

"In the rooms? No. They's one across the street at th' liv'ry stable."

"Well, we'll have to make that do, then. Can we get some dinner?"

"Dinner's over't two o'clock. Supper's over now. Might fix up somethin', I suppose."

"All right, do the best you can for us and send it to the rooms."

"What? Send it to the rooms? Want I should come along to feed ye?" The clerk was definitely angry. These city folks!

The judge stepped in. "I want you and Mr.—er—er—Mr. Jackson should come to my house for your supper," he suggested.

"We'd better not, tonight, judge. Tomorrow, possibly."

Broadway cast at Wallace a pathetic glance. Could it be possible that he meant to stay in Jonesville till tomorrow night? Wallace sent him a look of warning.

"Well, if we can't have supper in our rooms, I suppose we'll take it where we can," he granted, determined that if Broadway really came back to Jonesville, as he intended to compel him to, some changes should be made in the hotel.

"Minnle!" shouted the clerk, in a reverberating tone, calculated to express itself, though miles might intervene. "Two sup-p-e-r-s!"

"All right!" he said to Wallace. "Want to wash? Wash basins—"

"We'll do that, anyway, up in our rooms?"

"What with?" exclaimed the clerk triumphantly. "They ain't no water there."

"But couldn't—"

"Ain't no water," said the clerk indifferently, grandly, "ner soap, ner towels, ner pitchers, ner no bowls, ner nothin'." He turned away.

"But where's the key?"

"Ain't no key. We're honest folks in Jonesville. I'm goin' out."

"But where are the rooms?"

"Head th' stairs. One and two. They ain't no others." With no further words he went his way.

"My God Bob," said Broadway, approaching him appealingly, "you're not going to make me live here, are you?"

"Yes; but I'm going to build a new hotel here," Wallace answered.

The judge hovered close to Broadway. "I wish you'd come up to the house to supper."

"Not tonight, judge, thanks."

"No," he granted sympathetically. "I suppose you want a rest. Tired after four hours on the train, of course. Gad, it's quite a journey! How've you been, Broadway?" The judge pronounced it "bean," as if it came in pods.

"Oh, so, so, judge."

"Busy, I suppose, down to New York—"

"Yes; busy every minute—night and day."

"Uh-huh, I s'pose so. What did you say the business was you've been followin'?"

Wallace answered before Broadway had a chance. "Liquor business, principally," he said tersely.

"Broadway's eyes flashed toward him a lightning glance of sheer male-

volence, which his caught without a sign of anything but high amusement. "Yes—er—judge," said Broadway, "I have invested quite a lot of money in the liquor business."

"Well," said the cautious judge, anxious not to hurt his feelings, and, in his heart, not shocked, somebody's got to sell it. And I suppose it was the wholesale business you were in. That's always thought respectable."

"You bet it was the wholesale

business" Wallace broke in cheerily.

Broadway began to feel intense distaste for the alertness of successful business men. They took a fellow up and made a monkey of him before he had a chance to think. This whole trip to Jonesville—

"Judge," said the energetic advertising agent, "maybe you would like a little nip."

"My boy," the judge replied in mournful tones, "you can't get it here at this hotel. It ain't been to be

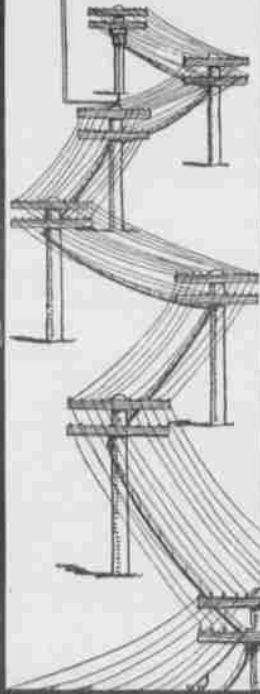
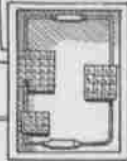
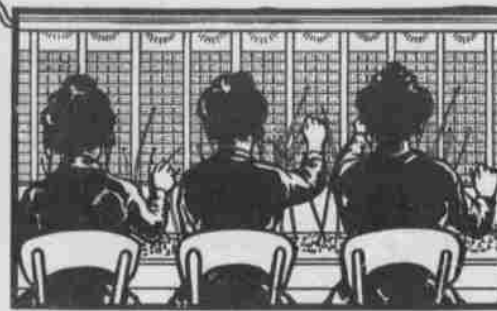
had here since the Episcopalian that once owned it was bought out by a Methodist."

"I've—" Broadway began.

"I've got some in my pocket," said Wallace, interrupting.

"Now, Bob—" Broadway began to protest, but the judge himself did not permit him to complete his sentence.

"I could show you to your room," he said, "being as the clerk's gone out."



Our Investment

The telephone instrument on your wall or desk, the piece of wire, and the occasional pole you see, the voice of one operator you hear when you make a call, doesn't make a telephone system.

You see less than one-tenth of the things that are necessary for one single telephone message.

You see on the average only an investment of \$15.17.

It really costs us an average of \$162.00 to reach each subscriber.

Our investment, as shown in our last annual statement, is divided approximately as follows:

The part you see

Subscriber Station Equipment . \$2,682,964.00

The part you don't see

Switchboard and Central Office Equipment . . . \$2,774,542.25

Pole Lines . . . 7,769,946.51

Aerial Cables . . . 2,781,582.80

Aerial Wire . . . 6,193,824.97

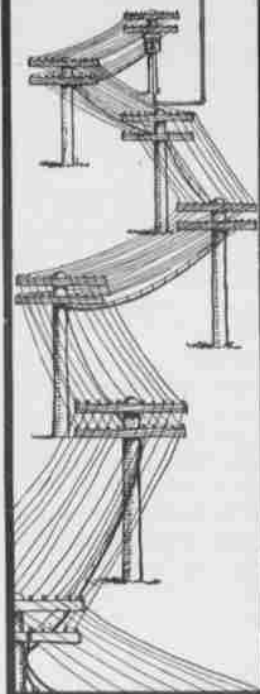
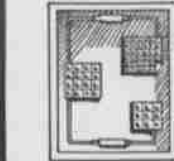
Underground Cables and Ducts . . . 3,278,528.41

Real Estate and Buildings . . . 2,255,162.52

General Equipment . . . 266,500.59

Total \$25,320,088.05

There are other items, too, that go to make up our total, such as rights-of-way and supplies.



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