

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

IN LONDON'S "JUNGLE," A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE



Singing in the Streets for a Living...



Olive Christy Malvery of Charlottetown, P.E.I., the Explorer...



Street Scene in a Poor Section



Becomes a Waitress in a Cheap Coffee House...



Old Woman Picking Cotton in an Almshouse...



Home of a "Packer" and her "Sisters"...

Her Sensational Experience of the Underworld Across the Sea

CHICAGO is not the only city with a "jungle." And the ravaging beasts of capitalism seeking whom they may devour...

If we may believe her—and she claims to have ferreted out the secrets of the terrible underworld herself—the horrors of the Chicago meat markets and stockyards are more than paralleled in London...

And in this connection it is interesting to note that Miss Malvery—or Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy—has traveled in the United States, where, she declares, conditions are better and cleaner in every respect than they are in the industries and among the working people of England...

Eight years were spent by Miss Malvery in gathering her material. A young and refined woman, she sought life as it was, lived with costers, disguised herself as a flower girl, worked in sweatshops, stores and factories, served apprenticeship as a barmaid, worked as a waitress, lived in hovels and among the most degraded—in one street, indeed, discovering a colony where young children were trained to thieve.

MISS MALVERY, who several years ago was married to Archibald Mackirdy, for twenty-five years United States consul at Muscat, Arabia, was born in India. In her veins flows the blood of Indian princesses. But in her the dreamy temperament of the Indian was stirred by the artistic spirit of a French inheritance...

Imbued with high ambitions, she went to London when in her teens to study music. While a student at the Royal College, she studied dramatic art under Beerbohm Tree. Three years of study, then she appeared in the role of singer, lecturer and reciter. Much of her work was among working girls. She entertained both in the drawing room and guilds in factory districts...

are employed, she found conditions to be alarming. Explosions of glass and broken machinery are always imminent, and in one year, 1904, 544 women were injured. "My experience in a jam factory was very difficult to endure," she writes. "In jam factories, tin box factories and fur sewing houses the workers are often of a very rough class. In these branches of trade many married women work and the behavior and language of these women is generally bad."

Her experience in the first jam factory was mild compared to that in others. One dealer bought the cheapest, and consequently, decayed fruit. "It may be some little compensation," she comments, "to the miserable toilers to think that a fine lady, with all the dainty tastes fostered by great wealth and elegant surroundings, may, perhaps, partake of some preserved delicacy which has been made in filthy and insanitary workshops by suffering and dirty people."

In one shop the women were all desperately dirty. Many of them spent their nights on the street. One had a skin disease, others were ill. There was no place there where the workers could wash their hands. "We were at the factory at 7 in the morning and worked all day, with about ten minutes for food at noon and ten minutes about 4, until 8 o'clock, thus exceeding the working limit allowed by the factory act. It was our business to pick as rapidly as possible the stems and leaves from the fruit in one basket and throw the stuff thus prepared into the other, ready to be carried away to the boiling room."

USED UNSALABLE FRUIT The fruit was not washed. Usually it was unsalable stuff bought cheap and brought to the factory half fermented. Adulterants were used to preserve it. In a marmalade factory great quantities of orange peel were brought in and used in the manufacture of jelly. A story in circulation among the workers was that these were swept at night off the streets by scavengers. "I had no means of verifying this statement," the writer declares, "but this I do know, that the oranges which came in great baskets were often in a state of decay."

material. There are the usual dyeing and other processes, and these have evidently been brought to such a state of perfection that, in appearance at least, the prepared articles give no hint of their unsavory origin. Her experience in the meat industry caused Miss Malvery to become a vegetarian, except, she says, when she could get meat she positively knew to be good. It is customary, she declares, among the farmers to send all diseased or tuberculous cattle to London to be sold as foreign meat.

By advertising that she wished to buy a butcher's business Miss Malvery was enabled to examine many slaughter houses. She finally got a job as bookkeeper with a large meat packing concern. "The meat factory I worked in was owned by a large company and a very rich one. It is run in a name that has been familiar for many years to the British public. "Among other abominations which arrived at the factory were enormous cases of meat, tongues, sheep's hearts and livers, which were delivered here from America and other places. "There is a class of goods which is called facetiously in the trade 'Bulgarian atrocities.' This consists of sheep that come from Servia. They are frozen and often arrive in London in a very indifferent condition. On one occasion there came into the factory where I worked four enormous wooden cases containing tongues and sheep's hearts which were mislabeled over."

and smelt so fearfully that the odor made me physically sick. The whole air was permeated by the smell from these horrid cases, and yet up of that diseased offal was used in the preparation of potted tongues and savories of various kinds. These meats, avers the doughty investigator, were highly seasoned and doctored with preservatives. The meat inspectors of London number eight. There arrived in the city in 1905, according to Miss Malvery, 415,296 tons of meat. There were slaughtered in the Metropolitan Cattle Market 173,904 animals. Of this number 1001 were condemned as unfit for food at riverside wharves. This caused the packers to send the meat to the wharves in vans, delivering the meat to retailers direct, often frustrating meat inspection. In one packing house Miss Malvery relates seeing tongue and pork coming in for pressing that were falling apart in decomposition. The staffs of workers in these places are reinforced by relays of tramps that drift in. The workers, as a rule, are dirty and unwashed, and the establishments "a perfect miasma of stench and animal organisms."

In the bakeries of London the young explorer discovered that foreign eggs were used. "The stench from these was absolutely loathsome," she writes. "In a baker's shop where I obtained employment in the West End they used eggs which were sent from Holland in great casks—such as to say, eggs were broken into these casks and packed in Holland. This is decidedly a trade that ought to be stopped at once, for it was a usual occurrence that these eggs arrived in a semi-decayed state. They were well beaten up, and owing to the flavorings used and the baking, it was remarkable how little apparently bad effect they had on the pastries and cakes they were used for. Conditions in the bakeries are described as unspendable. In one of the biggest shops in an underground vault dough was kneaded by the feet of men who stood in the troughs, perspiration rolling from their bodies. During her exploration Miss Malvery lived among the poor. She penetrated the haunts of the miserables of London. To learn their lives she both worked and lived with the people of the underworld. As a flower girl she sold flowers on the streets; dressed in rags, she sang on the curbs, was insulted, and endured the innumerable indignities of the flower sellers and the street singer's lives."

WORKED AS A WAITRESS She worked as a waitress in cheap coffee and fish houses. In small sweatshops she scrubbed floors, endured the long, tedious hours—and studied the life. "The girls frequently receive presents from the male customers who admire them," she says. "Flowers are loyal to sweethearts of their own class; and many accept these favors. But, as a rule, these young women would make many a junior clerk, writes if he could hear the recipient of his gifts 'take him off'—that is, describe his physical peculiarities or affected manner of speech—to her sweetheart. As a barmaid she learned the hardships of this life. These women, she declares, are usually honest, although hardened, and the ambition is invariably to marry a gentleman. One of Miss Malvery's most interesting experiences was her life in Providence court. "A breeding place wash of humanity, where nature but crime and disease can flourish. About the court stood thirty houses. Washing was done in small open yards, whence water ran to a bacteria farm spreading poison throughout the neighborhood. Miss Malvery was appalled at this place—and she hesitated. But she got a room—and saw the life. "Most of the men in the place did not even make the livings of honest, and openly acknowledged that they 'lived on the cross'—that is, by dishonesty," she writes. "From Providence court there sallied forth every day such gangs, who, like packs of wolves, preyed in concert upon the unwary. Swooping down upon the street bookmakers, whose business by them open to blackmail, they looted them of money. Children the stalls of the old, were crowded into shops and under anything their tiny hands could grasp. "The boys, out of their own mouths, some of them of 7 would say, and followed by a little gang of children would go off on what was called a 'nickin' expedition,' which means a thieving party, as they grow older they were initiated by more experienced criminals into the art of box-lifting—that is, till stealing. "Every year Providence court turns out one or more efficient 'hooks'—that is, pickpockets who are adept in snugging a red or pinching a leather, which in plain English means taking a watch or stealing a purse. "Counterfeiting dens regularly turned out bad money, and the counterfeiters went to their employment as respectable men go to business."

HIGHEST GIFT POSSIBLE IS LIFE

The Problem of self from the Text Gall. 2.20 as preached by Rev. R. orwood of Springhill N. S

Gal. 2.20 "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." What a great thing it is to be alive. us? Is St. Paul's word rightly ours? Life is our highest gift, nothing tran- scends it. To be alive is worth every birth-pang. So rare is this gift of life that the few who have it count all trial, struggle, bitterness led to it as nothing. of course, I am speaking about no imitation. Every blessing has its counterpart. In fact the persistency with which good things are imitated, is a proof of their surpassing worth. Take money for an instance. Because it implies so much that is dear to man of wealth and power and fame one of our most widespread crimes is the manufacture of spurious coin. So this highest gift is marked by many counterfeiters. The true life is not an universal phenomenon. Let us look for the counterfeiters first. You will not have to search far, for they are passing for the gen-

life,—not what St. Paul meant when he wrote, "I live." Second, there is consciousness. Cogito Ergo Sum. The famous dictum of Descartes at first thought appeals to one as universally true. What better evidence can I have for myself than that I can and do think about myself? Yet again a voice cries out from the depths of a consciousness which we seldom consult,—Are you so certain that life is consciousness? Even the plants have that, the pebble has that, the earthworm has that. Life to be life must mean something more than that "of a worm or a fly." The consciousness of these lower things may seem to you a mere fable, but it is none the less at variance with science to say that a grain of sand possesses a cosmic consciousness that enables it to respond to the pull and push of forces from without and within. Life is more than consciousness.

As we study the world and what it contains, we come to see that the goal for which nature steadily works is life. The widespread and manifold imitations of that for which she strives should teach us that nature attains this end with great difficulty. In the material kingdom it is as true as in the spiritual. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." We too easily take it for granted that we live because we move and think. That movement and consciousness enter into the sphere of life is true, but that these in themselves are the measurement of what is meant when we say "I live," is false. We too easily fall into the habit of saying

what is not true. The reason for this lies in the fact that truth is a stern and exacting mistress. To serve her one must be ready for any enterprise calling for courage and sacrifice. Therefore it is easier to accept appearances for realities. (Continued on page 2)

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather months. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent the trouble coming on. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. Mincault, Jr., Mont. Louis, Que., says:—"Before giving Baby's Own Tablets to my little one she suffered greatly from colic and stomach troubles, and cried a great deal. The Tablets soon cured her and she is now a plump, healthy child who does not look as though she ever had an hour's illness." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. The system is all ready to be transferred to the commissioners who will take over the system from the hands of the contractor either today or tomorrow.