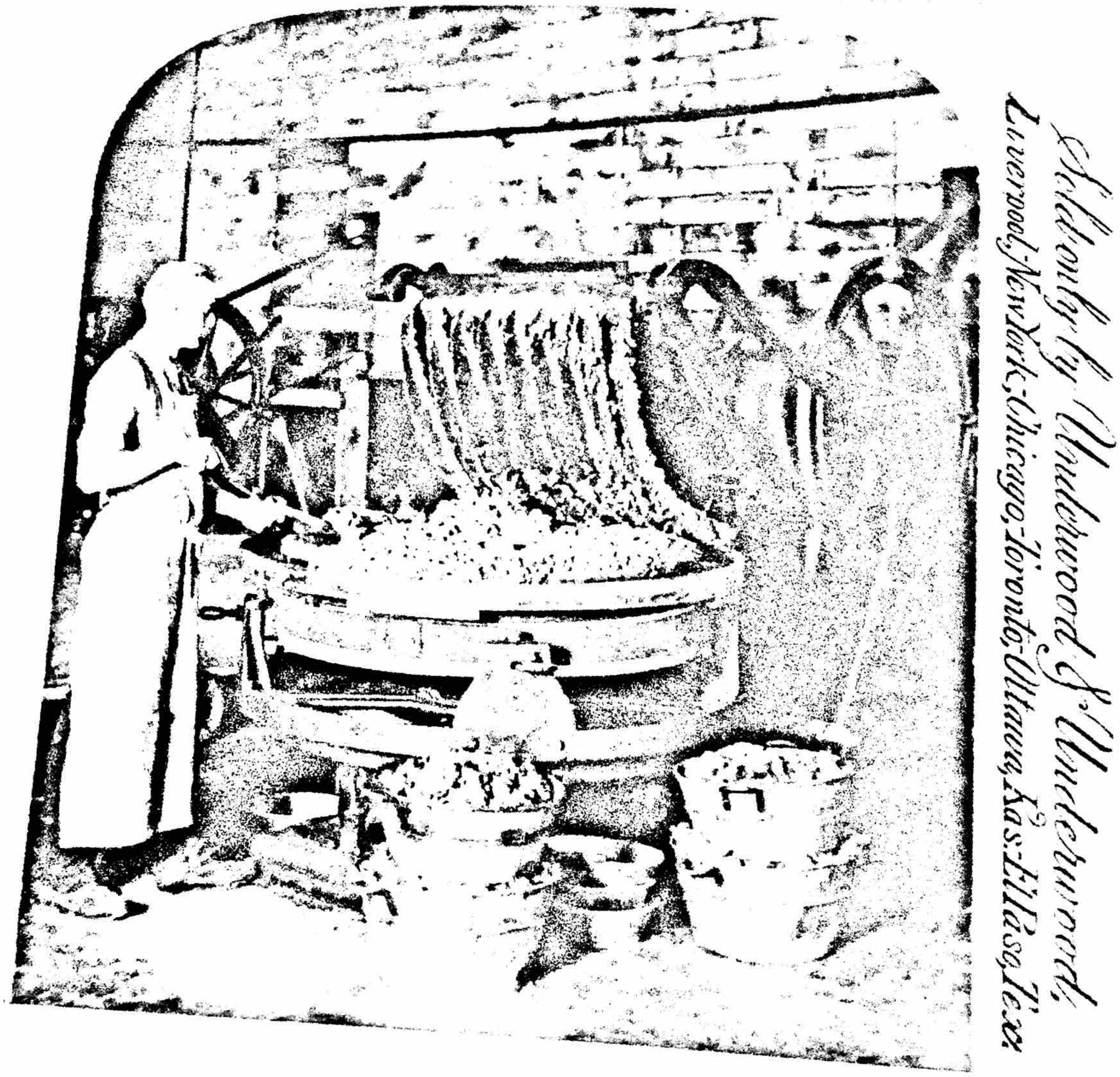
Sold only by Underwood & Underwood,
Liverpool, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Ottawa, Kas. El Paso, Tex.

Image 6.2 "Chopping Meat, Sausage Department, Armour's Chicago" (1893) On Chicago's "disassembly lines," enormous businesses transformed cows and pigs into meat—killed, cut up, packed, and shipped out to the rest of the country.

Source: New York: Strohmeyer & Wyman. Courtesy Library of Congress.

corruption, but Sinclair was much more radical than they were, much more attuned to what he saw as class struggle. Also, he was a writer of fiction, not journalism. He went to Packingtown, studied the factories, the workers, and the "Back-of-the-Yards" neighborhoods, and imagined a story about an immigrant family who, he believed, represented much of what was wrong with American capitalism. He wrote rapidly and intensely. His novel, *The Jungle,* was first published in serial form in 1905, not in the mainstream press but in the *Appeal to Reason,* a popular socialist weekly based in Girard, Kansas.

The Jungle came out in book form in 1906 and was an instant success. Sinclair told the story of the Rudkus family, Lithuanian immigrants who came to America only to be used and discarded by the companies that owned Packingtown. The human and sanitary abuses Sinclair catalogued shocked Americans in 1906, and they continue to shock us today. Despite his attempts to preserve literary delicacy, some reviewers were scandalized by Sinclair's violations of good taste. A reviewer for *The Outlook* declared, "To disgust the reader by dragging him through every conceivable horror, physical and moral, and to depict with lurid excitement and with offensive minuteness the life in jail and brothel—all is to overstep the object." As you read about the meatpacking industry, think about how reformers framed their issues, how they sought support and what results they achieved. Would you characterize their movement as successful?

INTRODUCTION TO DOCUMENT 1

The publication of *The Jungle* and the wide readership it attracted gave ammunition to the politicians who were seeking reforms in the meatpacking industry. Jack London praised it as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of wage slavery. So effective was Sinclair's novel that even President Roosevelt entered the fight to demand change. The result of the ferment was the Meat Inspection Act of 1906. Far from a perfect piece of legislation, it represented a compromise between the meatpacking companies and the reformers. It helped to restore confidence in the industry, however it did little for the residents of Packingtown. As Sinclair later remarked, "I aimed at the public's heart, and by accident I hit it in the stomach." In the following scene, Sinclair's main character, Jurgis Rudkus, finds work after a long layoff due to injury.

1. FROM *THE JUNGLE* (1906)

UPTON SINCLAIR

. . . There was another interesting set of statistics that a person might have gathered in Packingtown—those of the various afflictions of the workers. . . . There were the men in the pickle-rooms, for instance, where old Antanas had gotten his death; scarce a one of these that had not some spot of horror on his person. Let a man so much as scrape his finger pushing a truck 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 by the acid, one by one. Of the butchers and floorsmen, 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 no longer pretend to count them or to trace them. They would have no nails,—they had worn them off pulling hides; their knuckles were swollen so that their fingers spread out like a fan. There were men who worked in the cooking-rooms, in the midst of steam and sickening odors, by artificial light; in these rooms the germs of tuberculosis might live for two years, but the supply was renewed every hour. There were the beef-luggers, who carried two-hundred-pound quarters into the refrigerator-cars; a fearful kind of work, that began at four o'clock in the morning, and that wore out the most powerful men in a few years. There were those who worked in the chilling-rooms, and whose special disease was rheumatism; the time-limit that a man could work in the chilling-rooms was said to be five years. There were the wool-pluckers, whose hands went to pieces even sooner than the hands of the pickle-men; for the pelts of the sheep had to be painted with acid to loosen the wool, and then the pluckers had to pull out this wool with their bare hands, till the acid had eaten their fingers off. There were those who made the tins for the canned-meat; and their hands, too, were a maze of cuts, and each cut represented a chance for blood-poisoning. Some worked at the stamping-machines, and it was very seldom that one could work long there at the pace that was set, and not give out and forget himself, and have a part of his hand chopped off. . . . As for the other men, who worked in tank-rooms full of steam, and in some of which there were open vats near the level of the floor, their peculiar trouble was that they fell into the vats; and when they were fished out, there was never enough of them left to be worth exhibiting,—sometimes they would be overlooked for days, till all but the bones of them had gone out to the world as Durham's Pure Leaf Lard! . . .

All this while that he was seeking for work, there was a dark shadow hanging over Jurgis; as if a savage beast were lurking somewhere in the pathway of his life, and he knew it, and yet could not help approaching the place. There were all stages of being out of work in Packingtown, and he faced in dread the prospect of reaching the lowest. There is a place that waits for the lowest man—the fertilizer-plant!

The men would talk about it in awe-stricken whispers. Not more than one in ten had ever really tried it; the other nine had contented themselves with hearsay evidence and a peep through the door. There were some things worse than even starving to death. They would ask Jurgis if he had worked there yet, and if he meant to; and Jurgis would debate the matter with himself. As poor as they were, and making all the sacrifices that they were, would he dare to refuse any sort of work that was offered to him, be it as horrible as ever it could? Would he dare to go home and eat bread that had been earned by Ona, weak and complaining as she was, knowing that he had been given a chance, and had not had the nerve to take it?—And yet he might argue that way with himself all day, and one glimpse into the fertilizer-works would send him away again shuddering. He was a man, and he would do his duty; he went and made application—but surely he was not also required to hope for success! . . .

The boss of the grinding room had come to know Jurgis by this time, and had marked him for a likely man; and so when he came to the door about two o'clock this breathless hot day, he felt a sudden spasm of pain shoot through him—the boss beckoned to him! In ten minutes more Jurgis had pulled off his coat and overshirt, and set his teeth together and gone to work. Here was one more difficulty for him to meet and conquer!

His labor took him about one minute to learn. Before him was one of the vents of the mill in which the fertilizer was being ground-rushing forth in a great brown river, with a spray of the finest dust flung forth in clouds. Jurgis was given a shovel, and along with half a dozen others it was his task to shovel this fertilizer into carts. That others were at work he knew by the sound, and by the fact that he sometimes collided with them; otherwise they might as well not have been there, for in the blinding dust-storm a man could not see six feet in front of his face. When he had filled one cart he had to grope around him until another came, and if there was none on hand he continued to grope till one arrived. In five minutes he was, of course, a mass of fertilizer from head to feet; they gave him a sponge to tie over his mouth, so that he could breathe, but the sponge did not prevent his lips and eyelids from caking up with it and his ears from filling solid. He looked like a brown ghost at twilight—from hair to shoes he became the color of the building and of everything in it, and for that matter a hundred yards outside it. The building had to be left open, and when the wind blew Durham and Company lost a great deal of fertilizer.

Working in his shirt-sleeves, and with the thermometer at over a hundred, the phosphates soaked in through every pore of Jurgis's skin, and in five minutes he had a headache, and in fifteen was almost dazed. The blood was pounding his brain like an engine's throbbing; there was a frightful pain in the top of his skull, and he could hardly control his hands. Still, with the memory of his four months' siege [of illness and unemployment] behind him, he fought on, in a frenzy of determination; and half an hour later he began to vomit—he vomited until it seemed as if his inwards must be torn to shreds. A man could get used to the fertilizer-mill, the boss had said, if he would only make up his mind to it; but Jurgis now began to see that it was a question of making up his stomach.

At the end of that day of horror, he could scarcely stand. He had to catch himself now and then, and lean against a building and get his bearings. Most of the men, when they came out, made straight for a saloon—they seemed to place fertilizer and rattlesnake poison in one class. But Jurgis was too ill to think of drinking—he could only make his way to the street and stagger on to a car. He had a sense of humor, and later on, when he became an old hand, he used to think it fun to board a street-car and see what happened. Now, however, he was too ill to notice it—how the people in the car began to gasp and sputter, to put their handkerchiefs to their noses, and transfix him with furious glances. Jurgis only knew that a man in front of him immediately got up and gave him a seat; and that half a minute later the two people on each side of him got up; and that in a full minute the crowded car was nearly empty—those passengers who could not get room on the platform having gotten out to walk.

Of course Jurgis had made his home a miniature fertilizer-mill a minute after entering. The stuff was half an inch deep in his skin—his whole system was full of it, and it would have taken a week not merely of scrubbing, but of vigorous exercise, to get it out of him. . . . He smelt so that he made all the food at the table taste, and set the whole family to vomiting; for himself it was three days before he could keep anything upon his stomach—he might wash his hands, and use a knife and fork, but were not his mouth and throat filled with the poison? . . .

With one member trimming beef in a cannery, and another working in a sausage factory, the family had a first-hand knowledge of the great majority of Packingtown swindles. For it was the custom, as they found, whenever meat was so spoiled that it could not be used for anything else, either to can it or else to chop it up into sausage. With what had been told them by Jonas, who had worked in the pickle-rooms, they could now study the whole of the spoiled-meat industry on the inside, and read a new and grim meaning into that old Packingtown jest—that they use everything of the pig except the squeal.

Jonas had told them how the meat that was taken out of pickle would often be found sour, and how they would rub it up with soda to take away the smell, and sell it to be eaten on free-lunch counters; also of all the miracles of chemistry which they performed, giving to any sort of meat, fresh or salted, whole or chopped, any color and any flavor and any odor they chose. In the pickling of hams they had an ingenious apparatus, by which they saved time and increased the capacity of the plant—a machine consisting of a hollow needle attached to a pump; by plunging this needle into the meat and working with his foot, a man could fill a ham with pickle in a few seconds. And yet, in spite of this, there would be hams found spoiled, some of them with an odor so bad that a man could hardly bear to be in the room with them. To pump into these the packers had a second and much stronger pickle which destroyed the odor—a process known to the workers as "giving them thirty per cent." Also, after the hams had been smoked, there would be found some that had gone to the bad. Formerly these had been sold as "Number Three Grade," but later on some ingenious person had hit upon a new device, and now they would extract the bone, about which the bad part generally lay, and insert in the hole a white-hot iron. After this invention there was no longer Number One, Two, and Three Grade—there was only Number One Grade. . . .

It was only when the whole ham was spoiled that it came into the department of Elzbieta. Cut up by the two-thousand-revolutions-a-minute flyers, and mixed with half a ton of other meat, no odor that ever was in a ham could make any difference. There was never the least attention paid to what was cut up for sausage; there would come all the way back from Europe old sausage that had been rejected, and that was mouldy and white—it would be dosed with borax and glycerine, and dumped into the hoppers, and made over again for home consumption. There would be meat that had tumbled out on the floor, in the dirt and sawdust, where the workers had tramped and spit uncounted billions of consumption germs. There would be meat stored in great piles in rooms; and the water from leaky roofs would drip over it, and thousands of rats would race about on it. It was too dark in these storage places to see well, but a man could run his hand over these piles of meat and sweep off handfuls of the dried dung of rats. These rats were nuisances, and the packers would put poisoned bread out for them; they would die, and then rats, bread and meat would go into the hoppers together. This is no fairy story and no joke; the meat would be shovelled into carts, and the man who did the shovelling would not trouble to lift out a rat even when he saw one—there were things that went into the sausage in comparison with which a poisoned rat was a tidbit. . . .[1]

INTRODUCTION TO DOCUMENT 2

Was *The Jungle* an accurate depiction of life in Packingtown? Historians have differed on this point. Certainly Sinclair got many details right, but his melodrama exaggerated the plight that any one family might endure. Before *The Jungle* ends, Jurgis's home is repossessed, he goes to jail, Ona is sexually abused by her boss then dies, and Chicago effectively kills their children. Moreover, some have questioned how well Sinclair knew the packing industry; he spent only a few weeks in Packingtown, did not go into the factories very much, and gathered most of his information through interviews. Ralph Chaplin, also a writer and a political radical, was ambivalent, declaring in his autobiography *Wobbly,* "I thought it a very inaccurate picture of the stockyards district which I knew so well, but I waited for each installment eagerly and read it with great interest." Above all, Sinclair minimized the resources of workers to improve their own conditions. Antanas Kaztauskis's story was published in the magazine *The Independent* three months before Sinclair began his research for *The Jungle.* As you read, think about how this autobiography confirms or contradicts Sinclair's depiction of the lives of immigrant workers. Ask yourself about the role of unions, political organizations, taverns, churches, schools, and ethnic communities in daily life. How did working-class people adjust to their lives in America, what values and institutions did they cling to, and how did they reinterpret the American dream for themselves?

2. ANTANAS KAZTAUSKIS'S STORY (1904)

. . . In our house my room was in the basement. I lay down on the floor with three other men and the air was rotten. I did not go to sleep for a long time. I knew then that money was everything I needed. My money was almost gone and I thought that I would soon die unless I got a job, for this was not like home.

Here money was everything and a man without money must die.

The next morning my friends woke me up at five o'clock and said, "Now, if you want life, liberty and happiness," they laughed, "you must push for yourself. You must get a job. Come with us." And we went to the yards. Men and women were walking in by thousands as far as we could see. We went to the doors of one big slaughter house. There was a crowd of about 200 men waiting there for a job. They looked hungry and kept watching the door. At last a special policeman came out and began pointing to men, one by one. Each one jumped forward. Twenty-three were taken. Then they all went inside, and all the others turned their faces away and looked tired. I remember one boy sat down and cried, just next to me, on a pile of boards. Some policemen waved their clubs and we all walked on. I found some Lithuanians to talk with, who told me they had come every morning for three weeks. Soon we met other crowds coming away from other slaughter houses, and we all walked around and felt bad and tired and hungry.

That night I told my friends that I would not do this many days, but would go some place else. "Where?" they asked me, and I began to see then that I was in bad trouble, because I spoke no English. Then one man told me to give him $5 to give the special policeman. I did this and the next morning the policeman pointed me out, so I had a job. I have heard some big talk since then about my American freedom of contract, but I do not think I had much freedom in bargaining for this job with the Meat Trust. My job was in the cattle killing room. I pushed the blood along the gutter. . . . One Lithuanian, who worked with me, said, "They get all the blood out of those cattle and all the work out of us men." This was true, for we worked that first day from six in the morning till seven at night. The next day we worked from six in the morning till eight at night. The next day we had no work. So we had no good, regular hours. It was hot in the room that summer, and the hot blood made it worse.

I held this job six weeks and then I was turned off. I think some other man had paid for my job, or perhaps I was too slow. The foreman in that room wanted quick men to make the work rush, because he was paid more if the work was done cheaper and quicker. I saw now that every man was helping himself, always trying to get all the money he could. At that time I believed that all men in Chicago were grafters when they had to be. They only wanted to push themselves.

. . . I kept walking around with many other Lithuanians who had no job. Our money was going and we could find nothing to do. At night we got homesick for our fine green mountains. We read all the news about home in our Lithuanian Chicago newspaper, *The Katalikas*. It is a good paper and gives all the news. In the same office we bought this song, which was written in Brooklyn by P. Brandukas. He, too, was homesick. It is sung all over Chicago now and you can hear it in the summer evenings through the open windows. In English it is something like this:

> Oh, Lithuania, so dear to me,
> Good-by to you, my Fatherland.
> Sorrowful in my heart I leave you,
> I know not who will stay to guard you. . . .

Those were bad days and nights. At last I had a chance to help myself. Summer was over and Election Day was coming. The Republican boss in our district, Jonidas, was a saloonkeeper. A friend took me there. Jonidas shook hands and treated me fine. He taught me to sign my name, and the next week I went with him to an office and signed some paper, and then I could vote. I voted as I was told, and then they got me back into the yards to work, because one big politician owns stock in one of those houses. Then I felt that I was getting in beside the game. I was in a combine like other sharp men. Even when work was slack I was all right, because they got me a job in the street cleaning department. I felt proud, and I went to the back room in Jonidas's saloon and got him to write a letter to Alexandria to tell her she must come soon and be my wife.

But this was just the trouble. All of us were telling our friends to come soon. Soon they came—even thousands. The employers in the yard liked this, because those sharp foremen are inventing new machines and the work is easier to learn, and so these slow Lithuanians and even green girls can learn to do it, and then the Americans and Germans and Irish are put out and the employer saves money, because the Lithuanians work cheaper. This was why the American labor unions began to organize us all just the same as they had organized the Bohemians and Poles before us.

Well, we were glad to be organized. We had learned that in Chicago every man must push himself always, and Jonidas had taught us how much better we could push ourselves by getting into a combine. Now, we saw that this union was the best combine for us, because it was the only combine that could say, "It is our business to raise your wages." . . . I joined the Cattle Butchers' Union. This union is honest and it has done me a great deal of good. It has raised my wages. The man who worked at my job before the union came was getting through the year an average of $9 a week. I am getting $11. In my first job I got $5 a week. The man who works there now gets $5.75.

It has given me more time to learn to read and speak and enjoy life like an American. I never work now from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. and then be idle the next day. I work now from 7 A.M. to 5.30 P.M., and there are not so many idle days. The work is evened up.

With more time and more money I live much better and I am very happy. So is Alexandria. She came a year ago and has learned to speak English already. Some of the women go to the big store the day they get here, when they have not enough sense to pick out the clothes that look right, but Alexandria waited three weeks till she knew, and so now she looks the finest of any woman in the district. We have four nice rooms, which she keeps very clean, and she has flowers growing in boxes in the two front windows. We do not go much to church, because the church seems to be too slow. But we belong to a Lithuanian society that gives two picnics in summer and two big balls in winter, where we have a fine time. I go one night a week to the Lithuanian Concertina Club. On Sundays we go on the trolley out into the country.

But we like to stay at home more now because we have a baby. When he grows up I will not send him to the Lithuanian Catholic school. They have only two bad rooms and two priests, who teach only in Lithuanian from prayer books. I will send him to the American school, which is very big and good. The teachers there are Americans and they belong to the Teachers' Labor Union, which has three thousand teachers and belongs to our Chicago Federation of Labor. I am sure that such teachers will give him a good chance. . . .

The union is doing another good thing. It is combining all the nationalities. The night I joined the Cattle Butchers' Union I was led into the room by a negro member. With me were Bohemians, Germans and Poles, and Mike Donnelly, the President, is an Irishman. He spoke to us in English and then three interpreters told us what he said. We swore to be loyal to our union above everything else except the country, the city and the State—to be faithful to each other—to protect the women workers—to do our best to understand the history of the labor movement, and to do all we could to help it on. Since then I have gone there every two weeks and I help the movement by being an interpreter for the other Lithuanians who come in. That is why I have learned to speak and write good English. The others do not need me long. They soon learn English, too, and when they have done that they are quickly becoming Americans.

But the best thing the union does is to make me feel more independent. I do not have to pay to get a job and I cannot be discharged unless I am no good. For almost the whole 30,000 men and women are organized now in some one of our unions and they all are directed by our central council. No man knows what it means to be sure of his job unless he has been fired like I was once without any reason being given. . . . You must get money to live well, and to get money you must combine. I cannot bargain alone with the Meat Trust. I tried it and it does not work. . . .[2]

INTRODUCTION TO DOCUMENTS 3 AND 4

The Jungle stirred up a storm of criticism. President Theodore Roosevelt obtained an advance copy of the book and appointed a committee to investigate the Chicago stockyards. At precisely the same time Sinclair pressed his case with Roosevelt. He sent the president a copy of *The Jungle*, and Roosevelt wrote to Sinclair directly, asking what the Department of Agriculture might do about the situation. In his response, Sinclair warned the president that the meatpacking companies were guilty not just of unhealthy practices but also bribery and corruption. Sinclair's letter is Document 3. Three months later, the committee appointed by Roosevelt completed its investigation of the meatpacking industry, and excerpts from that report are presented in Document 4. As Sinclair had anticipated, the committee found breaches of cleanliness in some plants but also many others that were quite hygienic. The passage reprinted here describes a plant that seemed to confirm many of *The Jungle's* accusations. Remember, however, that Sinclair wrote an indictment of capitalism—his point was that the power of the packinghouses and their desire for profit necessarily caused them to cut corners, cheat workers, and sell adulterated meat. The following report went to Congress and became evidence that helped pass Senator Albert Beveridge's bill to regulate the packing industry. Even in this most critical part of the investigators' report, note that they slight Sinclair's main concern, the working conditions of the employees in Packingtown.[3]

3. UPTON SINCLAIR TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

MARCH 10, 1906

My dear President Roosevelt:

. . . I am glad to learn that the Department of Agriculture has taken up the matter of inspection, or lack of it, but I am exceedingly dubious as to what they will discover. I have seen so many people go out there and be put off with smooth pretences. A man has to be something of a detective, or else intimate with the working-men, as I have, before he can really see what is going on. And it is becoming a great deal more difficult since the publication of "The Jungle." I have received to-day a letter from an employe of Armour & Company, in response to my request to him to take Ray Stannard Baker in hand and show him what he showed me a year and a half ago. He says: "He will have to be well disguised, for 'the lid is on' in Packingtown; he will find two detectives in places where before there was only one." You must understand that the thing which I have called the "condemned meat industry," is a matter of hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. I see in to-day's "Saturday Evening Post" that Mr. Armour declares in his articles . . . that "In Armour and Company's business not one atom of any condemned animal or carcass, finds its way, directly or indirectly, from any source, into any food product or food ingredient." Now, compare with that the following extract from a formal statement transmitted to Doubleday, Page & Company by Mr. Thomas H. McKee, attorney at law. . . who is a personal friend of Mr. Walter H. Page, and was sent out to Chicago by that firm to investigate the situation:

> With a special conductor, Mr. B. J. Mullaney, provided for me by Mr. Urion, attorney for Armour interests, I went through the Armour plant again. . . . I saw six hogs hung in line which had been condemned. A truck loaded with chopped up condemned hogs was in my presence (I followed it) placed in one of the tanks from which lard comes. I asked particularly about this and the inspector together with Mr. Hull stated that lard and fertilizer would be the product from that tank. . . . Of the six condemned hogs referred to two were afflicted with cholers, their skin being red as blood and the legs scabbed; three were marked "tubercular," though they appeared normal to a layman, the sixth had an ulcer in its side which was apparent.

So much for Mr. McKee. For myself, I was escorted through Packingtown by a young lawyer who was brought up in the district, had worked as a boy in Armour's plant, and knew more or less ultimately every foreman, "spotter," and watchman about the

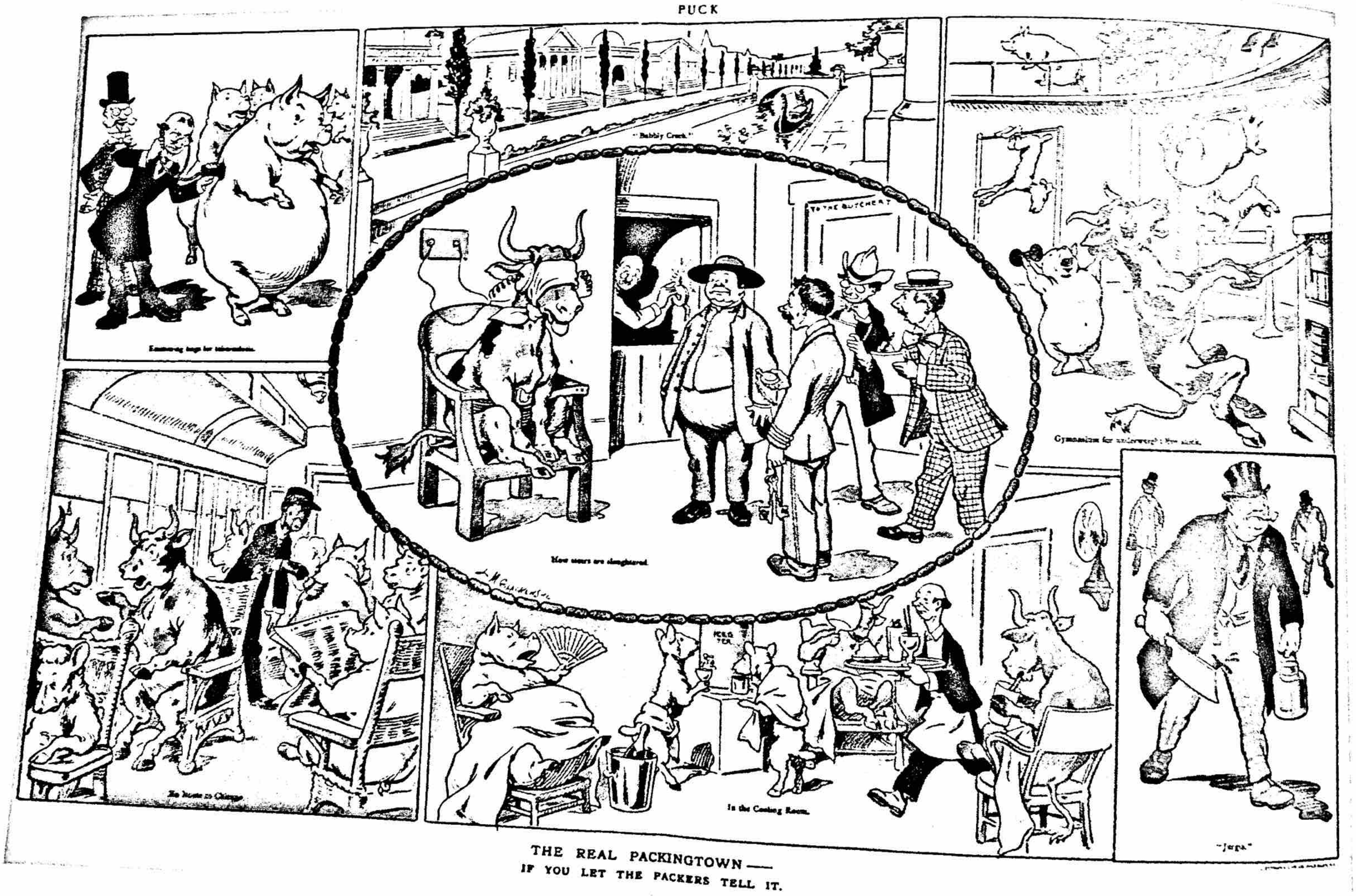
PUCK
Examining hogs for tuberculosis.
"Bubbly Creek."
TO THE BUTCHERY
Gymnasium for underweight live stock.
How steers are slaughtered.
ICED TEA
En Route to Chicago.
In the Cooling Room.
"Jurgis."
L. M. Glackens
THE REAL PACKINGTOWN —
IF YOU LET THE PACKERS TELL IT.

Image 6.3 "The Real Packingtown—If You Let the Packers Tell It" (1906)

Louis Glackens satirized the rosy descriptions of the meat packing industry made by the company owners. Upton Sinclair's lead character in *The Jungle*, Jurgis, is depicted at lower right as a well-heeled butcher, rather than a degraded factory worker. But perhaps most interesting are the vignettes that caricature the industry's claims that animals were well treated, quite at odds with the stark brutality depicted in *The Jungle* and the federal investigation of Packingtown.

Source: L. M. Glackens, in *Puck*, July 4, 1906 place. I saw with my own eyes hams, which had spoiled in pickle, being pumped full of chemicals to destroy the odor. I saw waste ends of smoked beef stored in barrels in a cellar, in a condition of filth which I could not describe in a letter. I saw rooms in which sausage meat was stored, with poisoned rats lying about, and the dung of rats covering them. . . .

Finally, I might add that I have a long affidavit from a man named Thomas F. Dolan, now at the head of the Boston & Maine News Bureau, who was for many years a superintendent in Armour's plant, and has letters to show that he was considered by Armour as the best man he ever employed. He makes oath to Armour's custom of taking condemned meat out of the bottoms of the tanks, into which they had been dropped with the idea of rendering them into fertilizer. It seems that the tanks are or were then built with a false bottom, which lets down on a hinge; and that when you stand at the top and see the meat dropped in, you are flooded by blinding clouds of steam which pour up from a pipe down in the tank. When this affidavit was published, Dolan was paid $5,000 by Armour to make another one contradicting himself. He took the $5,000 and went on to give away the whole story, which was published in the "Evening Journal," March 16, 1899. . . .

Baker knows intimately a man who is high in the counsels of Armour and Company, and was present at a conference in which Ogden Armour personally gave the decision to bribe Dolan.

. . . It would give me great pleasure to come down to Washington to see you at any time, but I would rather it was after you had read "The Jungle," because I have put a good deal of myself into that.

You ask—"Is there anything further, say in the Department of Agriculture, which you would suggest my doing?" I would suggest . . . that you find a man concerning whose intelligence and integrity you are absolutely sure; send him up here, or let me meet him in Washington, and tell him all that I saw, and how I saw it, and give him the names and addresses of the people who will enable him to see it. Then let him go to Packingtown as I did, as a working-man; live with the men, get a job in the yards, and use his eyes and ears; and see if he does not come out at the end of a few weeks feeling, as did the special correspondent of the London "Lancet," whom I met in Chicago, that the conditions in the packing-houses constitute a "menace to the health of the civilized world."

Thank you for your kind interest,
Very sincerely, Upton Sinclair.[4]

4. REPORT ON THE MEATPACKING INDUSTRY (1906)

The Senate and House of Representatives:

I transmit herewith the report of Mr. James Bronson Reynolds and Commissioner Charles P. Neill, the special committee whom I appointed to investigate into the conditions in the stock yards of Chicago and report thereon to me. . . . The conditions shown by even this short inspection to exist in the Chicago stock yards are revolting. It is imperatively necessary in the interest of health and of decency that they should be radically changed. Under the existing law it is wholly impossible to secure satisfactory results. . . . I urge the immediate enactment into law of provisions which will enable the Department of Agriculture adequately to inspect the meat and meat food products entering into interstate commerce and to supervise the methods of preparing the same, and to prescribe the sanitary conditions under which the work shall be performed. . . .

Theodore Roosevelt
The White House, June 4, 1906

CONDITION OF THE YARDS

Before entering the buildings we noted the condition of the yards themselves as shown in the pavement, pens, viaducts, and platforms. The pavement is mostly of brick, the bricks laid with deep grooves between them, which inevitably fill with manure and refuse. Such pavement can not be properly cleaned and is slimy and malodorous when wet, yielding clouds of ill-smelling dust when dry. The pens are generally uncovered except those for sheep; these latter are paved and covered. The viaducts and platforms are of wood. Calves, sheep, and hogs that have died en route are thrown out upon the platforms where cars are unloaded. On a single platform on one occasion we counted fifteen dead hogs, on the next ten dead hogs. The only excuse given for delay in removal was that so often heard—the expense.

BUILDINGS

Ventilation—Systematic ventilation of the workrooms is not found in any of the establishments we visited. In a few instances electric fans mitigate the stifling air, but usually the workers toil without relief in a humid atmosphere heavy with the odors of rotten wood, decayed meats, stinking offal, and entrails.

Equipment—The work tables upon which the meat is handled, the floor carts on which it is carried about, and the tubs and other receptacles into which it is thrown are generally of wood. In all the places visited but a single porcelain-lined receptacle was seen. Tables covered with sheet iron, iron carts, and iron tubs are being introduced into the better establishments, but no establishment visited has as yet abandoned the extensive use of wooden tables and wooden receptacles. These wooden receptacles are frequently found water soaked, only half cleansed, and with meat scraps and grease accumulations adhering to their sides, and collecting dirt. . . .

Sanitary conveniences—Abominable as the above-named conditions are, the one that affects most directly and seriously the cleanliness of the food products is the frequent absence of any lavatory provisions in the privies. Washing sinks are either not furnished at all or are small and dirty. Neither are towels, soap, or toilet paper provided. Men and women return directly from these places to plunge their unwashed hands into the meat to be converted into such food products as sausages, dried beef, and other compounds. Some of the privies are situated at a long distance from the workrooms, and men relieve themselves on the killing floors or in a corner of the workrooms. Hence, in some cases the fumes of the urine swell the sum of nauseating odors arising from the dirty, blood-soaked, rotting, wooden floors—fruitful culture beds for the disease germs of men and animals. . . .

TREATMENT OF MEATS AND PREPARED FOOD PRODUCTS

A particularly glaring instance of uncleanliness was found in a room where the best grade of sausage was being prepared for export. It was made from carefully selected meats, and was being prepared to be eaten uncooked. In this case the employee carted the chopped-up meat across a room in a barrow, the handles of which were filthy with grease. The meat was then thrown out upon tables, and the employee climbed upon the table, handled the meat with his unwashed hands, knelt with his dirty apron and trousers in contact with the meat he was spreading out, and, after he had finished his operation, again took hold of the dirty handles of the wheelbarrow, went back for another load, and repeated this process indefinitely. Inquiry developed the fact that there was no water in this room at all, and the only method the man adopted for cleaning his hands was to rub them against his dirty apron or on his still filthier trousers.

As an extreme example of the entire disregard on the part of employees of any notion of cleanliness in handling dressed meat, we saw a hog that had just been killed, cleaned, washed, and started on its way to the cooling room fall from the sliding rail to a dirty wooden floor and slide part way into a filthy men's privy. It was picked up by two employees, placed upon a truck, carried into the cooling room and hung up with other carcasses, no effort being made to clean it. . . .

All of [the] canned products bear labels, of which the following is a sample: "The contents of this package have been inspected according to the act of Congress of March 3, 1891. QUALITY GUARANTEED."

The phraseology of these labels is wholly unwarranted. The Government inspectors pass only upon the healthfulness of the animal at the time of killing. They know nothing of the process through which the meat has passed since this inspection. They do not know what else may have been placed in the cans in addition to "inspected meat." As a matter of fact, they know nothing about the "contents" of the can upon which the packers place these labels—do not even know that it contains what it purports to contain. The legend "Quality guaranteed" immediately following the statement as to Government inspection is wholly unjustifiable. It deceives and is plainly designed to deceive the average purchaser, who naturally infers from the label that the Government guarantees the contents of the can to be what it purports to be. . . .

TREATMENT OF EMPLOYEES

The lack of consideration for the health and comfort of the laborers in the Chicago stock yards seem to be a direct consequence of the system of administration that prevails. The various departments are under the direct control of superintendents who claim to use full authority in dealing with the employees and who seem to ignore all considerations except those of the account book. Under this system proper care of the products and of the health and comfort of the employees is impossible, and the consumer suffers in consequence. The insanitary conditions in which the laborers work and the feverish pace which they are forced to maintain inevitably affect their health. Physicians state that tuberculosis is disproportionately prevalent in the stock yards, and the victims of this disease expectorate on the spongy wooden floors of the dark workrooms, from which falling scraps of meat are later shoveled up to be converted into food products.

Even the ordinary decencies of life are completely ignored. In practically all cases the doors of the toilet rooms open directly into the working rooms, the privies of men and women frequently adjoin, and the entrances are sometimes no more than a foot or two apart. In other cases there are no privies for women in the rooms in which they work, and to reach the nearest it is necessary to go up or down a couple of flights of stairs. In one noticeable instance the privy for the women working in several adjoining rooms was in a room in which men chiefly were employed, and every girl going to use this had to pass by the working places of dozens of male operatives and enter the privy, the door of which was not 6 feet from the working place of one of the men operatives. As previously noted, in the privies for men and women alike there are no partitions, but simply a long row of open seats. . . .

The neglect on the part of their employers to recognize or provide for the requirements of cleanliness and decency of the employees must have an influence that can not be exaggerated in lowering the morals and discouraging cleanliness on the part of the workers employed in the packing houses. The whole situation as we saw it in these huge establishments tends necessarily and inevitably to the moral degradation of thousands of workers, who are forced to spend their working hours under conditions that are entirely unnecessary and unpardonable, and which are a constant menace not only to their own health, but to the health of those who use the food products prepared by them. . . .[5]

INTRODUCTION TO DOCUMENTS 5 AND 6

The meatpacking industry had been very resistant to federal regulation, but *The Jungle* and subsequent publicity so stirred up the public that some sort of federal intervention was all but inevitable. Packinghouses quickly turned to damage control—the industry had to win back public confidence by seeming to be out front on reform. Even advertising shifted toward issues of cleanliness, as evident in Document 5. "The Massachusetts State Board of Health Endorses William Underwood

Company's Products," magazine ads in 1906 declared; "The report shows their ABSOLUTE PURITY and freedom from improper adulterants and preservatives. . . . [and] recommends the Wm. Underwood Co.'s CANNING PLANTS as MODELS to be copied by others in the same business." Document 6 is an open letter from Louis F. Swift, president of one of the largest packing houses in Chicago, that addressed these issues; the letter was reprinted in *The Outlook*, on June 23, 1906.

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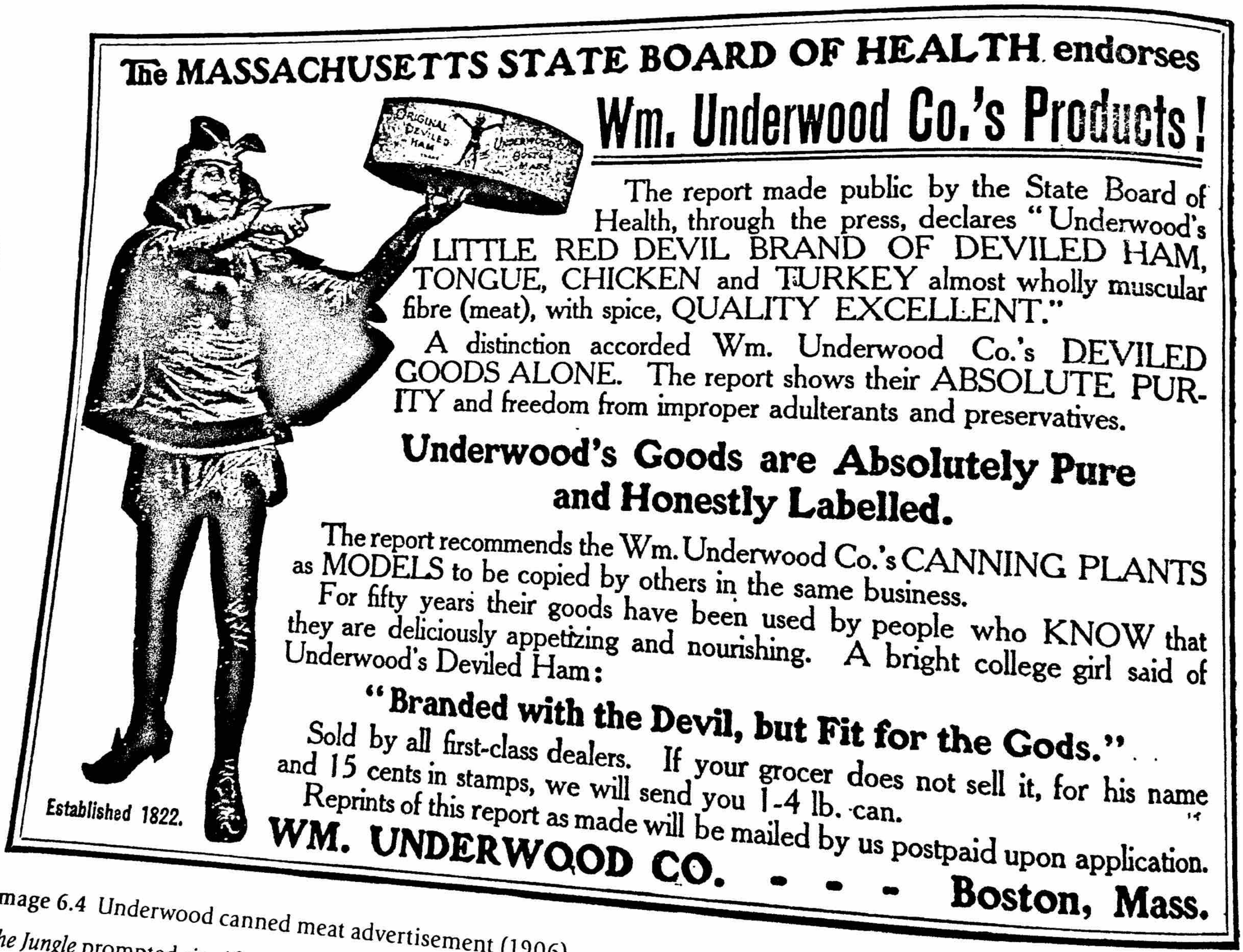
5. UNDERWOOD CANNED MEAT ADVERTISEMENT (1906)



Original Deviled Ham
Underwood Boston Mass.

The MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD OF HEALTH endorses

Wm. Underwood Co.'s Products!

The report made public by the State Board of Health, through the press, declares "Underwood's LITTLE RED DEVIL BRAND OF DEVILED HAM, TONGUE, CHICKEN and TURKEY almost wholly muscular fibre (meat), with spice, QUALITY EXCELLENT."

A distinction accorded Wm. Underwood Co.'s DEVILED GOODS ALONE. The report shows their ABSOLUTE PURITY and freedom from improper adulterants and preservatives.

Underwood's Goods are Absolutely Pure and Honestly Labelled.

The report recommends the Wm. Underwood Co.'s CANNING PLANTS as MODELS to be copied by others in the same business.

For fifty years their goods have been used by people who KNOW that they are deliciously appetizing and nourishing. A bright college girl said of Underwood's Deviled Ham:

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods."

Sold by all first-class dealers. If your grocer does not sell it, for his name and 15 cents in stamps, we will send you 1-4 lb. can.

Reprints of this report as made will be mailed by us postpaid upon application.

Established 1822.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO. - - - Boston, Mass.

Image 6.4 Underwood canned meat advertisement (1906)

The Jungle prompted significant reforms in the meatpacking industry, reflected in the tone and content of advertisements thereafter. But note how Upton Sinclair's main concern, the welfare of the workers, saw little change.

Source: Country Life in America, October 1906. Courtesy Penrose Library, University of Denver.

6. LETTER FROM LOUIS F. SWIFT TO *THE OUTLOOK*

Swift & Company
Union Stock Yards.
Office of the President.
Chicago, June 14, 1906.

Government Supervision of the Meat Industry

No. 1. All cattle, sheep, and hogs purchased by Swift & Company are U.S. Government inspected, both before and after dressing. Those condemned in the ante-mortem inspection are refused and disposed of under local health authorities' supervision.

No. 2. The animals condemned by the Federal inspectors after dressing are destroyed under the inspector's supervision. Ante-mortem and post-mortem inspection is now furnished by the Government only when requested and not compulsory under present law. Swift & Company have always been strong advocates of thorough Government inspection both before and after slaughter, and we desire an extension of these regulations to cover all packing and slaughtering establishments, in order that uniform regulations may govern the entire industry; and to be compulsory.

No. 3. All processes in the preparation of meats to be under Federal inspection, which should require (*a*) that the meats are from healthy animals proper for food; (*b*) that the conditions under which the work is conducted are sanitary.

No. 4. The Government should pay the cost of inspection, thus affording the packer the same protection given the consumer. The packer does not produce any animals, and under Government inspection will not accept any showing traces of disease in the live examination. The packer now stands the loss of any animals condemned in the postmortem examination, and to add an inspection fee is unfair.

Swift & Company want to be fully understood when they say that the same *open-door policy* which has prevailed in their plants will continue, the public being welcome to inspect the conditions under which the work is conducted, Further, we desire the continuance of Government inspection for all of our own plants and its strict compulsory enforcement in all other plants, regulating both the inspection of dressed meats and all food products, and the conditions under which the work is performed. . . .

Louis F. Swift, President.

POSTSCRIPT

Louis Swift endorsed in almost every detail Senator Albert Beveridge's bill, which became the Meat Inspection Act of 1906. One reason that the large meat packers supported the bill can be found in a single sentence in Swift's letter:

> We desire the continuance of Government inspection for all of our own plants and its strict compulsory enforcement in all other plants, regulating both the inspection of dressed meats and all food products, and the conditions under which the work is performed.

Many independent butchers objected to the Meat Inspection Act because they simply would not be able to afford the equipment and labor to comply with its provisions. The large packers saw this as an opportunity to drive out small competitors and increase their markets. Moreover, the federal government acting as an impartial guarantor of cleanliness reassured the public at home and abroad, who returned to buying meat from the packing companies. In exchange for a bit of federal interference, the large packers now operated in a much more stable marketplace.

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think Upton Sinclair exaggerated the conditions in Packingtown? How does his account and letter to the president compare to the report in document 4? To Antanas Kaztauskis's story?
2. What did Upton Sinclair mean when he said that he aimed at the public's heart but hit it in the stomach? What accounts for the wide appeal of *The Jungle*?
3. What issues do these documents reveal about the role of government in protecting the health of citizens?
4. How did Sinclair think about the poor? About immigrants?
5. How would you characterize the relationship between business, workers and government in the Progressive Era based on these documents?

ADDITIONAL READING

The literature on the Progressive Era is extensive. Two classic works are Robert Wiebe, *The Search for Order* (1966), and Gabriel Kolko, *The Triumph of Conservatism* (1967). For a more recent synthesis of historians' thinking, see Steven J. Diner, *A Very Different Age* (1998); for politics in the era, see Michael McGerr, *A Fierce Discontent* (2005). For background on Chicago, see Dominic Pacyga, *Polish Immigrants and Industrial Chicago* (2003) and *Chicago: A Biography* (2011); and David L. Miller, *City of the Century* (1997). On the stockyards and Packingtown, see James R. Barrett, *Work and Community in the Jungle* (1988); Louise Caroll Wade, *Chicago's Pride* (1988); and Dominic Pacyga, *Slaughterhouse* (2015). *The Autobiography of Upton Sinclair* (1962) offers insight into the man, as do Kevin Mattson's *Upton Sinclair and the Other American Century* (2006) and Anthony Arthur's *Radical Innocent: Upton Sinclair* (2006). Related works include James Harvey Young, *Securing the Federal Food and Drug Act of 1906* (1989); Alan Dawley, *Struggles for Justice* (1991); and Elizabeth Sanders, *Roots of Reform* (1999).

ENDNOTES

1. Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle* (New York: Doubleday, 1906).
2. *The Independent*, v.57 (August 4, 1904), pp. 241–248.
3. President Roosevelt's letter to Sinclair located in the Theodore Roosevelt papers (microfilm), Division of Manuscripts, Library of Congress, Series 2, Reel 340, p. 103.
4. Letter from Upton Sinclair to President Theodore Roosevelt, March 10, 1906; Records of the Office of the Secretary of Agriculture, Record Group 16. National Archives and Records Administration.
5. Hearings before the Committee on Agriculture. . . on the So-Called "Beveridge Amendment" to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill. . .; 59th Congress, 1st Session. (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1906).