

Indiana Daily Times

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Daily Except Sunday, 25-29 South Meridian Street.
Telephone—MA in 3500.

MEMBERS OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising offices: New York, Boston, Payne, Burns & Smith, Inc.
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THE TRAFFIC problem might be simplified by segregating the bootleggers.

A MAN should pay as he goes—unless he is headed for the United States Senate.

THOSE firebugs who were sentenced to prison for 268 years will have ample time in which to repent.

CITY ENGINEER Elliott can now, with becoming modesty, tell the board of public works, "I told you so."

DON'T FORGET to include a few feet of chicken netting in your spring garden shopping list.

J. P. DUNN probably now is ready to believe that some one has been "kidding" about that buried treasure.

FORMER Crown Prince for German Presidency—headline. It is unlikely, however, the German presidency is for the former Crown Prince.

MR. ARMITAGE, it seems, asks no special favor for his brand of paving, knowing that the general disposition is to use it, anyhow!

HOWEVER, the man who stole a rowboat probably does not need it as badly as some political office seekers will after the primaries.

SERGEANT COX of the police force says he cannot tell from a man's breath whether he has been drinking red or white liquor and the world knows it makes no difference anyhow!

A False Economy

Congress can expect support for any sincere attempt it makes to reduce governmental expenditures, but it is doubtful whether the public will unanimously approve of the movement under way practically to wreck the Army and Navy, or at least to render these branches of the service so impotent that should an emergency arise again it would find the country defenseless.

Popular approval has been accorded the naval treaty growing out of the armament conference which places it upon a 5-5-3 basis with the other chief maritime powers, but there is no indication that the proposal to cut the Navy below that mark is meeting with anything like public support.

House members, facing an important and to them vital election this fall, want to go before their constituents with a record of tremendous savings to their credit. What offers a better chance for this ambition than to lop off several million dollars from the naval appropriation bill.

Even though the British navy has a strength of 98,000 men, even though a reduction in strength would mean that many magnificent ships would be tied up to the shore parsimonious Congressmen, looking no farther than next November, have convinced themselves that 60,000 men are enough to man the American fleets.

Already they have rendered half of the Navy useless by withholding sufficient appropriations with which to coal the vessels for the remainder of the year and now, according to dispatches from Washington, they desire to make possible a permanently immobile fleet by cutting down the enlisted strength.

This bent for saving on the eve of a campaign is not confined to the Navy alone, unfortunately, but has reached out into the Army, where an enlisted strength of 115,000 men is being insisted upon. General Pershing has bluntly told Congress such action "would cripple the Army materially."

The most dangerous aspect of this sudden parsimonious mania is the fact that the plan if carried through would reduce the number of officers to 11,000.

If the country was suddenly called upon to raise a huge army, such as it was in 1917, the dearth of officer material would again be the chief handicap to an expeditious development of an active fighting force. Highly trained, technically educated officers familiar with handling large bodies of men under all conditions after all is the nucleus around which a victorious army is built.

The people still remember the frantic and sometimes pathetic attempts made at the outbreak of the World War to obtain leaders for the raw troops being poured into the cantonments and how, aside from a few unusual individuals, the major commands devolved entirely upon men who had been trained by years of experience with soldiers.

No one in the country feels that the United States requires a huge armed force and there is a sincere prayer breathed everywhere that never again will an American soldier or sailor be called upon to fire a hostile shot, but there is an unmistakable feeling that the country should be prepared to meet any emergency that might arise.

Congress, if it looks well and searchingly within itself, can surely find other means on which expenditures can be saved, rather than by hacking the Army and Navy down to a point of uselessness.

Negroes and Efficiency

"The situation in respect to the growing numbers of colored employees in the Chicago postal service is a very serious one," says a report compiled by a joint committee of Congress. "When it comes to the practical handling of mail the colored employees are inferior to the whites. This refers, of course, to the general average. When the importance of the postal service to the whole business and social life of the Nation is considered this subject becomes worthy of discussion."

"Many of the best white employees will not work at such close quarters with the negroes. Consequently, the influx of negroes also results in lowering the standard of the white employees, due to the fact that those whites who do remain in the service are usually of lower standard than those who get out."

"From our observation, which is confirmed by the supervisory officials and station superintendents, the work of the 1,400 colored employees of the Chicago postoffice could be done by 900 average white employees. This makes possible a saving of (\$500,000) \$700,000 per year."

"The enforcement of efficiency standards of the daily work will automatically eliminate the bulk of these 1,400 negroes, and will effect a saving of \$700,000 per year."

The committee was composed of the following: Charles E. Townsend, Michigan, chairman; Halvor Steenerson, Minnesota, vice chairman; Thomas Sterling, South Dakota; George H. Moses, New Hampshire; David I. Walsh, Massachusetts; Kenneth McKellar, Tennessee; W. W. Grist, Pennsylvania; Calvin D. Paige, Massachusetts; Thomas M. Bell, Georgia; Arthur B. Rouse, Kentucky; Rush Simmons, postal expert; E. H. McDermott, secretary; Frederick C. Riedesel, assistant secretary.

"Fifteen per cent of all the employees in the postoffices in the United States are negroes," remarks the Chicago Saturday Blade. "If these places were filled by competent white people our Government would save enough to pay the interest on a bond issue that would raise the money to pay our soldiers their back pay."

A Princess Goes 'Broke'

It must have been a rude shock to the Princess Fatima to learn that unconventional and republican America would allow a person through whose veins courses the blood of a long line of royal Asiatic forebears to go "broke."

She learned, much to her discomfiture, that a diamond bedecked nose, a retinue of strangely liveried servants and the title of Sultana of Kaboul, did not automatically liquidate the debts she contracted in an effort to live in the regal splendor she believed due her exalted position.

Even that forty-four-karat diamond that blazed her way into the presence of President Harding has gone to satisfy her creditors, and now with a childish simplicity this semi-savage daughter of royalty is a "guest" of the British government.

The fact that she went "broke," however, probably was not as great a shock as her discovery that simply because she was a princess she could not demand and receive an estate befitting her rank from the Government of the United States.

Truly her visit here must have been a liberal education that she long will remember, even though she may not carry back to her mountain domain the most favorable impressions of American customs and manners.

THIMBLE! THIMBLE!

By CONSTANCE CORNWALL

Diana Richmond had connected her brother Tom's absence from home with Morelli's designs to obtain the jewels. Recent events change her opinions in this regard. Tom's return from the scene of the auto accident makes the case a little more clear. Morelli died in a short time after the wreck, but he had given the box which was supposed to contain the gems to other parties who hurriedly drove on down the way. The valuable jewels are found later in the little grave where Tilton had buried them. A new serial will begin Monday. Start with the first chapter.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

When Tilton returned to the room with a glass in his hand Tom was saying:

"How can you ever forgive me, Di?"

"Hush, dear, let us forget it. We all have something to forgive," Di replied sadly. But Tom was not to be cheated out of his confession. It was in vain that Di tried to put her hand over his mouth—he would speak.

"Would you believe, Larry, that I could be such a silly idiot as to go on my knees to beg the angel of a sister to marry Morelli?" he cried excitedly. "Well, that's exactly what I did. Fancy marrying one's sister to a gambler, a cheat, a thief, a house robber, an associate of a murderer! Oh, my God, when I think that she might have done it to please me it makes me almost insane."

"You were not to know that he was all that, old man. Morelli could have deceived older men than you," Larry said, exchanging comprehensive glances with Di. "How did you find out all this about him?"

"Tom pulled out a roll of paper from his pocket and read it to me on the table."

"There's his confession," he said disdainfully.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

IT WAS the day.

WHEN the big airship.

WENT DOWN in flames.

AND NEWSBOYS.

CRIED THE tragedy.

AND WHILE I read.

IN A waiting place.

THERE CAME a girl.

WITH A cardboard box.

SUCH AS is used.

FOR SUITS of clothes.

AND SHE put it down.

UPON A seat.

AND KNITTED.

WHILE SHE waited there.

AND OTHERS came.

AND SAT them down.

AND I read on.

TILL ALL at once.

I HEARD a cry.

MY BOX is gone!

AND SO it was.

AND THEN she cried.

AND THEN I heard.

THIS YOUNG girl wife.

AND HER young boy husband.

HAD SAVED a little.

EVERY WEEK.

FOR SIX months past.

AND THEN.

WHEN THEY had saved enough.

THE TWO went down.

AND JOYOUSLY.

HAD BOUGHT for him.

THE FIRST new suit.

SINCE THEY were wed.

AND ON this day.

SHE HAD gone down.

TO GET it.

WITH THE changes made.

AND WAIT for him.

TO TAKE her home.

AND HE came in.

AND FOUND her there.

WITH TEAR stained cheeks.

AND TOOK her hand.

AND PATTED it.

AND TRIED to smile.

AND THEY went away.

WITHOUT THE suit.

AND THE boys outside.

CRIED to them both.

THE TRAGEDY.

OF THE big airship.

BUT THEY didn't hear.

I THANK you.

Larry picked up the paper and unrolled it.

"It's in shorthand," he said in surprise. "Who took this?"

"Grace did it," Tom said. "She stayed past midnight, and she won't always be. Then she was anxious to do something more, so I let her stay. It was well I did, because I had to have a witness to that confession. Something told me that we shouldn't want any outsiders to hear what he had to say."

"Isn't Grace an outsider?" Di asked with a stress on the name.

"She is now, but she won't always be," Tom declared hotly. "She is the bravest little heart that ever beat," he added, "and some day before long you can look for another stenographer, Larry."

By this time Tilton was at the telephone. Fortunately Mrs. Richmond had special arrangements with the telephone company for all-night service. It was fully half an hour before he finished giving descriptions and instructions at police headquarters. In the meantime Di and Tom talked in low tones on the other side of the room. It was two hours past midnight, and the night was dark and cold. They went over and over Tom's adventures of the evening.

As neither could read the shorthand, Tom told the salient points in the document.

Morelli was a fugitive from justice. He was very much wanted by the European police. Mrs. Richmond had heard from the Spanish woman, who was a former accomplice, of the wonderful collection of jewels that Lady Bantler was bringing to the United States from England. The woman had commanded him, at all hazards, to procure them for her. Morelli said he didn't know how to get them, but he thought she had not. She had sung for the soldiers in a hospital where Hardacre was a patient. With nothing bigger in mind than to get the soldier's pension, she had managed to get a proposal from the sick Earl. Anticipating the event by a few hours she had administered a deadly benedictine powder which took effect a little too soon, upsetting the wicked woman's schemes. When she learned after his death who she really was her fury can be easily imagined.

As Morelli's death drew nearer Tom and Grace tried to get him to tell them what the Spanish woman's plan was. By what route she was returning to the city. Whether she was going back to Europe, where she was staying in New York, the name of her companion, and whether she intended to sell the jewels, but villain as he was, he would not inform on his friends.

Larry and Di had listened to the recital of Morelli's villainies without comment. The three sat in silence for several minutes, each too full of his own thoughts. Suddenly Larry said:

"That was a great stunt of yours on the veranda, Larry. If you hadn't bungled it, you must have felt some when you went to dig up the jewels and found poor Phil."

The lawyer looked sharply at Tom and then at Di. An inquiring gaze from Di indicated that she had not told Larry brother anything about the change of boxes.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Who told you about the veranda incident?"

"That rascal, Morelli, chuckled after death was on his face, at the thought of your change of boxes when you went to dig up the box," Tom replied.

Larry leaned forward and grasped Tom's arm like a vice.

"How did he know?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, he saw you change the boxes, and when you got back to the house he returned, dug up the box and told me from him and buried the one you gave him, which I suppose contained Phil."

"Say what's the matter?"

Larry had given one bound from his seat, grabbed Di and was waiting her around the room.

Without a word of explanation, they bounded out of the room and ran across the lawn in the direction of the moss rock bush.

"Where are you going? What's up?" called Tom, running up behind them.

"Get the spade quickly," Di said, but when she came up to the spot Larry was on his knees, tearing up the soil with his hands. A minute more and the box was in his grasp, and they all raced back to the house. It was the work of a moment to unfasten the lock. One glance at the contents of the box drove all the excitement from their faces. They stood and gazed at each other, the awe that comes with victory over terrible obstacles in their eyes.

There lay, undiscovered, the wonderful collection of emeralds and diamonds. For the possession of this treasure a man had perjured his soul and lost his life to gratify a willful woman who was unworthy of the sacrifice.

Tom was the first to recover his voice.

"I don't understand," he said, looking from one to the other in perplexity. "How did this happen?"

Di had dropped limply into the nearest chair and sat gazing into vacancy as though her mind was far away from the present scene. So Tom turned his wondering face to Larry.

"Morelli told me positively that he had fooled you and given the jewels to his friend. 'Were his words only the ravings of a dying man?'"

There seemed nothing for it but to go over again the incidents of the evening. So Larry explained how Di had seen Morelli watching her through the window, and her plan to outwit him by changing the box in her wardrobe and giving Larry the jewels to bury. As she didn't tell Larry what she had done he seized the opportunity when he saw Morelli coming from Di's room to change the boxes on the veranda.

"So Di originated the idea of chang-

ing the boxes? Tom exclaimed proudly.

"Indeed, she did," Larry averred, looking tenderly at his sister. "Come, cheer up, Di. You have probably defeated the most notorious swindler in Europe. Your victory over that Spanish woman is complete."

"Too true," Larry groaned. "What a funeral she'll get from that black-eyed fury. Morelli said she's a terror when things go wrong."

"I'm not thinking of either," Di said on the verge of tears. "I'm thinking of poor Hardacre. As if it were not hard enough to be dying of his wounds in a strange land, that terrible woman must needs hasten his end with her deadly powders. Oh, it's horrible," she shuddered.

Larry and Tom exchanged meaning glances. Both saw that Di was dreadfully unstrung.

"I vote we go to town for tonight," Tom said, yawning. "We are all pretty tired. I suggest that we keep the events of this evening from mother. There is no use worrying her. Let's go to bed and cheer up. Di. You have probably defeated the most notorious swindler in Europe. Your victory over that Spanish woman is complete."

Larry didn't explain that his original idea was to keep the disagreeable story from Mrs. Richmond, but he allowed Tom to think that the plan was his own.

Di kissed her brother good-night. When he had left the room she turned to Larry.

"Dear boy," she sighed. "You should have let me tell him, Larry, what a perfect little beast I am."

Larry took her in his arms and held her closely to his heart.

"I will never consent to such perfidy," he said fondly, "of the dearest woman in the whole world."

The End.

PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.

By DAVID CORY.

"If those fellows don't stop pinching that bell, I'll get out my gun," said Robinson Crusoe. "I didn't get the bell for nothing. It's all paid for long ago."

At that moment, the bell-cord snapped, and the baker, who had just given the handle a dreadful yank, fell over backwards and rolled down the hill to the beach.

"Mr. Crusoe's not at home," said the butcher. "So he and the candle-stick maker went down to the shore and joined the baker; and then all three got into the tub and sailed away."

"And we must do the same," said Puss Junior. Tom Thumb and I thank you very much for our nice visit on your island, but it's time we went forth again on our journey of adventure."

"Well, I'm sorry to see you go," said Robinson Crusoe. And after that Puss shoved off the little boat and soon he and Tom were far out of sight on the big, wide sea.

"When the wind is in the East, it's neither good for man nor beast; when the wind is in the North, the skiffish fisher goes not forth. When the wind is in the South, it blows the bait in the fishes' mouth; when the wind is in the West, then 'tis at the very best."

sang little Tom Thumb.

"Well, as the wind is in the South, why don't you let the wind pull in his line as fast as he could. But, oh dear me! It wasn't a fish, after all but a great big whale!"

"Don't you pull on that line any more," cried the whale, "if you do I'll smash your boat."

"Oh, is that so," said little Tom Thumb, although, of course, he was frightened almost to death, but what was the use to show fear? It would only make things worse, and if he put on a bold front, perhaps the whale would let him alone.

"I'll take the hook out of your nose, if you'll promise not to swallow me," said little Tom Thumb.

"All right," said the whale, and then Tom tried to pull it out. But it was in so deep that the whale began to spout great big tears. "Oh dear me! It hurts just like a tooth!"

"Well, it's your own fault," said Tom. "Next time don't swallow everything that comes along." And tomorrow I'll tell you what happened after that—

Copyright, 1922, by David Cory.

To Be Continued.

Life with Harry Bowers of Louisville seems to be just one prison after another. Following the completion of a sentence of two years in the State prison at Michigan City for assault and battery with intent to kill, he was taken before Judge Albert B. Anderson in Federal Court yesterday and sentenced to five years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., for holding up and robbing John N. Ward, clerk in charge of postoffice substitution No. 27, 2342 Clinton street, Jan. 1, 1920.

Ernest Litizley, who, according to Bowers, took part in the hold-up, never has been sentenced. The story speaks for itself. But the necessity for a thorough explanation and discussion was surely impressed upon the thoughtful mind of Underwood and Lodge, the American negotiators, to take the Senate the conflicting interpretations of the effect of the four-power alliance on the Lansing-Ishii agreement. When even the authors are in doubt the public surely may reject the smug assurance that the treaty speaks for itself.

NO RECORD OF NEGOTIATIONS.

And yet in these secret negotiations of a treaty that spells an alliance, hints at a balance of power, and suggest the holy alliance of other days there are no records, no minutes, not a scratch of a pen in Washington to throw light for the Senate or the people when the descendant of the cunning Elizabethan minister returned to London to be acclaimed by the English people, and by Colonel Harney 'enshrined in the hearts of the Americans.' He was able to spread very complete rumors of the hope in the negotiations before his colleagues in Downing street.

In the absence of any records of these secret meetings, the blunder of Mr. Underwood's interpretation may be explained on the theory that he may have been absent from one of the delightful and intimate informal conversations. With the President's consent, he may be absent from one of the phase of the treaty, and the two senatorial negotiators holding a joint debate as to whether, perhaps a little deliberately, a little senatorially, a discussion and cross-examination may develop an authoritative interpretation that will let us all in on the character of the obligations agreed to behind the three barred doors.

Optimists Oppose Second U. S. Court

Resolutions opposing the creation of another Federal court in Indiana were adopted by the Optimist Club at its weekly meeting at the Hotel Lincoln yesterday noon. Copies of the resolution will be sent to Senators Jai and E. Watson and Harry S. New and to every Optimist Club in the State.

Plans are being made for a special St. Patrick's day program to be given next Friday. A number of unusual entertainment features will be provided.

HIGHWAY BODY TO SELL SEVEN STEEL BRIDGES

Discarded Structures to Be Disposed of at Public Auction.

The State highway commission will sell at public auction on Monday, March 20, seven steel bridges, according to announcement today by Lawrence Lyons, department director.

All these bridges are on the east end of the National road and were raised by the highway department when the road was hard-surfaced. They are located over a distance of approximately twenty miles beginning at a quarter of a mile west of Lewisville and running thence west to Greentown. New specifications by which the National road was built necessitated removing these structures, and the highway department has dismantled the bridges and match-marked them.

According to Mr. Lyons a member of the commission will act as auctioneer. The first sale will start at 9 o'clock in the morning at the bridge site near Lewisville. As fast as a bridge is disposed of the auctioneer will drive on to the next bridge and continue the sale until final disposition is made. Bridges to go under the hammer, their locations and the time of sale, follow:

Quarter mile west of Lewisville, weight 24 tons, 9 a. m.; quarter mile west of Ogden, weight 24 tons, 10:15 a. m.; one and a quarter miles east of Knightstown, weight 7½ tons, 11 a. m.; one-eighth mile east of Knightstown, weight 12 tons, 12 noon; one-eighth mile west of Charlottesville, weight 13 tons, 2:30 p. m.; three miles west of Charlottesville, weight 15 tons, 3:00 p. m.; three and a quarter miles west of Greentown, weight 13½ tons, 4:45 p. m.

Specifications issued by the department show the largest structure in forty-five tons and is 193 feet long. The smallest is six and a half tons and about seventeen feet long.

If any of the bridges are sold for more than \$100, the terms are cash; on amounts over \$100 a cash payment of \$100 must be made; balance to be paid before the material is moved. Farmers who desire bridges over private streams and country roads may bid for them at a low price. The bridges will be sold at a low price in the market for bridges, will find in these structures excellent opportunity for good buys, Mr. Lyons says.

BOWERS RAPS SECRET WORK IN 4-POWER TREATY

Says Conflicting Interpretations Evidence of English Diplomacy.

Special to The Times.

MARION, Ind., March 11.—Old-fashioned secret diplomacy, conflicting interpretations by President Harding and Secretary Hughes, Senator Lodge and Senator Underwood; his proposal by Bowers brought from England, and its negotiation and signing before the American people know what was proposed, were charged to the four-power Pacific treaty by Claude G. Bowers of Ft. Wayne, in a scathing denunciation at a meeting of the Marion County Democrats here last night.

FAIL TO CONFIDE WITH PUBLIC.

"What shall I say of a diplomacy so secret that it kept in the dark, and deceived the President, charged by the Constitution with the negotiation of treaties?" asked Mr. Bowers. "The more agents of the executive, withholding from him the truth, permitted him to subject himself to the humiliation of declaring that he had drawn and signed did not provide protection for the mainland of Japan. And then, they, who at no stage confided with the people, conspired to take their chief into their confidence, and whispered in his ear that he had spoken out of the fullness of his ignorance of the treaty. Thus from 9 o'clock in the morning when he made his amazing declaration, he wiggled and he wobbled to the mild amusement of mankind to his rather pat explanation at 7 o'clock in the evening."

"This incident was sufficient to arouse distrust. This alone is a refutation of the claim that the treaty speaks for itself. But the necessity for a thorough explanation and discussion was surely impressed upon the thoughtful mind of Underwood and Lodge, the American negotiators, to take the Senate the conflicting interpretations of the effect of the four-power alliance on the Lansing-Ishii agreement. When even the authors are in doubt the public surely may reject the smug assurance that the treaty speaks for itself."

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MRS. TABOR TO BE COMMITTED TO INFIRMARY

Woman, Once Charged With Murder of Her Daughter, Penniless.

PAWPAW, Mich., March 11.—Broken in health and penniless, Mrs. Sarah I. Tabor, 83, who two years ago gained nationwide notoriety when she was arrested and charged with the murder of her daughter, Maude Tabor, will be committed Monday to the Van Buren County infirmary.

The body of Maude Tabor, a school teacher, was found in a "hope chest" in the basement of the Tabor home. The mother later was arrested in California and brought here charged with the slaying. The charges eventually were dismissed.

Until the revelations connected with the finding of her daughter's body, Mrs. Tabor was believed to possess a comfortable fortune left her by her husband, a prosperous lawyer. Financial reverses attended her other troubles, however, and nearly all her property was taken through mortgage foreclosures.

For several months Mrs. Tabor and another daughter have been living in the county penitentiary in a dilapidated shed. Ten days ago they were forced to appeal to the county authorities for aid and commitment to the infirmary was ordered.

LIGHT AND POWER RATES IN CITY CUT

(Continued From Page One.)

In excess of the amount at the 7½ cents gross a kWh. rate.

OPTIONAL LIGHT AND POWER SCHEDULE.

7½ cents gross or 7 cents net a kWh. for first 200 kWh. used each month.

6½ cents net a kWh. for next 200 kWh. used each month.

5½ cents net a kWh. for next 600 kWh. used each month.

5 cents net a kWh. in excess of 1,000 kWh. used each month.

COMMERCIAL LIGHT AND POWER SCHEDULE.

\$30 a year at \$3 a month for each kw. billing demand for the first ten kw.

\$24 a year at \$2 a month for each kw. billing demand for the next fifty kw.

\$16 per year at \$1.33 a month for each kw. billing in excess of sixty kw.; plus excess charge as follows:

4 cents gross or 3½ cents net a kWh. for the first 200 kWh. used each month.

3½ cents net a kWh. for the first 400 kWh. used each month.

2½ cents net a kWh. for the first 4,000 kWh. used each month.

2 cents net a kWh. for the first 45,000 kWh. used each month.

1½ cents net a kWh. for the first 150,000 kWh. used each month.

1½ cents net a kWh. for the first 230,000 kWh. used each month.

LARGE PRIMARY POWER SCHEDULE.

22 cents net a kWh. for first 3,000 kWh.