

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."

Cottage Pudding.

Make a batter of one egg, one cup of granulated sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of lemon extract. Place in long pan, sprinkle a little sugar over top and bake. To be served with the following sauce: One well beaten egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, stir all together. Then add one cup boiling water. Let come to a boil and when about half cold add lemon extract to suit taste.

Sugar Cookies.

Three eggs, two cups of soft A sugar or one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of shortening, three teaspoon of baking powder, one quart of flour, three tablespoons of water. Flavor with nutmeg. Sift the flour in a bowl, break the eggs in the flour, add sugar, shortening, etc. Mix thoroughly with the hands, roll thin, mould and bake in a quick oven.—Mrs. John Walker. Mrs. Walker keeps her cakes in a wooden box with a tight fitting lid to keep them soft.

Orange Pudding.

Remove both outside and inner parts white rind of three oranges, cut them in small pieces and place in a glass dish. Then make a moderately thin corn starch pudding by using milk, corn starch and the yolks of two eggs. Let cool about a half-hour, then pour over the oranges. Whip the whites of the eggs and pour over the pudding. This

pudding is not only nice to look at in the glass dish, but it makes a desert that will tempt the most delicate appetite.

Jam Cake.

One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, three tablespoons of sour cream, three eggs, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one cup seeded raisins, two cups of flour. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in the cream. Flavor with vanilla and bake in layers in a medium oven.

Ginger Cakes.

One pint of Orleans molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of soft lard, one-half pint of boiling coffee, one tablespoon of ginger, two tablespoons of soda. Use enough flour to make batter that can be rolled. Bake in medium oven. A good idea is to keep cakes in a vessel with a tight fitting lid to prevent drying out.

Crullers.

Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda, two level teaspoons of baking powder with flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll dough moderately thin. Mould in any shape desired and cook in hot lard.

Chocolate Pie.

Bring to a boil one cup sweet milk and two tablespoons of grated chocolate. Then add to it three-fourths of a cup of granulated sugar and the yolks of three eggs beaten to a cream. Flavor with vanilla. Place the mix-

ture in pie crust that has been previously baked, spread meringue on top and set in the oven for a few minutes to brown.

Dutch Apple Pie.

To make Dutch apple pie without apples, for each pie use one cup of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoon of butter, Season with nutmeg. Crumb four crackers in an ordinary pie crust and pour the mixture over the crackers. Put on top crust and bake.

Fudge.

Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of water, Lump of butter the size of a walnut, Four tablespoonfuls of chocolate, When it hardens in cold water it is done. Beat well when it is taken off the stove. Pour in a greased pan and cut in squares.

Notes.

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctor's bills and a not less inconsiderable "little account" at the druggist's.

In serving tartare sauce with fried fish place the sauce in curled leaves from the heart of the lettuce and notice how the appearance of the fish is improved.

Strawberry jelly and whipped cream always make a delicious dessert for dinner or luncheon.

Brides to be who have gone to Paris for their clothes and have filled their trunks with lovely apparel say that there is a fad over there for the wearing of two wedding veils. One is of Brussels lace and the other of tulle.

House warnings are most delightful and consequently informal affairs. Of course, the new domicile is the center of attraction and is shown off from cellar to garret. A snapshot of the house, with name and date, makes an appropriate souvenir.

To thread a needle, hold a piece of white cloth dack of the eye of the needle and see how quickly the thread will go through.

The first wedding anniversary is called the cotton wedding, the second is marked by the paper wedding. There is none in the third year, but the fourth brings the leather wedding and the wooden wedding celebrates the fifth year.

Our grandmother believed that fresh fish and oysters must not be eaten and milk drunk at the same meal. Now we bake pickered in cream and drench boiled cod with cream sauce.

Violet mouth wash: Tincture of orris, one ounce; essence of white rose, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce peppermint, twenty drops. Mix well. Pour a few drops in a glass of water and use as a mouth wash. Very delightful and satisfactory.

A large mouth usually denotes generosity and character. The size of the lips may be reduced somewhat by stretching the lips back, showing the teeth, a sort of smiling and "unsmiling" process. These exercises reduce the fat, develop the muscles and gives a prettier curve.

When the hair falls out or gets very dry and breaks, when it is excessively oily, when the roots are always damp from perspiration, there is usually something wrong with the circulation. Proper scalp massage will often bring back a normal condition.

There is no woman clever or witty enough to talk all the time and still be interesting. The continuous chirping performance is any thing but bewitching. It is not enough to talk well; one must also listen entertainingly.

ART OF SWEEPING.

Wrong Way and Right Way to do This Work.

Every one does not know how to sweep a room. It requires skill, combined with patience, to clean a room properly. The chief mistake made by a novice is to think she can hurry through it, and to think the room will be clean if she takes long heavy strokes with her broom. Short, light strokes which are firm will do the work as it should be done. It is always best to sweep a heavy Brussels carpet, or one of similar make, once with the grain, then twice across it, going over each three or four yards in this way until the entire carpet is swept. When a carpet is old and evenly worn this is hardly necessary, but if it is new, or has any perceptible ridges, this method should surely be followed. After going over a room thoroughly, allow the dust to settle, and in ten or fifteen minutes give it a final brushing, sweeping it lightly, and nothing is more satisfactory than a sweeper or dampened broom. Tea leaves scattered over the car-

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

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pet are good. They should be squeezed as dry as possible, and sprinkled over the carpet before the final sweep.

Another good plan is to sprinkle the floor before starting to sweep with dry table salt. The salt seems to brighten the colors of a faded carpet, as well as to aid in removing dust. When the second sweeping is over use a whisk broom in the corners and around the edges. After the walls are dusted and the carpet clean it is well to wipe off the surface of the carpet with a cloth dipped in salt and water, which has been wrung out as dry as possible. This will remove every trace of dust. The cloth used for the purpose must be frequently rinsed in fresh water, and then dipped into the salted water again, and wrung out as before. Then some folks like to go over the carpet with ammonia water, but I prefer the salt, as salt keeps out moths.

It is needless to say that in sweeping as thoroughly as this every article which is movable should be removed first, or dusted, and carefully covered with old sheets.

It is a great mistake to neglect sweeping as thoroughly as this every two weeks. If you do the dust becomes ground into a carpet and helps it to wear out. Besides, dust discolors it more, or quite as much, as wear.

PLAN TO RESEED RANGES

Government Will Make Experiments in Cultivation of New Grasses.

About one-third of the entire area of the United States is grazing land, and the Government is impressed with the importance of making these vast ranges productive of sufficient forage to meet all demands of the great livestock industry. There are now over 400,000,000 acres useful for pasturing but unless some plan of re-seeding is devised, cattle-raising will not long be profitable. The department of Agriculture has started a series of experiments with cultivated grasses, and will make studies of range improvement and ascertain how cattle and sheep can be handled so as to reduce the waste due to herding and tramping.

CHAUTAQUA STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

The Chautauqua stockholders will hold a meeting at the Court House next Monday, at 2 p. m., at which time it is urged that every stockholder be present. Business of importance will be up for discussion.

Frisco Judge Gives Jail Sentence.

United States District Judge De Haven has sentenced John A. Benson and E. B. Perrin, recently convicted of land fraud, to one year's imprisonment in the Alameda county jail and to pay a fine of \$1000 each.

HORSE WANTED.

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

By Hook Or Crook.

By TROY ALLISON.

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"Fishing," said Randolph reflectively, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the blue and white bob dancing on the waters of the creek, "is the most fascinating pursuit of mankind."

The girl had braced her pole in the crook of an alder branch and was pinning her white linen skirt to clear her trim ankles.

"I believe I have heard that men were more fascinated by the pursuit than by—well, you ought to be very happy on that theory," she said, peering into the empty basket at his feet.

"You just wait—that fly is a wonder and will soon have 'em taking notice."

"But you've promised to catch enough for dinner, and there are ten hungry girls and ten voracious men that can eat like a circus menagerie—to say nothing of the chaperons."

"I'll not try to catch enough to go round; I hate chaperons." He jerked



"Hold on tight!—I've got you!"

his pole up and down vindictively. "We've been camping for four days and this is the first minute I've had you to myself. Four chaperons are entirely too many for twenty people; that's four-tenths of a chaperon to a couple—too rich for my system."

"And what, may I ask, is your system?" She made a grab at her pole, which had gradually slipped half its length into the creek.

"Dora Newton, you have a most irritating habit of playing with a man's words—and with his heart," he said, his eyes fixed on her fine young arms, bared to the elbow.

"I wasn't playing. I was earnestly seeking information—the desire for knowledge is strong within me—and I really wanted to know your—system."

She landed a tiny perch and helplessly held the rod for him to take the quivering fish off the hook.

He put the fish in the basket, and they regarded the lack of proportion of basket and fish gravely.

"It needs to be illustrated," he said solemnly, "not the fish, but the system. I could teach it to you."

"I don't know that you are a qualified teacher." She cast her hook in a way that made her line cross Randolph's. "Professor Jordan is coming down tomorrow to stay in camp with us two days," and the inference was that Professor Jordan, as a teacher, could not be discounted.

"Humph! The old fossil!" granted Randolph.

"Fossil? He's not more than forty—and he certainly is a man of brains."

"Your tone, Miss Newton, intimates that I am a mere matter of physical bulk, and you are further aggravating me by getting your line tangled in mine just as I was about to have a bite."

She cast her line in a new spot with a sudden show of humility.

"Well, you see, I hadn't realized that you had attained the degree of psychic development necessary to tell—when a fish was about to bite."

"Personally," he continued, "Professor Jordan bores me immensely. Think I'll run up to town for the two days he intends to illuminate the camp with his intellectual light. Would you mind telling me if you are going to marry that dried up Greek root?" He drew in his line and fixed it for deeper water.

"He hasn't asked me—yet," with a toss of her head that intimated she was prepared for future developments.

"I didn't know my vacation was to be spoiled by that old—dinosaur." He was delighted that he remembered the word.

"Is he really so bad as all that? Sounds three or four shades wickeder than a Greek root, but I am glad you are at least generous enough to credit him with versatility."

"Doesn't make any difference which head you classify him under. If he's coming here to spoil the party I might as well go back to town and stay. I asked you to marry me seven times last winter and couldn't even get you to look at the matter seriously—thought maybe all this scenery and the moonlight nights and the—er—hammocks would develop a little sentiment in your soul, but if there's another man in the case I have nothing more to say."

"So hammocks are included in your

system? I never sat in a hammock with Professor Jordan," reflectively.

"I could really imagine no greater joy than—a hammock and the fossilized Jordan," he said sarcastically.

"I have to thank you for the suggestion," airily. "When you are in town tomorrow night, gasping for a breath of cool air, don't think you are entirely forgotten. I shall be remembering your idea and trying the hammock. The moonlight here is fascinating," she murmured irrelevantly.

His pole dipped down with an unexpected jerk, and with the effort to catch it his foot slipped on the edge of the bank, and he found himself suddenly floundering in the creek. He caught one glimpse of the girl's horrified eyes, and, with an inspiration heaven born or wicked, according to the point of view, he remembered the trick he had learned in boyhood and disappeared from her sight.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped convulsively to her breast. When he came to the surface near her, spluttering and gasping with more energy than an expert on the subject would have pronounced natural, she dropped on her knees and clutched him by the arm.

"Oh, Dickey," she screamed, throwing her little young body on the edge of the creek and reaching her other hand to him, "hold on—tight—I've got you!"

Randolph, dripping wet, scrambled up the bank and helped her to her feet.

"I—caught you," she reiterated dazedly, clutching each wet sleeve with nervous fingers, her face white and tremulous.

"You poor little girl, I didn't know you would be as frightened as this," he said contritely, unhesitatingly putting his arm around the crisp white shirt waist.

"I thought you were—d—dead," she stammered, and Randolph, looking in her eyes, was satisfied with his system.

"Dora," he said finally, the last lingering touch of jealousy drying hard, "you never loved that dried Greek root, did you?"

She freed one hand and stroked the damp hair from his forehead. "I like them—wet," she gurgled, "but come, let's run for the camp before you catch your death of cold."

"Humph! Much danger of cold in this weather!"

When they reached the camp ten minutes later there were many derisive exclamations from the hammocks, and cards and novels were dropped for newer interest.

"Of all the earthly spectacles!" shouted the irrepressible brother of Dora, throwing a pack of cards on the rustic table with such energy that they scattered over the grass. "Have you been diving for shellfish?"

"And where, may I ask, are the fish? We've been waiting dinner for them," called Mrs. Bradley, the chaperon most to be feared.

"Dickey"—Dora's voice was an agonized whisper—"for the love of heaven try to distract their attention until I can slip into the tent—there's a—a wet streak across my back where your arm—er—"

"Darling!" whispered Randolph fatuously. Then, walking rapidly forward, he bowed low to Mrs. Bradley.

He opened the basket where the lone little perch had long since given up the struggle for existence.

"Here, madam, is your fish," he said humbly.

Both Green.

"Wanted, at once, a rough carpenter, 7 shillings a day. Apply J. Morris, Onehunga." This advertisement caught my eye one morning, says the author of, "Adrift in New Zealand," when I had been some weeks in the antipodes and thought it time to cast about for work. The 7 shillings appealed to me, and, as the advertiser did not say how rough the carpenter was to be, I decided to apply at once to Mr. J. Morris. I applied and got the job.

In spite of my conceit, however, I felt very nervous when the day arrived on which I had to begin my work. I was at the appointed place a full half hour before my time, tramping up and down in front of two empty houses, wondering what I would have to do to them.

At 8 o'clock my fellow worker arrived, and after a critical survey of me asked if I were the new man, and on my explaining that I was he had the impertinence to inquire if I knew anything about carpentering. I was piqued.

"No," I answered very sharply. "Neither do I," he replied as cheerfully as could be and swung open a gate and walked into an empty house. From that moment we were fast friends.

A Sense of Duty.

Just before the boat capsized Rees had been boasting of his "practical common sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practical common sense," he averred. "When there is a difficulty to be solved Rees Rees is the man to solve it."

Then when the boat sank Rees' fellow excursionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove yewer practical common sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "En are a single man, with nobody dependent on eu. I am married an' got six children. If eu drowns nobody do suffarr. But if I do drown then there iss my wife an' six little children to starve, an' yewer practical common sense do tell eu that it iss better for eu to drown than me. Prove yewer practical common sense, Rees, an' let go the plank—or I will push eu off it!"—Dunlop Advertiser.

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