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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

AMERICAN FOOD FOR GERMAN STOMACHS.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

BERLIN—Uncle Sam will soon be feeding Germany with a spoon. Her ability to feed herself is steadily decreasing. Her population increases 800,000 a year, and she will eventually be dependent upon us, as is John Bull. The first six months of last year we sold her 5,000 tons of meat, 20,000 tons of rye and 500,000 tons of wheat.

The farmers are objecting to these imports, and they want a tariff. The truth is they cannot supply the nation, no matter what their protection. The soil is poor, and they lack the labor to work their estates. The character of the empire is changing. A generation ago the majority of the people were farmers. Today two-thirds of them are engaged in professional pursuits, manufactures and trade, and there is a steady exodus from the farms to the cities. The farm hands get low wages and their hours are long. The factory hands work less and are paid more.

The army has also cut down the farm employees. According to law every German must be a soldier at about the time he reaches manhood. The chief headquarters of the soldier are in and about the cities, and the farmer boys thus get a taste of military life. They refuse to go back to the farms at the close of their service, and grow fewer and fewer. Today the greater part of the farm hands are women, and much farming is poorly done.

THE AGRARIANS.

You have seen mention of the agrarians in the newspapers. They are the chief enemies of American food stuffs. They fight the introduction of our pork and would like to put a big tax on American bread stuffs. Before I came here I supposed these men were hard-fisted farmers like our grangers, and that their party was a party of the poor against the rich, of the farmer against the monopolist. It is not. The agrarians are the nobles of Germany. They are the land-holding classes, and their relatives, many of whom are in office and many in the army.

The German empire is divided up into large estates many of which have been, in certain families for ages. There are also smaller estates, but many men in the past lived off the income of their farms. The most of them are extravagant and have large families dependent upon them. Their sons in the civil and military employ are poorly paid and have to be helped, and the result is if there is not a profit from the estates the whole family goes hungry, metaphorically speaking.

Again the soil of Germany is poor. It cannot compete with our rich lands of the west, and the land holders are running behind. They have mortgaged their estates in some parts of Germany to 70 per cent of their value and they have an interest debt to meet every quarter. Their only hope is in raising the price of food-stuffs. This means keeping our grains out of the markets, which so far they have not been able to do.

BACKED BY THE KAISER.

The agrarians are to some extent backed by the Kaiser. He is an estate owner himself. He belongs to their class and he knows he can rely upon them. His chief officials in both army and navy are from the agrarians and he would please them if he could. At the same time he is broad-minded and

far seeing. He knows more about the country perhaps than any man in it, and with all his idiosyncrasies he is packed with common sense. He knows that Germany must have cheap food if low wages are to prevail in the factories and the Germans thereby be able to compete with the rest of the world in commerce and trade.

The Kaiser recently said he would not sanction "bread usury." He does much to hold the agrarians back, and at the same time helps them whenever he can. He would like to see Germany take its own wheat and rye for fear a war may shut off outside supplies, but apparently realizes the impossibility. Today the German army subsists largely on American food. Its horses eat American corn and when the troops were sent to China not long ago they were supplied with American canned meats, much to the disgust of the agrarians. This matter was brought up in the Reichstag and it was shown that the American canned meats were the cheapest and best.

Indeed, the Kaiser well knows that American foods are good. He likes American sausages and American hams and uses them in the palace. When Admiral Evans was at Kiel he had the emperor to breakfast and at the time tickled his palate with Smithfield ham. The Kaiser demanded to know where it came from, and since I am tall he has ordered a special shipment to Germany. He has sampled the canned meats furnished the army, and he knows as well as any one that our meats are good.

FIGHTING THE AMERICAN HOG. Just now the agrarians are making a big fight on the American hog. This is both open and secret. The meat inspectors sympathize with them, and our pork is thrown out on all sort of pretexts.

The authorities of the various provinces have been practically instructed to discriminate against Americans, to refuse our consular statistical information as to the infractions of the laws upon provisions and food product, and withhold from them the findings of trichinae or other deleterious substances in domestic meats, and also the condition of human and animal diseases in their respective districts. Such orders were secret ones. The finding of trichinae was stolen by a clerk in one of the provincial offices and read in a political speech in the Reichstag. A leading German paper in commenting upon it said:

"What the order really means is that if any disease is found in any meat sold in Germany it must come from the outside, for we want the world to believe we have no disease, animal or human, and that trichinae can only come from American meats."

Nevertheless, the Germans are now eating about 3,000,000 pounds of our meat a month, and they would take millions more if the agrarians would let it in. The chamber of commerce of Hamburg recently criticized the meat inspection law, saying that American corned beef had been used for years by the imperial navy and the general public, and that there is no reason for objecting to it. It stated that a prize of 2,000 marks was offered two years ago for a case of trichinae caused by American meat, and that this had not yet been claimed. It spoke well of our land and said that all suspicions against it were based upon prejudice or gross ignorance.

GERMANS AS SAUSAGE EATERS. I had a talk with the German agent of our biggest packing house trust in one of the cities of the Rhine as to the importation of American meats. Said he:

"The people here want American food stuffs, but the agrarians crowd them out. Their talk about a tariff has raised the prices of meat, and also their demand for meat, and succeeded in excluding the American sausage."

"We Germans are sausage eaters. We want our meat cheap. There is no waste in sausage, and cheap sausage means much to the poor. Before American sausages were excluded you could buy a good article for 15 cents a pound. The same thing now sells for 37 cents a pound, and other kinds of meat are proportionately high. We used to have a great trade in American hams, but the agrarian inspectors are keeping them out, and they exclude all American fresh meats by delaying the

How the Agrarians Are Fighting the American Hog—Rich Land Holders Ruined by Our Meat and Flour—Who the Agrarians Are—The Kaiser And His Army and Navy Use American Meats—Queer Features of Meat Inspection—The Germans as Sausage Eaters—A Visit to a Big Battle Yard—Horse Meat Used by the Poor—What it Costs and How it Tastes—A Visit to a Horse Slaughter House and a Horse Butcher Shop.



Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

THE BULLS ARE LED BLINDFOLDED THROUGH THE STREETS.

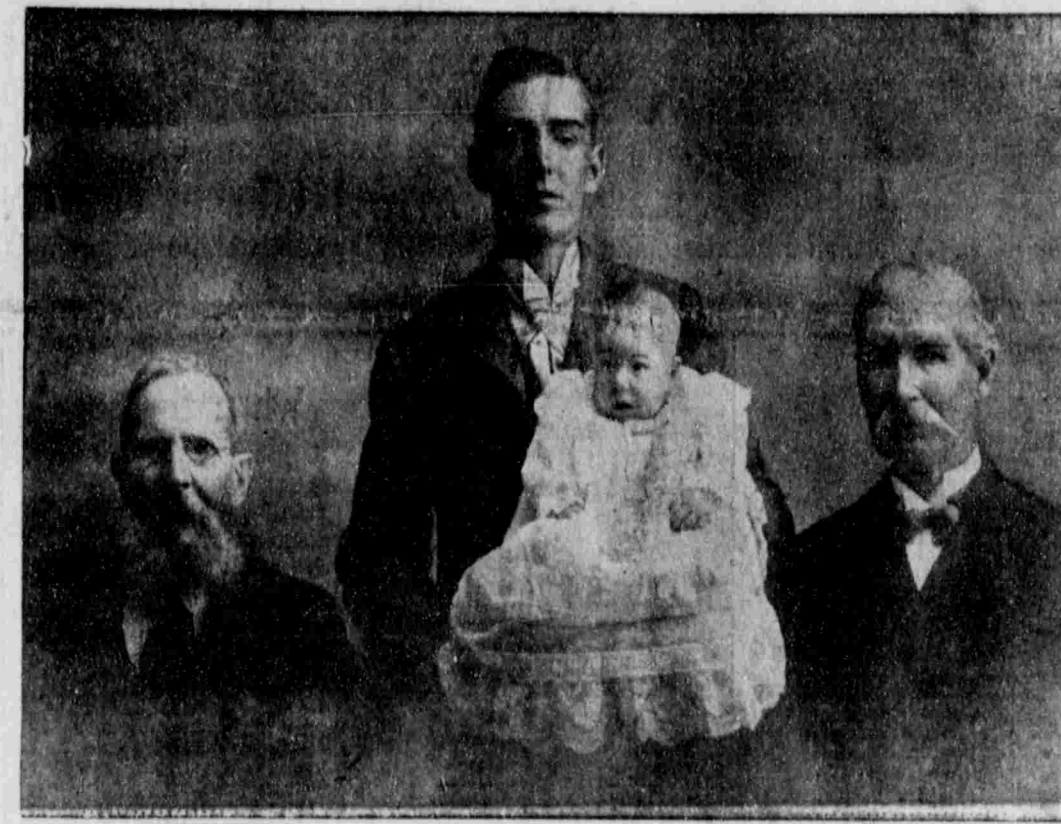


Photo by Thomas.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ECCLES FAMILY.

In the left hand corner of the above picture is the likeness of William Eccles of Ogden. Mr. Eccles is the venerable father of the well known Eccles Brothers. As readers of the Deseret News will remember he recently celebrated his diamond wedding at the residence of his sons in Ogden. On the extreme right of this half-tone is John, his oldest son, while the two figures in the center are the son and grandson of John. This makes three Johns in the group a fact that would seem to imply that John is a favorite family name.

examination of the meat until it spoils. The result is we dare not ship it. There is a great deal of fuss now about the use of boric acid as a preservative, and altogether everything is done to keep our meats out of the markets."

AT THE BERLIN CATTLE YARDS.

Nearly all the cities of Germany own their town markets. They have their own cattle yards and their own slaughter houses, the animals being killed under the eyes of inspectors. I went out the other day to see the cattle markets of Berlin. They are situated on the edge of the city, and are easily reached by the Ringbahn. They cover many acres and have cost about \$1,000,000. During my visit the yards were filled with cattle, sheep and hogs. There were about 8,000 sheep in one set of stalls, and I was told that 20,000 sheep are brought in every day. Accommodations are provided in one hall for 4,000 cattle, and there are arrangements for other thousands can be handled at the same time.

The cattle were roaring like bulls of Bashan when I entered the hall, across the way the sheep were bleating and there was such a bleating of calves that it fairly dinned my ears.

I wish I could show you the hogs. There were thousands of them and the cleanest, prettiest hogs I have ever seen. Each porker had evidently been scrubbed before he had been brought in. His bristles shone like frosted silver and his skin was as rosy as the cheek of a baby. The hogs were in long white coats were moving the pigs from one part of the yard to the other, and as they did so the sun poked his rays through the silver bristles and made them look like pointed hogs. Each animal was marked with a stamp showing that the inspector had looked it over and passed upon it for killing, and later on I saw that every piece of meat was likewise stamped. There are altogether about 400 inspectors employed, of whom 100 are women microscopists. The inspectors were going over the cattle while I was in the beef hall. The examination was thorough, although many of the animals were fierce. The bulls were led through the yard with their eyes blindfolded.

HORSE MEAT IN EUROPE.

Leaving these halls I visited some of the slaughter houses, where horses are killed for food and also the shops where the meat is sold. But only in Berlin, but in almost all the great cities of Europe horse meat is eaten by the lower classes. There are great slaughter houses in Paris, which kill thousands of horses every year. In Vienna more than 25,000 horses and a number of donkeys are annually killed, and Berlin eats horse meat by the thousands of pounds every day. Such horses are inspected both before and after killing, and every piece of meat must be stamped as healthful by the inspectors.

Have you ever seen a piece of horse meat? It is redder than beef and looks for all the world like venison and tastes not unlike it. There are 200 butcher shops in Paris which sell nothing else. I saw it sell side by side with beef in the butcher shops in Switzerland, and have no difficulty in finding horse meat chops here. In Berlin the meat is advertised as horse meat, and there is no chance of having horse steak passed off upon you as venison or beef.

IN A HORSE MEAT SHOP.

One of the shops which I visited in the poorer quarters of Berlin had steaks, roasts and soup bones nicely dressed and ready for sale. The meat was black where it had been exposed to the air, but red when fresh cut. Upon the walls hung horses' sides half cut up, and on hooks from the ceiling hung horses' hams, smoked and dried. On one wall were long strings of little sausages black as ink, speckled with bits of white fat. Each string weighed a pound, and the bare-armed butcher behind the counter told me that it was made of ground horse flesh, and sold for 12 cents a pound. He said a good loin roast cost 10 cents and the best steak 10 and 12 cents. He showed me a pile of Hamburger horse steak at a lower price, and also some yellow horse fat, which he says the poorest classes use as cooking butter. He says that horse fat is as good as goose grease to cure a cold, and that horse oil is excellent for rheumatism.

HOW HORSE TASTES.

This man's family was at dinner

when I called, and upon my asking if he ate horse meat himself he took me into his dining room, where his wife and children were devouring plates of soup made from horse bones. The children looked healthy, and he told me that their bodies were largely made of horse flesh.

He asked me to sample a bit of the meat, and I did so. It tasted like tough deer, with a slight gamey flavor. I don't like it, but that may be owing to prejudice, or it may be that the bite I took was from an old street car plug, tougher than ordinary.

IN THE HORSE SLAUGHTER HOUSES.

I have visited several of the horse slaughter houses. The first one was a big barnyard surrounded by low stables and fenced in on one side with long buildings of red brick. At the right of the gate stood a group of butchers, their shirt sleeves rolled up above their elbows and their brawny arms covered with blood. Each butcher had a leather apron, well splattered, and looked altogether rather repulsive than otherwise. I had a permit to see the establishment, and in addition gave a small fee to one of these men, so that everything was thrown open to me.

The first room we entered contained the horses that had been killed that morning. There were several scores of them hung like beavers from the rafters, with their heads downward. A splendid bay horse which had just been killed was being dressed on the floor, and a white horse was being skinned, and an inspector was going over the various cuts of those hung from the rafters and stamping them.

KILLING A HORSE.

Leaving this room I was taken to another where they were killing. As I watched them a magnificent black carriage horse was brought in, worth, I was told, 100 marks, or \$25. It was not more than six years old, and a month or so ago his value was perhaps \$500. He had slipped on the smooth streets a few days before, and had so injured himself that he would be lame for life.

The horse looked at me through his soft, beautiful eyes as he came in, and it almost sickened me to think of his death. It was affecting to watch the butchers dragged him on his three legs across the yard, and it seemed a sacrilege when they clipped his mane and forelock with a pair of sheep shears preparatory to his killing, and more repulsive than anything else when the deadly blow was struck.

As the horse neared the door he seemed to realize his approaching end. He smelled the blood upon the floor. His sensitive nostrils quivered and he hung back. With a brutal blow from his club the butcher drove him on, and he finally stood the with his legs quivering and trembling all over. Now an apron of leather a foot square was hung over his eyes, leaving his forehead bare. Then one of the butchers pulled down his handsome head and another raised the sledge, the hammer of which was as big around as your wrist, and struck the blinded steed full in the forehead. There was a crash, and the beast dropped to the floor. The blood poured from his nostrils, his eyes shone with pain for a second, and then became glazed. He was dead. At the same time a second butcher drove a knife into his heart, and the life-shot came forth in great streams, being caught in pans and saved. A little later the horse was turned over on its back and dressed for the market.

NOTHING IS WASTED.

As I watched the butchery I noticed that every bit of the horse was saved. The blood is used for making buttons. It is evaporated and the residue pressed into shape. The albumen in it is sold to photograph establishments and some parts of it are used for fertilizers. The horse skins bring about \$3 apiece. They are tanned and made into sole leather. The tail goes with the skin, but the mane and forelocks are cut off and sold as hair, bringing about 25 cents a pound.

The bones and hoofs of each horse are worth about 50 cents. They are used for making fertilizers, being ground up and disposed of at so much per ton. The old shoes are taken off and shipped out to China, where they bring a big price, the Chinese using them for making razors and other tools in which a fine grade of iron is needed.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

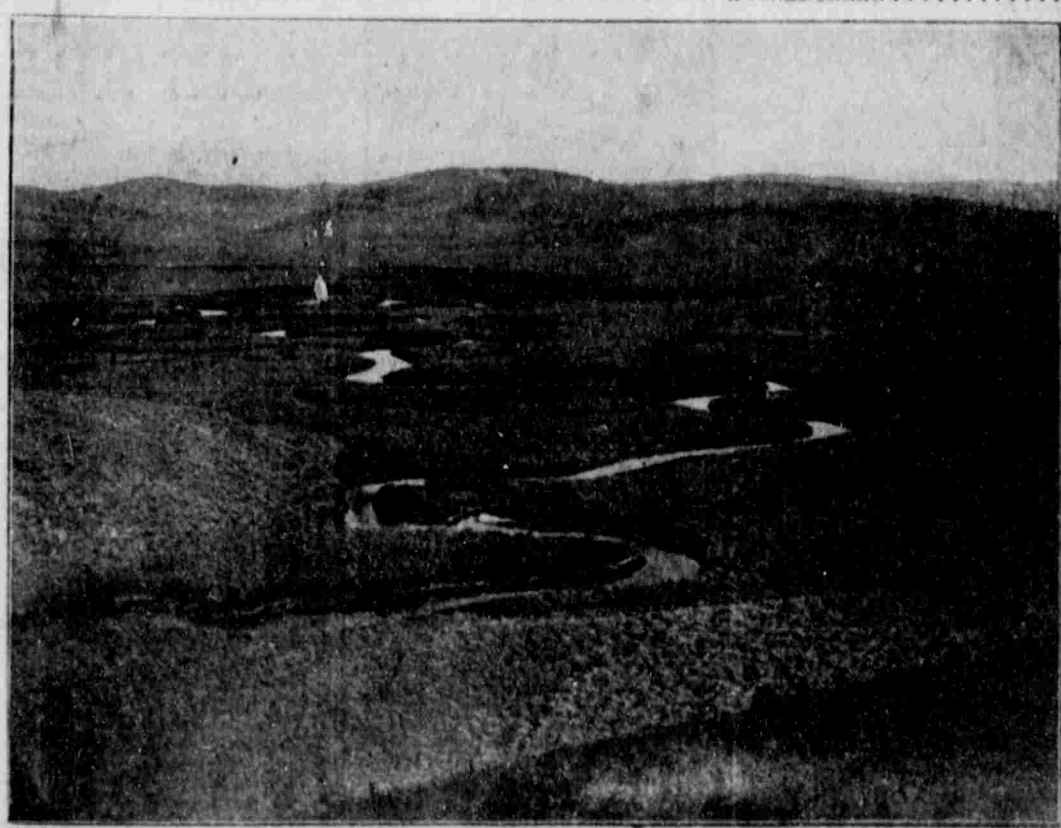
BIG SCHEME TO RECLAIM THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF UTAH COUNTY'S ARID LANDS.



STRAWBERRY VALLEY RESERVOIR SITE.

WHAT THE WORK INVOLVES.

This undertaking involves a vast amount of work and the expenditure of a sum of money not yet estimated with accuracy. The preliminary plans are now in the hands of a committee which will soon make a complete detailed report as to the needs in the case. According to State Engineer Doremus a tunnel three miles and a half will be built through the crest of the Wasatch conveying the water from Strawberry Valley into Spanish Fork Canyon from which it will find its way over the lands of Utah County.



STRAWBERRY CREEK AND VALLEY.

IN his biennial report to the governor, State Engineer Doremus calls attention to a number of projects calculated to increase the water supply in various portions of this state. Among these what is known as the Strawberry Valley Scheme is described as requiring a dam 600 feet long and 45 feet high across the channel of Strawberry creek,

by which the water would be backed up over Strawberry valley to about the depth that the dam is high.

The valley is represented as being capable of impounding as much as 250,000 acre feet of water. It is not, however, stated whether the stream will afford what water the valley is capable of holding. The "News" reproduces the il-

lustrations contained in the state engineer's report both of the valley and the site of the dam.

In connection with the proposed dam and reservoir the report states that the construction of a tunnel about 3 1/2 miles in length is contemplated which will convey the stored water from the reservoir through the crest of the Wasatch

mountains to the headwaters of the middle branch of Diamond creek, which is the principal tributary of the Spanish Fork river. The water, after flowing to the mouth of the canyon, commingled with the Spanish Fork river water, will be recovered and carried on to lands lying in the southern part of Utah valley and extending south to the neighborhood of Santaquin.

It is thought that the water can be taken over the ridge to Goshen, if necessary. Large tracts of partially irrigated land north and west of Payson will require, it is said, a large part of this water. The report says that the work of arranging the necessary preliminaries is in the hands of a committee and that there is every reason to believe that the plan will soon be fully developed and the work commenced.

It is to be hoped that this work, which is said to be a practical measure for increasing the water supply of Utah valley, will not be allowed to remain uncompleted but that it may be pushed vigorously forward. It would seem that if this vast quantity of water

should be poured over the lands of Utah valley adjacent to Utah lake that a material increase in the lake water would result through seepage from the irrigated lands. If this should be the case the benefits of the work would not be confined to Utah county, as any increase in the supply of water for Utah lake means a corresponding increase for the canals taking water from the Jordan river in Salt Lake valley.