

ROOF GARDEN

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES.
FINE MUSIC—GOOD CROWD. LOWRY & HENRY.

PACKING PLANTS INDICTED BY S. P. C. A. SPEAKER

Investigator Declares There Is Need-
less Cruelty in Killing Animals
for Food.

A strong indictment of the South Omaha packing plants for needless cruelties has been made by a representative of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who made a personal investigation of several plants there a few weeks ago, and detailed the results of his visit to the convention of the American Humane association at Omaha. The investigator was Dr. Rowley, well known in Massachusetts, and he presents a picture that is far from pleasing. The average citizen, who is interested only in having meat for his table, is not informed as to what happens before it gets there. Dr. Rowley said, in part:

According to the Government reports for 1919, there were killed for food in the United States during those twelve months, in round numbers, besides a quarter of a million goats, 9,000,000 calves, 13,500,000 cattle, 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and 71,000,000 swine; a total of something over 110,000,000. A hundred and ten millions! What does that mean to us? How many stars did you ever see with your unaided eye on the clearest night? Never more than three thousand. Who can think in millions? Put these animals in line according to their average length, allow six inches only between them as they wind on day and night, summer and winter, to the blood-stained shambles. That line would reach seven and one-half times around the globe. Think of it! Follow it in imagination. Dream of it. Who is responsible for it? You and I and every other eater of meat. I am not speaking from the point of view of a vegetarian. It's the cruelty that concerns me now.

How are these animals killed? With the exception of the 13,500,000 of large beef animals, which are generally knoeked in the head before their throats are cut, except where the Jewish method prevails, and part of the 9,000,000 calves, all the 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and all the 71,000,000 swine, nearly all this line reaching seven and one-half times around the globe, driven, hurried, prodded, frightened on their way to their sad doom, are jerked up by a hind ankle, and, so suspended, their throats are cut and they are left to bleed to death. How long does consciousness persist after the knife thrust? From one and one-half to three and one-half minutes. The things I am to tell you today about the way these animals are killed are not founded upon what I have read, but only upon what I have seen.

I have been through the abattoirs of Chicago and many of those across the water. Fearing that I might do an injustice to the slaughtering institutions of this city, which I had never visited, I spent last Monday at one of the great abattoirs in South Omaha. I thought I knew something of brutality that was possible in the destruction of animals killed for food, but I saw there deeds of savage cruelty that surpass anything I had witnessed either in this country or in Europe.

Painful and pitiful as the picture may be, you must let me describe it as well as I can.

Look yonder into this room, half as large possibly as this hall. There are perhaps fifty or more cattle standing there waiting their turn to die. As fast as they will pass into the slaughter pen, others will take their places. Water is falling in a fine spray over them from pipes attached to the ceiling. I said to the man who was taking me about, "It isn't hot enough today to spray the animals." I marveled at the kindness that had suggested this cooling process for days of ex-

cessive heat and wondered if it had purpose to benefit, in some way, the flesh of the victims whose excited and fevered condition in these last moments might injure the meat for food. "Oh," he said, "We don't spray them to get them cool, but the hair is so thick that unless we wet it down it is such a poor conductor for our electric punchers that they don't get enough of the shock."

Opening from this pen is a door through which may be hurried a certain number of animals into a passage-way perhaps six feet wide and sixty feet long. These figures are only approximations. When the passage or alley-way is full, there are doors that are dropped which divide it into compartments, each containing four cattle. These doors are lifted as the animals are rushed out to the spraying room of which I have spoken. How are they started into the death chamber? By an electric prod that is sufficiently powerful and terrifying to hurry them in at the speed of a dead run. All the way down the line at every few feet stands a man with one of these prods who shoves it into them, hustling them along as fast as their legs can carry them.

"How powerful is the shock of this electric prod?" I asked. "Put it on a bull's neck in the right place, and it will knock him to the ground," said one of the men. "The thinner animals, that is, those poor in flesh, are often knocked down when it touches them." This is what I was told by one of the men who was using the prod, and he was not contradicted by two others who heard him.

I had seen these prods in Chicago. There they did not seem to affect the cattle by any means as seriously, and I am told there the men sometimes use them on each other in sport. Nothing could make me believe, however, no matter how the current may have been reduced since then, that, on the day of which I have been speaking, the shock was not a violent and torturing one. Animals do not cry out with such sounds as I can still hear ringing in my ears, from a slight prick of an electric wire.

I had supposed these animals were to be stunned with some degree of humaneness. I had seen them in Chicago where they came one by one, so that, with little room to move their heads, the man standing by the animal had a pretty fair chance to strike the one blow that generally dropped them to the floor.

But mark the situation here. Four animals are standing in one of these compartments with their heads in various positions relative to the man with the poleax, who is on a platform raised a little above them. He is now about to give the so-called stunning blow. He watches his chance for a head sufficiently at rest to strike it. He chooses a head. (I am describing carefully what I saw, nothing else.) He strikes one blow. It is not in the right spot. It is just above the eye. The steer does not fall. He strikes again. This time the victim goes to his knees, but recovers himself and turns his head out of reach of the poleax. Unable to finish with this steer, the man strikes at another. Two blows send him to the floor. By this time the first one has moved back within reach. Another blow, and he drops, rises again, and finally the fourth blow sends him down. There are two left whose heads have not yet been near enough to warrant an attempt at hitting them. With their two fellows down, but struggling in their death agony, one of these at last looks up into our very faces, and then with a crash the iron descends, and he lies prone with the other two. The fourth steer is felled, but only after being struck twice, once too low down, and once the fatal center between the eyes. Of the four, one went down with one blow of the poleax, two with two blows, and one with four.

Must we call this killing? It seemed more like murder, and murder with utter indifference to the suffering of those slain. It was simply pounding the life out of creatures, helpless, penned in, and wholly unable to make the slightest effort in self-defense. Behind me in the other compartments where the poor cattle were being knocked down the same method was being followed. How many blows each received I cannot tell. It may have been less; it may have been more. That such conditions prevail every day, I cannot say, of course. The man with the poleax, by whose side I stood may have had an "off day." He may have been a new man. Nothing would indicate either supposition so far as I could learn from him. He said nothing in the way of apology for his failures to kill with a single blow, and, what is more, I did not see how a man, leaning over four cattle free to move their heads as these were, could be sure of his blow more than about once in three times. I had seen enough of this sickening attempt at stunning. I retraced my steps down the line and out onto the small platform from which I could watch these dying animals as they slid out onto the slaughtering floor, when the doors at the side of the compartments were lifted. They were still kicking, struggling, some of them violently. I am perfectly willing to admit that with the most of them it was the spasmodic muscular contractions of an unconscious and dying life. But one steer was pawing and kicking so vigorously that I expected him to get up on his feet at any moment. I took out my watch, and between the time I first observed him, as his supposedly unconscious body landed from the compartment onto the floor where the animals are pulled up by the hind legs to have their throats cut, and the time when his struggles had sufficiently subsided so that anyone dared go near enough his heels to fasten the chain about his legs, it was nine and a half minutes. One of the employees told me—this I am only quoting—that there were times when they had to send to the platform above for one of the poleax men to come and knock some steer in the head again, lest he get upon his feet and become uncontrollable.

I thought, when visiting the slaughter pens in Cuba some years ago where they practice the nape stab, that is, drive a two-edged knife into the neck behind the horns and directly over the termination of the spinal column, that that was the most horrible thing in the way of killing cattle I should ever see, for while the nape stab destroys the power of motion, it does not destroy consciousness, but the horrors of this abattoir in South Omaha surpassed even the tortures of Havana's merciless shambles. The address closed with an appeal for legislation that should compel the humane stunning or rendering unconscious by some humane means all animals killed in packing plants.

TEMPTATION TO BOOTLEGGERS

Over Two Billion Dollars Worth of
Booze In Storage

A suggested cure for present bootlegging evils, due to the "enforcement" of the Volstead act, is offered in the January Sunset, which says: War profits as a source of sudden wealth have been succeeded in the last few months by booze profits. Bootlegging has become an organized and highly lucrative profession; its tainted money has corrupted police departments in scores of cities and in many instances the officers charged with the prosecution of the bootleggers have succumbed to temptation. Bribe giving and taking, arson, theft, and even murder have been the consequence of the illegal liquor profits and the end is not in sight.

The saturnalia of graft and crime can be traced indirectly to the over-zealous enthusiasm of the dry forces. Had they allowed sufficient time for the disposal of the country's liquor stocks after manufacturing was prohibited, the present situation could not have arisen. Ninety per cent of the organized bootlegging is based on the availability of whisky that was distilled several years ago. Of this stuff 60,000,000 gallons are stored in bond; most of its represents a cash investment of less than \$4 a gallon; once in the hands of the bootlegger, it can be sold for a minimum of \$40 a gallon less \$6 a gallon tax. Therefore the bootlegger can afford to pay bribes aggregating \$10,000 per thousand gallons withdrawn from the bonded warehouses illegally and still retain a huge profit for himself. The remaining liquor stored in bond offers the bootlegger a profit of nearly two billion dollars. Why not remove this temptation? Why not give the owners a year in which to sell this liquor legitimately under proper regulations for personal consumption of the producer? Such a procedure would remove the greatest incentive to crime in the country's history and produce a tax revenue of \$360,000,000 which sum, invested at 5 per cent, would create an income of \$18,000,000 a year for prohibition enforcement, three times the amount now available.

A POSTOFFICE ROMANCE
Friendship, N. Y.
Love, Va.
Kissimmee, Fla.
Ring, Ark.
Parson, Ky.
Reno, Nev.
—Illinois Siren.

ALIBIS FOR ERRANT CITIZENS

Life Takes Exception to Claim That
Publicity Causes Crime

The police commissioner of New York City explains the wave of crime in that city by blaming the newspapers. The newspapers, he says, are constantly printing accounts of robberies and murders, and these accounts simply encourage other criminals to come to New York and do the same. If the papers would stop giving all this publicity to crime, the crooks might forget that there was such a thing. As it is, they read about it in their newspapers every morning, and sooner or later have to go out and try it for themselves.

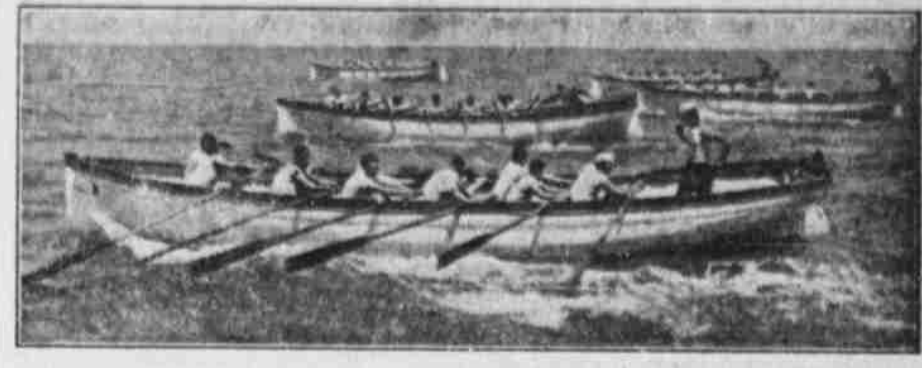
This is a terrible thought, but suggests a convenient alibi for other errant citizens. Thus we may read the following "News Notes":

Benjamin W. Gleam, age forty-two, of 1946 Ruby avenue, The Bronx, was arrested last night for appearing in the Late Byzantine room of the Museum of Fine Arts clad only in a suit of medium-weight underwear. When questioned Gleam said that he had seen so many pictures in the newspaper advertisements of respectable men and women going about in their underwear, drinking tea, jumping hurdles and holding family reunions, that he simply couldn't stand it any longer, and had to try it for himself. "The newspapers did it," he is quoted as saying.

Mrs. Leonia M. Eggeup, who was arrested yesterday on the charge of bigamy, issued a statement today through her attorneys, Wine, Women and Song.

"I am charged with having eleven husbands, all living in various parts of the United States," reads the statement. "This charge is correct. But before I pay the extreme penalty, I want to have the public understand that I am not to blame. It is the fault of the press of this country. Day after day I read the list of marriages in my morning paper. Day after day I saw people after people getting married. Finally the thing got into my blood, and although I was married at the time, I felt that I simply had to be married again. Then, no sooner would I become settled in my new home, than the constant incitement to further matrimonial ventures would come through the columns of the daily press. I fell, it is true, but if there is any justice in this land, it will be the newspapers and not I who will suffer."—Robert C. Benchley in Life.

How could they identify a modern girl if she were to fall into a river? —Brush (Col.) Times.



BOAT RACE

Stroke—stroke—stroke, the coxswain is shouting to the shirtless young oarsmen, and they are putting every ounce of energy in the task before them. Bodies that have been under systematic training for many months are now finding an outlet for their pent up force in the most favored of all navy sports—boat racing.

These youngsters are taking part in their last athletic venture before being sent to sea. They are products of one of the Naval Training Stations, and have been "through the mill" that turns a flabby, soft muscled youngster

into a healthy athlete.

Seven months before it would have been impossible for these same young men to pull one-quarter mile without becoming exhausted. On the eve of their departure for sea they are able to take their places as members of a race boat crew and send the sleek craft over a two mile course at a rapid gait.

There is always a trophy for the winner when the race is run, but winner and loser share alike in the knowledge that they have a strong, healthy body that can stand the "gaff" in any race.



Luncheonette Service

You will find our place just the place you've been looking for, when you want a hot lunch, while down town shopping or after the show.

F. J. Brennan

New Location—Next to First National Bank Building

DON'T RISK IT

NO USE taking the risk of carrying money or of having it around the house. You may have it stolen and you may lose your life at the hands of some bandit. Deposit your earnings in our bank and pay your bills by check. We do the bookkeeping. The young man in love often goes into raptures about "the

Be Practical

blue of the sea in her eyes and the golden haze of autumn in her hair," but remember this, young man—she'll eat just the same as any other healthy girl. Therefore get down to practical affairs. Save your money, deposit is in a good reliable bank like ours and get ready to own a home for you and the girl and to provide the three square meals a day that you will both need as long as you live. You know when poverty comes in at the door, love sometimes flies out of the window.

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