

# 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.

**Apple Dumplings.**  
Remove the peeling from medium sized good cooking apples, cut them in halves and lift the core from each half. Stir together  
One quart of flour,  
One teaspoon of baking powder,  
A pinch of salt.  
To this add one-half cup of lard and mix thoroughly with the hands, then work in enough cold water to make a stiff dough, take a piece of dough large enough that when worked into a saucer shape with the hands and one-fourth inch thick, that it will cover one-half an apple nicely when the dough is pulled together and the apple closed in by twisting the dough together with fingers. This amount of dough will cover about ten apple halves. Drop the dumplings in a pot of boiling water, cover with a tight lid and boil until the apples are well done. Serve while hot with sugar and plenty of rich milk or cream.

**Mock Mince Pie.**  
Two Eggs,  
Two cups of granulated sugar,  
One cup of seeded raisins,  
Two and one-half cups of water,  
One-half cup of good vinegar,  
One teaspoon of cinnamon,  
One-half teaspoon of cloves,  
One-half teaspoon of allspice,  
Mix together and cook for a short time, then divide the mixture into three pie crusts and bake with upper crust.

**Ginger Snaps.**  
Beat one cupful of sugar with two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard, one level teaspoonful of ginger one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, one-quarter teaspoonful of cream tartar and one level teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of

boiling water. Flour to roll thin. Lastly, add one desert spoonful of vinegar.

**Red Raspberry Shrub.**  
Pour one quart of elder vinegar over three quarts of raspberries. Let stand three days, mash and strain. Allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juices, boil twenty minutes, skimming well, and bottle. Use a couple of tablespoonfuls to each glass of cold water.

**Currant and Raspberry Jam.**  
Wash and stem ripe currants and mix with an equal quantity of red raspberries. Weigh them and take a pound and a half of sugar to three pounds of fruit, crush and cook for fifteen minutes while the sugar heats in the oven. Cook half an hour more with sugar.

**Maine Crumpets.**  
One-half cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of shortening mixed together, Add one-half cupful molasses, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and salt, one-half cup of sour milk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it and flour to make the consistency of cookies. Roll about one-half inch thick. Bake in quick oven.

**Cheese Fondue.**  
One teaspoonful of butter, one cupful of fresh milk, saltspoonful of mustard, one cupful bread crumbs (fine), two cupfuls grated cheese, two yolks. Put butter in chafing dish, when melted add milk, bread crumbs, cheese and mustard, season with little cayenne, stir continually and just before serving add yolks well beaten. Serve on toast.

**Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade.**  
Wash and cut in small pieces one quart of tender rhubarb, peel thin one

half dozen oranges, and cut the yellow rind into thin shreds, removing all the white pith. Cut in slices and remove the seeds. Put the rhubarb in a pan with the oranges and peel, and one pound and a half of granulated sugar. Place over a gentle fire, stirring frequently until reduced to the desired consistency. Turn into marmalade pots, and leave uncovered until the following day, then cover with paraffin, and seal. This is an excellent recipe and keeps well.

**A New Use for Toads.**  
The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of is related of a citizen of Schenectady whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

## The Porch in Summer.

For porch furnishing and for the summer parlor couch there is nothing smarter than big cushions or square pillows of down, covered with the brilliant plaided material of fine spun cotton known as madras. Just why the East Indian name should be applied to a material made in the West Indies it would be hard to say.

A deep garnet, crossed with golden bars, or narrow lines of deepest stem green, is blocked with white or yellow. Amber tones, a glowing yellow like the yolk of an egg are combined with deepest marine blue, a chestnut brown. The plaided arrangement is utterly unlike that of the Scottish tartans, and always more vivid in coloring.

These stunning cushions make a background most becoming to the face of the summer girl.

Be sure that the corner of your cushions shows "turban ends," small twists of henna madras shaped like bat's wings. These are exactly imitated from the tightly pulled knots with which the old time plantation "aunties" used to tie their much-prized turbans.

## Cleaning the Separator.

A cream separator should be thoroughly washed every time after using. A brush should be used on every part and piece, using 5 per cent solution of borax or other good washing powder. Rinse in hot water, or steam, if possible. They should then be left to dry while hot. Wiping with an ordinary clean cloth contaminates utensils with innumerable bacteria.

## Kitchen Wrinkles.

Black dresses—These can be much freshened by sponging with alcohol mixed with water in the quantities of one part of alcohol to three of water. The garments should be sponged on the right side then pressed on the wrong.

When Ironing—To improve your ironing rub flatirons with beeswax and salt. The wax in cloth and apply one part of alcohol to three of water. This briskly to iron while hot, afterwards rub it in a paper containing salt and the iron will pass far more smoothly over the clothes.

Frying Pans—When any frying operation is finished, remember to draw the pan of fat to one side of the stove at once, to prevent it from burning. When it is somewhat cooler, strain the fat through a sieve into the basin in which it is usually kept, so that it will be ready for use again.

Don'ts in the Kitchen—Don't stick your fork, when baking a roast, again and again into the meat and so let out the juices and flavor. Don't flour the joint at all, sprinkle with salt only. Don't boil fish, steam it by placing a saucer under the strainer to raise it from the water. Don't fry slices of bacon, steam the piece for one hour, then take off rind. When cold, cut into slices.

A Bright Polish—Silver spoons, as well as patch boxes, vinaigrettes and other small silver trinkets, may be easily brightened without the addition of silver powder by placing them in an aluminum receptacle and pour boiling water over them. Polishing should be effected by means of a piece of clean chamois leather, but in adopting this treatment it must be remembered that the silver should never be allowed to become tarnished.

Damaged Linen—Table linen is best mended with embroider cotton of a number to correspond with the quality of the cloth. Under the ragged edges of the tear tack a piece of stiff paper, and make a network of fine stitches back and forth over its edges, carrying the stitches about an inch beyond the tear. Thin places and breaks in linen may be run with flax or embroidery floss, and towels should be mended in the same way.

## HORSE WANTED.

Would like to hire a saddle horse for two or three days a week. Will be given good care and not overdriven. Address, IXL, care Enterprise.

# Trescott's Graduation.

By JAMES CHAMBERS.  
Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Trescott clipped the advertisement from the paper and tucked it into his pocketbook. He had about made up his mind to go to one of the fashionable resorts for his month's vacation, but this appealing advertisement decided him.

It was just a few lines of small type, but every sentence painted alluringly the delights of a summer on a farm and announced that Elm farm was to be rented for the month of August at an extremely reasonable rate.

Trescott wrote to "E. Marsden, agent," and the answer decided him. He could have a far better time than would be his if cooped up in some stuffy room at an expensive hotel, and the thought of a whole house to himself for an entire month was attractive after having occupied the tiny bedroom and parlor of a bachelor apartment for eleven months. So Marsden engaged to have the farmhouse put in proper order by the first Saturday in August.

It was with pleasurable anticipation that Trescott climbed into the buckboard that met him at the station. The farm was a comfortable looking place, some fifteen acres in extent, and bordering a small lake. The house, a two story frame, was painted, and beds of flowers made the front yard gorgeous.

Inside it was the pink of cleanliness, but the place struck a chill to his soul. The arrangement of the furniture reminded him of the cheap boarding house in which he had spent his first years in the city, and try as he would he could not alter the gaunt arrangement of the place. He had sent some money to the agent with the request that some simple groceries be put in, and he had no trouble in getting his supper, but the moment the meal was



over and the dishes washed he went out of doors to smoke his pipe. He did not enter the place again until it was time to seek the chill bedroom.

It was raining the next morning, and he spent a most miserable day roaming about the dreary rooms and wishing for the Sunday papers. He had a couple of books in his satchel, but he could not make himself comfortable enough to read, and, after vainly seeking to change the furniture about into some semblance of comfort, he gave it up and dragged an old rocker out to the barn. Here, at least, he felt less oppressed by the dreariness of it all.

He spent a fairly comfortable afternoon and was just about to rouse himself to go in and prepare supper when the sound of wheels caught his ear, followed in a moment by the jangle of the doorbell.

He raced across the yard and through the house to present himself at the door. A young girl stood on the porch, while an elderly woman sat in the covered buggy.

"Good afternoon," was her brisk greeting. "Is Mrs. Trescott at home?" "There isn't any Mrs. Trescott," he said, with a laugh, "unless you mean my mother. She is in England just now."

"I am Miss Marsden," she explained, "I drove out to get acquainted and see how you liked the place. I supposed, of course, that there was a family."

"There isn't any family," he said, "and I don't like the place. Of all the dismal places I was ever in this is the worst. I was going in to tell your brother so in the morning. 'Comfortable and homelike,'" he quoted from the advertisement, "and he promised to have it all fixed up."

"There was a woman here all day Friday," the girl said. "Didn't she clean up properly?"

"She cleaned up," he conceded, "but I can't make the place look homelike. I shiver every time I look at it. I'm going to change the name and call it Lemon farm instead."

"I guess it's not as bad as that," she said, with a rippling laugh. "I thought there would be a woman in the family

to make things look 'homey,' so I did not come myself. May we come in?" He stood aside in silent invitation. He followed them into the house, and his admiration for the personality of the brisk young woman increased as she rapidly moved from room to room, giving the touch here and there that was needed to transform the apartments.

"You're a magician," he declared as, with a final pat to the sofa pillows, she transformed the parlor and moved into the dining room. "Now it looks like a place to be lived in."

"It's the purely feminine touch that no bachelor can acquire," she said, with a little laugh. "If I had known that you were alone, I should have been out yesterday morning before you arrived."

"I'm glad you waited," he said simply. "Won't you and your mother stay to supper? I can cook if I can't keep house. I will put the horse up and you can telephone your brother."

"I am 'E. Marsden,'" she explained. "I have no brother. When father died I decided to keep up the business. Eva Marsden did not look very well, and, besides, people do not like to do business with a woman. So, between the simple initial and a typewriter, I manage to get along."

"You should come to town," he advised, "and call yourself a 'home-maker.' It ought to be worth a lot of money."

"That might be profitable in winter," she agreed. "Perhaps I will try it." "But in the meantime, supper," he insisted. "I'll look after the horse. There are a couple of magazines you might care to look at while I am gone. I shall not be long."

He dashed out to get the horse under cover. He returned the back way and surprised the girl bustling about the kitchen.

"You can help," she conceded, with a smile, "but I just know that you can't make biscuit."

"But I can," he insisted. "I'll show you some day. Meantime I'll make the coffee and put the things on the table."

"The table is all set," she cried. "You must think me a very slow house-keeper."

"It takes me longer than that," he admitted, "though I suppose that practice makes perfect, and before long I shall be able to do as well as you."

"I'll come to tea on your last night here and let you give a graduation exhibition," she promised, with a laugh. "Meantime you might get some fresh water."

Trescott was sorry to see them drive off, but the girl left behind the fragrant memory of her presence, and the place seemed homelike at last.

Trescott saw much of the Marsdens in the days that followed, and long before the end of his month he had come to love the light hearted girl who had faced the world so bravely when necessity demanded.

The vacation drew to a close all too soon, and Trescott insisted upon holding Eva to her promise to attend his graduation exhibition. Afterward they sat out under the trees while Mrs. Marsden drowsed contentedly upon the porch.

"Have you been thinking over that homelike proposition?" he asked. Eva looked up, with a smile.

"I think I lack the courage to make a try," she confessed. "It has been very easy here. It is best to leave well enough alone."

"Do you think you would care to take on a single contract?" he suggested. "You have spoiled me for a bachelor apartment."

"I might help you get started in a flat," she agreed. "I usually take a vacation after the summer season is over. I could help you buy your things and settle them."

"But I should want you to stay and help use them," he explained—"to be a perpetual homemaker to one lone bachelor. What do you say, dear?"

"I think," she whispered, "that I should like that plan better than the first."

"Then seal the contract with a kiss," pleaded Trescott.

## Mussulman Law Against Painting.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an impression, not a reproduction, of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities," yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems I saw were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Alshe Hanum, you are an artist."

"Pray, pray, young Hanum," she protested, a little frightened. I thought: "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio containing several pastels and water colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them. Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell, but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that whenever she painted any outdoor life she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.—Demetra Vaka Brown in Appleton's.

## More Appropriate.

Reggy Sapp—The idea of Miss Wose leaving me and saying she had other fish to fry! Do you think that was proper?

Miss Tabasco—I should say not! She should have said she had other lobsters to broil.—Chicago News.

# When the Hair Falls

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## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Henry W. Greaves and Lydia Egge, George Kleen and Lena Bengli, C. H. Dickey and Minnie Henric, J. J. Bary and Erna Mountain, Harvey L. Bond and Clara Nehren, Wm. G. Weightman and Margaret M. Hallinan, Alex Stewart and Fannie C. Smith, Arthur G. Wolfer and Maud Morris, Stephen Allegrani and Georgie May Smith.

## MARRIAGES.

ALLEGIANI-SMITH—At the Baptist parsonage Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1907. Rev. John M. Linden officiating, Stephen Allegrani and Miss Georgie May Smith, both of Portland.

GREAVES-EGGE—At the Baptist parsonage, Rev. John M. Linden officiating, Aug. 22, 1907, Harry W. Greaves of Oregon City, and Miss Lydia Egge of Willamette.

DICKEY-HENRIC—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Locke, Oregon City, Aug. 25, 1907, Chas. H. Dickey and Miss Minnie Henric, Rev. Lansborough officiating.

BOND-NEHREN—At the Congregational church, Aug. 26, 1907, Rev. E. Clarence Oakley officiating, Harvey L. Bond of Portland, and Miss Clara Nehren, a small company of friends being present.

LONG-SCHERZINGER—At St. Johns parsonage, Aug. 21, 1907, Father A. Hildebrand officiating, Wm. E. Long and Louisa L. Scherzinger.

KLEEN-BENGLI—At residence of officiating minister, Rev. James Hepp, Aug. 28, 1907, George Kleen, of Marion county, Ore., and Miss Lena Bengli.

## BIRTHS.

BOY—To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hamilton, Jr., of Viola, a son.  
GIRL—Monday, Aug. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Moehnik, Jr., of Shubel, a girl.

GIRL—To Mr. and Mrs. Guy Wortle, of Dover, Aug. 14, 1907, a baby girl.  
SON—To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Manolia, of Dover, Aug. 25, 1907, a son.

## DEATHS.

WARNE—At the home of her sister, Mrs. E. B. Andrews, Oregon City, Aug. 21, 1907, Miss Lora Warne, aged 39 years.

BLACK—At the home of her son in St. Johns, Aug. 22, 1907, Mrs. Fannie Black, aged 63 years.

MARONEY—August 20, 1907, John Maroney, of Toll Gate, aged 74 years.

## LOGAN.

Now that the gun has appeared again, the hum of the thresher is heard once more.

The annual exodus of hop-pickers has begun. Mr. Moser's family started but was recalled on account of the serious illness of the youngest child, Philip Kohl has been on the sick list for a few weeks past from overwork. He is better at present.

N. N. Robbins made a trip to the mountains for huckleberries just in time to get the benefit of the rain. He reports plenty of berries and pickers too.

H. S. Anderson is building a new barn.

Messrs. Boss and Patch are piping water from a spring to their houses. Fred Kiehoff has purchased a hay baler and will begin operations soon. Messrs. Henry Babler and P. Kohl have purchased a new steam hay press.

The O. W. P. is preparing to build a bridge across Johnson creek just north of the old one.

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