## RATS AND MICE DEADLY FOES OF THE TELEPHONE

### PLAYFUL PUPPIES AND INQUISITIVE BABIES ARE ALSO FREQUENT CAUSES OF TROUBLE

For mice and rats telephone repairmen have a particular aversion. Not only are they the cause of a large proportion of the cases requiring expert attention, but they are apt to be the most difficult for the "trouble-shooters" to handle.

Usually the work of the rodents is hidden behind a layer of plaster or is covered with heavy tile, with the result that it is difficult to trace. They have even been known to gnaw through the lead sheath of the cable which passes through perforations in solid brick walls. In so doing the battery line would be momentarily grounded—just long enough to blow out a fuse.

But mice and rats are not the only creatures who play havoc with telephone wire insulation. For example, there is man's best friend, the dog. Playful puppies are sometimes detrimental to telephone service, pulling telephones off tables and playing with them. In such cases the receiver usually falls from the hook and the line is then out of commission for the time being. Babies also are often the innocent cause of telephone trouble when they play with the cords and put them in their mouths.

Often times a small fire can cripple telephone service for as many as three or four hundred subscribers by destroying the circuits which pass through one cable.

If there is anyone who is looking for trouble, it's the telephone repairman, and if there's anyone who finds what he's after, it's the repairman also. The sooner he finds trouble, the better he is satisfied.

### PROBABLY HIS PARTY-LINE TELEPHONE NUMBER WAS K-9

Major F. W. Childs, of Brattleboro, Vt., has a dog, a Scotch Collie by the name of Laddie that not only is an expert mail carrier, but also answers the telephone.

"During the summer," says the Major, "it is a frequent occurrence for me to call my home on the telephone from my Brattleboro office, asking to have the receiver put to Laddie's ear and order the dog to come to me at once. No sooner would the dog hear the voice than he would streak from the house through the fields and across country seven miles to Brattleboro, and in a miraculously short time, a scratching at my office door would

## When Bronsky Pulled the Trigger

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

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BRONSKY crept up the alley to the side entrance of the tailor's shop. In his hand he clutched a revolver. His face was beaded with sweat. Only the passion of madness in his heart nerved him to the deed he had planned.

Schmidt had fired him that morning, after a bitter quarrel—called him a thief. Him, Bronsky, who had never done a crooked thing in his life. A twenty-dollar bill had disappeared from the drawer in which Schmidt kept his money. And he, Bronsky, had served Schmidt faithfully for two years.

Fired—at such a time as this, when a dozen tailors were looking for every job. Fired—with a wife just recovering from a serious illness, and no money in the bank. The little tailor was determined that Schmidt should pay to the last penny—pay with his life.

It was a little shop. Schmidt and Bronsky were the sole workers, and they worked late every morning. Now Schmidt would be working alone. Bronsky would creep in by the unlocked door and confront him. . . .

But why plan it? Why not act? Softly Bronsky opened the side door. It led into the little kitchen where Schmidt did his housekeeping. Beyond was the little dark bedroom, then a curtain, then the tailor's shop.

Bronsky blinked and peered with his short-sighted eyes as he stepped into the light of the kitchen. But the little bedroom behind was very quiet. And only the rattle of passing traffic and the distant rumble of the elevated railroad came to his ears. He advanced to the curtain.

The light was burning low in the tailor's shop, but not too low for Bronsky to see Schmidt's head and shoulders, draped in the new gray suit Schmidt had made for himself, beyond the angle of the table. There, safely, Schmidt held himself. In imagination Bronsky could see him stitching, stitching. He grasped the revolver more tightly. He took aim from behind the curtains.

For just a moment Bronsky hesitated as the significance of his projected act came home to him. Then he aimed and pulled the trigger.

With a clatter Schmidt fell forward upon the floor. He disappeared.

And instantly a horror of his deed came over Bronsky. He yelled, he started forward, intent now on trying to staunch the blood. But he dared not face that blood.

The little man staggered into the room and dropped in a dead faint upon


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## Duds Favored by Women of America

### Tailored Suit, Knitted Garments, Disliked in Paris, Are O. K.'d Here.

The contrasts between French styles and the simon-pure American variety is amusingly illustrated in some of the things—essential and otherwise—which French women will not have, and vice versa, observes a fashion critic in the New York Times. The tailored suit, for example, adored by Americans, avoided by Parisians, is this season more obviously popular than ever before.

The tailored suit is our typical street costume, simple, severe, chic and perfect in workmanship, a lady's dress. The Parisian woman, equally charming, will wear a one-piece, a coat dress, a tunic, a three-piece, anything other than the strictly tailored frock.

To us the sometimes dainty, occasionally fine and elaborate, always convenient shirtwaist is one of the comforts of life, but while some of the most attractive blouses come to us from Paris, her women will have none of them. And the knitted frocks, so popular on this side of the water, find few admirers in France, except, of course, in the heavier wools for the sports.

The Americans delight in knitted suits, skirts, jackets, sweaters and hats, and the flapper is a joy to behold in one such outfit in the new models, especially of white, in combinations of pale blue, jade green, yellow or scarlet. The prettiest little suits of this sort are shown by some of the prominent American houses, the smaller specialty shops and sporting goods establishments. The color is usually in bands on the sweater or coat, at the skirt bottom, and trimming the collar and cuffs.

Another fancy of Americans which finds no response at Paris is that of "fuzzy" goods. Borrowing from London, some of the smartest sports togs, coats and street suits are made of




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