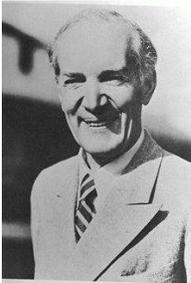


Mr. Saccullo

The Muckrakers



Upton Sinclair *The Jungle*

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 glycerin, 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.



Ida Tarbell *History of the Standard Oil Company*

Very often people who admit the facts, are willing to see that Mr. Rockefeller has employed force and fraud to secure his ends, justify him by declaring, “It’s business.” That is, “it’s business” has come to be a legitimate excuse for hard dealing, sly tricks, special privileges. It is a common enough thing to hear men arguing that the ordinary laws of morality do not apply in business. And what are we going to do about it, for it is our

business? We the people of the United States, and nobody else, must cure whatever is wrong in the industrial situation, typified by this narrative of the growth of the Standard Oil Company. That our first task is to secure free and equal transportation privileges by rail, pipe and waterway is evident. It is not an easy matter. It is one which may require operations which will seem severe; but the whole system of discrimination has been nothing but violence, and those who have profited by it cannot complain if the curing of the evils they have wrought bring hardship in turn on them. At all events, until the transportation matter is settled, and right, the monopolistic trust will be with us -- a leech on our pockets, a barrier to our free efforts.



Jacob Riis, *How the Other Half Lives*

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 an ungenerous 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 you saw on the door downstairs will have another story to tell-Oh!! A sadly familiar story-before the day is at an end. That dark bedroom killed it.



SEWING AND STARVING IN AN ELIZABETH STREET ATTIC.

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 wash-tubs and barrels, over which no man could climb from a fire.

The Tenement House

Many newcomers to American cities lived and worked in crowded tenements. Jacob Riis, who had emigrated to the United States from Denmark at the age of 21, described New York City tenement life in 1890 in his book How the Other Half Lives.

A description of life in a Ludlow Street tenement: Up two flights of dark stairs, three, four, with new smells of cabbage, of onions, of frying fish, on every landing, whirring sewing machines behind closed doors betraying what goes on within, to the door that opens to admit the bundle and the man. A sweater [a sweatshop operator] this, in a small way. Five men and a woman, two young girls, not fifteen, and a boy who says unasked that he is fifteen, and lies in saying it, are at the machines sewing knickerbockers, "knee-pants" in the Ludlow Street dialect. The floor is littered ankle-deep with half-sewn garments. In the alcove on a couch of many dozens of "pants" ready for the finisher, a barelegged baby with pinched face is asleep. The faces, hands, and arms to the elbows of everyone in the room are black with the color of the cloth on which they are working. The boy and the woman alone look up at our entrance. The girls shoot sidelong glances, but at a warning look from the man with the bundle, they tread their machines more energetically than ever. The men do not appear to be aware even of the presence of a stranger.



BANDIT'S ROOST

The majority of the children seek the public school, where they are received sometimes with misgivings on the part of the teachers, who find it necessary to inculcate lessons of cleanliness in the worst cases by practical demonstration with wash-bowl a soap... In the Allen Street public school the experienced principal has embodied among the elementary lessons... a characteristic exercise. The question is asked daily from the teacher's desk: "What must I do to be healthy?" and the whole school responds:

"I must keep my skin clean,
Wear clean clothes,
Breathe pure air,
and live in the
sunlight."

Using Primary Source Documents

The Muckrakers	Upton Sinclair	Ida Tarbell	Jacob Riis	The Tenement House
Which of the following contributed to the problem your person spoke about. Industrialization, Urbanization, Immigration?				
What problem did your Muckraker write about?				
List the major problems that your muckraker wrote about in an effort to correct a problem.				
What Square Deal reform do you think was passed to try to correct the problem?				

SQUARE DEAL REFORMS	
<p style="text-align: center;">Action</p> <p><i>The Meat Inspection Act (1906)</i></p> <p><i>The Pure Food and Drug Act (1906)</i></p> <p><i>The Elkins Act (1903)</i></p> <p><i>The Commerce Department (1903)</i></p> <p><i>The Hepburn Act (1906)</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Reform</p> <p>Inspected (federal) of all meat crossing state lines (first consumer protection law passed by Congress).</p> <p>Forbade the sale of contaminated goods and false labeling.</p> <p>Expanded powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC).</p> <p>Enforcement of anti-trust legislation.</p> <p>Authorized Interstate regulation of oil pipelines, railroad terminals, sleeping car companies, and bridges.</p>

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