

Shirley's Surprise.

By *Martha Cobb Sanford.*

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Shirley was superintending the annual charity bazaar and putting her whole incautions, magnanimous soul into the task, but that was Shirley every time.

And she had what she termed a "perfectly, splendidly unique" idea for this particular bazaar. As soon as she thought of it she called up each of the other girls on the committee by telephone to tell them about it.

"Perfectly impossible," one said.

"Too much work," complained another.

"Fine," agreed a third, "and just like you, Shirley. But you'll have to put it through yourself. All the rest of us have more than we can do now."

And so, a bit daunted, but quite undaunted, Shirley proceeded to put it through.

She had just executed her first victorious stroke when she came face to face with Philip Evans—that is, their machines met before a smart sporting goods establishment.

"You look as fresh as a morning glory, Shirley," was Philip's greeting as he sprang from his car and helped Shirley from hers. "How do you do it—with a whole charity bazaar on your hands?"

"Just come in her with me a minute, Philip, and I'll show you," Shirley answered, laughing.

Once inside the shop, Shirley asked for the proprietor. No one else would do, she said. When that pompous gentleman saw who it was demanding his exclusive personal attention his expression of annoyance underwent an instantaneous metamorphosis.

To Philip's intense amusement he fairly beamed upon Shirley. But, then,

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announced defiantly. "I saved them for you, Philip, so you'll have to take them. Now, you mustn't get into a quarrel with me. I've got loads of other places to go to. See you at the bazaar."

"But I can't call before!" began Philip, abruptly tearing in two several small pieces of blue cardboard.

"No, you can't," interrupted Shirley, laughing. "I'm too busy. If you need any more tickets, Philip, let me know. Goodby."

The bazaar opened with a blaze of social glory and continued its triumphant career for one entire week.

The center of attraction was "Shirley Burnett's little portable house," as it came to be called before the bazaar was half over. There it stood at one end of the long hall, immaculate and dainty in its coat of white and yellow, defying any one to find fault with it and inviting every one to come in—for the small price of 5 cents.

Every one wanted to go in and remain to exclaim over its coziness. Not a corner of it was left unexplored, from the little living room with its artistic wicker furnishings to the diminutive kitchen with its miniature cook stove and shining rows of brand new pans and kettles.

And nearly every one lingered long enough to have tea, which Shirley served out on the porch with just as gracious hospitality as if she weren't charging the exorbitant sum of 15 cents a cup for it. The little portable house proved a most paying proposition.

And when the very last night of the bazaar it was put up at auction there were spirited bidding and much excitement.

"Four hundred and ninety dollars—four hundred and ninety dollars," called the auctioneer impressively.

"For this beautiful little house with all its furnishings complete. Come, gentlemen. Some one make it five hundred. Going, going—five hundred, do I hear? Thank you, sir. Gone at five hundred to the gentleman over there on my right. Will he please step forward and give his name?"

Shirley, who had been watching the scene from a window of the living room, suddenly disappeared as the crowd parted to give the purchaser right of way.

A few minutes later Philip Evans found her sitting on the kitchen table making pathetic little dabs at suspiciously red eyes.

"Why, Shirley Burnett!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You ought to be the proudest girl in the world."

"Well, I'm not," Shirley answered disconsolately. "I'm the most miserable. I can't bear to think of any one else having this little house. I want it myself. I just love it. Don't you think the porch is the cutest thing you ever saw, Philip? Can't you just imagine sitting out on it away off somewhere in the moonlight?"

Philip nodded. Somehow he couldn't trust himself to speak.

"And the dear little living room—isn't it the budgetest little room you ever saw, Philip?"

Philip wasn't quite sure what "budgetest" meant, but he nodded again.

"And as for this little toy kitchen," Shirley ended dramatically, patting a nearby saucepan affectionately. "I adore everything in it! Don't you, Philip?"

"Everything," answered Philip solemnly, "and you, sweetheart, most of all. Oh, Shirley, can't you say the same?"

For a moment Shirley looked at him as if dozed. Then, her eyes sparkling with happiness and her cheeks glowing rosy and rosy, she said softly and slowly, "I adore everything in this little kitchen, and you, sweetheart, most of all."

"You're quite sure, dearest," Philip questioned a few minutes later as, at Shirley's request, he held up the little kitchen mirror while she rearranged her much-rumpled hair, "that you love me just as much as you love the little house?"

"It's your deadliest rival, Philip," she answered playfully, "but just to prove to you that it won't count any more I'll congratulate whoever bought it. There, I couldn't say more. Who is he?"

"You don't know?" gasped Philip, unable to believe his ears.

"I don't want to see the monster," explained Shirley. "Just as soon as I heard that fatal word 'Gone' I ran out here, where you found me. Philip," she broke off excitedly, "I have the grandest inspiration! Let you and me get another house just like this and spend our honeymoon in it. I think I could get one quite cheap for you."

"But, you see," confided Philip meekly, "I've already bought this one."

"Why, Philip Evans!" exclaimed Shirley, hugging him hard. "I don't believe it. Aren't you a love?"

An English Opinion.

"London is full of foreigners," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "and you may detect them in many infallible ways. But nothing perhaps displays a man's nationality more surely than the way he eats. You may tell an Englishman, meet him where you may, by the fact that he grasps his fork firmly in his left hand and keeps it there instead of transferring it to his right hand as soon as his food is cut up. You can tell a Frenchman by his wise disregard of fish knives and salt spoons. As for Americans—well, it is amusing to read of Benjamin Franklin's visit to Paris in 1777 and of the horror of the ladies of the court, when he fell upon asparagus with hands and teeth and of their corresponding disdain when he failed to treat a melon in the same way, but ate it delicately with a knife and fork. They also professed disgust at his love for an egg broken into a tumbler."

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The Tribune and Southern Oregonian is having made at great expense a fine, colored, lithographed map of Jackson county.

This map will show all cities, towns and villages, rivers and waterways, section and survey lines, railroads and projected railroads, wagon roads, forest reserve boundaries, election precincts and other data needed by everyone. All townships shown in colors.

This up-to-date map will be ready for distribution some time in December. It will be sold only through The Tribune and Southern Oregonian.

This will be your only chance to secure a good map of Jackson county, as all map editions are out of print and plates were destroyed in the San Francisco fire, necessitating new plates made at an enormous expense.

Further details later. Ready soon.

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