

# The Little Red House.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Brady, whizzing along Riverside in his big automobile, was a lonely man. Before he had made his money he had lived on a farm, and in his trips back and forth from town there had been the greetings of good neighbors and the welcome of the farm hands, and at home the sociability of the meals at the great table, where maids and men gathered with the family. There was no sociability in New York. For days he had wandered into the theaters and through the hotels, avoiding instinctively the men who would have cultivated him merely for what they could get out of him, but finding no friends.

At last, in desperation, he had learned to drive an automobile and spent his days in making long trips into the country, hobnobbing with the farmers who leaned over the fence rails to talk to him and leaving them wistfully when they returned to their toll. Today as he sped down the drive, with its rows of clifflike buildings, he yearned for some cheery spot where he might eat and drink with a friend. And it was at this moment that his eye was caught by a sign in the window of the little red house.

The little red house was set at the edge of a vacant lot, and it seemed a very shabby neighbor to the stately white apartment house that flanked it on the left. It had a sloping roof, a few vines hung on the porch, and just above the door was the sign that had attracted Brady's notice, and the sign read, "Fresh Cherry Pies."

Brady swept up to the curb and climbed out of his machine. His great form filled the low doorway and shut



"I DON'T WONDER THAT PEOPLE CAME," COMMENTED BRADY.

out the sunlight, so that at first he could not see clearly the figure behind the counter.

"I came in to ask about the cherry pies," he said. "Can I eat one here or must I carry it away with me?"

There was a ripple of laughter, and Brady moved to one side and saw that the person in charge was a girl, fresh faced, pretty and trim.

"You can eat it here," she said, taking a pie out of the case. "People usually take them away, but there is a little table and a chair, and I could make you a cup of coffee."

"Could you?" Brady's tone was eager, "I'm awfully hungry, and it is so pleasant here."

She was cutting the pie, but she looked up as he said that. "Oh, do you like it?" she asked. "I hope every one will. I am just beginning business, and I want to make a fortune."

Brady, who had made his fortune in oil, was much interested in this more picturesque method.

"Do you sell many?" he asked.

"Twenty yesterday," she confided. "I worked at night to get them ready, but it seemed as if every one wanted cherry pies. The people in the apartment house came, and I have sold out everything today except this one pie."

It was a beautiful pie, with a delicate brown crust overlaid with powdered sugar and all rosy and juicy and delicious within.

"I don't wonder that people came," commented Brady as he sat down at the little table, which she had spread with a spotless cloth.

She was like a child in her delight at his compliment.

"It was the only thing in the world that I knew how to do," she said, "and when I was left alone and lost the little income that my father had left me I decided to bake for a living."

She was sitting opposite him, and he liked the unconsciousness with which she gave him her confidence.

"I lived in the country when I was a little girl, and my mother taught me to cook."

"I'm from the country, too," Brady said.

"I thought so," she said, with a wise nod. "I think that is why I could tell you things. One can't always be sure of city men."

"Don't you hate the city?" Brady asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"It would be beautiful if one had friends or any one to care."

"Well, that's what I mean," Brady said. "It's so dead lonesome."

He had finished his pie, and he got up reluctantly. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I guess I'd better go."

She went to the door with him. "What a beautiful automobile!" she said when she saw it.

"Yes, it's pretty nice," Brady agreed. "But it isn't much fun driving around by myself."

"No, I suppose not," sympathetically.

There was a moment's silence. Then Brady spoke his thoughts boldly.

"Let me drive you out into the country."

She hesitated. "I don't believe I ought," she said.

Brady looked down at her. "Can't you trust me?" he asked.

Her eyes met his steady blue ones. "Yes," she said simply and went to put on her hat.

"You see," she told him as they swept along between the green fields, "if I sell twenty pies a day at 25 cents that will be \$5 a day. I ought to clear \$100 a month." And she leaned back, with a sigh of content.

Brady, whose income was \$100 or more a day, asked with interest, "What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Save it and buy a cottage in the country, with a fireplace and a cat and a dog and a cow."

Brady's soul was stirred by this picture of domesticity, and he asked enviously:

"Will you bake cherry pies?"

"Yes," she planned. "I am going to have a cherry tree and an apple tree. You have never tasted such apple tarts as I can make."

Brady turned in his seat and looked at her. "I am going to taste them," he informed her. "I am going to come and see you in your cottage."

She laughed. "Such air castles!" was her way of settling the question.

But Brady's chin was set with squareness, and there was determination in his tones. "I don't see how I can wait for you to build that cottage. I shall do it myself, and there shall be a fireplace—such a fireplace—with two big chairs on the hearth"—he paused expressively—"and a cat, a comfortable tabby cat, and a nice, confiding dog, and a mild eyed cow, and I am going to invite you to my cottage to make my apple tarts."

She smiled at him without self consciousness. "What dreamers we are!"

"Well, maybe you think it's a dream"—Brady's tone was dogged—"but some day I shall ask you to come."

There was no mistaking what he meant.

"Please don't," she begged.

Brady gave her a whimsical glance.

"Well, I suppose it is too soon to talk about it," he agreed. "But that cottage will need something besides a cow and a dog and a cat for me to be happy. It will need a wife and a woman worth loving—and until today I hadn't seen such a woman."

"You have known me but three hours."

"Three hours or three years! What's the difference when I know I have found the one I want?"

They were back again on the city drive, and the little red house was in sight.

"We don't have to settle anything now," Brady told her quietly. "Of course I couldn't expect you to feel the way I do. But what I want to know is this—may I come again?"

She hesitated; then, as he lifted her out of the car with his strong arms, she smiled up at him.

"Yes," she said, "if you like you may come again."

A Tart Answer.

"I was writing for my study window," writes a clergyman, "and a little child was busying himself by throwing beans at the window. Losing all patience, I rushed out of the house, determined to frighten the boy. It happened that his mother was coming after him at the same moment, and we met by his side."

"I stormed at the child, and then, as the mother seemed excessively stupid, I gave her a piece of my mind. Finally as a grand and overwhelming conclusion to my scolding I said:

"A little discipline now with your children will save you much pain if not disgrace in the future. Think of that, madam—that is, if you ever do think."

"Think, is it?" she replied. "I think if you'd go back to your bedroom and wipe the ink off your nose you'd be prettier even if you didn't make so much of a sensation."

"It was not a soft answer, but it had the effect of turning away wrath."—London Tit-Bits.

An Ideal Sitter.

A Washington artist while sketching in North Carolina was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. At last he found the precise situation he was seeking, and, best of all, there chanced to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old colored woman in the foreground.

The artist asked the old woman to remain seated until he had sketched her. She assented with the greatest good nature, but in a few minutes asked how long the artist would be.

"Oh, only about a quarter of an hour," he answered.

Three minutes or so later the old lady again inquired—this time with manifest anxiety—how long the operation of sketching would take.

"Not long," was the reassuring reply.

"But why do you ask so anxiously?"

"Oh, nuthin', sah," the old woman hastened to respond, "only I's sittin' on an ant hill, sah."—Harper's Weekly.

## NEXT MARYLAND SENATOR.

Ex-Governor John Walter Smith, the Choice of Democrats at Primaries. This year was the first time that the primary plan of choosing United States senators was tried in Maryland, the Democrats voting in accordance with



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN WALTER SMITH.

this plan and the result being the choice of ex-Governor John Walter Smith for one of Maryland's seats in the senate. The Democrats will control the legislature and will elect Senator William Pinkney Whyte to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Gorman and Mr. Smith for the full term. Mr. Whyte was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Senator Gorman's death.

Mr. Smith was his party's nominee for senator in 1896. He was born in 1845 in Snow Hill, Md.; received his education from private tutors and at the Washington academy and has been identified with politics for many years. He served several terms in the legislature, was elected to congress and in 1900 was chosen governor.

Taking No Chances.

"It is a rule to which good lawyers usually adhere," says a Philadelphia attorney, "never to tell more than one knows. There was an instance in England not many years ago wherein a lawyer carried the rule to the extreme."

"One of the agents in a Midland revision court objected to a person whose name was on the register on the ground that he was dead. The revision attorney declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

"The agent on the other side arose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the man in question.

"But, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the barrister, "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

"Whereupon the witness coolly continued: 'I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: They buried him about a month ago on suspicion.'"—Harper's Weekly.

## AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, Recently Appointed to That Post.

In the appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill as ambassador to Germany President Roosevelt has selected a man of extensive attainments in the fields of diplomacy and scholarship. He is fifty-seven years old and has been president of two colleges, Bucknell university and Rochester university, and has filled the post of first assistant secretary of state. He was sent to Switzerland as our representative in 1903 and in 1905 became minister at The Hague. While Dr. Hill was president of Rochester university the small daughter of his mathematical colleague was very



DR. DAVID JAYNE HILL.

fond of him, and she had a great habit of picking up long words and making him tell her what they meant.

"What's the difference between gastronomy and astronomy?" she asked one day.

"Astronomy," replied the president, "is the science of the heavenly bodies, Dorothy. Gastronomy is—er—well, a heavenly science of the earthly body."

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### He Was Examined.

Francois Arago, the great French scientist, was a precocious youth. He was prepared for the rigid examinations of the Ecole Polytechnique before he was seventeen years old. The examiner was almost brutal in his manner toward the young candidates. A favorite companion of Arago was badly frightened at his severe questions and failed to pass the examination. At length Arago's turn came.

"Young man," said the examiner sternly, "you are probably as ignorant as your companion. I advise you to go and complete your studies before you risk this examination."

"Monsieur," replied the boy, "timidity was all that prevented my companion from passing. He knew much more than he seemed to know."

"Timidity?" exclaimed the examiner. "The excuse of fools! Perhaps you are timid also."

"Far from it," returned Arago shortly.

"Take care. It would be wise to spare yourself the disgrace of being rejected!"

"The disgrace for me would lie in not being examined," said the young candidate proudly.

Arago's solution of the problems set before him was so accurate and so brilliant that at last his examiner sprang from his chair and, throwing his arms about the boy's neck in delight, exclaimed:

"Bravo! If you are not received into the Ecole Polytechnique, no one will be admitted."

And Arago then began a career which added greatly to the stock of human knowledge.

### A Clay Pipe Trick.

The ordinary clay pipe has under the bowl a projection or heel which it would seem impossible to break from the opposite side of an ordinary table without injuring the bowl or breaking the stem. Yet it can be done with ease after two or three attempts. Break off a piece of the stem—about a couple of inches will do—and place it on the table so that it projects a little over the edge. Ask a friend to hold the pipe obliquely, heel upward and the bowl higher than the end of the stem. He can do this by inserting his little finger in the bowl. Now get your piece in proper line with the stem of the pipe and strike it forcibly and well with the palm of your hand. The piece will fly across the table along the stem and break the heel clean off.

This seems amazing at first sight, but any one with a "straight eye" can do it with very little practice.

### Hens on Range.

When hens are on range, the amount of food they get is an unknown quantity and as they are sure of exercise enough, it is usually safe to feed them all they will eat. Feed but twice a day. Give in the morning as much of either mash or grain as they will eat clean and go foraging after eating. In the evening give them all they will eat.

### Raising Pheasants on Chick Feed.

Pheasants are considered hard to raise. They are certainly harder to rear than chickens. They are being successfully raised now on chick food. Formerly it was considered necessary to feed them on maggots; but this has been proved to be a fallacy. Golden are most common and are considered one of the most hardy varieties.

### Poultry Industry's Aids.

The Western Poultry Journal believes that "the incubator, brooder, spray pump, liquid lice killer and dry chick feeds have been the greatest aids in the advancement made by the poultry industry."

## MORE MONEY FOR PACIFIC COAST.

SEVERAL NEW DEPOSITORIES TO BE ESTABLISHED IN THE FAR WEST.

Senator Bourne announces that as a result of repeated conferences with the President and Secretary Cortelyou, the Treasury had authorized increase of Federal deposits with the First National Bank of Portland to the extent of \$175,000.

This is not a direct deposit from Washington, but the bank is authorized to retain excess deposits of Government funds until that limit is reached, making the total Government deposit \$1,175,000. That is to say, the fund will accumulate at the rate of about \$15,000 daily.

The Senator has also induced the President to make the Commercial National Bank of Pendleton, and the First National Bank of Ashland, Government depositories, and each has been given \$50,000 of Government deposits. He now has promise that \$50,000 additional will be deposited in the First National Bank at Baker City by the first of the year. Just as soon as sufficient cash is received from the bond sales, shipment of \$120,000 in currency will be made to the First National Bank at Pendleton.

Senator Bourne has hopes of securing still further deposits for other Oregon banks as quickly as the

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Treasury Department has cash to distribute.

In addition to this relief, Senator Bourne, after considerable effort, secured an order from the Postoffice Department permitting money-order offices in Union and Wallawa counties to make their shipments of receipts in New York exchanges, instead of shipping out currency. As these shipments average \$2000 a day, this order leaves a large quantity of currency in circulation in those two counties.

Senator Bourne says orders have been sent to all money-order offices directing them to cash pension checks as usual and turn in checks with their reports. This in compliance with a demand received by the Senator from several Oregon pensioners, who have had difficulty in getting pension checks cashed.

The former limit of Government deposits with the First National Bank of Portland, was \$1,000,000. The increase is \$175,000. Bonds will be deposited with the Government by the bank to that amount and upon the approval of the bonds, the increase just authorized will become effective. The deposits by the Government, from postal, revenue and other sources, in the First National will be retained here to the increased limit before shipments must be made to the sub-Treasury at San Francisco.

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