

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



Singing in the Streets for a Living...



Olive Christian Malvery, 'The Explorer'...



Street Scene in a Poor District

Her Sensational Experience of the Underworld Across the Sea

CHICAGO is not the only city with a "jungle." And the ravenous beasts of capitalism seeking whom they may devour, in the pages of a Sinclairian novel, are not confined by any means to the United States. Not if we may believe Olive Christian Malvery, a young woman who has already earned a unique reputation in England by her clever writings and who lately raised a furor by publishing a book dealing largely with what she calls "the jungle of London."

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. Moreover, they are repeated in industry after industry, in innumerable phases of life, until London, it would seem, after reading the book, must cry aloud with its iniquities and abominations.

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.

How decayed and putrescent meats are prepared for consumption, how foods are adulterated, how women labor in degrading and nauseating conditions and the almost unbelievable conditions in which the poor live are revelations made after a first-hand investigation.

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 at a waitress, lived in hovels and among the most degraded—in one street, indeed, discovering a colony where young children were trained to thieves.



Becomes a Waitress in a Cheap Coffee House...



Old Women Picking Outcasts in an Almshouse...



Home of a Match Box Maker and Her Associates...

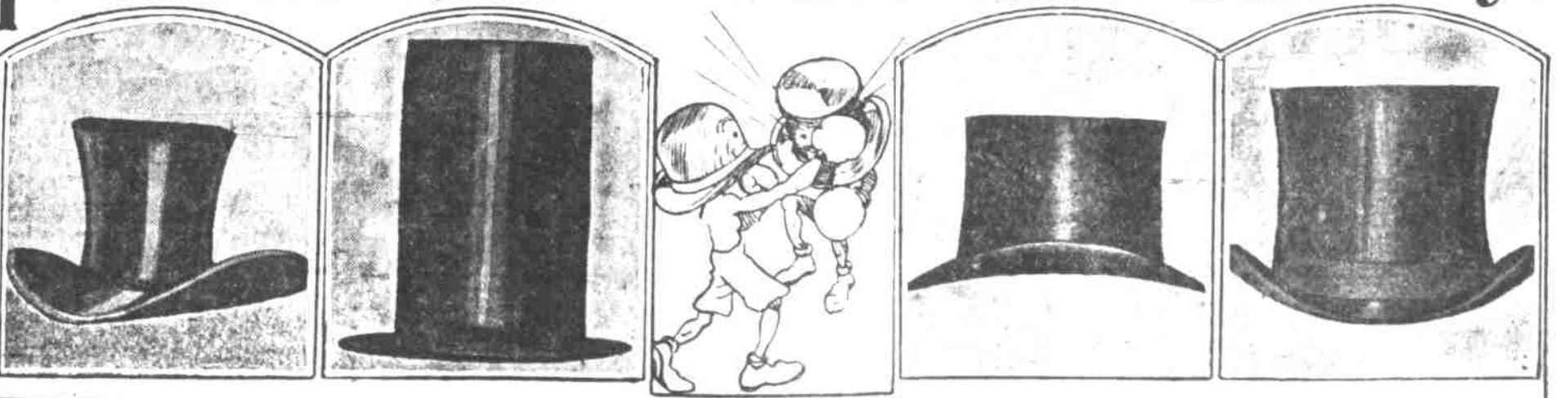
In the aerated water concerns, where many women are employed, she found conditions to be alarming. Explosions of glass and broken machinery are always imminent, and in one year, 1903, 444 women were injured.

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 up as rapidly as possible the stems and leaves from the fruit in one basket and throw the stuff thus prepared into the others, ready to be carried away to the boiling room."

These meats, avers the doughty investigator, were highly seasoned and doctored with preservatives. The meat inspectors of London number eight. There are 115,290 tons of meat. There were slaughtered in the Metropolitan Cattle Market 173,904 animals. Of this number 100 were condemned as unfit for food at River-side 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 tongues and pork coming in for pressing that were falling apart in decomposition. The staffs of workers in these places are perforated 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."

and smelt so fearfully that the odor made me physically sick. "The whole air was polluted by the smell from these horrid cases, and yet every scrap 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 are 115,290 tons of meat. There were slaughtered in the Metropolitan Cattle Market 173,904 animals. Of this number 100 were condemned as unfit for food at River-side 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 tongues and pork coming in for pressing that were falling apart in decomposition. The staffs of workers in these places are perforated 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."

Is the Silk Hat to Pass into History?



This was Stylish at One Time - A Genuine Dove-tail of Bygone Days.

The Silk Hat of Today

GOING! Going! Gone! The Summer Girl. No, something less attractive, but a more important thing to many men—the silk hat! That's it. They say it is going. Or, rather, that it has already gone in London. This is the sad fact—at least, it will be hailed with sorrow with that staid and respectable coterie of shop-whiskered gentlemen whose emporium is fittingly accentuated by the crowning of the high silk hat. The Summer Girl is perennial. So, truth to tell, seemed the high silk hat. But it seems they have decided on its extinction, and it no longer appears save on purely formal occasions. Sometimes not even then.

hate!" "Popularity," "What's new here?" And as professional critics passed their remarks on the hat in attentional tones, the crowd was talking up and moving among the people. "I never saw so many men wearing a silk hat in London," declared a young man who was looking at the hat in the museum. "I have seen a great many men wearing a silk hat in London, but I never saw so many men wearing a silk hat in London." "Well, I guess so," replied the man in the hat museum.

But how about the high silk hat in the United States? "I don't know," said a young man who was looking at the hat in the museum. "I have seen a great many men wearing a silk hat in London, but I never saw so many men wearing a silk hat in London." "Well, I guess so," replied the man in the hat museum.

ONE of the most impressive sights at the recent Franco-British Exposition in London was the pageant of frock-coated gentlemen topped off by a tall, black, cylindrical hat. "It is a funeral!" cried a young man. "Funeral," cried a young man. "Funeral," cried a young man. "Funeral," cried a young man.

According to reports the popularity of the hat has been falling in London. The hat has been falling in London. The hat has been falling in London. The hat has been falling in London.

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MISS MALVERY, who several years ago was married to Archibald Mackirdy, for nearly 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 high spirit coming from Scotch ancestry and tempered by the artistic spirit of a French inheritance. Imbued with high ambitions, she went to London when in her teens to study dramatic art under Beerholm 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 in the factory districts. Struck by the shallow and insincere lives of the rich, and the hard, unhappy lives of the poor, she became impressed with the sense of doing something to help the unfortunate. How did they live? From what did they suffer? What could be done for them? It was the desire to learn their needs that impelled her to become one of them—one with the waiters, the flower girls, the fishwives, the factory hands, one in that teeming, festering underworld where, she says, revelations came as startling as those that greeted John in Paimos.

Miss Malvery's experience began with work in a box factory, where she secured a job as learner. "I was sent up to a girl whom I found at work on a bench in a long room crowded with other benches and girls. My task was to work for her at no wages for one month. After this I was to be put on piece work myself. This arrangement meant that I had to give my time to this girl for a month in return for the instruction she could give."

Among these factory girls, Miss Malvery declares, a passion for gambling is rampant in almost every factory, and there is a startling price book-maker, and on Saturdays and in spare moments they would gather and eagerly discuss the merits of race horses.

Miss Malvery's most interesting experiences was her life in Providence court, "A breeding place for thieves," she said, "a stagnant, festering back street in London where beggars, butchers and disreputable houses were packed together. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived."

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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 most interesting thing I saw in Providence court was the way the customers who admire them," she says. "Flowers, ribbons and concert tickets are given and many of these young women are given to their own class, and it would make up a junior clerk write if he could not do it. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived. It was a place where the most experienced criminals lived."