Report on Sugar Prices Expected to Clear Tariff

Commission to Deliver Findings in Investigation of Fluctuations to President by Next Wednesday.

Washington, April 8.—The tariff commission's preliminary statement in reply to President Harding's request for information on the sugar price situation will indicate by an array of figures, it was declared that sugar prices have fluctuated over many years without regard to the import duties imposed by the various tariff laws. Members of the commission hope to have the reply in the hands of the president next Wednesday.

Whether the report will contain a definite statement covering assertions that current high prices are traceable directly to the present tariff law was not revealed, but it appeared that a majority of the commission agreed that the figures to be submitted failed to connect the duties carried in the present law with the recent rapid increases in sugar values. Those figures, it was said, covered monthly averages of prices as far back as the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich law.

Economists of the commission for several days have been going over the data gathered by staff experts and the whole report to be sent to the president has been the subject of extended discussion by the commission membership. Although it was denied that any controversy has arisen, the differences in views of the republican and democratic members was said to have cropped out continuously in discussions of what the commission will have to say to Mr. Harding.

If there is no definite statement eliminating the tariff from responsibility for the present prices, it was indicated that a majority of the members believed the figures contained in the preliminary statement would serve the same purpose. Others, however, were said to hold entirely different views and it seemed, therefore, that the president would be left to draw his own conclusions from the data which the commission has gathered for him.

Postal Receipts Increase in 50 Industrial Cities

Washington, April 8.—Postal receipts in 50 industrial cities for March showed an increase of 12.91 per cent over March, 1922, the Postoffice department announced.

While the increase was reported as general throughout the country, the southern states showed particular gains. Cities showing marked increased receipts include: Cheyenne, Wyo., 43.23 per cent; Butte, Mont., 24.19, and Reno, Nev., 17.19.

The latest fad among Polish women is that of going about bareheaded.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Saturday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents and a younger brother, Ralph, has to quit Temple college, a small denominational school at Lincoln, at the end of his third year to take care of the home place, while his father, Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Claude's older brother, Bayliss, runs an implement store at Frankfort. Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young farmers, are chums of Claude. While in Lincoln, Claude has become a close friend of the Erlich family, consisting of a motherly widow and her five sons. Claude realizes his love for Enid Royce, daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort miller. Before asking Enid to marry him he asks Mr. Royce for his consent to the match. Enid tells Claude their marriage would not be for the best.

CHAPTER VII.

Claude was well enough to go into the fields before the harvest was over. The middle of July came, and the farmers were still cutting grain. The yield of wheat and oats was so heavy that there were not machines enough to thrash it within the usual time. Men had to await their turn, letting their grain stand in shock until a belching black engine lumbered into the field. Rains would have been disastrous; but this was one of those "good years" which farmers tell about, when everything goes well. At the time they needed rain, there was plenty of it; and now the days were miracles of dry, glittering heat.

Every morning the sun came up a red ball, quickly drank the dew, and started a quivering excitement in all living things. In great harvest seasons like that one, the heat, the intense light, and the important work in hand draw people together and make them friendly. Neighbors helped each other to cope with the burdensome abundance of man-nourishing grain; women and children and old men fell to and did what they could to save and house it. Even the horses had a more varied and sociable existence than usual, going about from one farm to another to help neighbor horses drag wagons and binders and headers. They nosed the colts of old friends, ate out of strange mangers, and drank, or refused to drink, out of strange water-troughs. Decrepit horses that lived on a pension, like the Wheelers' stiff-legged Molly and Leonard Dawson's Billy with the heaves—his asthmatic cough could be heard for a quarter of a mile—were pressed into service now. It was wonderful, too, how well these invalided beasts managed to keep up with the strong young mares and geldings; they bent their willing heads and pulled as if the chafing of the collar on their necks was sweet to them.

The sun was like a great visiting presence that stimulated and took its due from al lanimal energy. When it flung wide its cloak and stepped down over the edge of the fields at evening, it left behind it a spent and exhausted world. Horses and men and women grew thin, seethed all day in their own sweat. After supper they dropped over and slept anywhere at all, until the red dawn broke clear in the east again, like the fanfare of trumpets, and nerves and muscles began to quiver with the solar heat.

For several weeks Claude did not have time to read the newspapers; they lay about the house in bundles, unopened, for Nat Wheeler was in the field now, working like a giant. Almost every evening Claude ran down to the mill to see Enid for a few minutes; he did not get out of his car, and she sat on the old site, left over from horseback days, while she chatted with him. She said frankly that she didn't like men who had just come out of the harvest field, and Claude did not blame her. He didn't like himself very well after his clothes began to dry on him. But the hour or two between supper and bed was the only time he had to see anybody. He slept like the heroes of old; sank upon his bed as the hing he desired most on earth, and for a blissful moment felt the sweetness of sleep before it overpowered him. In the morning, he seemed to hear the shriek of his alarm clock for hours before he could come up from the deep places into which he had plunged. All sorts of incongurous adventures happened to him between the first buzz of the alarm and the moment when he was enough awake to put out his hand and stop it. He dreamed for instance that it was evening, and he had gone to see Enid as usual. While she was coming down the path from the house, he discovered that he had no clothes on at all! Then, with wonderful agility, he jumped over the picket fence into a clump of castor beans, and stood in the dusk, trying to cover himself with the leaves, like Adam in the garden, talking commonplaces to Enid through chattering teeth, afraid lest at any moment she might discover his plight.

Mrs. Wheeler and Mahailey always lost weight in thrashing time, just as the horses did; this year Nat Wheeler had 600 acres of winter wheat that would close upon 30 bushels to the acre. Such a harvest was as hard on the women as it was on the men. Leonard Dawson's wife, Susie, came over to help Mrs. Wheeler, but she was expecting a baby in the fall, and the heat proved too much for her. Then one of the Yoeder daughters came; but the methodical German girl was so distracted by Mahailey's queer ways that Mrs. Wheeler said it was easier to do the work herself than to keep explaining Mahailey's psychology. Day after day 10 ravenous men sat down at the long dinner table in the kitchen. Mrs. Wheeler baked pies and cakes and bread loaves as fast as the oven would hold them, and from morning till night the range was stoked like the fire-box of a locomotive. Mahailey wrung the necks of chickens until her wrist swelled up, as she said, "like a puff-adder."

By the end of July the excitement quieted down. The extra leaves were taken out of the dining table, the Wheeler horses had their barn to themselves again, and the reign of terror in the henhouse was over.

One evening Mr. Wheeler came down to supper with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. "Claude, I see this war scare in Europe has hit the market. Wheat's taken a jump. They're paying 88 cents in Chicago. We might as well get rid of a few hundred bushel before it drops again. We'd better begin hauling tomorrow. You and I can make two trips a day over to Vicount, by changing teams, there's no grade to speak of."

Mrs. Wheeler, arrested in the act of pouring coffee, sat holding the coffee-pot in the air, forgetting she had it. "If this is only a newspaper scare, as we think, I don't see why it should affect the market," she murmured mildly. "Surely those big bankers in New York and Boston have some way of knowing rumor from fact."

"Give me some coffee, please," said her husband testily. "I don't have to explain the market, I've only got to take advantage of it."

"But unless there's some reason, why are we dragging our wheat over to Vicount? Do you suppose it's some scheme the grain men are hiding under a rumor? Have the financiers and the press ever deceived the public like this before?"

"I don't know a thing in the world about it, Evangeline, and I don't suppose. I telephoned the elevator at Viscount an hour ago, and they said they'd pay me 70 cents, subject to change in the morning quotations. Claude," with a twinkle in his eye, "you'd better not go to mill tonight. Turn in early. If we are on the road by 6 tomorow, we'll be in town before the heat of the day."

"All right, sir. I want to look at the papers after supper. I haven't read anything but the headlines since before thrashing. Ernest was stirred up about the murder of that grand duke and said the Austrians would make trouble. But I never thought there was anything in it."

"There's 70 cents a bushel in it, anyway," said his father, reaching for a hot biscuit.

"If there's that much, I'm somehow afraid there will be more," said Mrs. Wheeler thoughtfully. She had picked up the paper fly-brush and sat waving it irregularly, as if she were trying to brush away a swarm of confusing ideas.

"You might call up Ernest, and ask him what the Bohemian papers say about it," Mr. Wheeler suggested.

Claude went to the telephone, but was unable to get any answer from the Havels. They had probably gone to a barn dance down in the Bohemian township. He went upstairs and sat down before an armchair full of newspapers; he could make nothing reasonable out of the smeary telegrams in big type on the front page of an Omaha newspaper. The German army was entering Luxembourg; he didn't know where Luxembourg was, whether it was a city or a country; he seemed to have some vague idea that it was a palace! His mother had gone up to "Mahailey's library," the attic, to hunt for a map of Europe, a thing for which Nebraska farmers had never had much need. But that night, on many prairie homesteads, the women, American and foreign-born, were hunting for a map.

Claude was so sleepy that he did not wait for his mother's return. He stumbled upstairs and undressed in the dark. The night was sultry, with thunder clouds in the sky and an unceasing play of sheet-lightning all along the western horizon. Mosquitoes had got into his oom during the day, and after he threw himself upon the bed they began sailing over him with their high, excruciating note. He turned from side to side and tried to muffle his ears with the pillow. The disquieting sound became merged, in his sleepy brain, with the big type on the front page of the paper; those black letters seemed to be flying about his head with a soft high singsong whizz.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Three Attempts Are Made to Burn Catholic School

Montreal, April 8.—Three attempts, during the last week, to set fire to the St. Edward academy, a Catholic institution, and also to start fires in other schools in the same locality, have been reported to the school commission, it was learned today. In each case, pupils discovered lighted paper upon which gasoline had been thrown.

Shopmen Get Increase.

Cleveland, April 8.—A wage increase of 7 cents an hour for practically all groups of its shop employes was announced here by the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad company.

Model Son Asks Court to Stop 76-Year-Old Dad From Doing Hard Work

By Universal Service.

New York, April 8.—Jacob Nardi resorted to the courts Saturday in his determination to perform a filial duty.

He asked a magistrate in Brooklyn to restrain his 76-year-old father from working.

The model son said that he derived a comfortable living from his fruit store and there was no need of his father doing manual labor.

"He's too old to work, but he's doing all sorts of jobs," the son said. "As soon as one gives out he gets another."

Our Children

ANGELO PATRI.
Being Honest With Them.

Mother and Benjie were out in the flower garden sniffing the perfumes and drinking the color with eager eyes. Says Benjie, "Why, mother, why do you pinch off the little seeds? I think they're kind of pretty." Benjie is 6.

Then mother (who says, "I make it a point to tell the child exactly the truth about anything he asks about,") told Benjie a long, long story about the plant and its flowers, and the bees and the moths and the butterflies and the wind, and the pollen dust and the seeds, and the baby plant and the mother plant's ceasing to live and to give out any more blossoms once the seed was set.

It was such a long talk with so much truth in it that it lasted the whole time they were in the garden. The perfumes and the colors and the lovely shapes of things, the lights and the shadows and the funny little bugs, all passed unheeded while mother, flushed and tired with the effort, made plain to Benjie the truth about seeds.

As they turned into the path that led to the house, Benjie's crinkled brow smoothed out and he said: "Anyway you buy seeds from the store man, don't you mother?" and raced up to the brown butterfly that had tantalized him by dancing up and down in front of him just out of reach all the way up from the garden.

"I don't believe he understood it all," sighed mother. "I'll have to try again."

It is true one must be honest with children and talk to them with the appreciation of one human being to another, but that does not say that the whole range of human knowledge should be scoured for an answer to their question of the moment.

They hear a stream of sounds, that's all. They are lost in it and wearied beyond expression. They will soon learn to protect themselves from it.

The better way to do, when they ask questions that involve the whole of human experience, is to answer just the question they ask, briefly, accurately, in simple language, and no more. Let that sink in. When it does they will come back for the next step.

"I pick the seeds up because the plant would stop flowering if I left them on, Benjie," would have answered the question the child asked.

All that interested him was the mother's action. Children are always interested in action of any sort and will ask about it and imitate it.

That was what Benjie was doing. He was not asking at all about the creation of plants. His experience was limited to the action and it was about that he asked. He recognized nothing deeper than that.

Then don't cheat the children out of the joy of their present day by loading it up with the experiences of the day still to come.

As the days pass, add to the experiences and the strength and the grasp of the children. They are gradually prepared for their burden. Of course, be honest with them, but keep within his day and let him have joy of it.

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So cheer up—the week is yet young; try anytime between noon and 11:00 P. M.
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