

SWIFT and COMPANY

PACKERS

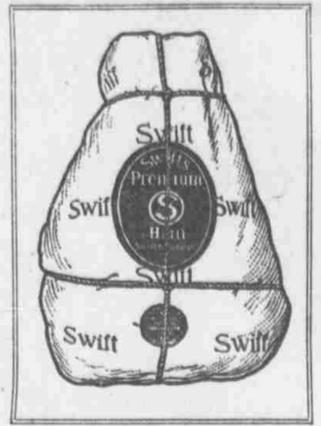
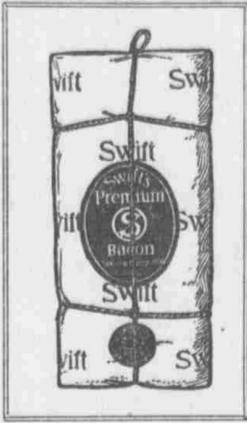
Fresh and Cured Meats

ALSO

..COMPLETE LINES OF BY PRODUCTS..

Packing Plants Located at

Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul, Fort Worth



Swift's Specialties

- Swift's Premium Ham
- Swift's Premium Bacon
- Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon
- Swift's Premium Lard
- Swift's Premium Milk-Fed Chickens
- Swift's Premium Butterine
- Brookfield Pork Sausage

- Brookfield Butter
- Brookfield Eggs
- Swift's Silver Leaf Lard
- Swift's Jewel Compound
- Swift's Cotosuet
- Swift's Jersey Butterine
- Swift's Beef Extract
- Swift's Beef Fluid.

Swift's Soap

- Scented Toilet Soap
- Crown Princess Toilet Soap
- Swift's Pride Soap
- Swift's Pride Washing Powder
- Wool Soap

SWIFT & CO.'S NEW HOME

Splendid Plant of Brick and Concrete Towers to Sky.

LATEST AND BEST IN METHODS

"Sanitation" the Watchword and "Cleanliness" the War Cry in This Great Modern Scientific Abattoir.

The latest and best that the science of modern sanitary construction knows has been embodied in the abattoir of Swift & Company of South Omaha. Externally it is but a towering cliff of brick and concrete. Within, despite the maze of machinery and process that attend the utilization of the animal products, the building is hardy less simple in the general plan of construction. Each of the six floors is peculiarly so constructed that they can be flushed with water over every square inch and perfectly drained. This is accomplished without the use of any guttering. Each floor is then a much exaggerated funnel, sloping toward the center from every point. "Sanitation," that is the word. Everything in the plant points to that one effort—to keep clean, for dirt and decay mean loss.

This structure was completed in July last, and has been in use but a few months. It is about the last word when it comes to reinforced concrete construction. The entire building is one solid continuous piece of artificial stone. There are no cracks and seams. It is all just one piece, as much as though hewn out of a mountain of granite.

Mechanically the plant embodies the fruits of many years of experience in the packing business. An interesting bit of economy is in the utilization of the force of gravity in performing every possible process. The killing is done on the top floor, under the clear bright sunlight shining through acres of glass. From that floor downward the carcasses keep traveling

until they tumble out of the coolers into the cars below finished products.

"Yes, gravity is a great help," remarked John Patterson, general superintendent of the plant of Swift & Company down in South Omaha. "You see gravity can always be depended upon to be on the job every morning, never tired, never kicks, nothing to do but work."

At this plant the killing floor is unique among the packing plants of the world. Each animal is killed on the top floor. The problems of sanitation attending this department are solved all at once, in just one place. Eleven thousand animals a day can be put through the abattoir.

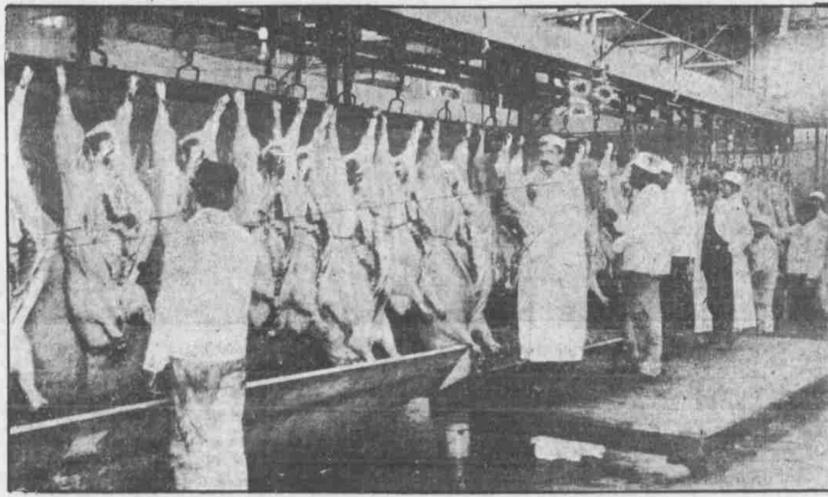
The loading docks of the Swift plant furnish a good study in efficiency. Cars are loaded there at the rate of one every seven and one-half minutes. Twenty-three cars can be loaded at the same time at this dock. Thus an entire train load of packing-house products can be loaded, keel, billed for shipment and started on their way across the continent in about three hours. That can be done by the regular and ordinary operation of the system, a much better record might be made if they would hurry against time.

There are several acres of refrigerators in the big Swift plant that attract the attention of the visitors. "Just ten below," comfortingly reassured a guide, who consulted a thermometer while waiting for the elevator.

That happens to be the lowest temperature needed, they could just as well drop it many degrees lower, if desired. Some miles of ammonia coils generate the cold, or more scientifically speaking, absorb the heat. The cold of this refrigerator is, however, altogether too positive a reality to be described according to the high school physics definition as the absence of heat.

The big beef coolers alone have a capacity for nearly 3,000 steers. For two days the side of beef hangs in the coolers. Then they are hurried into the freezing room where under the effect of the low temperature they become as hard and brittle as glass. The beef as it hangs in long avenues of rosy pink and pearl tinted meats is an appetizing spectacle.

The average kill of cattle per week in the Swift plant at South Omaha is 4,000



GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS AT WORK AT SWIFT AND COMPANY'S PLANT.

head. As many as 1,000 steers a day can, however, be converted into dressed beef ready for the table. At the same time an equal number of sheep can be handled, while 10,000 hogs are weekly put through the abattoir.

In the matter of statistics the Swift plant has some interesting figures to present. The single item of wooden boxes for the packing of meats runs into some thousands of dollars annually. Seven hundred and forty thousand boxes are used each twelve months. For the same period 75,000 barrels and tierces are required for packing purposes.

The purity and fitness of the Swift products is assured by the watchfulness of a corps of twenty-three government inspectors and veterinarians. There is one expert to every department. The carcasses they reject are destined to the fertilizer works. There is no appeal from their decision. They must say whether or not an animal is fit for food. The stringency of their tests becomes the more apparent when it is considered that these same animals have passed the examinations of several inspectors during their journeys through the stock yards before they are admitted to the killing pens.

The Swift plant comprises twenty-three acres of ground, of which about a third is covered by buildings. These buildings contain nearly thirty acres of floor space, giving room to hundreds of office desks and boxing machines.

The power plant alone would be ample to light a large village. Big, throbbing engines are delivering about 2,000-horse power. Two hundred and ten kilowatts of electric energy are consumed by the incandescent and the humming motors. All this power means the consumption of 42,000 tons of coal each year—the output of a small mine.

The curing processes of the bacon and ham departments require 130 tons of salt and 25,000 pounds of sugar per year.

A distinctive feature of the Swift & Co. organization is the "Employees' Benefit association." This association is a sort of mutual protective organization. Each employee is entitled to membership and a vote in the affairs of the insurance company. It is conducted under the patronage of Swift & Co. The company pays all the expenses of the insurance organization, including salaries of clerks and officers required. The packing company also stands back of the insurance funds with a promise to make good any deficit and insure against the inability to meet benefits due. The insurance offered is graded on a scale which varies with the value of the services of the insured employee to the company. The fees are but nominal. The insurance afforded is for accident, sickness and death. This feature has proven highly attractive to foreign laborers, who see in the insurance protecting sympathetic spirit on the part of the employer.

It never so much as heats a bearing, though it keeps all the time steadily speeding up.

"And do you know that that's a very curious thing about time—its apparent variations of speed? To different people it may seem to have different rates of speed, and to different people, according to their age or to circumstances, it may have many different rates of speed all at the same time, or it may even seem to have different rates of speed to one person at the same time.

"To me it's galloping, fairly galloping, and the sound of its hoofbeats comes to me louder and louder this morning with thoughts of the declining year. Here I've hardly got used to writing 1909 yet, but before I know it I'll have to begin writing 1910. Hurrah! I wish I could do something to slow time down. It reminds me of a story.

"Years ago, a good many years, there was a man in New York who advertised a cure for something, I don't remember what, but it was some common affliction of mankind, and this cure he had discovered somewhere off in some faraway country, and now he wanted to communicate this to the world at large for the benefit of his fellow men, and he advertised it and he used to start off his advertisement like this:

"A retired physician whose sands of life have nearly run out— and then he used to go ahead and tell about his wonderful discovery and about how now he wanted to make it known to all, and a man out west who read this advertisement and whose sympathies had evidently been aroused by it, for the old physician himself wrote to him to say that if he'd mix a little molasses with his sands they wouldn't run out so fast.

"I wish I knew just the right sort of molasses to mix with the sands of time."

FATHER TIME FIRST FLYER

Fleeting Moments Beat It by Speed Varying with Life One Leads.

"Well, say! Do you know what strikes me this morning?" said Mr. Graytop.

"It's the flight of time."

"Now there's a flying machine that never gets out of order, never breaks a wing or drops a propeller or gets out of gasolene, just keeps a plugging and a plugging and a plugging and a plugging. It's the only real perpetual motion, and

it never so much as heats a bearing, though it keeps all the time steadily speeding up.

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GOING TO EXTREMES

A buxom colored sister approached her pastor and said: "Brother Johnning, me an' my ole man don't agree at all. We is all de time quarrelin'. Will you oblige me wit some advice?"

The pastor replied: "Slater Jackson, has yo' tried heavin' coals of fire on his head?"

She then exclaimed: "No, Brother Johnning, but I've tried hot water."—Mack's National Monthly.

FREAKS OF A REAL CYCLONE

Strange Capers of an Autumn Thriller in the Interior of Tennessee.

"Cyclones are not what they used to be in the old days," complained Colonel A. M. Hughes of Columbia, Tenn., while talking in Washington of the recent storm that swept his home state.

"The cyclone which devastated parts of Tennessee a couple of weeks ago killed a large number of persons; just how many probably never will be known. But I haven't heard of any freaks perpetrated by the storm. Houses were blown down and people were crushed to death, but the storm seemed to spare nothing in its path.

"Ten years ago, when the town of Columbia was visited by the cyclone which tore up a large part of that section of the state, about sixteen lives were lost in and about the town. After the storm had subsided reports of its peculiar antics began to come in. On a nearby farm a house which had been constructed in a more than usually substantial manner was absolutely twisted and ground to pieces. The bricks were hammered apart and the timbers were twisted into kindling wood. Yet within 100 yards a flimsy shack which was used as a chicken house was left untouched. A man of any strength at all could have pushed it over with his shoulder.

"On another farm a large tree was found transfixed by a beam carried from a house.

"The timber had been shot through the tree as neatly as an arrow through a tin target. Why the beam was not shattered to splinters by the terrible impact no one could tell. But the perforated tree with the captive timber stood there to prove the story.

"The entrance of the government arsenal at Columbia was guarded by an immense stone pillar on either side. The storm confined its attention to these pillars. They were literally torn from the ground and broken to pieces. Cyclones of these days just go around killing people without doing a single interesting stunt."—Washington Post.



INSPECTING BEEF CUTS AT THE PLANT OF SWIFT AND COMPANY.



IN THE SWIFT BEEF COOLING PLANT.