

THREE THOUSAND FACTORIES

A TALK WITH THEIR REPRESENTATIVE ON THE ABUSES OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

David M. Parry Calls the Trades Unions A Standing Mob and Tells What Strikes Cost the Public—\$125,000,000 Lost on Coal—Arbitration Ridiculous—How Parry Was Boycotted—The Business Depression—Don't Like the Eight-Hour Day—Labor as Capital's Partner—What Capital Gets and a Story of a Profit-Sharing Scheme at Indianapolis.

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

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NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The trades union men of the United States look upon David M. Parry, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, as an enormous, overgrown golden calf, which is dashing about in the china shop of the labor organizations shattering the images. They call him a bloated capitalist with horns, and think he is seventeen feet high and weighs a ton. The real David M. Parry measures five feet six inches, and he tips the beam at just one hundred and twenty-five pounds. If he has horns I have not discovered them. His black hair is well brushed back from a high forehead, his dark face is smooth shaven and his eyes are as gentle and his voice as suave as that of any business man I know.

THREE THOUSAND FACTORIES.

Mr. Parry has made himself noted as the chief antagonist of organized labor in the United States. He has no use for labor unions in any shape, and he does not hesitate to say so. He not only opposes them himself, but he is now the president of the Manufacturers' association, which has a membership of 3,000 of the leading factories and corporations of this country, covering every part of the United States. He tells me that they represent capital running high into the billions of dollars and that each pays \$50 a year to the association as membership dues. The association largely represents the anti-union sentiment of the country, although I venture many of its members would not in many views so radical as those of Mr. Parry.

It was in the offices of the association that I met Mr. Parry. I had come for an interview, and he answered my questions at once. Said he: "You ask me why I oppose organized labor. I do it because as it exists in the United States it is revolutionary. It makes the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution obsolete documents and declares all of us who are so old-fashioned as to believe in individual liberty the oppressors of labor and the enemies of the race. I believe many of the labor leaders would gull me as they do you."

ORGANIZED LABOR AS A MOB.

"That is rather strong language, Mr. Parry," said I. "Yes, but I believe in calling things by their right names. Organized labor as it now is is a standing mob engaged in acts of open rebellion against the government. It defies the constituted authorities and tries to nullify individual and property rights. Such rebellion is worse than that which had the secession of the states for its object, and I think it is high time the country was waking up to the fact."

"Why, look at it," Mr. Parry went on. "We have had a series of labor insur-

rections during the past year known as strikes, in which the unions have tried to force their authority by mob law. They denounce the government officials who try to restrain them, they are keeping their members out of the militia, and they have even attempted to make the president of the United States violate his oath of office to please them. In their crusade against the exercise of individual rights, they have blustered, threatened, assaulted, and murdered. They even threaten helpless women and children. I know the leaders of the labor unions will disclaim responsibility for such crimes, but they are nevertheless the accomplices of the brutal and ignorant men whom they have incited to commit such outrages."

THE VIEWS OF A WORKINGMAN.

"What right have you to speak against labor, Mr. Parry?" said I. "Have you ever been a workingman yourself?" "I have the right of both a workingman and an employer," was the reply. "I have worked all my life, and I now work. I began to work on the farm as a boy, and I know all about farm work, from the digging of postholes to hauling manure. I have clerked in a store, sold goods on the road and had a hardware store of my own. I am now an employer of labor, having several thousand hands; I am also a consumer, and every man has a right to discuss matters in which he is so vitally interested."

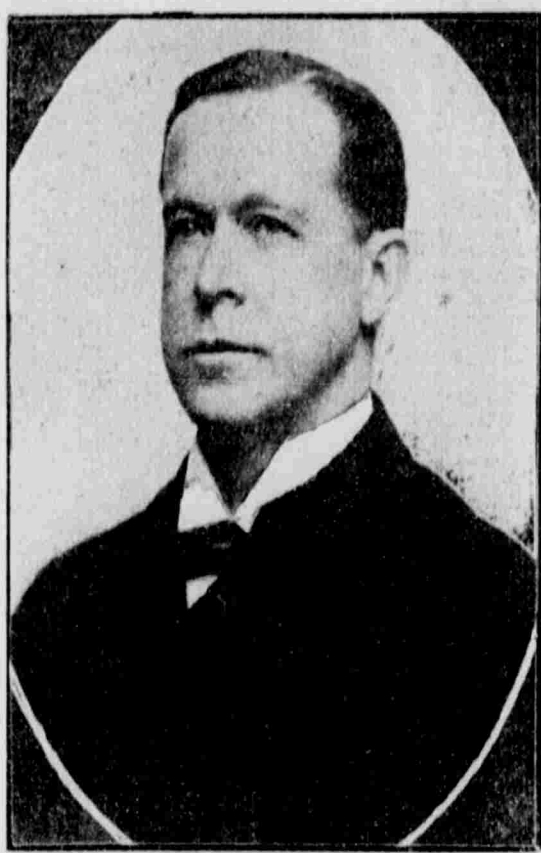
"How about working at a trade? Do you know anything of mechanics?" "I make buggies and I understand everything connected with my business and have worked at every branch of it."

"I have set thousands of them. I have worked with my men, and I think I know something of the workmen of the United States. It is not right to look upon the unions as representing American labor, for 50 per cent of our workmen do not belong to them. I am a friend of the workingman, but not of him as a trades unionist."

HOW ONE MAN WAS BOYCOTTED.

"Have you had any personal experiences with unions in your work?" "If you mean in my factory I have not. I have always run an open shop, and so far the unions have refrained from making any demands upon me in my capacity as an employer. Since I have been denouncing their methods, however, I have had one little experience which shows that the agitators were looking for an excuse to ruin my business. It is a little matter and hardly worth mentioning."

"A painter one day asked me for a job. I had nothing for him in the factory and told him that he might paint the steps of my house, although they hardly needed it. When he got through I paid him what he asked, but a few days later the walking delegate of the Painters' union called upon me and said that my steps had been painted at a rate less than the union scale. I told him I knew nothing about his union scale and cared less, and showed him out of my office. Then the Painters' union applied for a national boycott on my factory. The application passed



DAVID M. PARRY.

through the Central Labor union of Indianapolis and was sent up to President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gompers came out to Indianapolis to see my front door steps, and in a speech there gave forth the startling information that the union had been granted upon the petition of the painters. Thus the Parry Manufacturing company was to be sacrificed for my personal act, a good example of the sense of justice which animates the strike bosses. Well, I was boycotted. The boycott was an advertisement and my business has never been larger than since it was declared."

WHAT STRIKES COST THE PUBLIC.

"How about strikes, Mr. Parry? Do they pay the laboring man?" "No," was the reply. "They do not benefit the employer, the employee or the consumer. They lessen our respect for the law and they shake our faith in the perpetuity of our government. Take the anthracite strike. The mob dominated the mining regions for months and the whole military power of Pennsylvania could not and did not maintain law and order. In that strike it is estimated that \$25,000,000 were lost in wages. I am not certain as to the figures. I know that the operators lost enormously, but the loss of both is nothing in comparison to that of the consumers. Every household had his coal bills almost dou-

bled by that strike, and even now prices have not come down to the normal figure of before the strike. The public has already paid millions and it is still paying its tribute to the organization of United Mine Workers."

\$125,000,000 LOST ON COAL.

"Have you ever estimated the money cost to the consumers, Mr. Parry?" "I have tried to," was the reply. "We know that it caused a shortage of 25,000,000 tons of hard coal. That much coal was not mined on account of the 100,000 men who were idle during the four or five months of the strike. The loss would have been just the same if the coal had been mined and dumped into the sea, and putting the price of the coal at \$5 per ton it was \$125,000,000—almost enough to complete the Panama canal. That shortage raised the prices of all kinds of fuel and the people had to pay the bill. The matter was submitted to arbitration, and in its settlement the national arbitration board stated that the miners were already receiving wages that compared favorably with those of men in other industries. Nevertheless, they gave them an advance of 10 per cent on their wages, and every laboring man of the United States now has to help pay that 10 per cent when he lights his kitchen fire. He also pays for it in every bit of manufactured goods made with steam. The whole public is taxed by the men

STRIKES AND HARD TIMES.

"What do you think of the charge that the present business depression is caused by the demands of organized labor?"

"I think it is largely so," said Mr. Parry. "The unions have caused the strikes that we have had, and the losses arising from them have become a national disaster. I believe that 1903 will go down in history as the year when the labor agitators put a check to a period of unparalleled prosperity. The strikes they originated have caused an enormous loss in our aggregate production, and you must always remember that the consumption is regulated by the amount produced. You cannot divide more than you have to divide, and anyone with a thumbnail of brains can see that the demands of strikes are so unreasonable that they cannot be granted and the business go on. The labor organizations do not consider that. They act as though they had no interest whatever in the business, and if opposed they try to attack their employees through the consumers of their goods, and by boycott do him from one end or the other. They remind me of the man who tried to improve his personal appearance by cutting off his own nose."

"How about the working day, Mr. Parry? Can the United States be run on an eight-hour basis?" "I think not. The majority of men work 10 hours, and that is an indication that it requires a 10-hour day to produce enough to satisfy the needs of humanity. If you cut the working day to eight hours, you cut off one-fifth of the total production, and this means that the people will have to be satisfied with four-fifths of the commodities that they now get. Organized labor does not look upon it in that way. It insists upon more of the necessities and comforts of life for its own peculiar class, and therefore demands that it shall have 10 hours' pay for eight hours' work. This is practically a 25 per cent increase of wages, and if granted, it must come out of the consumers. So, you see, organized labor is bound to have a good bargain even if that bargain is rather hard on the rest of the population."

"But, Mr. Parry, John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers say that a man can do as much in eight hours as he can in 10."

"Yes, I know that; but upon the same logic he can do as much in six hours as he can in eight, and as much in four as he can in six. Indeed, you might go on and prove that a man can do as much by working at all as he can by working 10 hours, which is ridiculous. I am especially opposed to granting the eight-hour day as to government work. I see no reason why the government should give 10 hours' pay for eight hours' labor any more than an individual should be compelled to do so, and think that those who favor that law are in favor of robbing the public treasury."

LABOR AS CAPITAL'S PARTNER.

"But, Mr. Parry, speaking of wages, is not labor capital's partner? And if so, does it get its share of the profits?" "It gets a big share," replied Mr. Parry, "and far more proportionately than the capitalist. What are the average dividends of our big industrial organizations? These which do a safe, steady business do not pay more than 4 per cent. That is 4 per cent on every dollar. That is the profit of the capitalist. The balance of the earnings are spent for raw materials, rent and labor. As time goes on and capital accumulates it comes into competition with other capital, and its profits decrease, while at the same time the real wages—that is, the amount that a man can purchase from a day's work—tend to rise. Labor gets more and more and capital less and less every year."

PROFIT-SHARING SCHEME.

"What do you think of giving the workingman a share in the business?" "I don't believe in it. He will never believe that he is fairly treated, and if money is lost he will not be willing to take his share of the losses. He looks upon it as a matter of charity, and it is a bad thing all around. We had a manufacturer at Indianapolis who called his men together a year or so ago and told them that his profits had been such during the past 12 months that he could afford to make them a present of 5 per cent of his earnings in addition to their wages and at the end of the speech each man was given an envelope containing his share. After the employer left the men held a meeting and one of them got up and said: 'How do we know the old man is

telling the truth, and that we are getting our full 7 per cent. I think we ought to have a committee appointed to go and look at his books.'

"This was done, and a committee called on the employer and asked for a book. 'The employer looked up in surprise, saying: 'I don't understand.' 'Well,' replied the committee, 'you say we are partners and that you have given us 5 per cent of the profits of the business. How do we know that we got our full 5 per cent. We should like to see the books.'

"This almost paralyzed the employer," continued Mr. Parry. "He waited a moment and then said: 'Why, men, that money was a present from me. You are not entitled to any more than your wages, and I need not have given you a cent.' He thereupon dismissed the men into partnership."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

VANDERBILT FOR CONGRESS.



The choice lies with Mr. Vanderbilt if he will accept the nomination. It is said that he will do so on the Republican ticket. The young millionaire served as civil service commissioner under Mayor Lusk for a year and acquitted himself satisfactorily.

"Holy" Hill in China and Its Traditions.

G. Litton, acting British consul at Yun-nan-fu, has sent to the foreign office a report of a journey he has made through Northwest Yunnan, that portion of China through which run the Yangtze and the Mekong, and which abuts on Tibet and Burma. This district is out of the great current of China trade, and Mr. Litton has not many commercial suggestions of value to make, but from a geographical and ethnological point of view his observations, running to 23 closely-printed foolscap pages, will be of interest, says the London Telegraph. As a story of travel through a little frequented portion of the Chinese empire, his narrative will be read by many who as a rule do not spend much time over consular reports. Mr. Litton anticipates, for instance, that the traveler who has passed through the rich fields and flourishing villages of the Ta Li plain, and has enjoyed the double view of hill and lake ("tang shi shi kuan") may be interested to learn how this happy valley first came into existence. So he tells the quaint tale. "In the legend the student of folk lore may discern traditions of the early struggles of the first Chinese settlers of the advent of Buddhism and perhaps of some geological cataclysm. It appears that in the ancient days the waters of the lake lapped the foot of the Tsang Shan, and there was no plain. The caverns in the hills were inhabited by a 'yao kwei,' or monstrous being, who used to rally forth, and for his food tear out and devour the eyes of the Chinese in the neighborhood. Kuan Yin, the goddess of mercy, pitying the sorrows of the black-haired people, appeared upon the scene disguised as a venerable Buddhist nun in her 'ka sha,' or yellow

robe, and accompanied by a lame dog. Addressing the monster she placed before him a bowl of food which he liked on condition that he would give her a patch of dry land under the hills. 'How much dry land?' asked the monster. 'The breadth,' replied the goddess, 'of your yellow robe and the length of three leaps of my lame dog.' "After some haggling a contract on these terms was reduced to writing. But when the aged nun spread out the robe it covered a space of 15 li, and such was the uncommon agility of the lame dog that in three leaps he cleared a space of 100 li. For his food the goddess captured shellfish, and gave the eye-like contents to the 'yao kwei,' the voracious but unwary monster seems to have thought that he had been swindled, and became obstreperous, whereupon the goddess seized him and interred him in a hole or cavern in the earth near Hsi Chou, where there was only a small open slit through which he could breathe. In his struggles his fiery breath issuing from the slit burned up the waters of the lake. But the goddess had cast a spell on the monster. So long as Chinese assemble at the west gate of Ta Li during the third moon so long must the monster remain in duance vile; wherefore, to this day, at the commencement of the great spring fair, the general comes out in state and fires off all his artillery, so that the dragon may know that the time of his release is near."

"In case this bald narrative fails to convince the skeptical western," Mr. Litton adds, "I may point out that the length of the Ta Li Plain from the upper to the lower pass, is, in fact, 100 li, and its breadth 15 li. Is not the shore of the lake littered with empty shells, the contents of which have been devoured by the 'yao kwei.' Is not there at Hsi Chou a long, narrow strip of land stretching into the lake from

which the water was blown by the struggling prisoner? Was not the contract between him and the goddess reduced to writing and engraven on stone that all might see? And, finally, is it not a fact that to this day an annual crowd has assembled outside the west gate for the third-moon fair, and that the 'yao kwei' has never once emerged from his prison?"

This traveler visited the Fowl's Foot mountains, and he ascended 7,500 feet through the dense forest to gain one of the "holy" hills of China, where stands the beautiful temple of Shih Tan San, devoted to the worship of the goddess. He tells us that this is the residence of the Seng Cheng Su, or controller of all the temples and monks on the hill. He administers corporal punishment, or in bad cases, can exorcise the offending benzo from the precincts of the hill. The office is now filled by a pleasant old monk of about 60 years old, who has spent all his life on and near the hill, and having lived through the Pan-they rebellion, during which the temples were alternately and impartially pillaged by the followers of the prophet and the followers of Confucius, has many tales of adventure to relate. Twenty-nine temples are shown on a native map of the hill; they are all, with the exception of the summit shrine, situated on the south slope of the mountain, and buried in a magnificent growth of forest, but many are now abandoned and in ruins. From Shih Tan San a good cornice road leads along the mountain slope in a westerly direction to Chin Lan San (Golden Child Temple), which is at the foot of the west pinnacle. Besides the main road there are woodcutters' paths in all directions, and pleasant walks through the cool depths of the forest, where the stately silver pheasant and the elegant amherst may be seen strutting in their native wilds.

When the white sun of Yunnan floods the whole hill with light the view of the forest and mountain is so superb that it is easy to believe that a spot so conspicuous, so accessible, and so beautiful must have attracted the religious devotion of men from the time when they were first moved by the conception of the spiritual or the sublime.

In all the chief temples morning and evening services are celebrated, but there is little or no knowledge of the faith among the bonzes. The total number of the holy men on the hill is about 200. The Shih Tan San has about 30, and Hia Yen San 40. The relics of Shih Tan amount to 250 piculs of grain yearly, derived from lands in the neighborhood. Hui Yen San is also fairly well off, but on the whole the bonzes have fallen on hard times and begging, or the surreptitiousness of visitors at the end of the year, the time of the great pilgrimage, form their chief means of subsistence, and most of the buildings are falling into a sad state of disrepair.

An Editor Speaks.

Editor Lynch of "Daily Post" Philadelphia, N. J., has tested the merits of Folex's Honey and Tar with this result: "I have used a great many patent remedies in my family for coughs and colds and I can honestly say that Honey and Tar is the best thing of the kind I have ever used. I cannot say too much in praise of it." Sole agents, F. J. Hill Drug Co.



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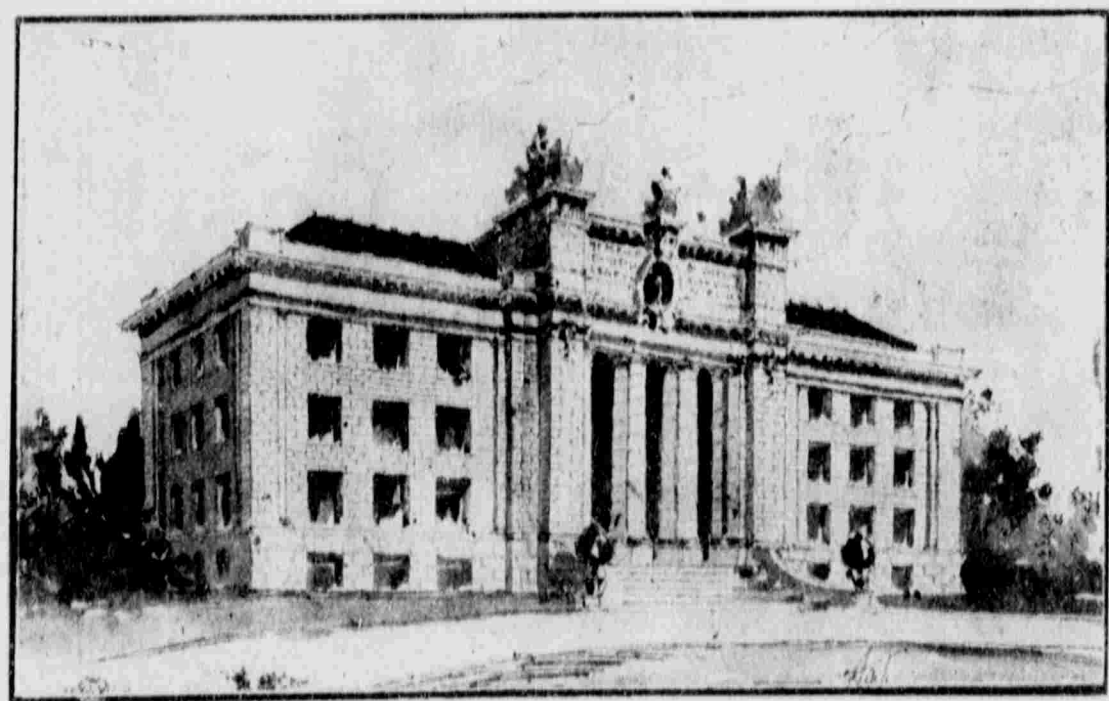
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THE BISHOP LEONARD MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Above is the front elevation of the proposed Memorial building to be erected at St. Mark's hospital and in connection with that institution, for occupancy by the superintendent and his family and the corps of nurses. The equipment will be of the latest and very best, and the structure made an ornament to the city. The cost as at present estimated, will be about \$25,000, though if the gifts and donations to this purpose exceed the sum mentioned, the extra amount can be used to very profitable advantage. The architects are Ware & Treganza.

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