

"The Jungle," a Story of
Packingtown.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of
wage slavery.—JACK LONDON.
The greatest novel written in
America in fifty years.
—DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Jungle Publishing Co.

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(Letters intended for Upton Sinclair personally should be addressed to Princeton, N. J.)

King Midas: A Romance.
The Journal of Arthur Stirling.
Prince Hagen: A Phantasy.
Manassas: A Novel of the War.

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President Theodore Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

My dear President Roosevelt:

I have just returned from some exploring in the Jersey glass factories and find your kind note. I am glad to learn that the Department of Agriculture has taken up the matter of inspection, or lack of it, but I am exceedingly dubious as to what they will discover. I have seen so many people go out there and be put off with smooth pretences. A man has to be something of a detective, or else intimate with the workingmen, as I was, before he can really see what is going on. And it is becoming a great deal more difficult since the publication of "The Jungle." I have received to-day a letter from an employe of Armour & Company, in response to my request to him to take Ray Stannard Baker in hand and show him what he showed me a year and a half ago. He says: "He will have to be well disguised, for 'the lid is on' in Packingtown; he will find two detectives in places where before there was only one." You must understand that the thing which I have called the "condemned meat industry," is a matter of hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. I see in to-day's "Saturday Evening Post" that Mr. Armour declares in his article (which I happen to know is written by George Horace Lorimer) that "In Armour and Company's business not one atom of any