Cuban Interests Oppose Fordney Tariff on Sugar

Spokesman for Industry in United States Tell of Benefits From Protecting Producers.

Washington, Dec. 19.-Extended arguments for and against retention of the present temporary duty of 1.6 cents a pound on Cuban raw sugar were presented today to senate tariff

Spokesmen for American sugar companies operating in Cuba declared that the rate would prevent rehabitation of the industry there, while representatives of the beet sugar industry in this country asserted a return to the Underwood rate of 1 cent a pound would prevent development of that industry, if it did not

Those representing American companies in Cuba declared that more than a mere tariff question was inthat the rehabilitation of Cuba depended upon the sugar inwas morally bound to aid that counagainst \$200,000,000 in the industry in this country.

Highest In 30 Years.

It was argued that the duty proposed to be made "permament" by the Fordney bill was the highest in 30 years and that it represented a tax of \$162,000,000 annually on the American people, \$81,000,000 of which would go to American sugar producers. Attention was also called by witnesses that Cuba imported last year \$515,000,000 worth of American products and that since the economic life of the island depended on its sugar crop, much of this trade would be lost unless the United States helped rehabilitate the Cuban sugar in-

dustry."
Finally it was argued that the clause in the Fordney bill permitting American refineries to import at three-fourths of the normal duty two pounds of sugar for each pound of domestic sugar refined from beets or cane was a violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba giving a preferential rate of 20 per cent below the full rate on even know her." imports from that country.

It also was contended that this was

discrimination in favor of certain cold little laugh American interests and injurious to

Smoot Defends Plan.

Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, took exception to many of the statements of the witnesses presenting the case for the American companies. He declared conditions in Cuba were no worse than those in this country and announced that he favored the protection of American capital invested in this country as against American capinvested in other countries.

Spokesmen for the industry in the United States testified that the beet sugar industry has been developed in 17 states; that there was invested in it \$200,000,000, with 95 factories. It is now producing annually 1,000,000 tons of sugar, or nearly one-fourth tune Hunter said, glancing up at the domestic consumption, and is of the domestic consum reclaiming waste land because the beets will grow where other produce will not. The acreage now is 880,-000 and the farmers raising the crop number 100,000, who give employ-ment to an additional 85,000.

Given proper protection, the witnesses argued, the industry would expand where it would supply most of the domestic demand and in case of war make the country independent of foreign countries. It also was dream was near, and, woman-like, contended that the raising of beets

each inhabitant each year and that the industry was worth such an ex-

Picture Worth 500,000

Francs Awaits Owner Paris, Dec. 18 .- No one has so far

Veronese, which has been for some years waiting to be called for in the lost property office at Paris. The tanvas was brought in during the war by a soldier who seemed to have met it by accident on his route, and although the legal delay imposed on objects found has long since expired, the man has not returned to claim what is now his own property. A value of 500,000 francs has been set on the work, which looks decidedly out of place among the umbrellas and bags and capes and other miscellancous property left by absent-minded people on the public highway or in public vehicles. For a Paul Veronese to go begging is a piquant incident in the history of old masters, yet that seems to be the case with this mysteriously lost and acquired picture at the prefecture of police of

Construction of New State

Capitol to Be Begun in June Lincoln, Dec. 19.—(Special.)— Construction on Nebraska's \$5,000,-000 capitol building will start by the middle of June, Governor Mc-Kelvie said today on his return from a conference of the state capitol com-mission with Mr. Goodhue, the architect, in New York City.

The governor said the state will

save about \$250,000 by eliminating the contractors' "cuts" by awarding contracts directly for the various kinds of work instead of giving one contractor the whole job and letting him award the subcontracts.

Advertising for bids will start next month.

Widely-Known Theatrical

Manager Dies Suddenly Chicago, Dec. 19.—John C. Fisher, widely known theatrical manager, died suddenly yesterday when about to leave for Pittsburgh. He was with his company, the Irish Players, and had just concluded five weeks' engagement. He was one of the producers of "Florodora," which netted its owners nearly \$1,000,000.

Ratifications Exchanged Paris, Dec. 19 .- The exchange of ratifications of the peace treaty begary took place yesterday, accord-

The Fortune Hunter

(Continued From Saturday.)
The Fortune Hunter had made a swift movement to stop Anne's impulsive action, but he was too late; the little ring went zigzagging down into the clear, still water, and disap-peared into the dark rushes in the bed of the river.

Anne looked up into his white face and laughed, though there were "I never believed I could do a thing like that!" she said. "But now

-I'm glad it's gone! I'm glad it's "And some day," the Fortune Hunter said grimly, "some day you will throw me out of your life in

the same way Her face flamed into passion. 'And if I do," she cried, "whose fault will it be? Why, yours, yours

"Perhaps yours a little as well," he answered her. "You've judged me unheard.

She turned round, looking up at him directly as he stood behind her, the water dripping from the punt pole, which he had taken up again.

"Unheard! she echoed bitterly. "When I have begged you, and begdustry and that the United States ged you, to tell me the truth! Whatever it is! However, bad it is! Even They also argued that there was if it's that-that you find you don't \$1,000,000,000 of American capital care any more-now you've come invested in the Cuban industry as home."

He gave a little stifled cry of protest, but she went on ruthlessly:

"I'll tell you something now something that I meant to keep to myself, because I hoped-I was foolish enough to hope that you would tell me about it yourself if I waited! But now I know you never will, and so-it's just this-that day you went to London-I know why you went. I know whom you met, and so-that's why I threw your ring away." The Fortune Hunter cried

"Foster told you! The sneaking hound. He came back here and

as if in actual physical pain. "It was the truth, then! You did-go to meet-a woman!"

"I did! I'm not denying it, but was for a very different reason to the one you are thinking.Anneswear to you-" You swore to me once before

"It was the truth! If I could only explain everything-" She gave a

"It would make no difference. I shall never believe anything you tell

The sunshine had clouded over. drifted out into midstream again, give us shelter." He glanced up. and there was no shelter at hand.

The Fortune Hunter picked up his coat and put it around Anne's shoul-"You'll get wet-oh, my coat won't hurt you!" he broke out ironically, as she protested. She submitted then and held it

closely around her shoulders. A cool breeze had come up with the rain clouds, and the face of the river was ruffled.
"It looks like lasting," the For-

"I don't think it will be muchif you get under the bank the trees will shelter us."

She did not want to go back to the house; there was a kind of foreboding to her heart that this was to be one of the few hours when she would have this man to herself. Although she guessed nothing of the real tragedy between them, instinct told her that the end of yet another she clung to it tenaciously.

sented in the duty, it was contended that this amounted to only \$1.44 for each inhabitant each was a faint scent of tobactor w There was a faint scent of tobacagainst her throat reminded her of that night in the garden after the Fortune Hunter came home, when he had taken her in his arms for the first time. She thought of her own words to him: "Now I am quite, quite, happy!"
How foolish! when surely nobody

in the world was ever quite happy.

"Merry Christmas!"

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ver and Rolled Silver styles are

\$1.50 to \$3.00. Others are less.

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Saint Paul

The Fortune Hunter had turned the punt about, and was making for the bank where the trees drooped please, I beg of you." over the river with thick sheltering branches. The leaves were falling al-

and yellow, like little fairy boats. said after a moment, dryly. "Very apprehensively ahead to where the kind of him, I'm sure! Had he any smoke from the crooked chimney of other interesting news to impart at Long-end cottage curled up into the

bull story that he had seen me a year ago, in San Francisco, running a gaming saloon? He told it to me most eloquently. I grant him that!"
he laughted hardily. "No doubt it was easy enough to convince you that he spoke the truth! Did he tell

not going to deny that it's true?" He them.

He ran the punt alongside the bank smoking placidly. and sprang ashore, securing the oring rope to a tree stump.

forded an efficient shelter. The Fortune Hunter lit a cigaret urely down to the bank.

"A sudden shower," he said; he and sat down on the tree stump, his eyes on Anne's face, and once again made a clumsy sort of attempt to And I dare say that's more than he burning desire to take Garry

ruth rushed through him. Would she believe him and, what its soft childishness, he thought with a pang, to have grown thinner and harder. She shivered a little, and he rose hurriedly and piled the

cushions more closely around her. "Foster told you! The sneaking tound. He came back here and stops," he said. "You ought to have brought a coat. I'm afraid you will take cold." "Thank you, I am not cold." There was a little silence, and the Fortune Hunter looked away

down the gray, deserted river and wondered how many times in the future he would think of these days and long for them to come again. "Is that Fernic's cottage on the pposite bank?" he asked suddenly. he pointed across the stream to a small white-washed house with crooked chimney, standing by itself at the end of a waterway.

"Yes"-Anne followed his gazeyes, that's Long-End cottage." The Fortune Hunter rose and came to stand beside the punt. "It's raining harder than ever. I and a few drops of rain began to think the best thing we can do is splash heavily down. The punt had to cross the river and ask him to "The rain is coming through the leaves now."

He began to unfasten the mooring tope, but Anne cried out in protest: "I will not go over there, I would rather get wet. I hate Fernie and I will not go into his house." "If we stay here we shall drenched to the skin-look at the rain now." The river was a mass of bubbles, raindrops dancing up and



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followed it, pushing off from the felt vaguely surprised

bank determinedly. "I will not go into Fernie's house,"

But he was already pushing out into mid-stream strongly; the rain ready, and the bosom of the water was pouring down now, and after was strewn with them, green, brown a moment his thin shirt and bare Anne glanced at him and said no "And so Foster told you he saw me in London," the Fortune Hunter more, but she kept her eyes fixed

She did not answer, but her silence was eloquent, for he broke out again presently—
"Did he tell you come cock and." "Did he tell you some cock-and- under those trees; you'll take your

that he spoke the truth! Did he tell queer sort of eagerness to meet you that, Anne-" "And if he did—" she broke out tremulously. "I suppose you are and what sort of a home the man had, tremulously. "I suppose you are

As they neared the opposite bank "Why should I deny anything, they saw that Fernie was standing when you have told me already that at the open door, his slouched hat you will not believe a word I say?" pulled down over his eyes as usual, He watched them without mov-

ing, until the punt entered the The rain had not increased at all, waterway leading up past his cot-and as yet the leaves overhead affrom his pipe and sauntered leis-

Cannon's advice and tell her the come to come in, Miss Harding, and shelter."

fire in the kitchen," was his only

The Fortune Hunter was already on the bank, and he held out his hand to help Anne ashore. Her fingers felt cold in his, and he kept them in his hand for a moment till

laconic answer. He went ahead of them and opened the door wider; he seemed to be deliberately avoiding the Fortune Hunter's eyes. 'It's a small place, but you'll find it clean," he said in the same disinterested fashion.

It was a diminutive kitchen, with a bright fire burning in the grate and a chair drawn up close to it. Anne, looking around with apprehensive eyes, noticed the orderly array of china on the dresser and

threw the rope into the punt and the freshly scrubbed floor, and she

"Pull up to the fire, Miss Harding and warm yourself," Fernie said more affably, as she shivered; for Fernie said Anne said again, excitedly. "John- the first time he looked at the Fortune Hunter, and added, hesitatingly: "I don't know that I can offer you a change of clothes, Mr Smith"his eyes scanned the Fortune Hunter's wet shirt, "But, perhaps you're used to weather of all sorts," he added.

"I am! Weather never troubles mel" the Fortune Hunter answered He shook the rain drops from his hair, and dried his wet arms on his handkerchief.

A sudden gust of rain had lashed the window, and, glancing out, he saw that the river was blurred and almost hidden from view in driving mist. "We could have been almost home by now," Anne said ungraciously, though in her heart she was grateful for the warmth and shelter. She leaned forward, holding her hands to the flames, her eyes still wandering curiously around her, There were none of the many

curios visible, of which Tommy had spoken so often with such enthusiasm. The kitchen was almost bare in its tidiness. An old print of the Balaclava Charge hung over the high mantelshelf, on which stood a clock and a couple of pewter mugs, one of them filled with paper spills.

She asked an impulsive question. "Who does you work for you, Mr

"My work? Do you mean who cleans the cottage, Miss Harding? Well, I clean it myself, every bit of and do my own cooking, too! raise his hat to Anne. "You're wel- you can do, Mr. Smith," he added looking up at the Fortune Hunter. "Oh, I've cooked many a meal in "There's really no need," she an- my time," the Fortune Hunter anmattered more greatly, would she forgive him? Her pretty face seemed to have lost something of straight home." when I was in Frisco—" "You're welcome, and I've got a He broke off, as Anne turned and

Constipated People Should Read This

she drew them away.

"Is the rain going to last, do you think?" the Fortune Hunter asked of Fernie as they went up to the cottage together.

"Shouldn't be surprised; the wind's in the right quarter," was the laconic answer. He went ahead of them and opened the door wider.

and healthy state.

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looked up at him, the color rising to

"Oh, so you have been in 'Frisco hen, after all?" she said slowly. (Continued in The Bee Tomorrow,)

New York Archbishop Scores Birth Control

New York, Dec. 19,-In a Christmas pastoral read throughout the Catholic archdiocese of New York today, Archbishop P. J. Hayes denounced birth control and divorce "pagan" and counselled those of s faith to "stop your ears to pagan illosophy and keep its literature rom your homes as you would an

oomination."
"Children," the pastoral read. groops down from heaven because God wills it. Woe to those who degrade, pervert or do violence to the law of nature as fixed by the eter-nal decree of God himself." He described divorce as "a nation-

al curse," a "disease in our body pol-itic, not to speak of the moral and piritual harm of broken homes, broken hearts, seared souls, abandoned children and unholy alliances."

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