

He Was Fooled

But He Rather Enjoyed It

By JANE C. SCARBOROUGH

When I was a girl, having to earn my own living I decided for telegraphy. There wasn't so much type-writing done at that time as there is now, or perhaps I should have gone into that. I'm glad there wasn't, for a telegrapher's position such as I secured after I had learned to be an operator was much pleasanter and easier than hammering a typewriter. I was located in a small town in a railroad station. I had nothing to do with the railroad telegraphing. I only sent and received messages for the public.

The station agent at L., where I was employed, had his own instrument in the ticket office, I being at the other end of the station. He was a volatile sort of fellow, but kind hearted and obliging. He did me a great many favors in one way or another, on one occasion when I was ill attending to my duties in addition to his own for several weeks. There was a great deal of flirting going on over the wires between the men and women operators and Johnny Brayton was doing his full share of it. He had several girl operators "on a string," as he called it, whom he had never seen and would often entertain me by recounting the conversations he had with them over the wire.

One morning he came down to the station looking very ill. I told him that he should be at home instead of at work and he replied that some one must be in his office to signal trains or there would be a terrible confusion and an accident might be the result.

However, about 10 o'clock in the morning most of the trains had passed and the road in our section would be comparatively deserted till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I persuaded Johnny to go home till then and he felt so bad that he finally consented, since



HE TURNED QUICKLY AND SAW ME LAUGHING AT HIM.

I could hear the clicking of his instrument from my booth and vice versa. After giving me instructions to last me till his return in the afternoon he was about to leave when he paused and said:

"If any of my girls call me up don't say I'm not at my instrument. It might get me into trouble."

"What shall I say?" I asked.

"Oh, say 'He's very busy just now; I'll call you later,' or something like that."

He was too ill to say any more, and I didn't detain him further. There was but little doing in my department so I took some embroidery I kept for dull hours and sat with it in the ticket office. I had often relieved Johnny for a half hour or so selling tickets, and fortunately on this occasion I had nothing else to do in his behalf. As for standing off the lady operators with whom he had been involved, I had only to attend to one. About an hour after he had left me I heard a suspicious call, something unusual. Fancying it might be from one of Johnny's girls and presuming that Johnny in replying simply repeated it. I answered it in that way, whereupon I heard nothing further. I sent a messenger boy to Johnny to ask the reply to the call, and he sent it to me, suggesting that I say that he was out to lunch when the call came. I did so, and the lady said over the wire that she was intending to visit L. and would be pleased to have Johnny call on her. But her aunt, with whom she would be only for a few hours, was very proud and suspicious, and perhaps she had better see Johnny in his office. I asked her in Johnny's name when she intended coming to L. that I might be sure to be in the office. She said that she might come the next day. To this I replied that I (Johnny) was feeling badly and might at any moment have to put a substitute in my place, remaining at home myself. Her answer to this was that she could make her visit whenever she liked and would defer it till I should inform her that I was well and on duty regularly since it might be very embarrassing to give herself away to a substitute. She seemed very solicitous about Johnny's health, though I couldn't understand

how she could really be anxious in the case of a man she had never seen. She seemed inclined to keep up the conversation, and I feared that if I tried to shut her off she might suspect that some one was telegraphing in Johnny's place, so I let her go on, occasionally taking the initiative myself. She said that she was having almost nothing to do, and time hung heavy on her hands. I asked why she didn't have some needlework in her office, as I had seen woman operators do to occupy their leisure hours. In reply she asked me what kind of work I had seen them do, and I suggested hemstitching. She said she had done some of that and wished to do more, but she couldn't get any worsted.

Worsted! What kind of a girl was this who supposed that hemstitching was done with worsted? Then it flashed upon me that Johnny's girl was a man. Some young fellow was amusing himself at Johnny's expense. While I would be reluctant to play a part in the case of a woman, I had no qualms of conscience in fighting this man with his own weapons. Johnny was my friend, and I didn't propose to see him fooled.

"I thought," was my next move, "that hemstitching was done with thread."

"Is that so? On what material?"

"Oh, some white stuff. Linen, I suppose. Being a man I don't know much about such things."

"And I, though a woman, have never been taught them. All my time has been rejoinder to telegraphic work."

This rejoinder didn't serve to change my opinion that Johnny's ladylove was a man, and I was not unwilling that he should be duped instead of Johnny. I let him talk on, occasionally stopping to attend to such official work as came up, and the farther he proceeded the more convinced I was that he was masculine. I, who was supposed to be the man in the case, made the effort of my life to make love after the manner of a man.

"Eulalie," I said—this was the name given—"I do hope that I shall be able to see you when you come. Though we have never met my heart has gone out to this girlish creature with whom I have been corresponding. So different from us men. If the tenderness you expressed over the wire has so affected me when I see you, hear your sweet voice, look into your gentle eyes, I shall love you just too much for anything."

"Please repeat those last words," came over the wire.

It occurred to me that "just too much for anything" was not a masculine expression. I bit my lip. Then, instead of repeating the words, I said, "I shall love you a thousandfold."

I noticed after this that for awhile he was very cautious in what he said and that several of his questions seemed to be framed with a view of drawing out evidence of whether I was feminine or masculine. I must have parried them successfully, for he resumed chatting with me in the former vein and making love very nicely. Occasionally he would forget his cue and do it as a man would make love to a woman. At such times, I confess, I was much pleased with him. I defy any woman to be indifferent to a virile yet delicate expression of love, even by one she doesn't see and over a wire, and I found myself listening to the song of the siren quite rapturously. Moreover, I was well satisfied that I had lulled completely his suspicions.

I occupied Johnny Brayton's place at the station at intervals for a week and fortunately made no blunders in official work. One day I told Eulalie that I (Johnny) had so far recovered that I expected to be in constant attendance at my office and asked when she (he) would make her proposed visit to L. He appointed a day at 12 noon when he would appear at the station. I asked her to describe herself so I would know her, and she said she would wear a bit of blue ribbon in her corsage. I kept the whole matter a secret from Johnny that I might enjoy the scene between the two when they should meet. But at the appointed day and hour I asked Johnny to go on an errand and took his place in the ticket office. At 12 noon exactly a nice looking young man, with a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, entered the station and came up to the window. On seeing a woman rise to meet him his countenance fell. As soon as he recovered himself he improvised a question as to when the next train would pass going west. Controlling my features, I replied and asked him if he wished a ticket. He said he was expecting a friend on the train. Then he started to leave the station. He was passing out of the door when with a pencil I rapped Johnny's call for his sweetheart on the board on which tickets were passed. He turned quickly and saw me laughing at him.

"Are you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm Johnny, or, rather, his substitute. I presume you are Eulalie."

"You vixen!"

He came up to the window with an expression of shamefaced, pleased surprise.

"Johnny was ill lately," I said, "and I took his place in the office. He asked me not to give him away if you called me up, and I didn't. I discovered that you were fooling him and turned the tables on you."

"Thank you very much. I am the gainer by your having done so."

There was admiration in every feature of his face as he said this, and I did the proper thing for a woman to do under the circumstances—I lowered my eyes.

The rest of the incident is a love story so like all other love stories that its telling would be mere repetition. Besides, it would not be considered becoming in an elderly woman whose eldest son is twenty-five years old.

THE CONVICT
His heart wasn't bad;
He was just a farm lad,
Wanting some money to take Cynthia
To the circus at Oroville,
So the boy fell.

He blackened his soul,
For he stole, yes he stole,
A set of harness; he 'trot he could
get.
(Enough for the circus)
Three dollars for it.

"This is burglary,
In the first degree,"
Said the court of justice; the noble
judge then
Gave an untutored boy
"Twelve years in the 'Pen'."

Twelve years prison blight!
O God is it right
That one man holds such power for
unmaking of men
To ruin young manhood
By years in the "Pen"?

When the boy gets out,
Will he "face right about,"
And live a clean life, tho' branded a
"Con,"
With a start of five dollars,
And the clothes he has on?

The above incident occurred in California and may be found related in Donald Lowrie's story—My Life in Prison. Is it an unusual case of the punishment exceeding the crime? According to the Evening Telegram of November 9, 1912, Judge McGinn on that day sentenced William Wilson to life imprisonment for holding up and robbing a grocer of \$27.

MARY NEWTON BADGER.

Woman's World



MISS ELSIE CALDER, the pretty daughter of Congressman William M. Calder of New York, had the honor of christening the battleship New York, which was recently launched at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Miss Calder, who is a graceful girl of eighteen, will be one of next season's buds. At present she is a pupil at a finishing school in Greenwich, Conn.

Human Vision.
The normal eye, at a distance of ten inches, cannot detect an object of less than 1-250 of an inch in diameter. Two black objects, if separated by a bright interval less than this, are perceived as one.

SILENCE.
There are silences of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge. It is not always a relief to break them. And there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent, than any words and which it is always a wrench to interrupt.

BILLIARD INVADER FROM AFAR

Koji Yamada, Japanese Expert, Will Compete in New York Tourney.

Koji Yamada, the Japanese expert, will play in the 18.2 balk line championship tournament which will begin in New York Nov. 11. Mr. Yamada is the only foreigner in the tournament and also probably the youngest of the eight entries. He is only twenty-four years old and has been playing billiards only five years, but his performances have been excellent, and good judges who have seen him in action think the Nipponese crack stands as good a chance as anybody of winning first prize.

The Japanese player learned the balk line game in Germany. He played



Photo by American Press Association. KOJI YAMADA, JAPANESE BILLIARD EXPERT.

against Adorjan, Kerkau, Poensgen and Cassagnol in Berlin and made an average of 25 for 2,000 points at 18.2.

"My father," said Yamada recently, "has a billiard room and restaurant in Tokyo, and I learned the game there, but on small tables with big balls and with four balls on the table. They don't play the three ball game there, although a good deal of billiards is played in Japan. I've been playing about five years, balk line for the last two years only, not taking up balk line until going to Berlin."

Yamada will be not only the youngest and the foreignest but the smallest player in the tourney. He is only five feet two and one-half inches. He brought with him three cues, very ornate affairs, but none the less capable of coaxing points from the ivory.

"LEFTY" FLYNN A SENSATION.

Yale Back Field Star Is Talk of Football World This Season.

The immense promise of "Lefty" Flynn, Yale's star halfback, as a scoring power for Yale becomes more and more evident as the big games draw near, and if his faulty technique, his punt muffing, his missed signals and his fumbles can be checked and cured he gives promise of proving the most remarkable character on the American gridiron this season. He has been known as "Lefty," but his correct name is Maurice Flynn. His home is in New York, and he was prominent in grammar school sports in New York city for two or three years. He finally went to the Pawling school, where Tad Jones took him in hand, and he became a remarkable interscholastic athlete. He went to Yale a year ago and, although he was barred from taking part in class athletics last season because of some scholarship technicality, he gave several exhibitions showing his promise. He cleared the bar in six feet two inches in the high jump, leaped twenty-three feet in the broad, ran the 100 yards in ten and two-fifths seconds, threw the hammer 150 feet and shot forty-three feet. He is one of the best left handed pitchers in the east, according to his work at the Pawling school, and he should shine on the Yale track and baseball teams in the spring, as well as on the football eleven this season. He is now punting sixty-five yards.

Pretty Full.
"McLush has been arrested for drunkenness and wants you to bail him out."
"Bail him out!" ejaculated Colonel Pepper, who had heard the remark indistinctly. "Good gracious, is he that full?"—Exchange.

HONESTY.
Let honesty be the breath of thy soul and never forget to have a penny when all expenses are paid. Then shall thou reach the point of happiness, and independence be thy shield, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright nor stoop to the sullen wretch because he hath riches nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears diamonds.—Franklin.

Not Likely.
Mrs. Morton (angrily)—Tommy Horton, what made you hit my little Johnny? Tommy Horton—He struck me with a brick. Mrs. Morton (more angrily)—Well, never let me hear of your hitting him again. If he hits you, you come and tell me. Tommy Horton (sneeringly)—Yes; and what would you do? Mrs. Morton—Why, I'd whip him. Tommy Horton (in disgust)—What? He hits me with a brick and you have the fun of flogging him for it? Not much!—London Answers.

A Hard One.
Little Harry's mother was helping him with a lesson in the First Reader. "Mamma," he queried, "how do you s'pose Adam ever got through the book with nobody to help him?"—Chicago News.

Money.
Strained honey with one-fourth lemon juice taken in teaspoonful doses every hour is a splendid remedy for a cold, cough or any throat trouble. Taken in hot milk it is said to be an invaluable aid in pulmonary troubles.

Serial Story.
Ascum—Do you remember the night I had to take you home from the club in a cab and— Nagget—Yes, indeed, Ascum—I don't suppose you have heard the last of it yet. Nagget—No; my wife's still living.—Exchange.

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