

# We Have Given You the Facts

At the beginning of our campaign of publicity we told you we would give you all the facts regarding the necessity for increased telephone rates. We have done so. We have given you full information concerning

—Our greatly increased payroll obligations caused by the payment of higher wages and the employment of additional workers.

—The greatly increased costs of all materials used in telephone construction and operation.

—The necessity for spending huge sums of money this year and during each of the next few years to enlarge our plant and keep it in shape to render the quality of service you want.

—The demands of thousands of people who must wait for service until we can secure and install the facilities that will bring them into the system you now use.

—The failure of our revenues to keep pace with our increased expenses. Under present rates we are earning little more than bare operating costs. With such a low return, we could not hope to attract investors with fresh capital for extending our plant to serve new subscribers and to provide the additional facilities you need.

We have told you fully all these facts because you are entitled to know them. To place them before you cost some money, but the expenditure is more than justified by the value to you and to us of your knowing just where we stand today.

*Our case is before you.*

For the considerate, thoughtful way the public and press of the State have received these facts, we are grateful. We want your continued cooperation and support.

**NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY**

## THE RETURN

By CLARISSA MACK.

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It was a full hour after dusk, when the long, stone house on the hill still remained in darkness, that a man emerged from the heavy thicket of rhododendrons and slipped around to the rear. A light from a basement window checked his progress. He looked cautiously through the window. Two women servants were putting on hats and coats and a chauffeur waited near the door drinking out of a steaming glass.

"Ready?" he asked, setting down the empty glass.

They all disappeared, and in a moment the basement was deserted and the door locked. Presently an automobile with lights swept silently down the drive. The man went around to the front of the house and thick, oppressive silence settled over the place.

Then a shadow separated from the deeper shade of the shrubbery and gained the front veranda. A latch-key turned silently in the lock of the front door; it opened and closed soundlessly, letting into the darkened house a faint breath of the June night. The man did not hesitate; with unswerving feet he mounted the fine old staircase, gained the upper hall and entered a large room on the left. He crossed to the mantelpiece, fumbled along its length and put something in his pocket. As he turned away his foot struck the brass fender and there was the faint clang of metal.

He stopped short and waited. Out of the black void of the quiet room came a woman's voice.

"Who is there?" It asked wearily. He pulled out a handkerchief and tied it about his face below the eyes, pulling down his visored cap to complete the masking.

"Who is there?" repeated the voice, more alert this time, and there was stirring from the great bed in the corner.

In three leaps the man gained the

door, and then she spoke once more. "I can see you now—I have you covered with a revolver—I can shoot. Don't move."

"What do you want?" he mumbled behind the handkerchief.

"Who are you?"

"A—Raffles, if you like," he laughed bitterly.

"I have no money here—or jewels—nothing."

"I don't want them—" then he added hastily: "If you haven't got them—I think I'll go—"

"You will stay!" she threatened.

"How did you get in?" she asked.

"Pass key—servants all went out in the car—I thought the house was empty—I returned for something I had left behind."

"Left behind?" she asked quickly.

"Who are you?"

"I have been here before," he said in a ruffled voice. "They should not leave you alone in the house."

"You must be a thoughtful burglar, to think of that!" She laughed unthinkingly.

"I will go now—if you please—"

He slipped toward the door and flashed out into the hall.

"Wait—please," she called tremulously. "Are there any more of you around?"

He laughed shortly. "No, I came alone."

He started down the stairs, and her little running feet hastened his going.

When he was half-way down, she gained the head of the stairs. "Stop!" she commanded, but he did not heed it. The automatic in her hand spat blue flame, and he hesitated, jerked forward and fell in a huddled heap on the rich rugs below. He lay still.

The woman—she was a mere girl—crouched on the top step, her back against the wall. The moonlight shining through a diamond-paned window betrayed her dainty negligee.

Fearfully she turned the body over and laid her hand on the man's heart. It was beating regularly. Then she tore the handkerchief away from his face and found his dark eyes staring dully at her.

"Dick!" she moaned at last.

He nodded, a queer smile curving his

lips.

"Are you hurt?" she whispered.

"No—luckily my heel caught on the stair and it threw me—the fall stunned me, that's all."

"What are you doing here?" she asked tremulously. "I thought you were in Philadelphia by this time."

He sat up and pushed back his hair, his face darkening. "I came back after something I had forgotten—I saw all your people drive away and supposed you were with them. The servants went, too, and so I ventured the burglar act—and got caught. I did not expect you were in my vacated room."

"It is quiet there—" she stammered. She could not tell him that her repentant tears had soaked his pillows!

"And you—you had left something behind—something precious?" she asked.

"I risked my life for it," he said gravely, leaning against the newel post.

"Is this it?" she stooped and picked up a small case which had fallen from his pocket.

"Yes—open it, Elsie."

She obeyed. "My—miniature," she breathed softly.

"That is how much I love you, dear," he whispered when she was in his arms once more.

## Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

### TABLE D'HOTE DINNER

THE table d'hote dinner is a successful method of saving money at the expense of the appetite.

The regulation table d'hote dinner consists of three courses with one guess. The patron is allowed to look at a long, serpentine bill of fare which seems to present untold possibilities for 50 cents, but after reading it all the way through and deciding to order everything in sight he stumbles out a few lines of brusque fine print which eliminates everything but the roast beef and iced tea. This explains why so many patrons rise up from a table d'hote dinner wearing a

wan and crestfallen look. The table d'hote dinner was invented for the benefit of people who are never hungry when it is their turn

to buy. It is favored by hotels and restaurants because it has been demonstrated that almost everybody chooses the wrong meat or vegetables and is stricken with a total paralysis of the appetite. It is estimated that the American hotel makes more money off the table d'hote victim than it does off the six by nine sample room with a North pole temperature.

The main idea back of the table d'hote dinner, however, is to drive the patrons into the open jaws of the la carte service. This is a merciless system by which two strips of bacon and a plate of buttered toast are made to cost more than a week's board at the home of an esteemed relative. It requires more fortitude to sit down and look into the threatening countenance of an la carte menu without quailing than it does to wear the legless union suit all winter.

The table d'hote dinner is doubtless all right for city folk, but out in the country, where people know how to live, it will never be adopted as a substitute for food.

(Copyright.)

Homemade advice is just as unsatisfactory as any other brand.

An unprofitable apartment house may be considered a flat failure.

A Long Bill of Fare Which Seems to Present Untold Possibilities for 50 Cents.

Among the fashions displayed at the recent Chicago style revue was this one of navy georgette elaborately beaded in crystal, with green, black and silver satin girdle.

NO RADICAL STYLE CHANGES

Fashion Authority Asserts General Silhouette Remains Much the Same as in Past.

Next season apparel is now occupying the center of the stage, summer being ended as far as the designer and manufacturer are concerned. Interesting as many of the new features are, it is but stating the facts in the case to emphasize that up to the present no radical style changes have taken place and that the general silhouette remains much the same as during the past two or three seasons, according to a fashion authority.

The tendency is to straight lines. Skirts continue to give the impression of narrowness, but they actually are a trifle wider, the extra width being in usually in the form of an inverted plait or two somewhere. The plait, generally in the center back, is scarcely visible, but it certainly gives the wearer of the frock or suit greater freedom in walking.

The use of nailheads as trimming is a feature of many fall frocks, both for street and afternoon wear. Nailheads of course, are not new. They have been used off and on for weeks or even years, possibly longer. They are effective, however.

## SATINS FOR FALL

Shimmering Material Promises to Replace Popular Taffeta.

Designers Have Changed Favor to Fabric—Quantities of Ribbon Now Being Used.

In preparing their models for autumn designers have turned to satin. In fashions we are constantly witnessing the rise and fall of favorites. The reign of taffeta was a comparatively long one for any fabric. Now it must relinquish its place in the spotlight to soft, shimmering satin. Taffeta really ran too swift a pace. If so much of it had not been used we might have had it with us for a still longer time. Even its practicability could not save it. Very few taffetas are shown for early autumn.

Quantities of ribbon, especially moires, are used on the satin dresses. Dressmakers appear to have suddenly turned their attention to moire ribbon as a trimming. In most of these satin frocks the Egyptian influence seen in the more elaborate creations of early spring is apparent. Now it is modified taking the form of loose hanging panels and ribbon sashes placed about the hips in perfectly straight lines; the sash is not crumpled at all.

Belts consisting of two lengths of moire ribbon finely plaited and joined to either side of a narrow ribbon belt frequently are placed about the waistline, as such a belt would be too bulky to tie about the hips. The preference however, is for the hip swathing giraffe. Many of the black satin dresses have girdles of the material lined with white.

Brocaded crepe de chine are much in evidence. Crepe de chine, which was so popular in Paris earlier in the season, is only now being taken up to any great extent by American women. There are some perfectly charming crepe de chine dresses, dark brown in color, with large floral patterns brocaded in a shade even darker than the background itself. These are made with low waisted bodices crumpling about the figure and hanging very loosely, almost in blouse form, and plain skirt gathered at the bottom in harem effects. Ribbon panels falling from the neckline and caught under at the waist frequently are used.

Ever so many of the black and white dresses of the more dressy type have these Egyptian panels made of wide ribbon and ornamented at low waistlines with jet ornaments. Long jet necklaces are sold as part of the dresses to complete the costume.

### NAVY GEORGETTE FOR FALL



Among the fashions displayed at the recent Chicago style revue was this one of navy georgette elaborately beaded in crystal, with green, black and silver satin girdle.

### USES FOR WORNOUT

Father's Discarded Collars Worked Over Into Aprons or Other Wearables.

Have father's shirts become worn around the collar and the mother can cut them out of the neck, cut off the sleeves and a soft collar for the cut-out neck.

After father has had his share of his old shirt, they should go to mother's patch-box. For years mother has used the tails of the old shirt in herself sewing aprons. They make after a pattern of a bib apron, with fitted bottom. Such an apron is full for wear around the house.

Mother used the best of father's madras shirts to the Josephine a play hat. She brim double, finishing the buttonhole scalloped. These readily laundered and are good.

Another figure madras shirt is a one-piece play apron for boys and each piece of the animal-embroidered shirt upon it.

Ways With Wornout

One of the most interesting many attractive ways with a worn-out shirt is to make with a wide ribbon sash of these buttons of a buttonhole scalloped. These readily laundered and are good.

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