



A Modern King Canute

The people who lived in the good days of the wise King Canute thought he had the power to make the ocean stand still at a mere word of command. Today the New York Telephone Company finds itself in a position not unlike that of the ancient king. Some people seem to think that by a word the Telephone Company can hold back the rising tide of costs that affects all business.

By rigid economy and the use of the most modern appliances and methods of operation we have succeeded in keeping our rates at a far lower level than might be expected in view of the increased cost of operation and maintenance, but we have felt the rising tide of costs just as certainly as has every business and every family.

Our one source of revenue is the rate you pay for the service we render. If this rate fails to cover operating costs and provide a fair return upon the investment, then both you and your Telephone Company must suffer. Rates previously in force did not provide sufficient revenue to meet these requirements and that is why higher rates were established December 1, 1919.

The new rates are designed to do just one thing—to provide revenue sufficient to enable us to give satisfactory service to every subscriber.



NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.

BETWEEN LINES

By ELIZABETH A. DE BAER.

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Olga was a senior in boarding school and George was a junior in college. They met at a college house party and, well—!

Olga was short with very large eyes and a very small mouth. She wore her hair, black and shining, parted in the middle, pulled quaintly down over her forehead, puffed out the ears and high in back. When George came to call, she wore her grandmother's comb, which was very lovely—then hurried it back among tissue paper when he left. Olga's dresses were ruffy—most impractical, but she was practical because she made them herself. She could play a guitar softly and roll her eyes at the proper moment, and, best of all, she was a good listener. But when it came to talking—Olga was a failure. She couldn't say anything funny and her words seemed to jump out in a short, snappy way. Olga couldn't talk well and, fortunately, she knew it—so she didn't talk much.

As for George—he was big and awkward, but loads of fun. He could make his thumbs go out of joint and Olga would cover her big eyes with her little hands and beg him not to be "so naughty," and said she wouldn't look, but he knew she was peeking through her fingers. He liked to have her sit curled up beside him, and play soft, slow music on her guitar while they both looked into space. Yes, they were deeply in love!

Then the house party ended and Olga came back to school, fell into the arms of her waiting roommate, was dragged upstairs and, lights turned low, confessed the whole story to Wide-eyed Jane.

"And just think, dear," she ended with a resigned sigh. "It'll be two months before I'll see him."

"Poor little thing," Jane eyed with pity the diamond set fraternity pin that clung desperately to Olga's waist. "It must be wonderful to be in love."

The next day a special came for Olga—it was a letter from George and such a letter! Olga showed it to Jane and cried and laughed alternately as she read it for the fifth time. It was indeed a masterpiece, a clever, well-written letter, and Olga was wise—she knew her answer was expected to be equally as clever—it just had to be! Moreover, she knew she couldn't tell a good letter any more than she could tell a good story—and she knew Jane could. And Jane did. True love should not deceive, but Olga, in her desire to keep George's affection while away from him, was desperate. She realized her shortcomings and she did her best to outwit them. So Jane, under Olga's careful censorship, carried on the latter's correspondence with her fiancé.

All went well and everyone was apparently happy until one day Jane, red-eyed, told Olga she wanted to talk with her. She flopped down on the cot among the pillows and looked up into Olga's questioning eyes.

"I can't go on with it, Roony," she said in a hollow voice, "I can't go on deceiving him, and myself."

"Yes, I've tried to make myself believe I don't love him, but I do—his letters are so wonderful. I—"

"Stop," Olga cried; "do you mean you have fallen in love with my George?"

Jane nodded miserably and the tears bounced off her cheek.

"Yes," she answered simply. "Then desperately she went on: 'And I've read between the lines, it's me he loves, it's my letters, it's the girl I've put into my letters—me!'"

"Oh, Jane, how can you!" and Olga sank down. She wanted to cry but she didn't, so she whistled bravely.

That night the maid came pattering up the stairs with two cards for Olga. One was "George Potter" the other, "Stanley Mills." She couldn't think; she went mechanically down the stairs and into the reception room. George caught her hands awkwardly and, utterly ignoring the tall, dark man beside him, said:

"Olga, tell me the truth—do you love me?"

"Oh, George, what's the use it—?"

"I won't believe it, Olga—I know you

love me and I've come to explain everything. I was so crazy about you that when I went away I was afraid my letters wouldn't hold your interest, so I got Stan to write 'em for me. And now, Olga, he's fallen in love with you, and he says he's read between the lines and knows you're his by rights. He told me so this morning."

But Olga shot out of the room, flinging a "be right back" to the surprised man who stared after her. In a moment she returned dragging a bewildered Jane across the room.

"George, dear," she explained, "it was Jane who wrote these letters—I was trying to deceive you and—" but George had taken her in his arms. He had kissed her twice when she suddenly remembered, and whispered:

"Introduce them, dear."

George laughed.

"They don't need an introduction, honey."

And they didn't.

A Sex Difference. The difference between a man and a woman is that when you see a man wearing evening clothes, you usually see somebody who'd much rather be wearing something else.—Detroit Free Press.

All Traveling Expenses



Printing is a Salesman Who Travels Cheaply

Traveling expenses 1 cent!

Good printing on HAMMERMILL BOND

costs you little and does much for you.

Use more printed salesmanship. Ask us.

Phone Us for Printing on HAMMERMILL BOND PRINTING

Our plant is complete for everything you need in the line of printing and we can assure you fast grade work on Hammermill stock. Ask us.



Careless With Money

Few men are careless with actual cash, but many men do not stop to think that the checks and notes they give out represent money and that fraudulent alteration of a check may mean a serious loss. Protect yourself by using paper that betrays alteration—

Paper. We can tell you more about it and show you how we can protect your cash, your checks, notes, drafts, and receipts.

COLORS FOR 1920

Variety and Artistic Beauty in Store for Next Year.

Pinks in All Shades, Blues, Greens, Yellows, Violets, Browns and Grays in Profusion.

Seldom even in pre-war days have colors promised more variety, artistic beauty and brilliancy than for the season of 1920. That fashion will have a galaxy of colors to choose from is proclaimed by the 1920 spring season color card just issued at the Textile Color Card association.

Pinks abound in profusion. They range from the most delicate tints—implied by their names—saphyr, dawn and nymph, down into lustrous rich tones called rosebud, arbutus and sweet briar. Three true venetian blues of the turquoise type follow, called Lagoon, Venice and Adriatic. Also three soft lavenders—morning glory, crocus and thistle.

Five scintillating greens of bluish cast range from a light water green named Nalid through gradually deepening tones—Neptune, Jodelite and searab, ending with a deep brilliant shade called mint. Among the old shades of pink are tearose, coral and the well-known shade Bermuda. Three new yellows of slightly greenish tint are cockatoo, quite pale in tone, and sulphur and citrine of greater depth.

The violet tones are well represented in hyacinth, foxglove and heartease, the last a deep rich purple. Flaming brilliancy accentuates the red family. Only three shades are included, but each distinctly individual. Firefly, the lightest, is an unusual shade of pronounced orange tone.

In the neutral and dark shades, browns and blues share equally in importance. One brown family portrays the burnished yellow tone suggestive of aboriginal tendencies which their names aptly imply, Astor, wigwam and moccasin. Cattail is a dark brown, less yellow in tone, ranging a trifle lighter than seal brown, which again appears. Another range of six leads off with a light sand shade, called pebble, and runs off down through the light beige tones, north and peccan, into the medium and darker castor shades, grouse, eagle and moose.

A range of exceptionally good blues of the Delft and tapestry persuasions appear. Starting with a rather faded blue, called aquamarine, and followed by twilight of deeper, clearer tone, we find shades in this group covering all the varied tones of blue, arctic, hydro, radio and orion, favored by fashion.

Five grays are shown, ranging from a delicate tone, called wood ash to the medium soft shades, cider and haze, down to the darker shades, pelican and grebe.

SMART VEIL AND NECKWEAR



Veils and attractive neckwear play an important part in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe, as usual, this season. This sort of brilliant-lined silk, and the fancy-figured veil are very popular, and both are decidedly chic.

THE USEFUL TAILORED PROCK

Mildly Considers Her Wardrobe incomplete Without at Least One—Such Outfit.

The tailored frock for street wear is the most important garment to be chosen during either spring or fall. For several seasons the two-piece suit has enjoyed a rather doubtful vogue, while the one-piece frock has gained in favor each succeeding season since it made its initial appearance. The two-piece suit is really an expensive garment, no matter what it costs when purchased, for the reason that innumerable blouses must be purchased also, and during the past two seasons the possession of a two-piece suit has meant the purchase of several separate vests as well. The one-piece frock only requires at the most fresh collar and cuffs to complete it, and very often goes over these. In addition to these recommendations, the one-piece frock is so easy to slip into and so generally becoming that it is well worth considering. The wardrobe complete without it shows one tailored street frock for each season.

NATIONAL WILSON STAMPS

Transactions in Wilson Stamps... Many...

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