

Meat Packing Scandals

English System of Inspection Declared by London Scientists to be Useless and Inefficient—Disgusting Condition of Slaughter Houses—Horrors of "Rotten Row" at Smithfield Market—United States by Curtis Brown.

All Rights Strictly Reserved.

Special to The News.

London Aug. 31.—Guiltily American meat packers may at least rejoice in having companions in crime. Examinations just made in England by various sanitary authorities conclusively demonstrate that English meat packers and other food manufacturers are quite on a par with their American cousins whom they have so loudly denounced recently.

From every part of London, and indeed from all the big cities of England come reports from sanitary authorities to the effect that conditions prevailing in a number of canning factories, in meat markets, slaughter houses and butcher shops "could not be worse."

According to statements made over their own signatures by many of the most prominent public analysts, meat prepared and put up by English packers is often in a condition not only dangerous to the public health but

tion which renders it highly dangerous for human consumption. "Even when meat is in a fairly decent condition, I have seen it offered for sale under circumstances which render it unfit for human food. In England a large amount of trading is done from what we call barrows, or, as the Americans say, push carts, from salt and meat to furniture and fish. Again and again I have seen push carts with meat and fish for sale standing over open foul-smelling drains and sewers. Naturally this meat, often being warm and freshly killed, forms a splendid culture medium for all sorts of germs, and of course, when human beings buy it it is literally reeking with all sorts of bacterial matter. A great deal of it gets fly-blown, and if we had any decent inspection in this country it would be condemned. There should be no sale of meat from push carts, and also it should be forbidden to expose meat on the dusty streets, unprotected by glass covering, as is done in every butcher shop in England.

"No matter what may be said of Chicago, we have equally bad conditions prevailing here, not only in the sale of what is misnamed 'fresh' meat, but also in the canned goods variety." Bearing out Dr. Cooper's statements as to canned goods, every analyst of London employed to make special examinations of British tinned goods found the condition prevailing quite as bad as those existing in America before the great "house-cleaning" there. As a matter of fact, nearly every London public analyst just now has his hands full making analyses of canned meats and other canned goods. Special attention is being given to British produce, and some startling revelations have just been made. At the special instances of the Local Government Board no less than twenty-eight different sections of London have taken up the investigation of canned goods from various English triepacking houses. In every public laboratory—and there is one for nearly every district of London—you see piles of canned goods standing waiting for analysis, while specially employed chemists, microscopists, and bacteriologists are looking assiduously for evidences of diseased and deleterious matter in the contents of the supposed irreproachable English canned goods about which packers have been boasting so much.

"I have seen with my own eyes crates of Ostend rabbits treated with



DR. D. L. THOMAS, MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH FOR STEPNEY, Making a Microscopic Examination of Some Canned Meat. Dr. Thomas Has Analyzed More Food Than Any Other Medical Officer in England.

absolutely poisonous. All sorts of ruses and dodges are employed for concealing the real nature of the food-stuffs prepared in this country.

When the first announcement of the Chicago exposures reached England a universal shout went up from meat packers to the effect that had "home industries" been patronized there would have been no cause for alarm. Almost immediately the importation of American canned goods dropped off to an alarming extent, and the American industry received a staggering blow. No opportunity was lost by British packers themselves and the "trade" generally, to roast American products of every kind; and while wrecking the American market these packers made desperate attempts to get their own products prominently before the public. Stores in various parts of London displayed big signs reading "No American tinned goods sold here—British products only" and "Use Honest British Goods; don't eat vile American stuff."

But the triumph was not for long. Dr. F. Cooper, one of the best known medical men in London, who is also member of Parliament, and of the London County Council, rose up bravely to say in public that English meat packers and sellers were as guilty as their American rivals. In a statement made to the writer on this subject, Dr. Cooper said:

"The public has no conception of the filthy conditions prevailing in most of the English slaughter houses, especially the small private ones. Chicago's worst place could not be any worse than these. Most of the small slaughter houses in England are absolutely without any inspection whatever; the butchers may kill when they like and under whatever conditions they please. The places literally reek with filth; they are never properly cleaned up, and the conditions under which animals are slain make the meat unfit for human consumption. I have proof of the sale in London of the carcasses of animals that have died of tuberculosis in various parts of the country.

"As for meat inspection in this country it does not exist. The inspectors have no training whatever—they know nothing about bacteriological or microscopical examination. They only have their sense of smell to go by. Butchers know this; and when they have meat which is particularly bad, and smells so 'foul' that even an inspector would notice it, they treat the meat with permanganate of potash, which kills the smell temporarily—at

permananganat: of potash to keep them from smelling, and sold at the ridiculously low price of seventy-five cents per crate. This is practically giving them away. They have to be sold for the reason that the permanganate only keeps them from smelling for a short time, and if they are not gotten rid of quickly even the purchasers would realize their condition.

"It must be remembered that rabbit is one of the staple articles of consumption among the poorer classes in England. Thousands of tons of rabbit are sold on the London market each year. Of course, I do not say that all this meat is bad, but a large quantity of it is. None of it is properly inspected, and it is often sold in a condition

self to be photographed while at work. "We examine in this district," said Dr. Thomas, "four stuffs from all parts of the world. We have fruits and pulps from Tasmania; rabbits, fruit and meat from Australia; meats, salmon and fruits from Canada, and some fruit from California. We have practically no canned goods from the American Beef Trust in our district. Most of our stuff is British, therefore, and our results point conclusively to the fact that British goods are no better than those from America; and, in many cases, much worse. For instance, to give some interesting figures, in 1901 110 tons of impure food were destroyed; in 1902 430 tons of bad food were destroyed; in 1903 488 tons of bad food were destroyed, while in 1904 there were 735 tons of British food which had to be condemned. The remarkable increase from 1901 to 1904 shows the loose methods employed in packing tinned meats. On an average in our district alone during the five years there has been one ton of tinned goods destroyed daily.

"Previous to the introduction of systematic laboratory work all this enormous quantity of bad food stuffs was sold to the public. As a matter of fact, it was a well-known dodge, only a few years ago, to sell some of this food as manure, when it was in such a condition that the owners feared they might be prosecuted if its consumption led to fatalities. The buyers were not given receipts for their money until after the day of purchase, and then, on the bill, the magic words 'not to be used for human consumption' were written. This let the seller out in the event of trouble. Undoubtedly much of this stuff—fit only for manure—was sold in the poor districts, and used as food by human beings. I am inclined to think this quite on a par with anything that happened in Chicago, if it does not go it 'one better'.

"As every one knows, tinned meats become 'blown' if decomposition goes on in the cans—that is, the ends of the cans bulge out from the gases of decomposition. Often when these tins are open the most offensive smell is given forth. Previous to our rigid examination of the foods, it was a practice among certain dealers to prick the tins with microscopic needles to let out the decomposing gases, and then to have the tin relabeled and resealed. As a consequence large quantities of rotten, decayed tinned foods found their way on the market, and I have no doubt many deaths would have been traced to them had their condition been suspected. When I was medical officer of health to the Limehouse Board of Works I instituted proceedings against one of the largest houses engaged in this practice, the case lasted several days, and attracted widespread attention. This particular dealer, I am glad to say, went to prison under a sentence of five months hard labor. Since that time 'blown' tins have been conspicuously absent, and I have been unable to find any trace, in my district at least, of the 'pricking' process I have described.

"A good deal of tinned food is sold which has not reached the 'blow' stage. These cans can always be distinguished by the fact that when you tap them on the outside they give forth a more resonant note than sound tins. The gases which have gathered inside the tin make a note from half a tone to a tone higher than the note given out by the sound tin. In good meat, well packed, the sound is dead.

In old cans we often find large quantities of tin mixed in with the food. This is very injurious to the health and may cause severe illness, and even death from setting up gastro-intestinal trouble. The maximum amount of tin which I have found in English canned goods has been as follows: Lobster, 2.94 grains per pound; mackerel, 2.55 grains per pound; pineapple, 2.97 grains per pound; salmon, 1.32 grains; condensed milk, 2.37 grains; apricot, 2.92 grains; black current jelly, 1.96 grains.

"Of course all this is highly deleterious. In salmon I have found traces of lead as well as quantities of tin. Food that has been tinned more than three years should be looked on with suspicion.

"With reference to canned meats, we really have no propped system of

be ascertained by what we call a physiological test—that is, trying the stuff on guinea pigs or mice and observing its effect. As we are placed today, diseased meat may be packed in this country with impunity, and we will be none the wiser. We have no proper system of inspection which would prevent dealers from doing pretty much as they liked. Meat should be inspected for disease before it is killed, and no meat should be allowed to be sold unless it undergoes this inspection. Then, again, there is no proper inspection of private slaughter houses—buthers kill when and where they please. As to canned meat, we cannot tell from examining the contents of a can whether the meat was put up under clean, sanitary conditions or not. As a rule, when we find traces of boracic acid and other preservatives in meat tins the presumption is that bad meat has been put up and that the preservatives have been introduced to make it.

"We often find that bad meat is used in London when 'minced.' This meat is spiced to disguise the smell, and only be allowed at stated times when under proper inspection. "In our district we have found some of the tripe shops and other meatplaces where small quantities are sold to be in a filthy condition. In one place I examined I found two tons of meat, consisting of sheep's heads, tripe, liver and species of hog's head cheese in a vat under the most disgraceful conditions. In the same room was an open sewer, with a broken drain. In another of these shops the condition were so disgusting that I instigated proceedings and succeeded in getting the proprietor fined \$100. This dealer finally closed up and was forced out of business.

"There are large quantities of horse meat sold in London, but it is mostly used for feeding cats. At the same time, you never see horses' tongues being sold for cats' meat. I am under the impression that many horses' tongues are used in London for human consumption."

Confirming the opinions of Dr. Thomas, which are here given, owing to the fact that he analyzed a larger quantity of foodstuff than any other medical officer of London, are the opinions of nearly all other London analysts. Some even have found even worse conditions than Dr. Thomas. In fact, the medical officer for Bethnal Green—in the East End of London—found a can of brawn—a species of hog's head cheese—used as food in London, which was literally reeking with living organisms. This was worse than anything found in America or other meat examined. As a matter of fact, the reports of London analysts with reference to American canned goods have been decidedly favorable; it has been found that there was more preservatives, larger deposits of tin, and more unsound meat in British canned goods than in the goods coming from American packing houses.

W. B. NORTHROP.

Britain's Unbreached Clergy.

From the London Vanity Fair. It is being gravely mooted that the picturesque dress of bishops, deans, and archdeacons might be extended to the rest of the clergy. As a matter of fact, the seventy-fourth canon prescribed that identical dress for the white of the clergy, and they are in consequence entitled, if not in duty bound, to adopt it. In the country the breeches and garters would be a very sensible alternative to trousers, and it is somewhat surprising that while many of the rural clergy wear knickerbockers, but few have adopted breeches, which were especially enjoined on them by the canon.

Not Unprofessional.

From the Baltimore Sun. A capital story is being told of a K. C. now much in the public eye. He once took up a brief for nothing and won the case. The grateful client, however, sent a postal order for 15 shillings, which the K. C. accepted through the office of giving offense by sending back. At the bar mess one of the barristers jocularly accused him of unprofessional conduct in accepting less than gold. "Excuse me," replied the K. C., "but I took all the poor beggar had, consider that is not unprofessional."

An Idea.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. "There's a lot of talk in the papers," said Mr. Dumley, "about the necessity of uniform divorce laws. I wonder what that means?" "Probably," suggested Mrs. Dumley, "it's to compel divorced people to wear a uniform, so other folks can recognize 'em."

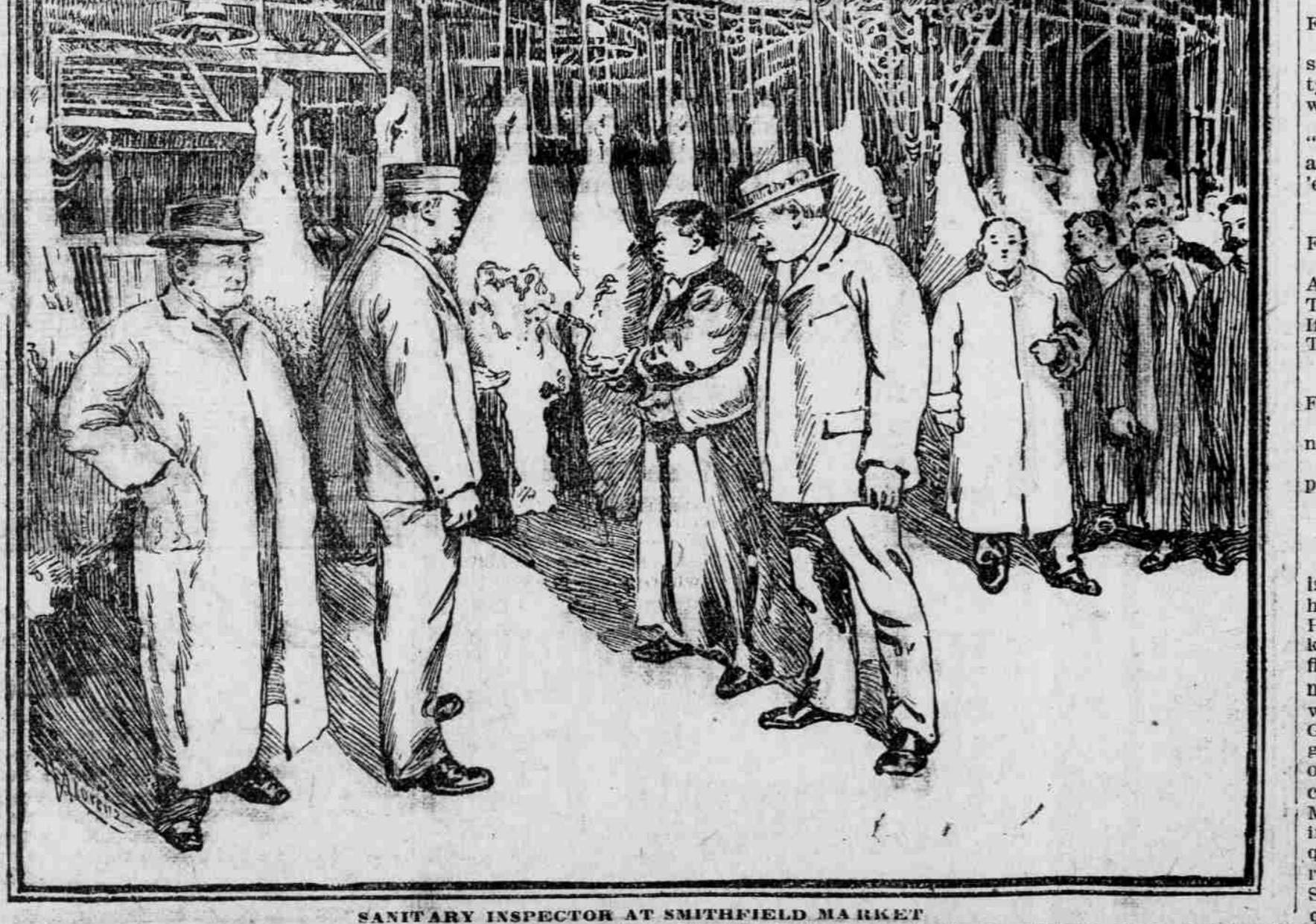
At The Court of St. James.

From the New York Sun. We report with deep regret the Ambassadors will find no joke. The hands across the sea to poke if Roosevelt sends up in smoke. The common tongue that Shakespeare spoke.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Miss Heverley—How do you pronounce e-m-o-n-p-o-int? Mr. Knox—Oh! it's easy enough to pronounce that. Miss Heverley—How? Mr. Knox—Fat.

The New York Hotel Register which is everywhere known as authority on hotel matters, says the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is known everywhere as the largest and finest summer hotel in the world. Almost "everybody who is anybody" it would seem, may be found at the Grand Union during the summer. This great hotel is noted for the excellence of its service, fine table, select music, concerts and balls. The proprietors, Messrs. Woodley and Gerrans, operate in addition to the Grand Union, the Iriquois at Buffalo, N. Y., and Hotel Marie Antoinette, Broadway, 66th to 67th Street, New York City, Booklet on request.



SAFETY INSPECTOR AT SMITHFIELD MARKET Taking a "Sample" from a Side of Meat to Ascertain Whether It Is Tuberculous or Not. The Visits of London Sanitary Inspectors Are Always "Surprises."

Doc. Gordon

(Copyright, 1906, by Mary D. Wilkins-Freeman. All rights Reserved)

CHAPTER XV.

James sat as if turned to stone. All in a second he realized what it must be. He let Clemency's hand go, and leaned back in his chair. "What do you mean, Clemency?" he asked finally, but he realized how senseless the question was. He knew perfectly well what she meant, and he knew perfectly well that she was utterly helpless before her accusation.

"You know," said Clemency, still in her unnatural hard voice. "You killed her."

"How?"

"You know. You gave her more morphine, and her heart was weak. Emma overheard Uncle Tom say so, and that more morphine was dangerous. She might have been alive to-day if it had not been for you."

James sat staring at the girl. She went on pitilessly. "You did not see Emma that last time you came upstairs," she said, "but she saw you. She was standing in the door of the room, and she had no light. She saw you and Mrs. Blair going away from her room, and she heard Mrs. Blair tell you she was dead. You killed her. I was not going whatever to do with a murderer."

James remembered that draught of cold air. It must have come from the open door of Emma's room at the end of the hall. He understood that Emma could not have seen him coming upstairs, but that she had seen him with Mrs. Blair at the door of the sickroom; and had jumped at her conclusion.

"Emma knew when you went upstairs first," said Clemency. You left her door a little ajar. Emma saw you give her a hypodermic. And then when that did not kill her you gave her another. Uncle Tom did not know. He must never know, for it would kill him, but you did kill her."

James was silent for a moment. He realized the impossibility of clearing himself from the accusation unless he told the whole truth and implicated Doctor Gordon. Finally he said, miserably enough, "You don't know how horribly she was suffering, dear. You don't know what torments she would treat him to suffer."

He knew when she said that that he incriminated himself. Clemency retorted immediately, "You don't know, I have heard Uncle Tom say that 'nobody can ever know.' She might have gotten well. Anyway, you killed her." With that Clemency sprang up and ran out of the room, and James heard her sob.

As for himself, he remained where he was for a long time. He never knew how long. He felt numb. He realized himself to be in a great gulf of misunderstanding, from which he could not be extricated, even for the sake of Clemency. It seemed to him again that he must go away, but he remembered Gordon's pitiful plea to him to remain. Finally he went into his room, to find that Emma, in her absurd malice, had left only the coverlid on the bed. She had stripped it of the sheets and blankets. He lay down with his clothes on and passed a sleepless night.

And the next morning at the breakfast-table he looked haggard and pale. He could eat nothing. Doctor Gordon looked at him keenly.

"What is the matter, Elliot?" he asked.

Clemency gave a quick glance at him, and her face worked.

"Nothing," replied James. "You look downright ill."

"I am not ill."

Clemency rose abruptly and left the table.

"What is the matter, Clemency? Where are you going?" Gordon called out.

"I have finished my breakfast," the girl replied in a stifled voice.

Gordon insisted on making some calls that morning, and relieving James. "You are worn out, my son," he said in a voice of real affection, and clapped him on the shoulder. He sent James on a short round in spite of George K. took James by the arm, and the young man felt him tremble. "What is it?" asked George K.

"I hardly know," James replied in a whisper.

"I know," said George K. By the light from the office window James could see that the man was actually weeping. His great ruddy face was streaming with tears. "Don't I know?" he sobbed.

James remembered the stuffed canary and the wax flowers, and the story Gordon had told him of George K.'s grief over his wife's death.

"I dare say you are right," he returned.

"He's broken his heart, that's what he's doin'," said George K. "Can't you get him to go away for a change or somethin'?"

"I have tried."

"He'll die of it," George K. said with a great gulp as he went out of the yard. When James remembered the office Gordon looked up at him. "That poor old fellow called you out to talk about me," he said quietly. "I know I'm going downhill."

can't get over the thought of it. I can't help it, but I do love you. We will not get married. You know we were not going to get married just yet anyway. I love you. We will go on just the same. Only don't look the way you did this morning at breakfast."

"How did I look?"

"As if your heart was broken."

"So it is not."

"No, it is not. I love you, I tell you. What is the need of bothering about marriage anyway? I am perfectly happy being engaged. Annie says she is never going to get married. Let the marriage alone. Only you won't look so any more, will you, dear?"

CHAPTER XVI.

After this James encountered a strange state of things; the semblance of happiness, which almost deceived him as to its reality.

Clemency was as loving as she had ever been. "I knew the child could never hold out, and it was Annie Lipton," he said. James admitted that Annie Lipton might have been the straw which turned the balance. He knew that Clemency had not told Gordon of her conviction that he had given the final dose of morphine to her aunt. Everything now went on as before. Clemency suddenly became aware of Emma's petty persecutions of James, and they ceased. James one day could not help overhearing a conversation between the two. He was in the stable and the kitchen windows were open. He heard only a few words. "You don't mean to say you are going to hev' him?" said Emma in her strident voice.

"No, I am not," returned Clemency's sweet, decided one.

"What be you goin' with him again for then?"

James knew how the girl blushed at that, but she answered with spirit. "That is entirely my own affair, Emma," she said, "and as long as Doctor Elliot remains under this roof, and pays for it, too, he must be treated decently. You don't pass him things, you don't fill his lamp. Now you must treat him exactly as you did before, or I shall tell Uncle Tom."

"You won't tell him why?" said Emma, and there was alarm in her voice, for she adored Gordon.

"Did you ever know me to go from one to another in such a way?" asked Clemency. "You know if I told Uncle Tom, he would not put up with it a minute. He thinks the world of Doctor Elliot."

"It's awful queer how men folks can be imposed on," said Emma.

"That has nothing to do with it," Clemency said. "You must treat Doctor Elliot respectfully, Emma."

"I'm jest as good as he be," said Emma resentfully.

"Well, what if you are? He's as good as you, isn't he? And he treats you civilly. He always has."

"I'm a good deal better than he be," Emma went on frantically. "I wouldn't have come and went, and—"

"Hush!" ordered Clemency in a frightened voice. "Emma, you must do as I say."

James drove out of the yard and heard no more, but after that he had no fault to find with Emma, so far as her service was concerned. It is true that she gave him malignant glances, but she made him comfortable, albeit unwillingly. It was fortunate for him that she did so, or he would have found his position almost unbearable. Doctor Gordon relaxed again into his state of apathetic gloom. His strength also seemed to wane. Almost the whole practice devolved upon James. Gordon seemed less and less interested even in extreme cases.

George K. also lost his power over him. Now and then of an evening he came, but Gordon, save to offer him a cigar, took scarcely any notice of him. One evening George K. made a motion to James behind Gordon's back when he took leave, and James made an excuse to follow him out. In the drive George K. took James by the arm, and the young man felt him tremble. "What is it?" asked George K.

"I hardly know," James replied in a whisper.

"I know," said George K. By the light from the office window James could see that the man was actually weeping. His great ruddy face was streaming with tears. "Don't I know?" he sobbed.

James remembered the stuffed canary and the wax flowers, and the story Gordon had told him of George K.'s grief over his wife's death.

"I dare say you are right," he returned.

"He's broken his heart, that's what he's doin'," said George K. "Can't you get him to go away for a change or somethin'?"

"I have tried."

"He'll die of it," George K. said with a great gulp as he went out of the yard. When James remembered the office Gordon looked up at him. "That poor old fellow called you out to talk about me," he said quietly. "I know I'm going downhill."