

SPECIAL

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Tell The Post About It

SHORT STORIES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hanna
attended the Stock Show in
Portland this week.

Mrs. Neville Eldridge is here
from Medford visiting at the K.
C. Eldridge home.

Mrs. Mitchell is here from
Cincinnati, Ohio, visiting at
the Werline home.

Do your Christmas shopping
early.

THE PHONE CALL

By ANITA WEBB.

Supper at Miss Almira's boarding
house was in progress.

"Steak, cold ham, potato salad,
hash or liver!" sang Millie, first class
waitress, all in one breath.

"Steak! I love it! I'll have some,"
banned Mrs. Miller, the only inhabit-
ant of the Palace House who could
stomach the well-browned leather
the mistress of that establishment
served as steak.

"What'll youse two have?" demand-
ed Millie of the "hallroom boys,"
Tom and Dave.

"What was that first piece you ren-
dered?" asked the latter.

"Cease, fair girl, cease! If you are
passing around steak, my friend and
I will have two nice, fresh cold stor-
age eggs boiled to a crisp."

"Sats? Don't be sassy or you'll
get nothin'!" Millie was a very in-
dependent waitress, and being Miss
Almira's niece, ventured more remarks
during meal hours than President
Harding at a meeting of congress.

"Give me some liver and—"

"Awright, Mr. Moore," put in Mil-
lie, before he had a chance to finish.

"Hash, please," spoke up Mr. Per-
rin.

"Our kitchen has been cleaned up
today," said Dave.

"How can you tell, you funny fel-
low?" gushed Mrs. Miller.

"Hash for supper!" gravely re-
turned Dave.

"Oh, my stars!" Mrs. Miller went
into a spasm of laughter, consisting
of gurgles, sneezes and coughs.

"Evening," remarked Mr. Richards,
as he took his place at the table.

"Why the gloom, Dave?"

"Them's harsh words! I was just
thinking of the eggs I must feast
upon tonight, and trying to imagine
I liked 'em when along you come, sug-
gesting gloom!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Mr. Perrin. "When
you boys have been here seven years
like me, you'll stand anything, and
like anything."

"Seven months is plenty; we
couldn't stand it another seven," said
Tom.

"Good evening," Miss Allen slipped
into her place opposite Mr. Richards.

"Good evening," spoke he, timidly.

"Good evening," spoke she, slowly.

"Hum!" muttered Tom.

"Quite so!" whispered Dave, in his
ear. "Methinks some dire disaster
has fallen, Richte and Allie used to
be good friends—church, Sundays;
movies, Wednesday and Saturday, and
now they hardly speak."

Supper at Miss Almira's boarding
house was over, for which the suf-
fering boarders were duly thankful.

The entire assembly gathered on the
porch to talk over the day's events.

Miss Allen found a little rocker in
one corner, and seating herself, gazed
up at the evening sky.

"Fran—Miss Allen."

"Mr. Richards?" in cold tones.

"Miss Allen, why have you avoided
me so, of late?"

"I had my reasons, Mr. Richards."

"You used to call me Edgar," he
reminded.

"That was before you were en-
gaged to Julia."

"To er—what, who?" he demanded.

"I believe you heard me," came in
10 below zero tones.

"But I suppose it was understood
that we, you and I—"

"I supposed so, too. You practi-
cally asked me to marry you, and I
practically agreed."

"Then what is the matter?"

"I distinctly heard you say over the
phone: 'Congratulations, Bill; I'm to
be married next week.' 'Who to?'
asked Bill, 'Julia,' you said. My name
is Frances," finished Miss Allen.

"There must be a mistake some-
where," insisted Mr. Richards.

"Impossible. I heard you myself.
You are the only Edgar here."

"How did you hear me?"

"I—well, I got the call, so couldn't
help hearing," stammered Miss Allen.

She was a telephone operator, and,
strangely enough, her switchboard was
on the Palace House line.

"Frances, wait!" Mr. Richards
dashed off.

Mr. Moore, just about to descend
the steps on his way to his club, felt
a heavy hand upon his collar and
found himself being rudely dragged
back up the steps.

"Wait!" he yelled. Then found
himself standing in front of Miss
Allen.

"I have it, Frances. You didn't
know, but Mr. Moore's name is Edgar,
too, and he is engaged to Julia Mason.

It was he you heard over the wire.
Tell her it's so, old man!" Mr. Rich-
ards hurriedly explained, while Mr.
Moore stood glaring and rubbing the
back of his neck.

"Yes, that's right," he admitted,
"and Julia is the best little woman you
ever saw."

"Can you forgive me, Edgar?" hum-
bly asked Miss Allen.

"If you'll cook my meals for the
rest of our lives, yes!" was the an-
swer.

Of course, the "hall room boys"
were right around the corner of the
porch, listening to it all.

"No more hash, stewed prunes or
canned corn for him—lucky dog!"
muttered Dave.

"Let us get married, then, and have
no more of it," suggested Tom.

"Huh? Say, stewed prunes, canned
corn and hash aren't that bad!" quick-
ly retorted Dave.

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