

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.

In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of ROYAL Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1 cup brown sugar
1 1/4 cups water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron
1/2 cup shortening

1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

The old method (fruit cake) called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS—Put the first eight ingredients into saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (round tin with hole in center is best) for 35 or 40 minutes. Ice with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients, mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 135 William Street, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum

No Phosphate

A Woman Highwayman

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I doubt if many women have made a greater swing of the pendulum of social condition than I. In the year 1790 I was put into a crib draped with Brussels lace. My father, the Duke of Montmarville, was a favorite of King Louis XVI., who showered him with favors. Ten years later my father had gone down in the reign of terror and I was an exile.

But I had in me the blood of warriors. The great Turanne was an ancestor of mine. Naturally when I found that I could not make a living as a woman I turned to the career of a man. I would have fought for France, but my ancestors had served their country under the royal standard bearing the fleur-de-lis. If I donned man's attire I must fight under the tricolor of the usurper Bonaparte, who was emperor by virtue of the blood of the king. No, I would not go into the army.

But I resolved to return to France. How I made my way there I can now hardly recall. I had become so used to hardship that the days I traveled on foot, the nights I slept in woods, my breakfasts of berries, my dinners—when I had them—given by some kindly farmer's wife, made no lasting impression on me.

I remember well that one day I found myself in boy's clothing at the gates of the chateau in which I was born. I asked a man passing who lived there. He said that an army contractor had bought the place from the government, which had confiscated it after cutting off the head of its owner, the Duke of Montmarville. Most women would have burst into tears. Instead, I was enraged.

"This is a world of robbery," I said, "and I will rob like the rest."

I stole a pistol, but I could find no ammunition to steal and had no money to buy any. But I soon had money aplenty, for I lay in wait for the contractor who occupied my birthplace, and when he was being driven into the gate by his fat coachman I stopped the coach, ordered the driver to dismount from the box and, opening the door, presented my unloaded pistol at the occupant and demanded his money. He happened to have a well filled purse, which he tremblingly handed me.

I found money made by robbing so easy and so lucrative that I bought a horse and equipment for the road. I did not think to wear a mask. I had no cause to hide my visage. I was the daughter of a duke, but not a soul in France knew me as such or knew me at all, for that matter. I robbed only at night, and no one could see my features in the darkness. One night I stopped a coach, and after receiving the contribution of a man in it and was about to turn away he said:

"Mademoiselle, I shall know that voice if I ever hear it again. You are not a man, but a woman."

"I care not if you do," I replied, "nor if you should see my features or know who I am, for mine is a wrecked life. I would it had been ended, as was my father's, on the guillotine."

"Who was your father?" he asked.

But I could not bring myself to let him know of the disgrace I had brought upon my family, and, putting spurs to my horse, I rode away.

A love for a life of adventure grew upon me, and I caught the spirit of a Claude Duval.

Hearing that a ball was to be given by a person whom Bonaparte had enriched as King Louis had enriched my father, a desire seized me to attend it dressed in the apparel of my sex. Donning an ordinary woman's cloth-

ing, I went to Paris and bought a costume fit for the rank to which I was entitled. On the night of the ball I hired a coach and a maid and when the entertainment was in full swing drove up to the door, alighted, went to a robing room and then down into the drawing room to the host and hostess, who were receiving their guests.

Madame looked at me in wonder, having never seen me before and uncertain whether I had been bidden or had come without an invitation. Her husband, who did not know all the guests, looked at me curiously. Their son, a man nearing thirty years of age, gazed at me with admiration as well as surprise.

"Pardon me," said his mother. "I do not recall your features."

"I am the Duchess of Mont-what-you-like," I replied.

All looked at me in astonishment, but I saw the younger man start. He recovered his equanimity at once and, offering me his arm, led me away. As soon as we were out of hearing he turned to me and said:

"I told you that I would know your voice should I ever hear it again, and to convince you that I was right you are the highway woman who robbed me of 10 napoleons a few months ago."

I tried to disengage my arm from his that I might take to flight, but he was stronger than I and held me.

"Fear nothing," he said. "I will keep your secret."

I never again donned man's attire. My victim persuaded me to permit him through his father to plead my cause with Bonaparte, who was endeavoring to conciliate the old nobility of France. In the end I received back a portion of my estate, including the chateau, and I now live there peacefully with my husband, whom I robbed on the highway.

A Leap Into Fame.

How many actors have begun their stage career as leading men? Probably Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson is the only instance. One night when Sir Johnstone was a young man of twenty-one his father, who was an art critic and journalist, went to see W. G. Wills' "Mary Stuart," and after the performance Wills accompanied him to supper.

In the course of conversation the dramatist asked his host how he thought Castelar, the leading part, was played.

"Why, my son there, who has never acted, would do it fifty times better."

"The very thing!" cried Wills. "Will you try, Johnstone?"

The young artist modestly assented, went with Wills next day to rehearsal and a week later made a sensational debut. Since then he has always been a leading man.—London Standard.

A Small Boy's Invention.

Sir Hiram Maxim began to invent almost as soon as he could limp. When but a small boy he invented a sort of sextant made of wood, with sights, a piece of thread with a bullet at the end and an indicator for the thread to swing along.

On a dark night he took his instrument outside, and while he sighted it to the north star his little sister read the indicator. "Forty-five, Hiram!" she called out. This meant they were living in 45 degrees north latitude. The observation proved to be perfectly accurate.

A Turkish Riddle.

Here is an old Turkish riddle which has been handed down for many centuries and yet has never been answered. "There was once a hero, who always dreamed he was a pasha, and there was a pasha who always dreamed he was a beggar. Which was the happier?"

Bell Never Stops Ringing.

In the Clarendon laboratory at the Oxford (England) university museum is a little bell which has rung day and night for seventy-six years. It is somewhat near approach to perpetual motion, yet its mechanism is very simple.

Bait For Fishing.

A fish hasn't a nose, but it can smell. Recent experiments have proved this. Anglers have laid so much stress on the need of exciting a fish's interest by the look of food that the effect of scent has been overlooked. A shark will bite at a hook containing a piece of fat pork, although the pork does not look like any kind of fish that swims in the sea.

It may be heresy in angling to suggest that a "fly" should smell like a fly. These scientific experiments show how large a part smell plays in the food pursuit of fish. Bait, such as small crabs, was found and eaten by the fishes two or three times as rapidly when the shells were broken. Bait placed inside a gauze bag was smelled within three minutes of being lowered in the water, and almost at the same time all the fishes began nibbling at the bag. When cotton was stuffed into its so-called "nostrils" the dogfish would seldom observe the food that came near them.—Chicago Herald.

Other People's Money.

In handling other people's money the principal must be kept intact. If, as a trustee, those to whom you are responsible insist upon an income which you in your heart know cannot be obtained without taking some slight chance, give up the trust without hesitation, says World's Work. There is no more bitter experience through which an honest trustee or executor can pass than the rendering of an accounting for a lost or depleted trust. No reason or excuse can weigh for an instant against the actual result which he faces. A single slip in the handling of funds like this may doom all future generations of that family to lives of poverty. This is the greatest responsibility ever laid upon a trustee, an executor, a banker or an adviser, and no honest man should assume it unless he is prepared to endure for the sake of the future all the criticisms that may center upon him on account of extreme conservatism in the present.

Altered War Words.

An examination of modern military terms reveals the fact that very few of them possess the meaning originally assigned to them. Munitions, for example, in ancient times signified not only the materials of warfare, but also the fixed defenses of an army. Thus the translators of the authorized version of the Bible use the phrase "munitions of rocks" to translate "impregnable rock fortresses," and the defending army is charged to "keep the munitions" when the meaning is "guard the fortresses." Carriage is another word with a changed meaning. In Acts appears the phrase "We took up our carriages." It is one Greek word meaning "having packed up," and the Geneva version (1557) has "we trussed up our fardels." In those days the word's meaning was "something carried," not as now, "something that carries."—London Chronicle.

Pay Bills Promptly.

If you pay bills promptly the man you owe will be inclined to pay his debts at once. There's an old saying that "those who go borrowing go sorrowing." You'll never contract the habit of running into debt if you meet your obligations when they are due. Paying up makes for business efficiency. There are some men rated wealthy who find it hard to get credit. Other men with nothing often can borrow vast sums. Their credit is good. They always meet their obligations. You have heard it said, "I'd sooner take that man's word than another man's bond." Be one of these men with the word. Try paying your bills promptly and see how it works.

Two Classes of Debts.

"Avoid useless and unnecessary debt as you would a pestilence," advises a successful financier. "There are two classes of debts. One is constructive credit, and the other is a destructive credit. On one hand a farmer or business man may borrow to buy more land, more stock, build improvements. On the other hand, borrowing may be done simply to buy an automobile or to spend in some way that the investment itself will not pay back the loan."

Keeping Late Hours.

"Life on the farm is not what it used to be."
"How is that?"
"When a farmer motors into town every night to attend a theater you can't expect him to get up at day-break."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Typewriter Knowledge.

"Look at this letter," said the exasperated man to his blond typewriter. "Every word in it that should have two 'p's, you've only put one."
"Well, sir," said the girl timidly, "there's only one 'p' on the keyboard." St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Both Sweepers.

"Where's your father, boy?" asked the gentlemanly agent.
"Sweepin' the horizon," replied the astronomer's son.
"And your mother—where is she?"
"She's out sweepin' the backyard."—Pearson's Weekly.

Valuations.

"You can't judge things by what they cost."
"True enough. An artificial limb is very expensive, and a real leg you get free."—Washington Star.

The Other Way.

"What on earth's the matter? Cut yourself while shaving?"
"No-o. I should say that I shaved myself while cutting."
Creditors have better memories than debtors.—Franklin.

Where Did She Get It?

By ALAN HINSDALE

Jim Warfield and I were chums at college, and Jim invited me to spend the holidays with him. We arrived late at night. The next morning I arose early and went downstairs.

In the library warming her hands before an open fire was a little girl about nine years of age. Her young face was the very antipodes of the familiar witch warming her hands, but there was in it an intelligence beyond the child's years.

"You're Jim's chum, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes."
"In your college are they all men?"
"They are."

"Men think they know a lot, don't they?"
"A-ha! I perceive that you are one of the votes for women party, or your mother is. Since you are too young to hit upon this reform yourself I presume you get it from mamma."

She neither affirmed nor denied this, but continued her anathemas upon men.

"Don't you think that when a woman marries it's mighty mean that she should give up her name and be tagged on to her husband?" she asked.

"If that were not done, what would be the names of the children? What's your first name?"

"Imogen."
"Well, suppose you grow up and are married. But perhaps since you don't like men you won't ever be married."

"Yes, I will. Do you think I want to be an old maid? But I won't take my husband's name, though."

"You'll be Imogen Warfield. Now, suppose you marry a man of the name of Brown. What will your daughter's name be?"

"She'll be Imogen Brown-Warfield."
"And suppose she marries Mr. Jones. What will their daughter's name be?"

"Why, it can be Imogen Brown-Jones-Warfield."

"And suppose this girl marries Mr. Smith. What will be their daughter's name?"

"Imogen Brown-Jones-Smith-Warfield. But she needs't keep them all. She can be the same as I am—Imogen Warfield."

I smiled. She had been too smart for me. Why not retain the name of Warfield instead of the names of the successive husbands?

"Is your mother president of a woman's organization for propagation of the votes for woman's cause?"

"No. Mamma doesn't take any interest in that."
"Well, I'm sorry that you have imbibed such notions."
"Why, don't you think women ought to vote?"

"No. I'm an anti. I don't like that sort of women. I'll never marry one of them."

The child's attention was attracted from me to some one who entered the room at the moment. Turning, I faced a young lady.

"Good morning, Mr. Ellis," she said, putting out her hand. "I'm Jim's sister Alice. We've heard a lot about you from Jim and have wished to see you for some time. Run away, Imogen."

Imogen went out of the room, leaving me alone with her older sister.

After a few general remarks I asked:

"From whom does the little girl imbibed her prejudice against men?"

"Has she such a prejudice? She certainly cannot have imbibed it from me. I have no such prejudice myself."

Other members of the family came into the room, and the matter of woman's aspirations was not again mentioned. We all went in to breakfast together, and my visit had begun.

If Jim had invited me down for my company he must have been disappointed. I spent most of my time with his sister, who was a very pretty and otherwise attractive girl. I saw nothing more of Imogen, but became so wrapped up in Alice that I forgot to pursue by inquiries as to whom the child had drawn her ideas from with regard to men. Her mother was a very feminine woman, and, as for Alice, she was gentle as a dove. At any rate, if she regarded men as tyrants she surely excused me, for she accepted every attention I gave her, and when I left the house the day before the opening of the new year I certainly had made myself an object of interest to the rest of the family as a possible party for the oldest daughter.

When the spring recess occurred I availed myself of it to go down and see Alice again and proposed to her. I was duly accepted and rejoiced in the prospect of possessing one of the most unobtrusive, self-abnegating young women I had ever met.

I was graduated in June and went to the city. There I encountered a convention of suffragists. On the day following my arrival there was a large feminine parade. Curiosity led me to stand on a curb and view the procession. What was my surprise to see at the head of one of the divisions, mounted astride, in man's riding costume, my fiancée, Alice Warfield!

As soon as I was apprised of her return to her home I called.

"Why have you concealed from me that you are a suffragist?" I asked.

"I haven't concealed; I have merely not mentioned it. The morning after your arrival I heard you say to Imogen that you would not marry a suffragist. I determined that you should."

And she led her way. All women do before marriage and after marriage. Why they want any more of their way, if that were possible, I cannot imagine.

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Miss Gladys Rice, of Corvallis, has been the inspiration for a number of affairs during her visit in this city as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lilly. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Lilly entertained for her and the following ladies were present: Mrs. J. M. Ringo, Mrs. G. F. Korinek, Mrs. A. C. Thomas, Mrs. G. C. Watson, Mrs. E. B. Lockhart, Miss Malana Sestak and little Misses Louene Thomas and Pauline Lockhart. A dainty luncheon was served and all present report a pleasant afternoon.