

# TWO CENTS AN HOUR.

ALL ABOUT WORK AND WAGES IN THE GREAT RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

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

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**N**INI NOVGOROD.—Sooner or later the Russians will be our chief competitors in the markets of Europe and Asia. They have greater material resources than any other country outside the United States and by far the largest number of white laborers. They are naturally skilful and will work for less than any people except the Chinese, Japanese and East Indians. There are now 130,000,000 of them in the Russian empire, and of these more than 100,000,000

of the staple products are turned out by the farmers, who till the land in the winter and devote themselves to their trades in the summer. Our farmers do not sell their products until the fall. More than 8,000,000 Russian farmers devote the cold weather to inside work, making things to sell, which bring them in an annual profit of \$250,000,000, without leaving their homes or neglecting their farms. These figures are given me by the government officials and may be relied upon as correct.

This work has been going on for years and it has resulted in building up a class of skilled laborers who can turn out a better product for the same money than any other people in Europe. They can compete with and beat American machinery. Take our shoes, for

**The Enormous House Industry of the Russian Farmers Which Nets 250 Millions a Year—A Look at the Big Factories and the Co-operative Associations—Girls Work for Fifteen Cents a Day And Men and Women at From \$5 to \$10 a Month—How the Russian Workmen Live—The New Labor Laws and Laborers' Pensions.**

blacksmith shop, and the man works away manufacturing a small product each day. Here in Nini Novgorod thousands of persons are making wooden spoons, which are sold in Europe and in different parts of Asia. They enamel the spoons, and also carve and paint them from designs furnished by the Russian government. Altogether, they make more than 100,000,000 spoons a year, and 60,000,000 of these are exported to China and to south and west Asia.

In six provinces of European Russia there are something like 30,000 lace makers, who make more than 500,000,000 yards of lace every year. Some of the lace is very fine and other kinds exceedingly coarse. The peasants use lace of different colors for trimming their dresses and aprons, and every man's Sunday shirt has more or less lace stitched down the front. The cost of this lace amounts to something like \$1,000,000 a year.

I wish I could show you some shawls that are for sale here at the Nini fair. These are made of the finest wool, so fine and soft that you can draw a shawl as big as a bed quilt through a finger ring. Don't laugh! I have done this myself, and I bought such a shawl the other day for less than \$5. These shawls are made by the women of Orenburg and are sold all over the empire.

In the Kirov district the people make boots and shoes. They turn out 3,000 pairs of boots every year, and it is estimated that there are 20,000 persons engaged in that industry. In another government there are 20,000 more, and in Tobolsk the annual value of the leather made is more than \$1,000,000. There are 10,000 peasants in Vladimir and Moscow who spend the winter weaving silk, and something like 200,000 who are engaged in making carriages and wagons.

## CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

Many of these farmers and farm hands have co-operative associations. They club together and build little factories in their villages, which they fit up with lathes, engines and other machinery. Sometimes they borrow the money, putting in a few dollars each at the start, and sometimes go away to work for it. After the factory is established they will labor there during the winter months and at the close divide the profits.

In some such establishments along the Volga cheap jewelry is made. Fifty villages make a specialty of it. They manufacture earrings, bracelets, lockets and rings and sell them. They make copper and brass jewelry and ship it to Asia. The product is enormous.

There are many thousands engaged on icons, or the pictures of saints that they can be sold at wholesale for 45 cents a pair, a figure which grows out forever out of \$3 article.

## THEY DO EVERYTHING.

The work done in the houses is of every description. In some districts they make razors, knives, locks and all kinds of hardware. Each cabin has its little

old-fashioned wall clocks are turned out and another where they make little looking glasses so cheaply that 1,000 can be sold at wholesale for \$20 and still leave the manufacturers a profit of about \$3. In the same villages more expensive wares are produced, including costly pier and mantel glasses. But I might fill this paper with the different articles made in these home associations. They embrace everything used in Russia, from textiles to machinery, and the cheapness of manufacture must be taken into consideration by the Americans who are pushing the commercial invasion.

## LOW PROFITS THE RULE.

Goods are sold so low that the profits are small. It is chiefly a question of raw material, the labor cost being little. In some of the associations men, women and children work from daylight to dark, and if each makes a few cents a day he is satisfied. Take the lock makers. There are thousands of them, and in Tula alone the locks sold bring in \$400,000 a year. Some are so cheap that they sell for 18 cents a dozen, and others so dear that they are each worth \$2.50. The latter are door locks which ring a bell when you turn them. Men engaged in lock making average less than 4 a week, and if you can get \$50 in a winter, he does extremely well. Sadlers make about the same and weavers much less.

Along the Volga there are thousands of women who weave fishing nets, using a million pounds of hemp and other raw material every year. They labor on the farms in the summer and do this work in the winter. Their average earnings are about 10 cents a day, while the children who help them are glad to get 5, 6 or 7 cents.

## IN THE BIG FACTORIES.

Within the past generation a great number of big factories have been established in Russia. The millions who are working in their homes are a large extent skilled laborers, and it takes but little time to teach them to handle machinery. The result is there is an abundance of cheap labor and all the industrial centers are growing. St. Petersburg has become a manufacturing city, and it has iron works of all kinds. Warsaw has now about three-quarters of a million people, who are largely engaged in textile industries, and Lodz, a great cotton town of western Russia, is now growing faster than any town in the United States. It was a village only a few years ago. It had about a hundred thousand population in 1890, and now it has more than three times that many. It makes goods for shipment to all parts of Russia and to Siberia, China, Turkistan and Persia.

Russia has now great lines and wool mills. It has in its textile factories altogether more than 6,000,000 spindles and something like 150,000 looms, employing more than 300,000 hands. There are 40,000 engaged in dyeing, bleaching and printing and almost three-quarters of a million em-

ployed on textiles alone.

There are half a million Russians employed in mining and smelting and fully that number in making food stuffs. There are 200,000 men in the iron works and thousands at work in the oil fields.

## FOREIGN FACTORIES IN RUSSIA.

Within the past few years the English, French, German and Americans have been establishing factories in Russia to avoid the tariff and to take advantage of Russian cheap labor. The country is open to foreign capital, and many of the foreign establishments are making money. I have spoken of the Westinghouse air brakes works and those of the New York Air Brake company. The Westinghouse Co. has electrical works in south Russia, and others of our manufacturers will likely establish plants on account of the present discrimination against the United States, which can be avoided by making the goods here. I am told that American capital will be welcomed and that it will have every advantage possessed by the natives.

## WORKING FOR TWO CENTS AN HOUR.

The wages in the Russian factories are 2 cents an hour and upwards. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour and tens of thousands who do not receive 30 cents a day for 10, 11 and 12 hours' work. I have before me some figures given by the order of Mr. Witte, the Russian minister of finance. They state that in the two great industrial provinces of Vladimir and Moscow the men on the average earn from \$4.50 to \$5 a month. This would be \$2 a week or 33 cents a day. Women get \$3.50 a month or about \$1.50 per week and boys of 16 \$4 a month or less than 15 cents a day, while children are paid as low as \$2 a month or 10 cents a week, about 8 cents a day. In general it is reckoned that the wages of a woman should be two-thirds, those of a girl or boy of 16 or 17 one-half and those of a child, one-third the wages of a man. This is in central Russia. The wages are a little higher in St. Petersburg and in the west and south, but they are lower in the east and especially along the Volga.

The highest wages are paid in the engineering and machine shops, where the average is \$12.50 a month for a 10-hour day. In the textile industries men get less than \$5 per month and women about \$3, the woolen hands receiving more than those working in cotton. In the silk mills women receive about \$1.50 a month and men on the average not more than \$2 per week, although some skilled laborers on velvet and brocades have as much as \$3 a week.

There are 95,000 hands in the sugar mills and their wages average \$9 a month. Underground coal miners get about \$3 a week and iron miners a little less. The government figures state that "the wages in the petroleum fields are comparatively high, the average for all workers being less than \$12 monthly, while farm hands taking the statistics for the last 15 years have re-

ceived on the average 13 cents a day for planting in seed time and 31 cents a day for harvesting, with correspondingly low wages when work was not plentiful.

Understand these are the wages paid to white men, women and children and to people who have a natural intelligence as great as our own, and when educated, are the full equals of any white people all the world over.

## NO EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

There is no eight-hour day in Russia. On the government works the laws provide that the day must not extend beyond 11½ hours, not counting the recesses, and on Saturday and days before holidays not more than 10 hours. Daytime is reckoned here as from 5 a. m. to 9 p. m., and those who work at night must be kept working more than 10 hours out of the 24. In all cases where the working time exceeds 10 hours a day there must be an interval of not less than an hour. Men can make contracts for more than 11½ hours if they wish, and on the farms 14 hours and more is not uncommon. Women and children are not allowed to work at night in the iron works, and they are not allowed in the mines at all.

## HOW THEY LIVE.

The American workman, who receives 10, 20 or more times as much as the Russian will ask how men can live on such wages. They cannot in our sense of living. The houses of many of them are little better than our stables, although at some of the factories the people live rent free in homes furnished by their employers. In the government of Moscow 67 per cent of the workmen live in such houses, while only 25 per cent have their own homes. Rents are low, and our average workman's family wastes more every day than would keep that of the average Russian laborer. His staple food is rye bread and cabbage soup. He has little meat; it seldom costs him more than \$2 a week, and \$20 will keep him for six months or more.

I was in Russia during the famine, when millions of people had to be fed at the lowest possible cost. I visited one government works, where 700 laborers were being boarded at an average cost of 9 cents a day, and for this each got four meals a day, hot and cold. Every man received four pounds of bread a day, he had a soup, three-quarters of a pound of meat and also vegetables and mush. This was for workmen, and indeed I was told that thousands were fed on half that amount.

## LABOR INSURANCE AND PENSIONS.

Within the last few years the government has been enacting laws favoring the laboring men. It has provided that all factories and millowners shall contribute to hospitals and give medical assistance for their workmen. There are labor pensions and labor insurance both for death and accidents. There are also mutual labor insurance companies for permanent and temporary disabilities and one or two old-age insurance companies.

The factory laws were revised in 1888, when the working hours for women and children were limited. Now all wages have to be paid in cash, and there are no such things as store orders and factory stores. An employer cannot dismiss his workmen contrary to his contract with them and he can inflict fines only according to the rules of the labor department. All large factories outside the towns have to provide free hospitals, baths, schools and libraries for their people, and any employer who mistreats his men can be fined; on the other hand, the men can be punished for striking without cause. If an employer abuses his employee the government may close his factory and

put him in jail so that altogether the laws are pretty fair.

Russia has fewer strikes than other countries. Its labor is not organized as ours is, and it will be a long time before the unions have the power there that they have in England and Germany.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## DOG IS CHICKEN'S MOTHER.

A citizen of South McAlester is the owner of a remarkably smart dog called Sunbeam. Sunbeam is a water spaniel about two years old, and has always been a great pet in the household. About six weeks ago a brood of chickens was hatched, their mother dying soon after. Sunbeam at once began to manifest great interest in the little orphans, and took them in charge. At first its owner was afraid he would injure them, he would bark and carry on so that he was at last given the whole charge of them, and his joy knew no bounds. No stranger dared touch his newly adopted children, and all day he follows them from place to place all over the yard. If one of them happens to wander off a short distance from the rest, he is uneasy until it is back again.

At night the little chicks find a roosting place in Sunbeam's shaggy coat, and if they are not all fed by a certain time, Sunbeam goes after the tardy ones. The tiny chicks seem to rally to Sunbeam as their protector, and will peep long and loud if they lose sight of him. They are thriving under Sunbeam's care just as well as if their mother were alive.—Kansas City Journal.

## THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

The head of the family, with his hair loved sweet and his favorite magazine, had settled back in the rocker for a quiet, comfortable evening.

On the other side of an intervening table was the miniature counterpart of himself, the twinkling of whose eight-year-old forehead indicated that he was mentally wrestling with some perplexing problem. After a while he looked toward his comfort-loving parent, and, with a hopeless infection, asked:

"Pa."

"Yes, my son."

"Can the Lord make everything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Every thing?"

"There is nothing, my son, that He cannot do."

"Papa, could He make a clock that would strike less than one?"

"Now, Johnny, go right upstairs to your ma, and don't stop down here to annoy me when I'm reading."

Johnny went and wondered still.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## HIS IDEA OF PRAYER.

Harold, the five-year-old son of the Presbyterian minister at Dayton, Ky., was being prepared for bed. He had spent a very active day at coasting, and was weary and very sleepy.

"Now, Harold, kneel down by mamma and say your little prayer."

"But, mamma," half asleep, with his head on her shoulder,

"Be mamma's good boy, now," coaxingly, "Thank God for all His goodness to you."

But Harold was asleep.

His mamma gently aroused him.

"Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice home you have, the warm clothing and fire to keep you warm, and a mamma and papa to love you. Think of the poor little boys who are hungry and cold tonight, no mamma to love them, no warm bed to go to, and—"

"But, mamma," interrupted the sleepy boy, roused to a protest, "I think them's the fellows that ort to do the prayin'!"—Lippincott's Magazine.



Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

## RUSSIAN FARM HANDS WHO WORK FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY.

belong to the laboring classes. The factory hands are steadily increasing, and there are tens of millions who work at their homes.

## RUSSIAN HOUSE INDUSTRY.

An enormous amount of house industry is done here. Hundreds of articles now sold at the Nini Novgorod fair were made in thatched huts. Many

## ORIGIN OF LAGER BEER.

Two practical brewers as they conversed the other day had an argument over the invention of lager beer. A third brewer joined them and said: "Lager beer was not invented. It was discovered—accidentally discovered. Here is the story as my grandfather handed it down to my father:

"A saddler of the German town of Bamberg sent his apprentice one morning in the Middle Ages for a bottle of the beer they used in those days—a vile beer that was drunk as soon as it was brewed. The apprentice brought the bottle, and on the way home with it met a practical joker. The joker said to him:

"Your boss is looking for you. He says you have spoiled three days' work, and he is going to bastie you with a cart whip."

"At this news, the apprentice was so scared that he buried the beer under a tree and ran off and enlisted in the army. He prospered in the army, in

time he became an officer and got the cross of honor. Then he thought he would return to his native town.

"When, with a long furlough, he drew near the town, he recalled the bottle of beer he had buried, and he dismounted from his charger on reaching the well-remembered tree, and dug the bottle up and carried it to his former master.

"Old man," he said, "you sent me after a bottle of beer five years ago. Here is the beer now."

"The master embraced him, congratulated him on his success in life, and opened the bottle to share with him its contents. Such excellent beer neither had ever tasted before. It was like old wine. The master, as soon as he learned that it was buried that had so much benefited it, bought 1,000 bottles of beer, buried them, and five years later sold them at a great profit, for everybody that tasted the new drink loved it.

"In time the secret leaked out. Breweries everywhere came to know that beer by lying improved. So they all adopted the lying process, and they

called the new drink 'lying' or 'lager' beer, for 'lager' means 'lying,' as you know."

"In the past centuries they let beer lie longer than we do now. This is a fast age, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

## HOW HE MANAGED IT.

"Now, guard," said Mr. Pilkington, "remember, if I have this carriage all to myself for the entire journey, you will receive a whole half-crown from me."

"Very good, sir," said the guard, and he looked the door and went to his van to think out how he would invest that half-crown when he got it.

All went well until they got to a station about the middle of the journey and then an irascible gentleman pulled at the door of Pilkington's carriage as if he were pulling for a prize in a tug-of-war.

"Guard, guard!" he yelled, "open this door. I know your tricks and I won't countenance them. I've got the right

to travel in this carriage and I mean to do it."

"Heard hurried up, but, wonder of wonders, he whispered a few words to the irascible gentleman, and that individual went quietly away to seek room elsewhere.

"How did you manage it?" Pilkington asked the guard at the end of the journey, as he pressed the promised half-crown into his hand.

"Oh, I did it," replied the guard, with a suspicious wink. "I only told 'im you were a little bit wrong in the 'ead, an' 'e went off like a fly that had trot on a 'ot cinder.'"—The Bits.

## THE NERVY REPORTER.

Max O'Rell used to tell a story about his first experience with a Chicago newspaper reporter. The genial Frenchman had just arrived at the Grand Pacific hotel and had retired to his room to rest after a fatiguing journey. In order to get the most possible out of the short siesta, he took off his clothes and got into bed. The day was a hot one and for better circulation of air he left the door slightly ajar. Shortly afterward he was awakened from his nap by a knock at his door, and he drowsily inquired who was there.

"Mr. Blank, of the Daily So-and-So," replied the reporter.

"I cannot be disturbed now," called O'Rell. "You will have to come again. I cannot see you now. I am in bed."

Notwithstanding this injunction, the humorist saw the door pushed open, the chair fell over on the floor, and the reporter entered the room, threw his hat on the table, sighed and helped himself to a chair.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the now angry Frenchman. "This is unparliamentary. What will you have, sir? What'll you have?"

"Thank you," replied the reporter, fanning himself. "I'll take a gin fizz."—New York Tribune.

AN EYE ON HIS MONEY.

Thomas Humphrey Ward, at the recent unveiling of a bust of Emerson at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, paid many graceful compliments to America, and at the same time intermingled with these compliments a number of appropriate jests.

One of Mr. Humphrey Ward's jests concerned an English traveler.

"It is a most interesting country," the Englishman said, "the United States, and now proposed to visit the interior of Japan and China. A number of San Franciscans had gathered to see him off upon the voyage, and he was taking leave of them rather nervously, for he feared a little the strange peoples among whom his lines would soon be laid.

An elderly San Franciscan, after wishing him good luck upon his hazardous trip, said:

"Well, take care of yourself." This form of farewell common enough in America, struck the Englishman's ears strangely. He pondered the phrase in perplexity. Then he exclaimed:

"By Jove! they won't take anything but my money over there, will they?"

"Where are we now?" asked the president, rubbing his eyes.

"In Nevada, sir," answered the conductor.

"It is a most interesting country," rejoined the president, looking out of the car window and yawning. "Tell the engineer to get through it as quickly as possible."—Chicago Tribune.



Secretary Root



Governor Taft

SECRETARY OF WAR ELIHU ROOT AND GOVERNOR TAFT, WHO WILL PROBABLY SUCCEED HIM.

It is understood that when Secretary Root leaves the cabinet, an event scheduled for the near future, he will be succeeded by William H. Taft, civil governor of the Philippines.



JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS \$2,000,000 SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World, has created a sensation in newspaper circles by his generous donation of \$2,000,000 to endow a school of journalism at Columbia university, New York. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the new school, which will be handsomely housed and equipped with every appliance for the furtherance of its purposes. Men prominent in the world of letters will direct the affairs of the school, with President Butler as ex officio chairman of the board.