

THE HOUSEHOLD PAGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LADIES SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT. TELL YOUR VALUABLE RECEIPTS, HOW YOU MAKE FANCY ARTICLES AND ABOUT THE DESIGNS AND CARE OF YOUR "ROSE GARDEN."

"TRIED AND TRUE" RECEIPTS.

Cheap Fruit Cake.

Three eggs.
One and three-fourths cups of flour.
One cup of brown sugar.
One-half cup of butter.
One teaspoon soda dissolved in two tablespoons of hot water.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
One-half teaspoon of cloves.
One cup of berry jam or preserved cherries.
One cup of seeded raisins.
Cream the sugar and butter together, then add the rest, leaving the flour and eggs until last. Bake in three layers. This cake should be served the same week it is baked, as it will not remain good as long as more expensive fruit cakes do.

Egg Kisses.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, add one-half pound of pulverized sugar, one teaspoon of vanilla, and beat again until very stiff. Line a bread pan with white paper and drop the batter on the paper, one teaspoonful in a place and set in the oven until they turn a light brown. These cakes are nice to serve with a picnic lunch.

Home-Made Saratoga Chips.

Wash and pare medium sized potatoes. Slice thin, using a vegetable slicer made for the purpose, into a bowl of cold water, and let stand one and one-half hours, changing the water twice. Drain, plunge into a kettle of boiling water, and let boil one minute. Drain again, cover with cold water, and let stand five minutes. Take from the water, and dry between towels. Fry in deep fat until delicately browned, keeping in motion with skimmer throughout the cooking. Remove with a skimmer to a pan lined

with brown paper (which will absorb the superfluous fat), and sprinkle with salt. Always drain fried potatoes on brown paper, for fried food if properly cooked and properly drained seldom absorbs enough fat to be indigestible to adults.

White Cake.

Two cups of pulverized sugar.
Three-fourths cup of butter.
One cup of sweet milk.
Three cups of flour.
One teaspoonful of baking powder.
Whites of five eggs and flavor to suit taste. Bake in layers.

Pineapple Sherbet.

Cut the heart and eyes from one large pineapple and chop it fine; add to it a scant pint of sugar and one pint of water; soak one tablespoon of gelatine for one hour in sufficient water to cover it, and add to the pineapple. Dissolve the whole in half a teacup of boiling water. Freeze as for ice cream.

Home Remedy for Weed Poison.

While working in my hay field I contracted weed poison on my hands, neck and face which almost set me wild with the itching pain. I was advised to mash to a pulp a hand full of green Spanish needle stalks, then stir the pulp into a cup of buttermilk and bathe the afflicted parts with the mixture. I followed instructions and found it gave almost instant relief and two or three applications completely killed the poison.

Mending Boys' Stockings.

When your boy comes in with his "whole knee out" don't spend an hour darning the unsightly hole in the stocking, but baste a piece of black crinoline a little larger than the hole on the wrong side and then with black darning cotton weave back and forth through the crinoline a few

times each way and the hole is mended neatly.

Household Hints.

Since sofa pillows have become a necessity in every well furnished house or apartment it is well to know that if these are filled with the down that comes from cattails when in seed it is a useful filling. It is claimed that no insect infects it and that, unlike feathers, it does not mold or hold dampness.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

A. L. Yoder and Edna Conrad.
Wm. E. Long and Louisa L. Schedzinger, both minors.
G. R. Richards and Willie Tunnell.
G. C. Purdin and Bessie L. Miller.
Licenses issued to Peter Joseph Irmens and Mary Kramel recalled when it is known party of second part had been divorced within time specified by statute.

MARRIAGES.

HARDIN-HARDIN—August 15, 1907. Thomas A. Hardin, of Nebraska, to Mrs. Mary A. Hardin, Judge Grant B. Dimick officiating.

KNIGHT-CANTWELL—At the M. E. church parsonage, Canby, Thursday evening, August 15, 1907, Adam H. Knight and Miss Ida Belle Cantwell, Rev. Weber officiating.

TAUTFEST-ANDERSON—At the Courthouse, Saturday, August 17, 1907, Judge Dimick officiating. I. J. Tautfest and Miss Lillian M. Anderson, Marriage ceremony was private.

McNABB-COOPER—Judge Dimick officiated at the marriage of John McNabb to Eva Cooper, Monday, August 19, 1907, both parties coming from Multnomah county.

PURDIN-MILLER—At the Baptist parsonage, Monday evening, August 19, 1907, Rev. Linden officiating, G. C. Purdin and Miss Bessie L. Miller, both of Portland.

YODER-CONRAD—Wednesday noon, at the Presbyterian Manse, Rev. J. R. Landsborough officiating, A. L. Yoder, of Hubbard, and Miss Edna Conrad of the same place.

RICHARDS-TUNNELL—Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 20, 1907, Judge G. B. Dimick officiating, Mr. G. R. Richards and Miss Willie Tunnell, of Oregon City.

BIRTHS.

BOY—Nine pound boy to Mr. and Mrs. Nooney Hiers, Wilsonville, August 15.

GIRL—Mr. and Mrs. George Rakel of Canemah, Thursday, August 15, weighing 8 1/2 pounds.

GIRL—Aug. 20, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Mochinke, of Shubel, a nine-pound daughter.

DEATHS.

FLAGLER—At the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Flagler, Oregon City, Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1907, Ruth E. Flagler, aged 12 years, of acute Bright's disease.

Letter List.

Letter list for week ending August 23:

Woman's list—Miss Winnie Brown, Miss Esther Trites.

Men's list—Fred Adams, Mark A. Beardsley, W. M. King, Joseph Nick, Jos. Schwartzentruber, J. S. Sharp, J. F. Stesemr.

WANTED.

Fifty hop pickers. Have 23 acres to pick; two yards. Good new hop shanties for pickers. Good water and plenty of wood at camp. Free vegetables for pickers. Will begin picking about August 28. Write at once so we can place your names on our books. No booze fighters need apply. OGLESBY BROS. CO. Box 58, R. F. D. 4, Aurora, Ore.

W. W. Slaughter, formerly of Woodburn, has been brought to Portland from Sawtelle, Cal., and arraigned in the U. S. district court on the charge of sending obscene pictures through the mails. It will be remembered Slaughter gained notoriety at Woodburn by figuring in a shooting scrape following a sensational divorce suit. A man by the name of Remington, who was said to be responsible for the trouble between Slaughter and his wife, shot Slaughter, inflicting a wound in the shoulder. The trial attracted considerable attention. Remington was convicted of attempted murder and was sentenced to the state penitentiary, where he now is. His case is pending an appeal to the supreme court.

A cany Scot was brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man, and ought to be ashamed to stand there." "I am verra sorry, sir, but I can't pay in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner. "What sort of company?" "A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response. "Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you." "Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whiskey an' I had to drink it all myself!"

RIDGLEY'S REPRISAL.

By Edna Kerr.

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Herbert Morrow, bent and careworn, passed the parlor door. His daughter Daisy smiled up at him as he glanced at her in passing, but the smile turned into a sigh as the bowed figure vanished.

"Is the run on the bank serious?" asked Degnon. "Your father looks very bad."

"I am afraid that it is serious," she answered. She was engaged to Degnon and trusted his discretion.

"I saw the evening papers," he said, "but I thought that it was just a sensational playing up of an incident. May I go in and see Mr. Morrow?"

"I wish you would," she said. "I seem so helpless. I think he would like to talk it over with a man."

The banker looked up wearily as Degnon entered the library. He liked this clean cut young chap, who had come to Midvale to take charge of the electric plant. Degnon went directly to the matter at issue.

"I have come to see if I can be of any service," he began. "I have some \$20,000 that I can get hold of by tomorrow."

"Too little, but I thank you, my boy," said the president of the Union bank.

"Is there no way out?" persisted Degnon. "Just how does the matter stand?"

"It is a plot of Ridgley's," began the banker. "It cannot be proven, but he practically owns the Provident Savings bank as well as the First National."

"That is news to me," said Degnon. "And to most others. For some reason Ridgley does not want his connection with the Provident bank known."

Now, just at present there is a heavy demand for money on short time loans. The high rates of interest have led both the Provident and my own bank, the Union, to send all of our surplus to the city banks. Ridgley sees his chance to put me out of business by starting a run. He knows that there is not



"NO TAKA DA MON," EXPLAINED THE ITALIAN.

enough money in either bank to meet a run, but the First National will help the Provident. I shall have to suspend until I can recall the money on deposit in the city."

"I think I see," mused Degnon. "Both banks need money. The Provident can get it from its sister bank. Your Union will have to admit its inability to pay depositors. They turn shabby about your bank and go to the rival institution."

"That's part of the scheme. The rest is this: Next week the interest accrues. If there is a run and the money is withdrawn, this interest is lost to the depositor. The First National will get the use of the money until the scare is over. They announced tonight that their interest would be paid. When the scare is over they will cut off the interest and send the money back to their savings bank, while in the meantime the standing of my bank is lost."

"There is just one thing to be done," said Degnon, producing a blank form. "Put electricity into your bank."

"How will that help?" asked the banker. "It is a sign of enterprise, but I am afraid in a few days I shall have no bank to light."

Degnon smiled.

"I have an idea," he explained. "I think it is a good one."

With trembling hand Morrow signed the contract, and Degnon rose to go. In the hall he stopped to say good night to Daisy and explain that he had to see some one on business on his way home; hence his haste.

The same one was the mayor's secretary, and as a result of the visit a permit was issued the following morning as soon as the office opened to tear up the street for the purpose of installing the light service in the Union bank.

Already a little knot of depositors had gathered in front of the two savings banks when the construction gang put in an appearance. The First National, in which Ridgley was silently interested, occupied a corner building, and the Union, Morrow's bank, adjoined it. Ridgley's savings bank, the Provident, stood diagonally opposite, and it was in front of the Provident that the men began to dig to tap the main feeder. The men worked stolidly on, unmindful of the excitement around them. At the Union, Morrow was pay-

ing off slowly to defer the announcement of suspension, in the hope that help might come. At the Provident, on the other hand, an extra force kept the line moving briskly, paying off as rapidly as the money could be counted out.

Clerks were busy bringing up money from the vaults downstairs, and over in the First National other clerks were receiving the money and opening new accounts. Ridgley had devised the scheme as reprisal against Morrow. His son had been Daisy's favored suitor until Degnon had stepped in and cut him out. Ridgley had not forgiven the banker for the fabled slight and, with his usual business instinct, was making his revenge profitable.

It was nearly noon when a clerk dashed out of the Provident and hurried into the First National. In a moment he came out again, accompanied by Ridgley himself. They were making their way to the Provident through the crowd when suddenly Ridgley stopped at the edge of the excavation.

One of the laborers, an Italian, was working with a crowbar at the bottom of the pit, seeking to dislodge the bar from some obstruction it had encountered. Ridgley shouted excitedly to the man, who smiled pleasantly into his face and began to climb out of the pit.

The crowd left the line and crowded around the opening. The Italian was waving his permit, blandly confident of his rights, and in his excitement Ridgley could not make himself understood. At last the Italian seemed to comprehend and, dropping back into the pit, seized a pickaxe and smashed through the obstruction, proudly handing out a bulky cylinder, now gaping wide to show its load of crisp bills.

"No taka da mon," explained the Italian. "Hones' man. Ver' hones' man. No taka da mon."

In a flash the crowd understood. The Provident was meeting the run by paying out money sent under the street from the First National. The money was making an endless chain, being paid out over and over again. Half a dozen men in the crowd began to explain how the bank was profiting by the evasion of interest, and Ridgley retired hurriedly. With the crowd in its present temper he was not anxious to be within its reach. A little talk would precipitate a riot.

But Degnon had planned skillfully, and his orators talked just enough to check the run on the Union. There were muttered threats, but the drain was stopped, and a back flow of depositors was started toward the Union. Ridgley's reprisal had proved a boomerang.

That evening Degnon explained to Daisy and her father his inspiration.

"I was looking over the installation in the First National," he told them, "and I saw that there was a pipe of the pneumatic system that led out of the building."

"I thought it odd at the time, and when you spoke of the relations between the two banks I realized the game. They could shift the money back and forth as it was needed, and no one was the wiser. I got a permit to open the street and drove a crowbar through the pipe. That was all."

"I should like to give something to that Italian foreman," said Daisy.

"You might give him a kiss," suggested Degnon. "At college I was one of the stars of the dramatic club."

"You were the foreman?" cried Daisy. "You shall have a dozen kisses." And she made no protest at Degnon's prompt collection.

The Round Robin.

The "round robin" had its origin several centuries ago in France.

It was used there by officers of the army as a method of expressing their dissatisfaction with the course of the king or his ministers. By signing in a circular form the leaders of the movement could not be ascertained and singled out for punishment.

The first instance on record of the use of this form of protest in the navy occurred in 1625. At the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, an English fleet, under Admiral Bennington, was dispatched to Rochelle to assist in the coercion of the Protestant subjects of Louis XIII. of France. But the English tars, in common with their fellow countrymen, looked with favor upon the resistance of their coreligionists against the proselyting zeal of the French king, and they signed a "round robin" expressing their determination not to fire a shot against them, and without waiting for a reply they weighed anchor and brought their ships back to England. The admiral, however, received a peremptory order to return to Dieppe, whereupon the whole of the crews quitted the ships without further parley.—London Standard.

Effect of Imagination.

When Sir Joseph Fayer was with his ship in the Bahamas he landed on an island, left the boat on shore and went inland exploring. Presently, to his dismay, he saw the boat drifting out to sea. He rushed down to the water's edge, divested himself of all but some cotton underclothing and plunged in. As he swam something appeared to seize his leg, and he remembered in an instant that the sea swarmed with sharks. He nearly sunk with horror, fully persuaded that his leg was gone. But, mastering his fear, he swam on to the boat. Then he found that his alarm had been caused by a tape with which his underclothing was tied below the knee. It had come unfastened, and the supposed shark bite was only a wet tape winding and unwinding about his leg.

His Punishment.

Small Peter—Did your mother punish you for going in swimming yesterday, as she threatened to? Small Timothy—You bet she did. She made me take a bath.—Chicago News.

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SARSAPARILLA,
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A well-known Harvard professor was one day traveling by trolley from Cambridge to Boston, where he desired to call upon a friend. He asked the conductor to transfer him to the city cars at a certain point. Soon afterward the car stopped, and the Harvard man on looking out of the window, was surprised to see the very man he was seeking. He started to leave the car, but the conductor stopped him. "You can't change here," he said brusquely. The professor passed him, making no reply. "Here, you old jay," exclaimed the conductor, "haven't I told you that you can't change here?" At this the god man flushed. "Well, I can change my mind here, can't I?"

Ernest E. Von Ihne, court architect to the German emperor, who came to America recently, believes that the limits of high buildings here will soon be reached and that their multiplication will cease. He thinks that immense skyscrapers here and there may be all right, but he does not take kindly to the prospect of "great canyons lined with solid blocks of towers," when the question of daylight will be practically beyond solution. Mr. Von Ihne says that he sees "the greatest hope for a magnificent architectural future for America."

Maddened by her refusal to live with him on account of his dissolute habits, Harry C. Liebe shot and killed his wife, Etta Liebe, at 268 1/2 Thirtieth street, Portland, shortly after 8 o'clock Thursday night, then committed suicide by sending a bullet into his mouth and through his brain, causing instant death. Domestic infelicity resulting from the husband's uncontrollable appetite for liquor, brought about the tragedy. Liebe was the son of a wealthy and socially prominent family of The Dalles, Or. His wife was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pittman, formerly of East Portland, but now of Lyle, Wash. Liebe until recently was a jeweler in The Dalles, where he had been in that business for years. This tragedy recalls other tragic events in the Liebe family. Alfred Liebe, uncle of Harry C. Liebe, killed himself in The Dalles several years ago. Alfred Liebe, brother of Harry C. Liebe, shot and killed himself in San Francisco two years ago. A cousin of Harry C. Liebe shot his uncle, Theodore Liebe, not fatally, and then killed himself, in 1893, on West Park street, between Davis and Everett streets, because of a business dispute with the uncle.

Mr. Brown had just had a telephone put in connecting his office and house, and was very much pleased with it. "I tell you, Smith," he was saying, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you." Speaking through the telephone—"My friend Smith will dine with us this evening." Then to his friend—"Now, listen and hear how plain her answer comes back with startling distinctness: "Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel!"

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