Muckrakers Documents Activity

 For this activity your group will be presented with a series of ten documents from muckrakers (see introduction to muckrakers below) and other influential progressive leaders concerning issues of the progressive era. Complete the three assignments below:

1. **Group Directions: Choose 4 of the documents in this packet to complete a HIPP analysis using the template provided. We have already analyzed documents 5 & 6, so your choices must be from the other documents listed in the packet. Submit, as a group, all four documents into Google Classroom.**

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Introduction to Muckrakers

The term muckraker was used in the Progressive Era to characterize reform-minded American journalists who wrote largely for all popular magazines. The modern term is investigative journalism, and investigative journalists today are often informally called "muckrakers." They relied on their own reporting and often worked to expose social ills and corporate and political corruption. Muckraking magazines–notably McClure's of publisher S. S. McClure–took on corporate monopolies and crooked political machines while raising public awareness of chronic urban poverty, unsafe working conditions, and social issues like child labor.

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**Document 1 Background Information** In 1906, Upton Sinclair published "The Jungle". A story of Jurgis Rudkus, a Lithuanian immigrant working in the meatpacking industry. Jurgis sees his American dream of a decent life dissolve into nightmare as his job hauling steer carcasses in the stockyards leaves him bone-weary and unable to support his family.

The novel leads to significant food safety reform, including the passage of the “Meat Processing Act” that still exists today. Yet Sinclair considered his triumph empty. He complained that the tragedy of industrial life and his socialist preaching were being lost in the meat controversy. He stated, "I aimed at the public's heart, and by accident I hit it in the stomach,"

***Document 1:*** *“The Jungle”*

**Section 1-** 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. There were the "hoisters," as they were called, whose task it was to press the lever which lifted the dead cattle off the floor. They ran along upon a rafter, peering down through the damp and the steam; and as old Durham's architects had not built the killing room for the convenience of the hoisters, at every few feet they would have to stoop under a beam, say four feet above the one they ran on; which got them into the habit of stooping, so that in a few years they would be walking like chimpanzees. Worst of any, however, were the fertilizer men, and those who served in the cooking rooms. These people could not be shown to the visitor, – for the odor of a fertilizer man would scare any ordinary visitor at a hundred yards, and 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!

**Section 2-**There was meat that was taken out of pickle and would often be found sour, and 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 that no one would buy them – that is, until they had been cooked and chopped fine and labeled "head cheese!"

**Section 3-**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 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. 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.

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**Introduction to the Temperance Movement**

 The prohibition, or temperance, movement began gaining momentum in the United States as early as the 1820s. Temperance was part of a larger reform movement taking place in the United States during the nineteenth century. Reformers sought to improve people’s lives in a number of ways such as encouraging people to give up alcohol, supporting women’s rights issues, improving the treatment of criminals and the insane, and supporting universal education. Reformers often sought to improve human life by controlling it. Carrie Nation (1846-1911) was an American woman who was a radical member of the temperance movement, which opposed alcohol before the advent of Prohibition. She is particularly noteworthy for attacking the property of alcohol-serving establishments (most often taverns) with a hatchet.

***Document 2:*** Carry Nation: “Our Loving Home Defender”

I got a box that would fit under my buggy seat, and every time I thought no one would see me, I went out in the yard and picked up some brick-bats, for rocks are scarce around Medicine Lodge, and I wrapped them up and newspapers to pack in a box under my buggy seat. I hitched my horse to the buggy, but the box of smashers in, and at half past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, sixth of June, 1900, I started to Kiowa. I got there at 8:30 p.m. and stayed all night with a friend. Early next morning I had my horse put to the buggy and drove to the first place, kept by Mr. Dobson. I put the smashers on my right arm and went in. He and another man were standing behind the bar. I said ‘Mr Dobson, I told you last spring, to close this place, and you didn't do it. Now I have come with another remonstrance. Get out of my way. I don't want to strike you, but I'm going to break up this den of vice.’ I began to throw at the mirror and the bottles below the mirror. Mr Dobson and his companions jumped into a corner, seeming very much terrified. From that I went to another saloon, until I had destroyed three, breaking some of the windows in the front of the building. The last place, kept by Lewis, there was quite a young man behind the bar. I said to him ‘young man come from behind that bar. Your mother did not raise you for such a place.’ I threw a brick at the mirror, which was a very heavy one, and it did not break, but the brick fell and broke everything in its way. I began to look around for something that would break it. I was standing by a billiard table on which there was one ball. I said ‘thank God’ and picked it up, and threw it and it made a hole in the mirror. The other dive keepers closed up, stood in front of their places and would not let me come in. By this time the streets were crowded with people, most of them seemed to look puzzled. I stood in the middle of the street and spoke in this way: ‘I have destroyed three of your places of business, and if I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail; If I am not a lawbreaker your mayor and councilmen are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal, they are.’ One of the councilmen, who was the butcher, said ‘don't you think we can attend to our business.’ ‘Yes’ I said, ‘you can but you won't. I know you have manufactured many criminals and this county is burdened down with taxes to prosecute the results of these. Two murders have been committed in the last 5 years in this county, one in a dive I have just destroyed. You are a butcher of hogs & cattle, but they are butchering men, women and children and the mayor and council men are more to blame than the jointist, and now if I have done wrong in any particular, arrest me. When I was through with my speech I got him a buggy and said: I'll go home. The Marshall help my horse and said: not yet the mayor wishes to see you. I drove up where he was, and the man who owns one of the. Buildings I had smashed was standing by dr. corn the mayor and said I want you to pay for the front windows you broke up my building. I said no you are a partner of the dive keeper and the statutes hold your building responsible. The man that rents the building for any business is not better than the man who carries on the business, and you are participants criminal or party to the crime. They ran back and forward to the city attorney several times. At last they came and told me I could go. when I Went to Medicine Lodge there were seven. Where drinks were sold. I will give some reasons why they were removed. I began, although they're not as much to blame as the city official to allow them to run. There was Henry Durst, another joint US of long-standing who had accumulated quite a lot of property by this dishonest business. miss Elliot, a good Christian woman, came to my home crying bitterly and between sobs told me, that for six weeks her husband had been drinking at the bar, until he was crazy. She had been watching to feed her three children and for some days that nothing in the house but cornbread and molasses. she said that her husband had come in, wild with drink and run hit his family out and kicked over the table and she said I came to you to ask you what to do. I did not speak a word, bro I was too full of conflicting feelings, but I put on my bonnet and sister Elliot asked me what I was going to do. I told her that I did not know, but for her to come with me. We walk down to Henry displays, a distance of half a mile. I fell down on my knees before God. It was a woman on their knees on the most prominent Part of the Street. I told God about this man selling liquor to this woman's husband, and told him she had been washing to get bread, and ask God to close up his den and drive this man out. Miss Elliot also prayed. We didn't told this man that God would hear if he did not change. in less than two weeks he closed his bar, left his family there, and went to another state. His property was sold gradually and he never returned, except the move his family way, & I heard afterward. Reduced to great property.

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**Background Information for Document 3**: Margaret Sanger (1879 –1966) was an American birth control activist, sex educator, and nurse. Sanger popularized the term birth control, opened the first birth control clinic in the United States, and established organizations that evolved into the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Sanger's efforts contributed to several judicial cases that helped legalize contraception in the United States. Sanger is a frequent target of criticism by opponents of birth control but remains an iconic figure in the American reproductive rights movement.

**Document 3:** Margaret Sanger – Excerpt from “The Case for Birth Control.”

 For centuries, woman has gone forth with man to till the fields, to feed and clothe the nations. She has sacrificed her life to populate the earth. She has overdone her labors. She now steps forth and demands that women shall cease producing in ignorance. To do this she must have knowledge to control birth. This is the first immediate step she must take toward the goal of her freedom. Those who are opposed to this are simply those who do not know. Any one who like myself has worked among the people and found on one hand an ever-increasing population with its ever-increasing misery, poverty and ignorance, and on the other hand a stationary or decreasing population with its increasing wealth and higher standards of living, greater freedom, joy and of happiness, cannot doubt that birth control is the livest issue of the day and one on which depends the future welfare of the race. No other country in the world has so large a number of abortions nor so large a number of deaths of women resulting therefrom as the United States of America. Our lawmakers close their virtuous eyes. A most conservative estimate is that there are 250,000 abortions performed in this country every year. How often have I stood at the bedside of a woman in childbirth and seen the tears flow in gladness and heard the sigh of "Thank God" when told that her child was born dead! What can man know of the fear and dread of unwanted pregnancy? What can man know of the agony of carrying beneath one's heart a little life which tells the mother every instant that it cannot survive? Even were it born alive the chances are that it would perish within a year. Do you know that three hundred thousand babies under one year of age die in the United States every year from poverty and neglect, while six hundred thousand parents remain in ignorance of how to prevent three hundred thousand more babies from coming into the world the next year to die of poverty and neglect? Is it not time for our physicians, social workers and scientists to face this array of facts and stop quibbling about woman's morality? I say this because it is these same people who raise objection to birth control on the ground that it may cause women to be immoral. Solicitude for woman's morals has ever been the cloak Authority has worn in its age-long conspiracy to keep woman in bondage. But we in this country are, after all, just emerging from the fight for a higher education of women which met with the same abjection only a few years ago. We know now that education has not done all the dreadful things to women that its opponents predicted were certain to result. Is woman's health not to be considered? Is she to remain a producing machine? Is she to have time to think, to study, to care for herself? Man cannot travel to his goal alone. And until woman has knowledge to control birth she cannot get the time to think and develop. Until she has the time
to think, neither the suffrage question nor the social question nor the labor question will interest her, and she will remain the drudge that she is and her husband the slave that he is just as long as they continue to supply the market with cheap labor. Let me ask you- Has the State any more right to ravish a woman against her will by keeping her in ignorance than a man has through brute force? Has the State a better right to decide when she shall bear offspring? Picture a woman with five or six little ones living on the average working man's wage of ten dollars a week. The mother is broken in health and spirit, a worn out shadow of the woman she once was. Where is the man or woman who would reproach me for trying to put into this woman's hands knowledge that will save her from giving birth to any more babies doomed to certain poverty and misery and perhaps to disease and death. Am I to be classed as immoral because I advocate small families for the working class while Mr. Roosevelt can go up and down the length of the land shouting and urging these women to have large families and is neither arrested nor molested but considered by all society as highly moral? But I ask you which is the more moral — to urge this class of women to have only those children she desires and can care for, or to delude her into breeding thoughtlessly. Which is America's definition of morality?

 -Margaret Sanger

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**Introduction to the Social Gospel Movement**

The Social Gospel movement is a Protestant Christian intellectual movement that was most prominent in the early 20th century United States and Canada. The movement applied Christian ethics to social problems, especially issues of social justice such as economic inequality, poverty, alcoholism, crime, racial tensions, slums, unclean environment, child labor, inadequate labor unions, poor schools, and the danger of war. Walter Rauschenbusch (1861–1918) was a Christian theologian and Baptist pastor who taught at the Rochester Theological Seminary. Rauschenbusch was a key figure in the Social Gospel movement.

**Document 4: Walter Rauschenbusch, Excerpts from “A Theology for the Social Gospel”**

“If theology stops growing or is unable to adjust itself to its modern environment and to meet its present tasks, it will die. The social gospel needs a theology to make it effective; but theology needs the social gospel to vitalize it. The argument is built on the conviction that the social gospel is a permanent addition to our spiritual outlook and that its arrival constitutes a stage in the development of the Christian religion. We need not waste words to prove that the social gospel is being preached. It has set new problems for local church work, and has turned the pastoral and organizing work of the ministry into new and constructive directions. It has imparted a wider vision and a more statesmanlike grasp to the mission…The adjustment of the Christian message to the regeneration of the social order is plainly one of the most difficult tasks ever laid on the intellect of religious leaders. The pioneers of the social gospel have had a hard time trying to consolidate their old faith and their new aim. Does not our traditional theology deserve some of the blame for this spiritual wastage because it left these men without spiritual support and allowed them to become the vicarious victims of our theological inefficiency? If our theology is silent on social salvation, we compel college men and women, workingmen, and theological students, to choose between an unsocial system of theology and an irreligious system of social salvation. It is not hard to predict the outcome. If we seek to keep Christian doctrine unchanged, we shall ensure its abandonment. Instead of being an aid in the development of the social gospel, systematic theology has often been a real clog. When a minister speaks to his people about child labor or the exploitation of the lowly by the strong; when he insists on adequate food, education, recreation, and a really human opportunity for all, there is response. People are moved by plain human feeling and by the instinctive convictions which they have learned from Jesus Christ. But at once there are doubting and dissenting voices. We are told that environment has no saving power; regeneration is what men need; we cannot have a regenerate society without regenerate individuals; we do not live for this world but for the life to come; it is not the function of the church to deal with economic questions; any effort to change the social order before the coming of the Lord is foredoomed to failure. These objections all issue from the theological consciousness created by traditional church teaching. These half-truths are the proper product of a half-way system of theology in which there is no room for social redemption. Thus the Church is halting between two voices that call it. On the one side is the voice of the living Christ amid living men to-day; on the other side is the voice of past ages embodied in theology.”

- Walter Rauschenbusch

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**Background Information:** Lincoln Joseph Steffens (1866 –1936) was a New York reporter who launched a series of articles in McClure's that would later be published together in a book titled The Shame of the Cities. He is remembered for investigating corruption in municipal government in American cities.

**Document 5: Lincoln Steffens, “The Shame of the Cities”**

The Philadelphia machine isn’t the best. It isn't sound, and i doubt if it would stand in New York or Chicago. The enduring strength of the typical American political machine is that is is a natural growth, a sucker, but deep-rooted in the people. The New Yorkers vote for Tammany Hall. The Philadelphians do not vote; they are disenfranchised, and their disenfranchisement is one anchor of the foundation of the Philadelphia organization.

 This is no figure of speech. The honest citizens of Philadelphia have no more rights at the polls than the Negroes down South. Nor do they fight very hard for this basic privilege. You can arouse their Republican ire by talking about the black Republican votes lost in the Southern States by white Democratic intimidation, but if you remind the average Philadelphian that he is in the same position, he will look startled, then say, “That’s so, that’s literally true, only I never thought of it in just that way.” And it is literally true.

 The machine controls the whole process of voting, and practices fraud at every stage. The assessor’s list is the voting list, and the assessor is the machine’s man. The assessor pads the list with the names of dead dogs, children, and non-existent persons. One newspaper printed the picture of a dog, another that of a little four-year-old Negro boy, down on such a list. A ring orator in a speech resenting sneers at his ward as “low down” reminded his hearers that that was the ward of Independence Hall and, Naming the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he closed his highest flight of eloquence with the statement that these men the fathers of American liberty, voted down here once. &, he added, with a catch in Graham, they both here yet. Rudolph Blankenburg, a persistent fighter for the right and the use of the right to vote and, by the way, and immigrants, send out just before one election a registered letter to each motor on the roles of a certain selected division. 63% or return marked not at, removed, deceased, etcetera. From one four-story house where 44 voters were addressed, eighteen letters came back undelivered; from another of forty-eight voters, came back forty-one letters; from another sixty-one out of sixty-two; from another forty-four out of forty-seven. Six houses in one division were assessed at one hundred and seventy-two voters, more than the votes cast in the previous election in any one of the two hundred entire divisions. The repeating is done boldly, for the machine controls the election officers, often choosing them from among the fraudulent names; and when no one appears to serve, assigning the heeler (local political party worker) ready for the expected vacancy. The police are forbidden by law to stand within 30 feet of the polls, but they are at the box and they are there to see that the machines orders are obeyed and that repeaters who may help to furnish are permitted to vote without intimidation on the names they, the police, have supplied.

 The editor of an anti-machine paper who was looking about for himself once told me that a ward leader who knew him well asked him into the polling place. “I’ll show you how it’s done,” he said, and he had the repeaters go round and round voting again and again on the names handed them on slips. “But,” as the editor said, “that isn’t the way it’s done.” The repeaters go from one polling place to another, voting on slips, and on their return rounds change coats, hats, etc.

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**Document 6: Jacob Riis: “How the Other Half Lives”**

Be a little careful, please! the hall is dark and you might stumble over the children pitching pennys back there. Not that it would hurt them, kicks in cuffs are there 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 enters the 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 feeling her pill 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 stenches. 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 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 the 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 you 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 quarreling, some of course 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 this 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 p 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 as added to the air already tainted with the smell of boiling cabbage, of rages and uncleanliness all about.

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**Document 7: Jane Addams: “Twenty Years at Hull-House”**

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.
 In addition to the neighbors who responded to the receptions and classes, we found those who were too battered and oppressed to care for them. To these, however, was left that susceptibility to the bare offices of humanity which raises such offices into a bond of fellowship.
 From the first it seemed understood that we were ready to perform the humblest neighborhood services. We were asked to wash the new-born 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; two of us officiated quite alone at the birth of an illegitimate child because the doctor was late in arriving, and none of the honest Irish matrons would "touch the likes of her"; we ministered at the deathbed of a young man, who during a long illness of tuberculosis had received so many bottles of whisky through the mistaken kindness of his friends, that the cumulative effect produced wild periods of exultation, in one of which he died.
 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 [Page 111] 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, that the things that 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 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."

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**Document 8: Ida Tarbell: “The History of the Standard Oil Company”**

Mr. Rockefeller . . . secured an alliance with the railroads to drive out rivals. For fifteen years he received rebates of varying amounts on at least the greater part of his shipments, and for at least a portion of that time he collected drawbacks of the oil other people shipped; at the same time he worked with the railroads to prevent other people getting oil to manufacture, or if they got it he worked with the railroads to prevent the shipment of the product. If it reached a dealer, he did his utmost to bully or wheedle him to countermand his order. If he failed in that, he undersold until the dealer, losing on his purchase, was glad enough to buy thereafter of Mr. Rockefeller. . . .
. . . There is no independent refiner or jobber who tries to ship oil freight that does not meet incessant discouragement and discrimination. . . “If I get a barrel of oil out of Buffalo,” an independent dealer told the writer not long ago “I have to sneak it out. There are no public docks; the railroads control most of them, and they won’t let me out if they can help it. If I want to ship a car-load they won’t take it if they can help it. They are all afraid of offending the Standard Oil Company.” . . . A community of interests exists between railroads and the Standard Oil Company sufficiently strong for the latter to get any help it wants in making it hard for rivals to do business. The Standard owns stock in most of the great systems. It is represented on the board of directors of nearly all the great systems, and it has an immense freight not only in oil products, but in timber, iron, acids, and all of the necessities of its factories. It is allied with many other industries, iron, steel, and copper, and can swing freight away from a road which does not oblige it. It has great influence in the stock market and can depress or inflate a stock if it sets about it. Little wonder that the railroads, being what they are, are afraid to “disturb their relations with the
Standard Oil Company.”

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