

SAYS JAIL DID NOT BREAK TILE TRUST

**Lockwood Committee Is Told
Collusive Bidding by Dealers
Still Remains**

BUILDERS RECITE "ABUSES"

New York, Dec. 15.—Four penitentiary sentences and fines aggregating \$125,000, which recently were imposed upon members of the Tile Combining Committee, for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, did not put a stop to collusive bidding by dealers and manufacturers, it is asserted by the Lockwood Legislative Committee, which exposed the trust, yesterday.

The committee also was informed of a report that the fines which were imposed on both corporations and individuals by Federal Judge Val P. Felt would be paid from the funds of The Glass and Mantel Manufacturers' National Association.

Hyman L. Morse, a Brooklyn builder, testified in the tile industry there still exists "a combination, wherein when one bidder gets a figure the others will not even get near you and figure for you."

Builders also aired their grievances against union labor in the building trades before the committee yesterday, and labor leaders defended some of the practices complained of.

Builders said that while the union wage scale is \$10 a day, delegates take the men off jobs unless all are given \$7.50 a day.

Each builder recited a "list of abuses." Painter work only five days a week; marble polishers penalize contractors if the stone is finished before being brought to market; plasterers and gypsum fixtures will not work if fastened to fixtures before the job is turned over to them.

Builders are prevented by union agreements with contractors from buying material, which the workers demand must be purchased by the contractor. That is, the builders testified, increased costs 15 per cent.

They complained that the contractors have an agreement providing "once one of them gets a job from a builder the builder can never get any other later to contract with him."

"We've got to build according to the union or not at all," a Brooklyn builder said.

Another complained that "men are sent out by the union to see that the men don't work, not that they do work."

"They don't ever offer to work for the agreed scale," said a third. "It is no much above the scale will you pay?"

The labor leaders contend workmen were as efficient as ever. They did not deny the men demanded pay above the \$10-a-day scale at the threat of stopping work.

Jeddo Mines Slack; Close Down

Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 15.—Suspension of the Highland No. 5 colliery today, tomorrow and Saturday of this week, due to low coal prices, and Jeddo No. 7 tomorrow and Saturday was announced yesterday by the Jeddo Highland Coal Company, due to the slackened demand in the anthracite market. This is the first time that mines of the Jeddo firm have been shut down for such a reason in years. The management said about 2500 employees are

employed.

Two Dinners

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

EDITH HOLLIS put the last pin in her hair. It did look well. The red crepe dress that she had paid more for than she cared to think about was spread out on the bed.

Still it was worth it, she decided. For this was no ordinary dinner, this Thanksgiving dinner down on Eleventh street in the exclusive part of the city.

She could almost see herself stepping across the sea of polished floor, into the long, dim, flower-scented room where Mrs. Bartow would smile graciously, and Helen would give her butterfly kiss as though she were a member of the family. And then John would rise and take her hand; she felt a little shiver of happiness as she could almost fancy that strong grip of those brown fingers. His blue eyes never held anything but the most friendly light, but his smile and his drawing voice could pull at her heartstrings. If only—if only he would see that she could ill afford a position in a house like that, grace any table, charm any guests.

She could hear old Drew announcing "Dinner is served, madam," and she could even see the round, candle-lighted table while elaborate course after course followed each other, and only a turkey would give a hint that this was the descendant of the Pilgrims' day of Thanksgiving.

"Somehow I never seem to know John Bartow, we just talk and laugh and then it's time to go," Edith thought: "he just sees the outside of me. And yet if it's a pretty enough outside it ought to help," she soliloquized.

Brown eyes and brown hair, and an alluring dimple placed at her mouth's corner, with something of the quick grace of a girl in the turn of her head, she was pretty.

And yet there were a great many pretty girls, all of them Ellen's friends, and all of them frequenters of that charming old house.

Her thoughts stopped abruptly for something had flickered past the window, and she saw that it was a falling snow. It was queer how in that moment another picture came to claim her.

A little, old-fashioned house, with a worn stone doorstep, across which one stepped into a parlor where the breath of balsam and the warm air from the Franklin stove puffed out to her.

She could see the old, old-fashioned figure, with a blue apron about her waist, bending to baste the strokes in the kitchen; she could see a square painted table with a place set for one on the best clover-pattered tablecloth.

Turkey, browned to perfection, and potatoes and turnips and glassy round cranberries and golden pie that waited nor could be eaten by any one person to eat them, a little round woman with cheery brown eyes and hands that were rough and work-worn.

"I can't do it!" Edith choked. "Not for all the John Bartows in the world; besides he's never even looked at me—he never will."

Blindly she felt in the closet for her coat, and when she had unearthed a timetables, she saw that she would just have time to catch the 11:01.

She sent a wire at the station to tell the Bartows she was going home, and when the train was gliding past the ugly stretches of salt marshes she sank back with a sigh. How could she have thought of neglecting her mother on Thanksgiving Day? She had written

that she could not be home, but now the surprise would be all the sicker.

Across the aisle she felt some one's eye on her, and turning, she gave a little gasp.

"Why, what are you doing here? I thought you—" she stopped and blushed painfully.

"Were you dining with the cousins, too?" John Bartow asked. "I ran away. I didn't see how I could end all that formality on Thanksgiving Day. I thought I'd just go out to the country and walk a bit and stop in at one of those old hotels and take pot-luck. But what about you?"

"I'm going home," she said, and blushed harder than ever. "I came from the country. My mother—"

"How jolly!" he whistled.

"I'd be glad if you care to have dinner with—" she said, turning to him with a smile.

"Would I?"

"Well, rather! That is, if I won't be putting you out?"

When she assured him that that was the last thing he would be doing, she turned miserably to the window. She was overcome with shame. She had had to ask him, and yet she had the amusement that would grow in her eyes at the simple home, with its lack of luxuries, with its plainness and simplicity. A lump grew in her throat, and she could only answer him in monotones.

But when she had flung open the door and felt her mother's arms about her and heard her cry, "Why, Edie, you came!" she turned a flushed, expectant face to John Bartow.

He could scorch them if he chose; he might do so as they were.

John Bartow was holding the thing with the spirit of a boy. He sat at the foot of the table and carved the turkey, he asked for a second helping of pie and he praised the dinner, much to Mrs. Hollis' delight. He even carried the dishes out into the kitchen with a big apron tied about his waist, and told them stories until the tears trickled down their cheeks between the laughs.

"If you'll let me, I'll come out again," John said as he said a good-bye. "I haven't had such a good time in years. At last I've found real people!"

"I like your beau right well," Mrs. Hollis was telling Edith, "and I know he appreciated a good home from all he said. I'm glad we could give him a real dinner and hope he comes soon."

Edith turned a radiant face to her mother, but she said nothing of the new light she had seen in John's eyes.

Deaths

BETHELL—Dec. 15, ELIZABETH K., wife of Monasdale Bethell (nee Stuber), aged 60. Funeral services Fri., 2 P. M., at Bethell's, 110 N. 13th St.

BORTHMUT—Dec. 14, 1921, LORENZ, husband of late Louisa Borthmut, aged 63. Services Sat., 10 A. M., at Bethel's, 50th and Catherine Sts., Int. Hillside Cem.

BREWEN—Dec. 14, suddenly, at her residence, Germantown. BERTHA COOPER, widow of the Rev. Paul C. Brewen. Funeral services Sat., St. Peter's, Germantown, Wm. and Harvey S. Brewen, 1903 Germantown, Phila.

CAVANAGH—Dec. 13, 1921, CATHARINE G., wife of Terence P. Cavanagh. Relatives and friends, also Louis of MacSweeney, son of her late husband, 5800 A. M. from his late residence, 6735 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia. Services Sat., 10 A. M., at St. Columba's Church, 10th and Arch Sts.

CHESTERSON—Dec. 13, 1921, ROBERT E. CHESTERSON, 24, son of Robert and Anna Chesterson, 110 N. 13th St.

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CHESTERSON—Dec. 14, 1921, WILLIAM HALE, funeral services Fri., 1:30 P. M., at Frankford Cem.

CHEYNE—At Philadelphia, Dec. 15, LAWRENCE, husband of Margaret Cheyne. Funeral services Sat., 10 A. M., at St. Paul's, 10th and Locust Sts.

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