

Cookery Points

Two Ways to Bake Cookies. Almond Cookies.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three yolks of eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, rind of one lemon grated, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix, roll out thin and cut into small cookies with the following on top of each: Three whites of eggs beaten, three-fourths pound of pulverized sugar, one-half pound of chopped almonds. Mix well together. Make this one hour before mixing cookie dough.

Sandwich Filling. Cold ham and cold chicken minced together make a most delicious filling for sandwiches. Fried ham ground fine is always more savory than boiled ham for sandwiches. In fact, some persons fry the chicken which they are going to use for sandwiches in order to get the delicate browned flavor. The poached meats which come for sandwich fillings are more delicious if they are mixed liberally with mayonnaise dressing. And these same poached meats are useful in croquettes, souffles and other handy dishes. The smallest can of the highly flavored potted meat mixed with the minced meat of which such dishes are to be made is sufficient to give a rich flavor to quite a large amount. Half of a small can is abundant with the meat for croquettes or souffles which is to serve four persons. Most of these meats have a bit of garlic and other high seasonings which the American housekeeper is unwilling to test for herself, but which she is willing enough to use if some one else, like the canner, makes the blend for her.

To Bake a Turkey. Bake it with the breast down. In this way all the fine flavoring of the turkey, the juice of the dressing and all the daintier juices flow down toward the breast of the fowl, and when the white meat is served you get the full benefit of every flavor added during the processes of preparing and baking the turkey. In addition to the distinctive taste of the fowl itself. If you desire to place the fowl on the table before carving you will find that it will look quite as well as it would if baked in the usual way, and certainly it will taste much better.

Walnut Coffee Cake. One-half cupful of butter, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful of strong coffee infusion, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of three eggs, one cupful of walnut meats broken in pieces. Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, then the coffee and the flour sifted with baking powder. Beat well and add the egg whites beaten stiff, then the nut meats. Beat again and bake in shallow pan in moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When cool cover with frosting.

Creamed Oysters. Splendid for lunches, teas, card parties, etc., a dainty and delicious way for serving oysters. Scald one pint oysters in one pint of boiling water, then drain. Put the water in the saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little mace, two bay leaves and salt and pepper. Let it come to a boil and add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs and half a pint of cream. Let it come to a boil and add the oysters and then cook two minutes more. Serve on toast.

Molasses Candy. One cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of vinegar, an ounce of butter. Mix together and boil, being careful not to stir until the sirup hardens in cold water. Stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda and pour into buttered plate. When cold enough pull with the ends of the fingers.

To Salt Almonds. Put the shelled almonds into boiling water to loosen the skins. Rub off the skins, dry the almonds and put them into a spider of boiling olive oil. When they have come to a nice brown drain, put on waxed paper and sprinkle with salt.

CHILD TRAINING. Bring up a child to observe the ordinary usages of good society, to be careful of the feelings and rights of others, never to intrude, never to listen, never to tattle, always to consider others before itself, and show it by unfeigned example that such behavior is expected.

A Good Rule. A good general rule is not to neglect your work to watch for opportunity.—Athenian Globe

ENSEMBLE SETS.

Hat, Cape and Muff of Satin and Marabou.



SET IN SATIN AND MARABOU.

It is very Frenchy and chic this season to have an ensemble set, consisting of hat, cape and muff, made of satin and marabou.

Such a smart little outfit is pictured of black satin and white marabou. The muff is an enormous confection resembling a big, loosely tied bow. And there is an air of newness about the shoulder cape, which is gathered in lamp shade effect.

The poke shaped bonnet is becoming to a quaint face.

Parted Lips Soften Photograph. A woman was being posed for her photograph in a gallery the other day when a well known actress happened in. She stood a few moments watching the struggles of the sitter to assume a satisfactory expression. At last she offered a small suggestion. "If you will moisten the lips and slightly part them," said she, "you will find the face takes on a natural, unstrained expression at once. When the photograph is finished the mouth will not appear to be open in the least, but there will be a soft line where the lips meet. The teeth will not show unless the lips are separated considerably. But as for that," she added, "many a face looks its prettiest with the teeth showing a wee bit—not displayed in a grin, you know, but merely suggested." The woman who was being taken took the advice, and the pictures turned out to be the most satisfactory she ever had posed for.

Care of Aluminum. Aluminum utensils for the kitchen are becoming daily more popular as account of their light weight and cleanliness. They must never be washed with soda, soap and water being all that is required, with a little powdered whiting for polishing.

Ready For the Ball. Chiffon cloth as a material for the evening frock has lost none of its well earned popularity. It lends itself beautifully to draping and is light and at the same time durable. The cut displays another variant of the ubiquitous black and white crea-



PARTY FROCK OF CHIFFON CLOTH.

tions which this winter are to be seen in all orthodox attire. The black velvet sash and wide bands of white shiny lace give the frock an air of exclusiveness and style apart from the average maple party dress. Reflecting Lighthouses' Origin. Accident, not necessity, was the parent of the invention of reflecting lighthouses. During a meeting of a mathematical society at Liverpool some years ago one of the members laid a wager that he could read a newspaper paragraph at ten yards distance by the light of a farthing candle. This he succeeded in doing by covering the inside of an earthen dish with putty and sticking bits of looking glass on it and then placing his reflector behind the candle. Captain Hutchinson, a dock master, was present, and from this experiment gained the idea from which he evolved the reflecting lighthouse as built in Liverpool.

In College. Professor of English—Now, Mr. Twilight, can you tell me what the poet means when he speaks of "the artillery of the skies?" Mr. Twilight (with happy assurance)—Why, the shooting stars, of course!—Judge.

Joy and Sorrow. Joy's recollection is no longer joy, while sorrow's memory is sorrow still.—Byron. Dental Note. "What a big mouth Miss Gap has!" "Yes; I should call it a good opening for a dentist."

The Blue Ribbon

A Man Becomes a Convert to Its Charms By CLARISSA MACKIE Mr. Turner glanced listlessly at the latest applicant for the vacant position in his office. She was a rather tall girl, quite stout, with light hair and blue eyes. There were soft infantile curves to her features that suggested a sentimental disposition. Mr. Turner uttered a soundless snort of contempt. "What experience have you had?" Turner began, glancing at the card which bore the young woman's name, Flora Cass.

Miss Cass proceeded to relate in a monotonous voice that she had been employed by various concerns in the city, and she presented sundry letters of recommendation from the different establishments, which all appeared to be cheerfully resigned at the prospect of dispensing with the services of this competent stenographer. "Wear blue ribbons in your hair?" rasped Turner at length, turning his sharp eyes upon her.

Miss Cass tossed her head defiantly. "Well, nobody ever asked me that question before," she uttered in an offended tone. "Do you?" insisted Ralph Turner. "Sometimes," snapped Miss Cass rather impudently. "Well," remarked Mr. Turner, playing with an ivory paper cutter, "I will make a note of your name and address and let you know within a day or two whether you will fill our requirements."

"Old crank!" muttered Miss Cass as she went down in the elevator. "I'd like to see the man who can dictate to me whether I shall wear a blue ribbon in my hair or not!" As she stepped into the street she bowed to a tall, pretty girl who paused for an instant beside her. "I haven't seen you for some time, Miss Cass," said the pretty girl pleasantly. "I've been working right along," explained Miss Cass hurriedly. "Are you working now, Miss Dorman?" Hester Dorman shook her head. "You know the firm I worked for went into bankruptcy. Except for some stray work at home, I haven't anything to do."

"Want a position?" Miss Cass grinned impudently. "Of course I do," was Hester's eager reply. "They want a first class stenographer and typist up there in the Ralph Turner Insurance company, room 212. I don't suit because I wear blue ribbons in my hair. Perhaps you'd do, Miss Dorman." "Blue ribbons? What has that got to do with it?" Miss Dorman looked puzzled. "Haven't got anything to do with it that I know of, only he asked me if I ever wore blue ribbons in my hair, and I told him that I did sometimes, so he didn't engage me."

him in the same chair that Flora Cass had occupied. In response to his queries she briefly set forth her experience in the work, offered her references and stated her price. Ralph Turner nodded his head approvingly as he listened to her recital. When she had concluded he asked with less confidence than he had inquired of Miss Cass. "Do you wear blue ribbons in your hair?" Hester shook her head, suppressing the smile that struggled to come to the surface. "No," she said gently. "You may think it a peculiar question, but the fact is that I've lost five stenographers in the past two years all because they wore ribbons in their hair—married my clerks or my neighbor's clerks or bookkeepers until I've been continually breaking in new typists. I resolved never to hire another young woman who was addicted to the wearing of blue ribbons in her hair."

"You may feel perfectly safe so far as I am concerned," assured Hester. "Will you be here tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock?" asked Ralph Turner. "Yes," she replied and went away happy as a bird at the idea of once more being among the workers. The next morning when Ralph Turner passed through the outer office on the way to his sanctum he nodded approval with a good morning to the slender, dark eyed girl sitting at her desk. He noted that she wore a simple dress of some dark material and that she wore no jewelry, and her abundant hair was neatly dressed.

He spent considerable time showing her what to do and explaining the nature of the work she was to perform. She was to be his especial stenographer, and instead of working in the large room where half a dozen other girls chattered away at as many machines Hester Dorman had a small private office near that of Mr. Turner. Hester soon fell in line with her new work and grew to like it. She grew to like Ralph Turner as well and to understand that his outward air of gruffness covered an unusually warm heart and a whimsical turn of mind that made him a most interesting companion. It was easy to see that Mr. Turner was not interested in women. To him they lived and moved and had their being quite apart from him. The girls in the outer office chattered with their tongues, clattered at the type machines and coquetted with the callow clerks under his very nose, but he saw them not. So long as they turned out good work and obeyed the rules of the office he appeared satisfied. He accepted them as inevitable results of woman's hunger for a busier life. As for his personal stenographer, there he was particular to a fault. But he found little to criticize in Hester Dorman's exquisite neatness of attire and her faultless work.

Hester had been there three months before Ralph Turner looked up from his letters one day and really saw her. He started imperceptibly when he realized that she was pretty—more, more than that; she was beautiful. To gaze at her was like looking at some lovely picture painted from life. Hester Dorman never knew when the transition from his indifference to interest took place in the breast of her employer. She only knew that she had never been so contented and happy in all her life before.

One morning as he passed her desk Ralph Turner paused. He hesitated. "Miss Dorman," he hesitated. "You will recollect that when I employed you I asked you if you ever wore blue ribbons in your hair?" "Yes, Mr. Turner," she answered wondrously. "It was merely a passing fancy on my part that my stenographer should not do so. If you—care to wear them pray do so. I would not place too many restrictions upon you," he said awkwardly and went into his office. "How funny!" thought Hester as she resumed her work. "Why should he concern himself over the color of our ribbons?"

Indeed, why? Because Ralph Turner realized that he loved for the first time. He loved Hester Dorman, but he doubted whether she could ever care for him in the same way. There were younger and more attractive men in the office, and perhaps if Hester had had a fair chance with the others—if he had not demanded that she dress plainly or hint that such was his wish—perhaps her beauty would be more apparent to the other chaps. Hester waited to have her chance. He waited several weeks, and Hester Dorman never wore a blue ribbon in her hair. But she wore pink signals in her cheeks whenever she spoke to him, and he was too obtuse to understand their significance. One day he accidentally overheard two of his clerks talking. "Old Turner will be advertising for another stenographer of the nonribbon sort," remarked one flippant youth. "Why?" "Because he'll be marrying Miss Dorman before long. They certainly like each other pretty well," grinned the first youth. "Like each other pretty well!" The words rang themselves into Turner's heart. That must mean that Hester might like him too. In spite of his grumpy ways and his banning of pretty ribbons in his office it was possible that she did care. He resolved to ask her.

He did, and her reply had nothing to do with blue ribbons. The new stenographer was a young man, and he had curly hair and wore baby blue neckties, and nobody cared, because everybody was so happy. And Ralph's young wife always wore a broad band of pale blue ribbon about her head at the breakfast table—because he liked it. Stamp Needed in That Case. "She stamped her foot." "That was all right if her foot was going by mail."—Ev-hance. Lots of Them. Gerald—I have my faults, Geraldine—What a group picture they would make!—New York Press. The Macaroni Record. The "macaroni record" stands at present at 2,100 yards (just under a mile and a quarter). This is the exact mileage of macaroni swallowed by a Signor Sporegambi, in an eating duel with Signor Bevere a few years ago.

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Compensation. A certain young fellow received a government berth, for which he had to undergo a very strict examination. One day a friend of his who had been noticing how little work he did to earn his salary tackled him. "I say, Walter, my boy," he began, "you don't perform a great deal of labor, do you?" "No, I don't have to." "Aren't you expected to work?" "Of course not," was the candid reply. "It takes so much hard work to get a job like this that the authorities haven't the nerve to ask a man to do anything more to earn his salary after he gets it."

A Cruel Question. Skeezick's car had turned turtle, and as he sat gloomily contemplating the situation Uncle Silas reined in his nag and stopped outside. "Turned over, ha'n't she?" he observed. "Yep," said Skeezick shortly. "Want to sell?" asked Uncle Silas. "Yes," said Skeezick. "I'll sell out cheap."

Read the Morning Enterprise. GLADSTONE FIGHTS FOR LOWER FARES (Continued from page 1.) Property, Parrish, Nelson, Wilkinson, Fire and Water, Williams, Howell, Hammerle; Health and Police, Nelson, Hammerle, Parrish; Cemetery, Williams, Wilkinson, Nelson. The Mayor in his message called attention to the \$20,000 issue provided by a vote of the people, and it was decided to ask for bids at once. Mayor Cross' message to the Council follows: In assuming the duties of Mayor of Gladstone for the ensuing term, a few suggestions may be pertinent at this time. Our election and continuance in

office can only be justified on the ground of good work, carefully thought out, economically done within our means and all in the interest of the people of the city. Along these general lines there may be room for honest discussion and difference of opinion, but in the end, with open minds, and all the facts before us, right action should result. I now refer to the following matters of more than passing interest which should engage the careful attention of this council: First—The water works. An issue of \$20,000 of water bonds has been provided by the vote of the people when our present charter was adopted; an engineer has been employed by the last council; plans and specifications made and bids sought for the installation of a water system suitable for our growing city. Up to date the bids have not been satisfactory to the executive council and no contract has been let and the whole subject matter is in our hands for final disposition.

Without seeking to dictate the policy of the council, I wish to emphasize the importance of selling our bonds first, and providing the cash before we let the contract. We have already been offered 95 cents on the dollar for these bonds, and I am fully persuaded they are worth par. A vigorous effort ought to be made by the council to dispose of them at that figure. A full thousand dollars is worth saving. Since the water works were not constructed last season during low water, the question is submitted, whether we ought to run the risk of the increased cost incident to winter construction. Especially is this thought applicable to the excavation at the river and erection of pump station. I have made sufficient investigation to assure you that we can install the plant within our bond issue, providing due care is observed on our part and proper economy exercised.

I am strenuously in favor of the construction and completion of the water system at the earliest possible moment, consistent with business sense, and at all hazards this present year. Second—A petition is on file for the improvement of Portland avenue, and a street grade therefor has been established. No plan, however, has been suggested or adopted, which has come to my knowledge, providing for

the disposition of the storm water which accumulates each winter and which now finds an outlet over Portland avenue, through an open ditch to the river. I suggest the propriety of first establishing a sewer district of all that portion of Gladstone lying east of Portland avenue, and laying a trunk line sewer from the river northward on Portland avenue, at least as far as Dartmouth street, thence up Dartmouth street to accommodate the church and school house if thought desirable, before the improvement of Portland avenue is undertaken. An assessment, according to benefits, of such a large territory, would reduce the expense per lot to a very low figure. With this storm water provided for I am in favor of the improvement of Portland avenue as soon as the council and property owners liable therefor, think wise to commence the same. Third—I am in favor, under like conditions of the improvement of Dartmouth street, from Portland avenue easterly to Yale avenue, and to the County road if thought best, at least to the extent of grading the same and laying a sidewalk on one side of the street. Fourth—I find myself in hearty accord with the last council in their effort to obtain a stopping place for passenger cars at Hereford street, and will cheerfully co-operate with the present council to bring to pass. Fifth—I am not satisfied with the present railroad route from Gladstone to Oregon City and Portland. For some reason not consistent with justice or common sense, the late effort to have fares reduced on the motor line has actually resulted in having our rates raised to Oregon City. While other points receive substantial reductions we were treated with scant courtesy. I am in favor of pressing the matter in season and out of season for a twenty-cent round trip rate by book from Gladstone to Portland and a return to the six-cent round trip rate by book to Oregon City, which we had for so many years. The report of the Recorder on file shows that warrants from one to 44 inclusive have been issued during the past year, and aggregating \$847.31. No cash has been received. A five mill tax on all property in the city was levied on the 9th day of December, 1911, by Ordinance No. 26, and returns thereon may be expected this present year. The probable receipts therefrom will amount to about \$1,350.00. I ask the most scrupulous economy in all expenditures. Let us be liberal where it pays to be liberal, and at all times conservative.

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GYPSIES ENTERTAINED BY MISSES DAULTON The Gypsies were entertained in a most delightful manner Saturday evening by the Misses Helen and Bess Daulton at their home on the West Side. The evening was spent in Five Hundred, and Miss Almee Bollack, formerly of this city, but now of Portland, was awarded the prize. A delicious luncheon was served. The next meeting of this club will be at the home of Miss Zida Goldsmith, Fourteenth and Main streets, Saturday evening, January 20. Those attending the meeting at the Daulton home were Miss Zida Goldsmith, Miss Almee Bollack, Miss Clis Barclay Pratt, Miss Dollie Pratt, Misses Daulton, Mrs. J. N. Wisner, Miss Marjory Caulfield, Mrs. M. D. Latourette.