

SUPPRESSING THE FACTS.

Associated Press Covers Up Real Situation Concerning Organized Labor.

Charges that the Associated Press has willfully and deliberately refused to print anything relating to the strike at the Bethlehem Steel Works, a favorite government contractor, have been presented to the Senate, Senator Owen of Oklahoma, in connection with a resolution calling for an investigation of the conditions leading up to the strike.

The resolution which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to read:

"Resolved, That the Bureau of Labor advise the Senate of the conditions leading up to the strike of employes of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Bethlehem, Pa., and the causes which led to that strike, and whether or not the employes of the machine shops of this company were required to work on Sunday, and whether the work of the mechanics and machinists was put upon the seven-day basis."

For the information of the Senate, Owen also submitted a number of documents giving both sides of the strike. In one of these, signed by the chairman and secretary of the strikers' committee, the following remarkable statement is made:

"The Associated Press has refused to send out any news matter relating to the strike. Either Mr. Schwab or Mr. Melville E. Stone can tell you the reason. It's safe to say labor didn't bribe the Associated Press."

To prove their charge that the Associated Press has suppressed labor news, the strikers point out the fact

that it refused to transmit over its wires the written charges made to President Taft by the strikers, in which it was stated that the Bethlehem company supplied the Government with defective steel.

The Bethlehem strikers charge that the whole power of the State of Pennsylvania has been placed at the disposal of the Schwab company, and "was used in the last two months to break up a peaceful strike by sending into the borough of Bethlehem a band of bloodthirsty, murderous thugs to browbeat and stampede innocent striking workmen back to work."

The strikers further say: "As soon as the news came over the wire that Congress had voted to build two battle ships by contract under the eight-hour law Mr. Schwab's agents at once ridiculed the law, by saying that it would make no difference to them, because they would compel their workmen to work as many hours as they pleased after working eight hours on government work, in case they secured the contract."

Failing to secure competent men, due to long hours, low wages, and Sunday labor, as charged by the striking workmen, the Bethlehem Steel Company is now placing advertisements in hundreds of newspapers in an effort to fill the shops with child labor to work on Government work and construct for the United States work requiring the highest skill. Copies of these advertisements have been presented to the Senate.

STATIONARY ENGINEERS.

The Stationary Engineers' Union is an accomplished fact in Lincoln, the

local's charter and supplies having arrived the first of the week. The local will meet at the Temple Saturday evening at 8 o'clock and proceed to permanent organization.

This new local starts out with great promise. It has a charter membership of twenty, with assurances that the number will be speedily doubled. The rocks upon which the old organization was wrecked will be avoided, and a safe course steered this time. The Wageworker wishes the new union abundant success.

ALBION DEBATORS CRAWFISH.

Had Wrong End of Question and Knew They'd Be Swamped.

The Albion High School debating squad failed to show up to debate the union proposition with the Pierce High school debating squad. After investigating the circumstances we can't blame the Albionites. The question was, "Resolved, That Labor Unions, on the whole, are beneficial." Albion was to deny. The Albion team had previously won with the affirmative, and so had Pierce. The two were pitted against one another to ascertain which should represent the district at the Lincoln meet in May. Albion drew the negative, and as a result "flunked," realizing that there was so little argument on the negative side that it would be practically useless to tackle the job. As a result the Pierce team will represent the district at the Lincoln meet.

AN OPEN FORUM.

Presbyterian Church's Labor Temple in New York Brilliant Success.

The Labor Temple recently opened in New York City by the Presbyterian

Department of Church and Labor has proven itself to be one of the most successful things ever undertaken by the Department. The first meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, April 19th, and was attended by about four hundred men. An address was given by Mr. Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor. The Temple is open every night in the week for a meeting of some sort, and during the first week, the attendance increased from night to night until before the week was out, the capacity of the building was taxed to its utmost. Practically every night crowded, three-fourths of the audience each night being men, although on each Sunday afternoon a men's mass meeting is held, when there is a discussion of social and economic problems.

Some of the speakers and the topics already discussed are as follows:—"The Problem of the Immigrant" by Congressman William S. Bennet; "The Spirit of Neighborliness" by Jacob A. Riis, the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives"; "The Conservation of National Resources" Weekly; "The Industrial Revolution and the Times" by Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the Institute for Social Service; "Social Progress and Foreign Missions" by E. D. Soper, a world traveler; "Women and the Industrial Situation" by Eva MacDonald Valesh, General Secretary of the Woman's Committee on Industrial Problems; "What Kind of a God Does the Bible Present" by W. W. White, President of the Bible Teachers Training School of New York; "Socialism and the Church" by the Rev. Charles Stelzle.

At the open forum on Tuesday nights, the most vital questions that concern workmen are being discussed. All sides of these questions are presented. The crafts identified with the liquor and saloon interests have been invited to discuss the question "Will the Closing of the Saloon Help or Injure the Workingman." The exponents of Socialists will present their arguments for the economic system which they advocate. In all fairness, these and other topics are presented to the audience, but in every case an opportunity is given for discussion. It is hoped that out of these discussions there will at least come a sense of respect for the man who may hold theories contrary to one's own; for however we may disagree in our economic beliefs, it is quite possible that our opponents may be thoroughly sincere and they should at least be given credit for their sincerity.

It is the object of the Department of Church and Labor in this Labor Temple to demonstrate what the Church may do in a practical way in the discussion of vital human problems, and to create a sentiment in favor of better conditions for the workers and also to fight aggressively in every way possible to secure these conditions. Conducted upon a non-sectarian and non-partisan basis, there is no reason why Catholic, Jew and Protestant, and all others who believe in the uplift of the people, may not co-operate in this enterprise. And this is precisely what is coming to pass in the New York Labor Temple. It is confidently hoped that out of it there will develop similar centers in other cities.

THANKS LABOR UNIONS.

Catholic Clergyman Credits Them With Bringing About Chief Benefits.

"All of the progress, all of the benefits that have been conferred upon humanity through movements in their interests during the past hundred years are properly credited to the labor unions, and the Catholic church willingly accords that credit.

"Any church or any clergyman who denies that credit is not granting recognition to a self-evident fact.

"We now have philosophers like myself, who are lending their efforts to solving these questions, but the labor movement has created the philosophers. It has given them opportunity to study and observe the effects of organization, and we philosophers must accord labor that credit.

"In the interest of civilization, the elevation of the toilers from the basis of mere slaves to be free and liberty-loving citizens, has been the work of the union. It is a good work and they have given a good account of themselves in promoting the progress of humanity. It is a worthy movement in the eye of God."

No Possible Doubt.

"You can't make me believe," said Mrs. Lapsling, "that the man the police caught prowling around our house wasn't a burglar. He denied it, but they found a 44 calamus revolver on him."

Culture.

Some people understand classical music so well that they hardly ever break in and applaud at the wrong time.

The Ring of the Maharajah

To One Man It Seemed to Cause Many Deaths.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Yes," said Bentley, puffing at his cigar and looking thoughtfully at a white line that marked the bronze of his finger, "that is where I used to wear the ring of the maharajah of—no matter what."

"And thereby hangs a tale, as I can guess," returned Laidlaw, with a laugh. "Out with it, man!"

"The maharajah was a friend of mine. I hunted tigers with him, and once I saved his life from the beast whose skin is under our feet." The three men looked down at the splendid tiger skin at their feet, at the tawny beauty of the silken hair and then at the cruel head with its snarling lips and deadly fangs.

"I saved his life, and he was very grateful to me for it. He gave me rich presents, and then one day in spite of my protests he insisted upon my accepting the ring. It is a wide band of gold with a carved amethyst sunk deep in the setting. 'Sahib Bentley,' said the maharajah, 'this will bring good fortune, the blessing of heaven and protection from your enemies. Come tomorrow and I will tell you the story of the ring and how you may use it to advantage.' Bentley paused and looked gravely into the fire.

"And the next day," prompted Laidlaw, "you went and—"

"The next day I went to the palace and found that the maharajah had died suddenly in the night."

"And so you never knew the history of the ring?" remarked Eastman.

"Not until it made new history after it came into my possession. At first I did not wear it through some dislike for barbarous jewelry, and then one day after I had been thinking of the old maharajah and deciding what a white old heathen he had been I slipped it on my finger, and so I grew into the habit of wearing it."

"One night I was dining with a lot of fellows at the Calcutta club when suddenly one of them, a little Englishman by name of Ellsworth, caught my hand and examined the ring thoughtfully. I was explaining the matter of the ring to him when, with a startled cry, he fell over on the floor.

"He was dead when we picked him up," he said presently. "Heart disease, the doctors said."

"And what was your opinion?"

"I had none. To me it was merely a coincidence that he should have expired while examining my ring. I never connected the ring with the case in any way. A year afterward while I was sitting in the veranda of my bungalow a servant announced that a lady wished to see me. She was admitted to the veranda, and I found her to be the wife of an English army officer whom I knew merely by reputation. He was a hard case, and rumor had it that he was disgraced and papers from the home office were en route to Calcutta regarding his suspension.

"Mrs. Fitz-Norton was a very beautiful woman, quiet and refined, but her face expressed the greatest distress. She apologized for intruding upon me and then asked abruptly if I possessed the ring of the maharajah. I told her that I did and that I had it on. She asked to examine it closely, and I drew it off and handed it to her. With a little cry she pressed it to her lips and—"

Bentley stopped short and stared defiantly at his companions.

"And what happened?" they asked in unison.

"Why, she sank to the floor unconscious and died that night," said Bentley, passing his hand wearily across his brow.

"The devil!" uttered Laidlaw, looking pityingly at his friend.

"Poisoned," muttered Eastman, leaning forward in his chair, with brooding eyes fixed on the fire.

"Oh, it was examined for poison, and none was found," said Bentley. "It made matters very unpleasant for me, but the fact that it was given to me by the maharajah was generally known, and so it was forgotten after awhile."

"And did you continue to wear it?"

"Yes. After it was examined and found harmless I did wear it for a year or two until—"

He paused again in a manner that had been peculiarly exasperating to his hearers.

"Until when?" exclaimed Laidlaw impatiently.

"Until the great tragedy," returned Bentley. He was looking very white and worn now, and the two men noticed for the first time the gauntness of his face and the dark hollows under his eyes. "I was engaged to marry Miss Vivian, a beautiful young English girl, the daughter of the officer in command of the Calcutta barracks. I wished to bestow a ring upon her, and she would have no other than this one. I told her the curse that seemed to be upon it, but she would not listen; she insisted. I gave her the ring, and she died in my arms!" He bent his head upon his breast and stared vacantly at the dancing flames on the hearth.

"Show us the ring, old chap," said Eastman earnestly, ignoring Laidlaw's indignant glance. "Perhaps we can help you."

"No one can help me now," returned Bentley listlessly as he arose and went

to a small cabinet in the wall. Presently he returned with a small ebony box, which he gave to Eastman. Then he reseated himself and watched his companions earnestly as they opened the box and rather gingerly removed the maharajah's ring from its white velvet bed.

It was as Bentley had described it, a broad band of pure gold, and sunk deep in the shank was an exquisite amethyst of rich purple tints. The face was exquisitely carved, showing a pagoda in relief. It was harmless looking, but very beautiful.

"May I have it for a day or two, Bentley?" asked Eastman after awhile.

"Certainly. Keep it as long as you like, but remember that it will bring you nothing but evil and evil in its most bitter form. You have a wife and child, and you should not risk disaster."

"I will take my chances," returned Eastman, with a confident smile. "I believe I know how to handle it, old man."

"Remember, I warned you, Eastman, and Laidlaw is witness to my warning," said Bentley, raising a haggard face toward them.

"That's all right, Bentley. And now my advice is to go to bed and get a good night's rest. You are all tired out with your long journey and with the recital of your painful narrative. I believe I can help you, and I will."

They shook hands cordially with their host, but it was not until they had emerged upon the street that Laidlaw spoke.

"That was rather rough of you, Eastman," he said indignantly. "After he told you the story of the girl you should have let the matter drop. He's all broken up over the matter."

"Wouldn't you help him if you could?" asked Eastman quietly.

"Of course I would, but he can't be helped. He's either the victim of a series of remarkable coincidences or else the ring is a poisoned one."

"You are wrong in both instances, Laidlaw. I have a theory which I will work out, and then I will call upon you to congratulate me." The scientist spoke with an air of confidence that impressed his companion.

"I hope you will, Eastman," cried Laidlaw earnestly, "but you can't bring back the dead, you know, and that's what the matter with Bentley."

"Wait and see," was the reply as Eastman turned in at his gate. When he reached his laboratory in the top of the house he swung his coat and hat upon a chair and drew the ebony box from his pocket. Then with a powerful glass he examined the maharajah's ring with frowning brow that denoted the intensity of his interest.

With a long drawn sigh he carefully replaced the ring in the ebony box; then he sat down and wrote several letters, which he was careful to post that night in spite of the lateness of the hour.

Several months passed, during which no mention was made of the amethyst ring. Bentley lounged about his rooms, moody and abstracted, while Laidlaw dropped in now and then for a few brief words of cheer as he made his busy rounds. Eastman came, too, and had long, quiet talks with Bentley, during which he strove to learn more of the life which Bentley had spent in India, but he never mentioned the maharajah's ring.

Then one day several months after the evening of Bentley's return from India the three men gathered at Eastman's suggestion in the former's study, Eastman in his corner by the fire, Laidlaw stretched in a steamer chair and Bentley lounging in a great leather chair with his feet on the skin of the tiger that had threatened the life of the maharajah. They talked upon indifferent subjects for awhile, and then Eastman said carelessly:

"By the way, Bentley, I have discovered the mystery of the ring."

"What?" Bentley sprang to his feet and then passed a hand absently across his brow. "You have discovered the mystery of the—ring?" he stammered.

"Certainly," replied Eastman cheerfully. "You remember the day you saved the life of the maharajah?"

"Surely."

"It was a hot day," said Eastman quietly.

"So it was. Confound it all, but I can't remember much about that day except that they told me I saved the maharajah's life. I was glad of that," said Bentley simply.

"Can you bear a shock, old man?" asked Eastman kindly.

"What is it? Yes, I can bear anything."

"You are mistaken about the deadly character of the ring, Bentley." He spread three letters written on thin foreign paper on his knee and went on: "The old maharajah of no matter what writes me he is enjoying excellent health; Mrs. Fitz-Norton, the wife of the scoundrelly army man, is a cheerful widow; young Ellsworth is as husky and alive as he ever was, and the only man who toppled over at the Calcutta club that night was yourself, for it was the evening of the day of the tiger hunt, and you had suffered a sunstroke on that day, and you have forgotten and imagined things ever since. You are all right now."

A look of intense relief spread over Bentley's face, his eyes brightened, and he looked from Laidlaw's bewildered countenance to Eastman's face of quiet strength. "Thank God," he said. Then, with boyish eagerness, he cried, "And Muriel—Muriel Vivian—my love—what of her?"

"Why," laughed Eastman, with sympathetic moisture in his eyes, "Miss Vivian and her father are registered at the St. Alexis, I believe, and—"

But Bentley had seized his hat and disappeared.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES WARM

You naturally think of Summer Wear—lighter underclothing, a light-weight suit, low-cut shoes, negligee shirt, straw hat, and all the other things in the men's furnishing line that go to make for comfort during the warm months of the year. This season we are better prepared than ever before to minister to your wants along these lines. And, as usual, we are prepared to meet you with regular prices that are lower than the "special bargain prices" of others will be a few months later when the season is drawing to a close and the stocks are badly broken. Every day is bargain day at this store. And we are especially proud of the

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On the Square