LET US REASON TOGETHER

"Pretty nearly everyone will agree that no electric light company in the country could exist if it tried to charge 50-cents per kilowatt hour for transmitted energy; or that no street railway could be operated with a 25-cent uniform fare in vogue within the city limits. Yet if the word of the self-appointed reformer-economist is to be taken, the more a public service company can charge for its service the happier it is.

"A child will tell you that 50-cent electricity and 25-cent street car fares would mean that no one would electricity, or ride on the cars. The people would find cheaper substitutes and do it very quickly.

"The problem of the utilities manager is the same problem which the retail merchant is forever trying to solve—to increase the volume of his output by following the only known rule to accomplish it by decreasing the margin of profit per sale.

"The utilities manager well knows that unless he can cover his territory, and induce the majority of possible customers to buy his service, it will be only a question of time until a rival enters the field and takes the business that he has failed to secure.

"There is not any trick or mystery about these statements; they will stand any sound test that can be given them.

(By H. L. DOHERTY.)

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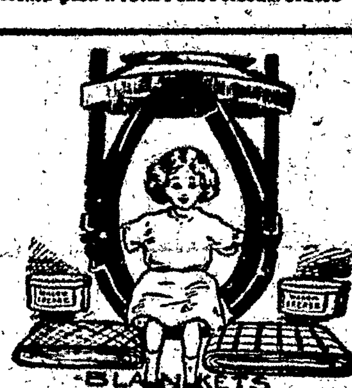

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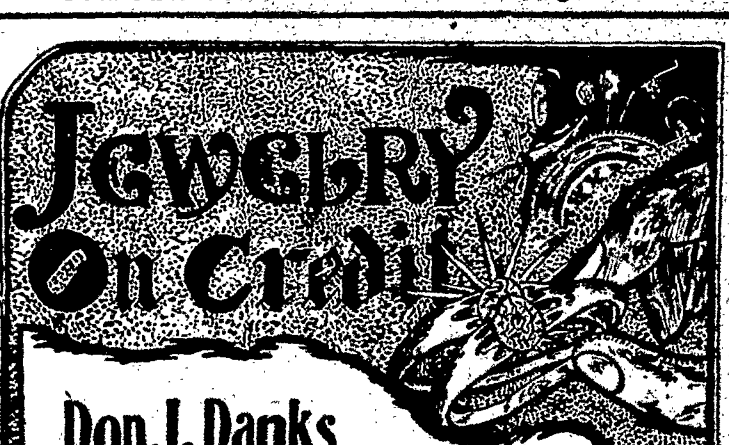

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SAILING OF THE LEDA

By Victor Lauriston.

In an hour more the Leda would sail. Walter Dumont, puffing at his cigar, mused on all that this meant to him. Six weeks had passed by since he first met Estelle. Six weeks! And what had she not become to him in those six weeks and now, this morning, their farewell. Estelle would go with Mrs. Lascelles, the stately, freezing chaperone. This morning the Leda was to sail; and they sailed on the Leda.

Then he must go back to the broad West, to his business, and she to England, to play the lady on the estates of her tyrannous old stepfather, the baronet. In time she would inevitably forget him. Could he inevitably forget her? But what a distance there was between the daughter—even the step-daughter—of the English baronet, and the young colonial merchant!

He threw away his cigar, and strolled down toward the wharf. There he was to meet her once more, at the last moment, to say good by.

He stood with his hat in his hand, and his hands behind his back, looking about.

Huge, black, imposing, the ocean liner lay at her moorings. The wharf was crowded with people, passengers, stevedores, porters. His keen eye took it all in at a glance; and in a distant, deserted corner, amid innumerable parcels, a gray traveling dress that meant—Estelle.

"Mrs. Lascelles is terribly nervous," she said. "I have her quite worked up with the fear of being left

"MRS. LASCELLES IS VERY NERVOUS."

behind, and she has gone on board, and daren't set foot again on the wharf. I promised to stay here and see that John didn't forget any of the hundred and one souvenirs of Quebec and the Thousand Islands. He will be back soon for the parcels—and for me!"

"We have a good while yet," he said. "Let us walk up to the park.

"What would you do if you were to miss the Leda?"

She shuddered.

"Mrs. Lascelles is on board, and she has all the money—and daren't set foot on the wharf to save her life—and I am alone here, where I know no one, where no one knows me! What could I do?" She laughed nervously.

"You would have to marry me!" he said boldly.

"What would papa say?" she whispered, in a frightened voice.

"Would he care?" Walton rejoined sharply. "You are of age, free to choose. Do so! I am here! There is the Leda. Choose. If you love me you will miss the Leda."

She drew back, frightened. He released her hand.

"Oh, see how far we have gone!" she cried, glancing away down the long path to the wharf. "I can't get there in time. No, no! Don't come with me. I'll run. Good by—"

She ran down the walk toward where the liner lay waiting. Dumont crushed his hat over his eyes, clasped his hands behind him, and gazed moodily after her. She had been free to choose. She had chosen. She was going with the Leda.

He paced slowly across the park, down toward the busy street. A little summerhouse lay close by his path. It was in a quiet corner, usually little frequented; yet he, returning from where he had stood, could not have missed it. He glanced through the veil of green foliage, and caught a glimpse of something gray. He heard a soft sound of sobbing. He stepped across the threshold. Blue eyes looked up at him from a tear-stained face.

"Estelle!" he cried.

"I ran as fast I could, but I missed it. I couldn't help it. I'm so sorry—"

"I'm glad!" and he laughed. "You know what it means. Old Mrs. Lascelles—"

"John was waiting and I sent her a note by him," she replied innocently, then caught her breath.

He stared at her, dumbly amazed at this revelation of feminine logic and feminine duplicity. But he said nothing. It was enough for him to know that she was willing to pay the penalty prescribed for missing the Leda.

"A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he asks her."

NEW YORK'S NEW ANIMAL.

Came from Somewhere in Asia, and No One Knows It.

A mysterious small white animal presented to the New York zoological society, it is believed, belongs to a hitherto unknown species.

The New York zoological society, in November, 1902, received from Capt. Thomas Golding of the steamship Afridi a collection of about 30 live animals from Japan, China and Singapore.

In the collection was a small white animal which bore a slight resemblance to an immature Arctic fox. It was at once apparent that the creature was not a fox. Inasmuch as the animal appeared to be immature, it was decided to defer bringing it into notice and keep it under observation for at least a year.

During the 15 months which this strange specimen has lived in the Zoological park it has not undergone any noteworthy change in its pelage, nor has it perceptibly increased in size. It therefore seems fairly conclusive that the creature is adult and that its colors are constant throughout the year.

It is not an albino individual of the well-known raccoon dog of Japan, with living specimens of which it has been in constant comparison. There appears to be no escape from the conclusion that this specimen represents a species hitherto unknown.

Weighing about 7¼ pounds, the animal, a female, is 21 inches in length, its height at the shoulders being 10.25 inches.

First Modern Ship Canal.

In these days of ship canals we hear little or nothing about the earliest enterprise of the kind during modern times, namely, the Berkeley and Gloucester ship canal.

Although Gloucester is situated on the Severn, access to the port is really afforded by the canal. Owing to the dangerous condition of the river, an act was obtained in 1793 for the construction of a ship canal commencing at Berkeley, some 18 miles lower down the Severn, and the works were completed in the year 1827.

This waterway follows the vale of Berkeley, originally commencing with a tidal basin and lock at Sharpness point and ending at the docks in Gloucester, where there is another lock communicating with the Severn.

The original cost was about £2,500,000, but within the last 40 years considerable outlay has been incurred in opening a new entrance half a mile lower down the river, with additional dock accommodation.

Although vessels of more than 800 tons cannot pass up the canal to the port, ships of 7,500 tons can enter the outer basin, where cargo is transferred to barges.—Builder.

Pullman Porter Not Responsible.

When a tired passenger reaches the limit of his sleeping car accommodation, but wishes to avail himself of the regular coach service in continuing his journey, who is responsible for the hand luggage? A recent traveler from New Orleans to Chicago, believed that the Pullman company must legally care for his belongings. The man, it appears, engaged sleeping car accommodation to Birmingham only, but did not leave the car at that point without being urged. He moved into another car, leaving his baggage for the porter to negotiate. The busy porter, however, did not think it his duty to remove the stuff without orders, and in the meanwhile a thief carried the property away. The company was asked to make restitution, and, refusing, was made defendant for the value of the baggage.

"You lose," said the Court, "although, goodness knows, the company charges enough to pay for all losses if the law would only compel it to do so."—Chicago Journal.

The Liberty Bell.

The liberty bell was first cast by Lester & Pack, 267 Whitechapel, London, 1752, hung in the state house, Philadelphia. In the same year it was found to be cracked in the rim, and was recast three times in Philadelphia before it was a success. Twenty-three years afterwards it was rung on Independence day in that city. On July 8, 1835, it was cracked while tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall. In 1843 it was removed, and is now on exhibition in a glass case. It bore this inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." It weighs 2080 pounds.

Old and Conscientiously Built.

The house on the farm of John B. Cromack in Shelburne, Mass., was built by Ira Arms in 1818. The construction is of brick, single wall. The brick were burned not far from the premises. Mr. Arms would use nothing but the best pine in finishing and discarded every board having knots. In the parlor, which was the grand room of the house, four men worked a week carving the decorations.

Deepest Coal Mine Shaft.

The deepest coal mine shaft in the world is to be sunk in Hanover township, Pennsylvania. It will be 2,200 feet deep and will open up a virgin coal field, one of the richest in the region. The colliery will give work to about 2,500 men.

Prize Paid After Forty-Seven Years.

The widow of a veteran at Axminster, England, has just received her husband's share of the prize money earned at the taking of Delhi, forty-seven years

When Caley Went Home.

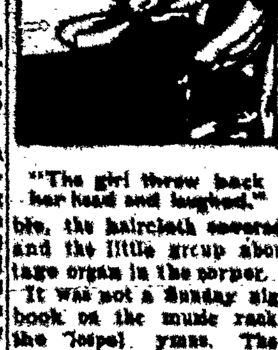
Caley rapped lightly upon the table with his nearly empty beer glass in token of appreciation and the watchful waiter, accepting this as a sign, whisked the glass away and replaced it with a fresh mug, before the singer had returned to the stage and the three-piece orchestra had completed the introduction.

Caley entered into an argument with the waiter as to the need of a fresh glass, but at the first notes of the song he handed over the coin and turned his attention to the stage.

It was an odd selection for such a place; a medley of old-fashioned airs in place of certain popular songs at the regular vaudeville houses, but to Caley it was more than a play upon sentiment, it was a direct message from home.

He could close his eyes and shut out the garish concert hall with its alert waiters and their ever-ready trays of glasses.

He could see an old-fashioned parlor with its time softened all paper covered with portraits of the dead, ... in crayon. He could see the family ... up ... the marble-covered centre table, the haircloth covered furniture and the little group about the cottage organ in the corner.



"The girl threw back her head and laughed."

It was not a Sunday night else the book on the music rack would be the Gospel hymns. The well-worn copy of college songs and glees spoke of a week-day festival as plainly as did the calendar ... in the living room.

It had been three years since he had stood by the organ and had sung those self-same songs: "Good Night, Ladies," "My Bonnie Lies Out Over the Ocean," "Seeing Nellie Home"—they were all familiar.

He was back in Canada Crossing, and some of the young folks had dropped into Nellie Bray's to spend the evening with her.

Then the vaudeville singer's strident voice grew softer and the ... tones of "Home, Sweet Home," welled up. The voice broke as the concluding bars until it seemed to echo the sobs that welled up in Caley's own throat.

Loud applause broke out and the singer came back to acknowledge the appreciation. The leader started "Home, Sweet Home," but the sounds choked in her throat and she shook her head as she left the stage.

Caley wondered if she, too, had remembered some pleasant night back home.

The leader continued to play the song, the cornet staying out and only the battered piano supplying a jingling accompaniment. The music clutched Caley's heart and he was sunk in reverie.

Then the proprietor of the place, a burly, coarse-featured fellow, bustled up to the leader.

"Cut it out," he commanded sharply. "These rummies won't buy nothin' wit' you weepin' like that. Give 'em something lively."

The "Home, Sweet Home," ended abruptly as the cornet player took up his instrument and the tinkly strains of a popular air swelled out.

It had been nearly two years since he had heard from home. When one has no regular address or place of abode letters become an impossibility.

There were times when Caley slept in the police station, and there were other and more affluent occasions when he could hire a room by the week and had the price of a few beers which permitted him to sit in the concert hall and pretend that he was enjoying himself.

This was one of his periods of affluence. Six dollars on a race horse had been swelled to $126.

The girl had joined a friend in the audience, in accordance with the free and easy custom of the place, and from her appearance it was evident that she had forgotten whatever it was which had brought the sobs to her throat.

But Caley had not forgotten, and as he finished his beer he made a resolve. For the first time he had made a strike ... "long ... ot." ... He would ... a suit ... other ... second-hand shops. Then he would get a ticket to Canada Crossing and go home.

"With sudden determination he rose and buttoned his coat."

It was just about time for the spring planting, and they would be glad to see him at home.

With sudden determination he arose and buttoned his coat. He stopped at the table at which the girl sat on the way out and dropped a dollar bill on its sloppy surface.

"Your song was all to the good," he said hoarsely. "Get yourself a glass of beer with this."

Caley passed along without comment, and girl whipped the bill into her bodice before the sharp-eyed proprietor could see it and claim a commission.

"That medley's a winner," she said musingly to her companion. "It beats time how these rummies weep over 'Home, Sweet Home,' when they ain't even got the price of a ten-cent bed. A chap comes up to me the other night and says, 'Gimme a message, sis. I'm goin' home.' Gee, if I keep on Delmey'll have to close up his shop; there won't be no marks to buy."

"You sing it real good," volunteered her companion appreciatively. "That cry gag gets 'em cinched."

The girl threw back her head and laughed.

"Did yuh fall for that, too?" she demanded. "That ain' no cry [illegible]. The rotten place 'sso full of smoke [illegible] pipes get froze. I got that dry——"

She did not finish the sentence, for the other accepted the [illegible] signalled to the busy waiter.

But out in the night Caley [illegible] wandering through the dark [illegible] and the memory of that sobbing [illegible] clusion still rang in his ears. [illegible] was a message from [illegible] had called him home.

Don't Eat White Men.

It was only recently the [illegible] came out of the western Pacific [illegible] the killing of a missionary on [illegible] of the Solomon Islands to be the funeral baked meat of a [illegible] feast.

Private advices from the [illegible] charged with the investigation [illegible] the murder comment upon the [illegible] ability that the story had come [illegible] civilization as a tale of [illegible]. The missionary had [illegible] upon the sacred precincts of one [illegible] the native secret societies [illegible] their solemn ceremony [illegible] gress, the tearing of [illegible] been given by the [illegible] tion made by energetic [illegible] the ball course.

But there was a [illegible] sary to offset the [illegible] by the murderers [illegible] [illegible] were [illegible] brought to a high polish [illegible] ed with turmeric to a [illegible] low.

The charge of eating white [illegible] seems very hard to down [illegible] now, when every one should [illegible] better, it is by no means [illegible] to find the statement that the [illegible] Kanakas ... Cook, yet they were not [illegible] at all.

[illegible] under the immediate [illegible] white man, it is natural to be [illegible] picious of practitioners of [illegible] tronomy. Yet it is highly [illegible] ble that a white man, who [illegible] killed in the most [illegible] these savages, would ever be [illegible] by them.

Here is a piece of [illegible] the subject from a [illegible] who has lived [illegible] more among those [illegible] Pacific, Herr Parkinson of the [illegible] marck Archipelago.

"During my long [illegible] these islands, he writes, [illegible] not been able to establish [illegible] infaction a single case [illegible] white man, though [illegible] actually been eaten by the [illegible] natives. The bodies of the [illegible] ed have often enough been [illegible] bered and single pieces [illegible] more districts as trophies of the perpetration of the murder, but as to the eating of any of these portions no definite information can be had.

"It seems quite difficult to comprehend why the cannibal who eats his own kind should reject the white man as an article of food. Yet, if we consider the senseless superstition of the Melanesian, which in my opinion has driven him to cannibalism, because through eating the bodies of the slain he expects to come into a full enjoyment of all the powers of him who is [illegible] thus does it become comprehensible that he will not eat the body of a white man, whom he [illegible] because of his belief that the [illegible] of the murdered man will [illegible] an influence over him, which [illegible] does not at all regard as [illegible]

"The late King Gorai of the [illegible] Islands once told me [illegible] swer to my question the [illegible] [illegible] long all white men no good; [illegible] general one receives the party [illegible] the white man as meat does not taste good. This I hold to be a subterfuge under which the [illegible] tive hides his dread of the spirit of the white slain."

Spoiled for Her Part.

Stage Manager—The girl [illegible] takes the part of the [illegible] in the show [illegible]

Business Manager—Why?

"She ate a Welsh rabbit and can't [illegible]"