

CHAPTER
15

Section 2

PRIMARY SOURCE *from How the Other Half Lives*
by Jacob Riis

Jacob Riis, a Danish immigrant, worked for 12 years on the Lower East Side as a police reporter for the New York Tribune. In 1890 he published How the Other Half Lives, a shocking glimpse of slum life. What sights, sounds, and smells does Riis include in this description of a New York tenement?

Be a little careful, please! The hall is dark and you might stumble over the children pitching pennies back there. Not that it would hurt them; kicks and cuffs are their daily diet. They have little else. Here where the hall turns and dives into utter darkness is a step, and another, another. A flight of stairs. You can feel your way, if you cannot see it. Close? Yes! What would you have? All the fresh air that ever enters these stairs comes from the hall door that is forever slamming, and from the windows of dark bedrooms that in turn receive from the stairs their sole supply of the elements God meant to be free, but man deals out with such niggardly hand. That was a woman filling her pail by the hydrant you just bumped against. The sinks are in the hallway, that all the tenants may have access—and all be poisoned alike by their summer stench. Hear the pump squeak! It is the lullaby of tenement house babes. In summer, when a thousand thirsty throats pant for a cooling drink in this block, it is worked in vain. But the saloon, whose open door you passed in the hall, is always there. The smell of it has followed you up. Here is a door. Listen! That short hacking cough, that tiny, helpless wail—what do they mean? They mean that the soiled bow of white [a sign of a recent birth] you saw on the door downstairs will have another story to tell—Oh! a sadly familiar story—before the day is at an end. The child is dying with measles. With half a chance it might have lived; but it had none. That dark bedroom killed it.

“It was took all of a suddint,” says the mother, smoothing the throbbing little body with trembling hands. There is no unkindness in the rough voice of the man in the jumper, who sits by the window grimly smoking a clay pipe, with the little life ebbing out in his sight, bitter as his words sound: “Hush, Mary! If we cannot keep the baby, need we complain—such as we?”

Such as we! What if the words ring in your ears as we grope our way up the stairs and down from floor to floor, listening to the sounds behind the

closed doors—some of quarrelling, some of coarse songs, more of profanity. They are true. When the summer heats come with their suffering they have meaning more terrible than words can tell. Come over here. Step carefully over this baby—it is a baby, spite of its rags and dirt—under these iron bridges called fire escapes, but loaded down, despite the incessant watchfulness of the firemen, with broken household goods, with washtubs and barrels, over which no man could climb from a fire. This gap between dingy brick walls is the yard. That strip of smoke-colored sky up there is the heaven of these people. Do you wonder the name does not attract them to the churches? That baby’s parents live in the rear tenement here. She is at least as clean as the steps we are now climbing. There are plenty of houses with half a hundred such in. The tenement is much like the one in front we just left, only fouler, closer, darker—we will not say more cheerless. The word is a mockery. A hundred thousand people lived in rear tenements in New York last year. Here is a room neater than the rest. The woman, a stout matron with hard lines of care in her face, is at the washtub. “I try to keep the childer clean,” she says, apologetically, but with a hopeless glance around. The spice of hot soapsuds is added to the air already tainted with the smell of boiling cabbage, of rags and uncleanness all about.

from Jacob Riis, How the Other Half Lives: Studies Among the Tenements of New York (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1970), 32–34.

Discussion Questions

1. What urban problems discussed in your textbook does Riis touch upon in this passage?
2. How would you describe the effect of poverty on children?
3. List three sights, sounds, and smells that in your opinion Riis used most effectively to evoke the reality of slum life.

CHAPTER
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Section 3

LITERATURE SELECTION *from The Jungle*
by Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair's shocking portrayal of Chicago slaughterhouses in the early 1900s, as seen through the eyes of Lithuanian immigrants, raised the public's awareness and prompted Congress to pass the Meat Inspection Act and the Pure Food and Drug Act. How do characters in this excerpt from his novel respond to working in a meatpacking plant?

Entering one of the Durham buildings, they [Jurgis and Jokubas] found a number of other visitors waiting; and before long there came a guide, to escort them through the place. They make a great feature of showing strangers through the packing plants, for it is a good advertisement. But *ponas* Jokubas whispered maliciously that the visitors did not see any more than the packers wanted them to.

They climbed a long series of stairways outside of the building, to the top of its five or six stories. Here was the chute, with its river of hogs, all patiently toiling upward; there was a place for them to rest to cool off, and then through another passageway they went into a room from which there is no returning for hogs.

It was a long, narrow room, with a gallery along it for visitors. At the head there was a great iron wheel, about twenty feet in circumference, with rings here and there along its edge. Upon both sides of this wheel there was a narrow space, into which came the hogs at the end of their journey; in the midst of them stood a great burly Negro, bare-armed and bare-chested. He was resting for the moment, for the wheel had stopped while men were cleaning up. In a minute or two, however, it began slowly to revolve, and then the men upon each side of it sprang to work. They had chains, which they fastened about the leg of the nearest hog, and the other end of the chain they hooked into one of the rings upon the wheel. So, as the wheel turned, a hog was suddenly jerked off his feet and borne aloft.

At the same instant the ear was assailed by a most terrifying shriek; the visitors started in alarm, the women turned pale and shrank back. The shriek was followed by another, louder and yet more agonizing—for once started upon that journey, the hog never came back; at the top of the wheel he was shunted off upon a trolley, and went sailing down the room. And meantime another was swung up, and then another, and another, until there was a double line of them, each dangling by a foot and kicking in

frenzy—and squealing. The uproar was appalling, perilous to the eardrums; one feared there was too much sound for the room to hold—that the walls must give way or the ceiling crack. There were high squeals and low squeals, grunts, and wails of agony; there would come a momentary lull, and then a fresh outburst, louder than ever, surging up to a deafening climax. It was too much for some of the visitors—the men would look at each other, laughing nervously, and the women would stand with hands clenched, and the blood rushing to their faces, and the tears starting in their eyes.

Meantime, heedless of all these things, the men upon the floor were going about their work. Neither squeals of hogs nor tears of visitors made any difference to them; one by one they hooked up the hogs, and one by one with a swift stroke they slit their throats. There was a long line of hogs, with squeals and lifeblood ebbing away together; until at last each started again, and vanished with a splash into a huge vat of boiling water. . . .

The carcass hog was scooped out of the vat by machinery, and then it fell to the second floor, passing on the way through a wonderful machine with numerous scrapers, which adjusted themselves to the size and shape of the animal, and sent it out at the other end with nearly all of its bristles removed. It was then again strung up by machinery, and sent upon another trolley ride; this time passing between two lines of men, who sat upon a raised platform, each doing a certain single thing to the carcass as it came to him. One scraped the outside of a leg; another scraped the inside of the same leg. One with a swift stroke cut the throat; another with two swift strokes severed the head, which fell to the floor and vanished through a hole. Another made a slit down the body; a second opened the body wider; a third with a saw cut the breastbone; a fourth loosened the entrails; a fifth pulled them out—and they also slid through a hole in the floor. There were men to scrape each side and men to scrape the back; there

were men to clean the carcass inside, to trim it and wash it. Looking down this room, one saw, creeping slowly, a line of dangling hogs a hundred yards in length; and for every yard there was a man, working as if a demon were after him. At the end of the hog's progress every inch of the carcass had been gone over several times; and then it was rolled into the chilling room, where it stayed for twenty-four hours and where a stranger might lose himself in a forest of freezing hogs.

Before the carcass was admitted here, however, it had to pass a government inspector, who sat in the doorway and felt of the glands in the neck for tuberculosis. This government inspector did not have the manner of a man who was worked to death; he was apparently not haunted by a fear that the hog might get by him before he had finished his testing. If you were a sociable person, he was quite willing to enter into a conversation with you, and to explain to you the deadly nature of the ptomaines which are found in tubercular pork; and while he was talking with you you could hardly be so ungrateful as to notice that a dozen carcasses were passing him untouched. This inspector wore a blue uniform, with brass buttons, and he gave an atmosphere of authority to the scene, and, as it were, put the stamp of official approval upon the things which were done in Durham's.

Jurgis went down the line with the rest of the visitors, staring openmouthed, lost in wonder. He had dressed hogs himself in the forest of Lithuania; but he had never expected to live to see one hog dressed by several hundred men. It was like a wonderful poem to him, and he took it all in guilelessly—even to the conspicuous signs demanding immaculate cleanliness of the employees. Jurgis was vexed when the cynical Jokubas translated these signs with sarcastic comments, offering to take them to the secret rooms where the spoiled meats went to be doctored. . . .

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. The packers were always originating such schemes—they had what they called “boneless hams,” which were all the odds and ends of pork stuffed into casings; and “California hams,” which were the shoulders, with big knuckle joints, and nearly all the meat cut out; and fancy “skinned hams,” which were made of the oldest hogs, whose skins were so heavy and coarse no one would buy them—that is, until they had been cooked and chopped fine and labeled “head cheese!”

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 moldy 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 shoveled into carts, and the man who did the shoveling 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. There was no place for the men to wash their hands before they ate their dinner, and so they made a practice of washing them in the water that was to be ladled into the sausage. There were the butt-ends of smoked meat, and the scraps of corned beef, and all the odds and ends of the waste of the plants, that would be dumped into old barrels in the cellar and left there. Under the system of rigid economy which the packers enforced, there were some jobs that it only paid to do once in a long time, and among these was the cleaning out of the waste barrels. Every spring they did it; and in the barrels would be dirt and rust and old nails and stale water—and cartload after cartload of it would be taken up and dumped into the hoppers with fresh meat, and sent out to the public's breakfast. Some of it they would make into "smoked" sausage—but as the smoking took time, and was therefore expensive, they would call upon their chemistry department, and preserve it with borax and color it with gelatin to make it brown. All of their sausage came out of the same bowl, but when they came to wrap it they would stamp some of it "special," and for this they would charge two cents more a pound.

Such were the new surroundings in which Elzbieta was placed, and such was the work she was compelled to do. It was stupefying, brutalizing work; it left her no time to think, no strength for anything. She was part of the machine she tended, and every faculty that was not needed for the machine was doomed to be crushed out of existence. There was only one mercy about the cruel grind—that it gave her the gift of insensibility. Little by little she sank into a torpor—she fell silent. She would meet Jurgis and Ona in the evening, and the three would walk

home together, often without saying a word. Ona, too, was falling into a habit of silence—Ona, who had once gone about singing like a bird. She was sick and miserable, and often she would barely have strength enough to drag herself home. And there they would eat what they had to eat, and afterward, because there was only their misery to talk of, they would crawl into bed and fall into a stupor and never stir until it was time to get up again, and dress by candlelight, and go back to the machines. They were so numbed that they did not even suffer much from hunger, now; only the children continued to fret when the food ran short.

Yet the soul of Ona was not dead—the souls of none of them were dead, but only sleeping; and now and then they would waken, and these were cruel times. The gates of memory would roll open—old joys would stretch out their arms to them, old hopes and dreams would call to them, and they would stir beneath the burden that lay upon them, and feel its forever immeasurable weight. They could not even cry out beneath it; but anguish would seize them, more dreadful than the agony of death. It was a thing scarcely to be spoken—a thing never spoken by all the world, that will not know its own defeat.

They were beaten; they had lost the game, they were swept aside. It was not less tragic because it was so sordid, because it had to do with wages and grocery bills and rents. They had dreamed of freedom; of a chance to look about them and learn something; to be decent and clean, to see their child grow up to be strong. And now it was all gone—it would never be! They had played the game and they had lost. Six years more of toil they had to face before they could expect the least respite, the cessation of the payments upon the house; and how cruelly certain it was that they could never stand six years of such a life as they were living!

Discussion Questions

1. How does Jurgis react to the tour of Durham's meatpacking plant?
2. In your own words, describe how working in a meatpacking plant affects Ona and Elzbieta.
3. In your opinion, which details in this excerpt most convincingly highlight problems in the meatpacking industry in the early 1900s?
4. Based on your reading of this excerpt, why do you think Sinclair titled his novel *The Jungle*?

CHAPTER
15

Section 2

PRIMARY SOURCE *from Twenty Years at Hull-House*
by Jane Addams

On September 18, 1889, social reformers Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr moved into Hull-House, a dilapidated mansion in the midst of the Chicago slums. As you read this excerpt, think about why they undertook this social experiment.

In those early days we were often asked why we had come to live on Halsted Street when we could afford to live somewhere else. I remember one man who used to shake his head and say it was “the strangest thing he had met in his experience,” but who was finally convinced that it was “not strange but natural.” In time it came to seem natural to all of us that the Settlement should be there. If it is natural to feed the hungry and care for the sick, it is certainly natural to give pleasure to the young, comfort to the aged, and to minister to the deep-seated craving for social intercourse that all men feel. Whoever does it is rewarded by something which, if not gratitude, is at least spontaneous and vital and lacks that irksome sense of obligation with which a substantial benefit is too often acknowledged. . . .

From the first it seemed understood that we were ready to perform the humblest neighborhood services. We were asked to wash the newborn babies, and to prepare the dead for burial, to nurse the sick, and to “mind the children.”

Occasionally these neighborly offices unexpectedly uncovered ugly human traits. For six weeks after an operation we kept in one of our three bedrooms a forlorn little baby who, because he was born with a cleft palate, was most unwelcome even to his mother, and we were horrified when he died of neglect a week after he was returned to his home; a little Italian bride of fifteen sought shelter with us one November evening, to escape her husband who had beaten her every night for a week when he returned home from work, because she had lost her wedding ring. . . .

We were also early impressed with the curious isolation of many of the immigrants; an Italian woman once expressed her pleasure in the red roses that she saw at one of our receptions in surprise that they had been “brought so fresh all the way from Italy.” She would not believe for an instant that they had been grown in America. She said that she had lived in Chicago for six years and had never seen any roses, whereas in Italy she had seen them every summer in

great profusion. During all that time, of course, the woman had lived within ten blocks of a florist’s window; she had not been more than a five-cent car ride away from the public parks; but she had never dreamed of faring forth for herself, and no one had taken her. Her conception of America had been the untidy street in which she lived and had made her long struggle to adapt herself to American ways.

But in spite of some untoward experiences, we were constantly impressed with the uniform kindness and courtesy we received. Perhaps these first days laid the simple human foundations which are certainly essential for continuous living among the poor: first, genuine preference for residence in an industrial quarter to any other part of the city, because it is interesting and makes the human appeal; and second, the conviction, in the words of Canon Barnett [the founder of the first settlement house, Toynbee Hall, in London] that the things which make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart, and that these basic likenesses, if they are properly accentuated, easily transcend the less essential differences of race, language, creed, and tradition.

Perhaps even in those first days we made a beginning toward that object which was afterwards stated in our charter: “To provide a center for a higher civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises; and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago.”

from Jane Addams, Twenty Years at Hull-House (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1990), 65–66.

Research Options

1. Use a print or on-line encyclopedia to find out more about the settlement-house movement, including Hull-House. Prepare an oral report.
2. Find out more about Jane Addams. Then write a brief author’s note for a new edition of *Twenty Years at Hull-House*.

CHAPTER
15

AMERICAN LIVES **Jane Addams**
Helping the Poor—and the Well-to-Do

Section 2

“Insanitary housing, poisonous sewage, contaminated water, infant mortality, the spread of contagion, adulterated food, impure milk, smoke-laden air, ill-ventilated factories, dangerous occupations, juvenile crime, unwholesome crowding, prostitution, and drunkenness are the enemies which the modern city must face and overcome would it survive.”— Jane Addams, “Utilization of Women in City Government” (1907)

Jane Addams (1860–1935) dedicated herself to helping the many poor U.S. immigrants at the turn of the century. In the process of helping them, she also aimed to help even the middle class.

Illinois-born Jane Addams was little more than two when her mother died, and she was raised by her father. He was a successful businessman, and she loved him deeply. She attended college—unusual for females of her time—but the same year that she graduated, her father died. Plagued by frail health and dissatisfied with the restrictions of her middle-class life, Addams drifted for a few years. Then, on a tour of Europe with her college roommate, Ellen Gates Starr, she visited a settlement house in London. At Addams’s urging, the two decided to create such a house in the United States.

They returned to the United States and in 1889 purchased a rundown mansion in Chicago. Hull House, as it was called, had been in the suburbs of Chicago when it was built. Now it was surrounded by tenements housing immigrants. It was the perfect location for their idea.

Addams and Starr did not know exactly what to do at first. One of their first programs offered the nearby Italian immigrants a chance to hear a novel read aloud in Italian and see photographs of Italy. The event was not a success. Soon, though, they saw a need: to create a kindergarten for the immigrants’ young children. It was welcomed eagerly and launched many years of helpful programs. Eventually Hull House provided art and craft classes, created a theater group, and offered classes teaching English and job skills. The settlement house grew to be a large complex of buildings visited by some two thousand Chicagoans each week.

From the start, Hull House had two purposes. It was intended not only to help the poor immigrants but also to provide benefits for the middle class. Addams and Starr wished to give privileged young people—especially young women—a chance

to learn skills, experience life, and take part in important activity. By working at the settlement house, they could avoid “being cultivated into un-nourished and over-sensitive lives.”

They attracted many talented people to their work. Those who worked at Hull House backed such causes as improving urban sanitation and ending child labor. They convinced Illinois to require safety inspections in factories and to create the first court system for juveniles.

While Addams and Starr worked together at Hull House, Addams was the chief spokeswoman for the effort. In countless speeches and articles and a number of books, she backed various social reforms. She also became a powerful voice on behalf of opportunities for women.

In later years, she embraced the cause of peace. This position cost her some support during World War I, but she did not hesitate to take her stand. She became president of the Woman’s International League for Peace and Freedom in 1919 and was a founding member of the American Civil Liberties Union the next year. For her peace efforts, she won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931. She died just four years later.

Questions

1. What kind of programs do you think helped immigrants the most?
2. What opportunities were available to middle-class women in Addams’s time?
3. Would it be helpful to have settlement houses or similar programs in cities today?

CHAPTER
15**Section 3****AMERICAN LIVES****William Marcy “Boss” Tweed**
Corrupt Boss of the Political Machine

“There is not in the history of villainy a parallel for the gigantic crime against property conspired [to] by the Tammany Ring.”—Henry G. Stebbins, report of the Committee of Seventy that investigated the Tweed Ring (1871)

William Marcy Tweed was the most spectacular example of the corrupt boss of the urban political machine of the 1800s. Rising from obscurity to control New York City in a time of its great growth, Tweed and his friends raked in a fortune. Then their empire quickly collapsed.

Tweed (1823–1878) was born in New York. He became a bookkeeper and seemed ready for modest success. After becoming chief of a volunteer fire company, he turned to politics, running for alderman as a Democrat. Knowing that he would probably lose the election to the Whig candidate, he persuaded a friend to run as an independent Whig. By splitting that party’s vote, Tweed won the election.

Tweed took over New York’s Democratic Party, called Tammany Hall after its headquarters. Soon he was elected to the board of supervisors. Despite having no legal training, he opened a law office in 1860. One client paid him \$100,000 in one year alone, knowing that his so-called legal advice would prove useful. Winning the election of friends to various city posts, “Boss” Tweed built his power. In 1861 his candidate defeated a rival for mayor. The campaign cost Tweed \$100,000—but he made the money back quickly.

Soon thereafter Tweed was the head of several New York politicians, a corrupt group—known as a “ring”—that took over control of city finances. They cheated the government out of millions of dollars.

In 1868, the ring controlled the mayor of New York City, the speaker of the state assembly, and the state’s governor. In 1869, the ring decided that all bills sent to New York City and the county would be doubled, with the extra money going into their pockets. Later the share was increased even more.

Because the city did not enjoy complete free-

dom from state control, Tweed had a new city charter written. It appeared to simplify city government, thus winning the support of many prominent New Yorkers as a useful reform. Its real purpose, though, was to increase Tammany control over the city government. Tweed got the state legislature to pass the charter.

By authorizing the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, Tweed collected \$40,000 in stock. The millions received from the fraudulent scheme to build the county courthouse was split five ways. Four parts went to Tweed and three friends. The final share was used to distribute among lesser politicians.

In 1870, the press began a campaign against the Tweed Ring. *Harper’s Weekly*, led by cartoonist Thomas Nast, was first. It was followed by the *New York Times*. The next year, two Democratic opponents of the ring gave the *Times* official records that showed widespread corruption. The ring offered the newspaper \$5 million not to publish the evidence—and another \$500,000 to Nast to stop drawing his cartoons. But they went ahead, and New Yorkers rose in anger. An investigating committee condemned Tweed and his partners, who were then arrested. Tweed spent his last eight years in and out of court and prison. He died in jail at age 55.

Questions

1. What was Tweed’s first political “dirty trick”?
2. What was the secret to Tweed’s success as long as it lasted?
3. The evidence offered to the *New York Times* in 1871 included pages from the city’s account books. Why would they be damaging to the ring?