

### Economy in Buying and Using Meat

Although meatless days are not at present a part of the official program of the United States Food Administration there is still great need of intelligent economy both in the buying and in the use of meat.

Because the larger beef is needed for the soldiers, the civilians are asked to use only the lighter cuts now.

Since meat is bound to be the most costly of all foods in these days of saving, every housekeeper should become acquainted with the use of the less expensive cuts. There are many ways of serving these cheaper cuts, in the form of Hamburg steaks, curry balls, kibbee, stews, ragouts, pot roasts and dishes with white sauces that the clever housekeeper can get along quite well without using the more expensive cuts.

The following are two satisfactory receipts: Kibbee—Chop uncooked tough meat very fine, put it twice through a grinder. To each pound, allow a tablespoon of grated onion, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a teaspoon of salt, just a dash of pepper. Form into balls about the size of an egg. Stand in a baking pan, add a half-pint of strained tomatoes, a tablespoon of butter and bake slowly thirty minutes, beating three or four times.

Beef Timble—Chop fine one pound of left-over tough bits of lean beef, chop together for a moment a gill of strained tomatoes and one cup of bread crumbs; add to the meat, rub to a smooth paste, season with a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; mix then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of eggs, fill into custard cups, stand in a pan of boiling water and cook in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

POTATO MEAT DUMPLINGS Take any pieces of cold cooked meat, chop them fine, season carefully with salt, pepper, chopped parsley or celery. To each pint allow two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. For the crust you may use left over cold mashed potatoes; if not, use flour and water. Roll out the dough on a flat surface and cut into squares. Put the meat in the center, cover the top with mashed potatoes, smooth, brush with milk and bake in a moderate oven a half hour.

ACCORDING TO THE BOOK Young Husband—“My Dear Mabel, I must say this pudding does not taste very nice.” Young wife—“All imagination, dear! It says in the cookery book that it tastes excellent!”

## Flying With Shaffer

### TAKING A REST

#### LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad, 38, Postal 240, G. C. 22, Aug. 11, 1918.

Dear Mother: I have just sent a little souvenir to dad, made from one of the shells I use in burning balloons. Tell me if it arrives. If so, I may send some more souvenirs. The Boche bombarded us the other night but did no damage. However, they are coming a little closer for I heard some of the bombs whistle as they came tumbling down. What did I do? Oh, I hid under the other there and hoped the racket would soon stop so I could go to sleep.

They don't shut off the electric lights now when the Boche come overhead, because we have none. We're back on a war basis and using candles, but I am glad to report that our barracks are finished and I live in a tent no more, with its leaky roof and danger of falling on one every time a strong wind comes up. Of course, we don't have the conveniences like the house had at Melette, such as electricity, baths and tennis courts, not forgetting the bathing fountain—and, come to think of it, I guess the conveniences are pretty well busted up, since the Boche have been bombarding that place pretty regular. One bomb landed squarely on the officers' barracks. Fortunately, no officers were in at the time, so no one was hurt. The damage was not very great, either.

Tip in the Clouds I have not done much flying since I burned that balloon, except one patrol, and that was a voluntary one with two Frenchmen, and then the clouds were so low (80 meters) and thick that we just kept going up. We had gone half way to the lines. I soon lost the other Frenchman in the numerous balls of "cotton," but kept on for the line just the same. For if any balloons had been up it was perfect weather for attacking them. But nary a one was up, except a French one. Since there were no Boche flying in the air either, they rarely fly unless the weather is very clear, I spent some time flying around this lonely French balloon, appearing to it from different directions in order to train my eyes in judging distances, since the gun I use will not take effect at close range or too far.

Hard to Judge Judging one's distance from a Boche balloon while attacking is quite a difficult matter, what with so many "distracting" things going on around one. You can see how valuable this training my eye on a French balloon would be, where everything was calm and tranquil. I didn't go very close, however, because it had been reported the day before that a Spad, flown by a Boche, had brought down a French balloon in flames. I did not want to be taken for that Boche, so soon stopped maneuvering, flew around a cloud, took a look around Rheims and seeing neither balloons nor Boche, pointed my plane in the general direction of a German anti-aircraft battery near this city, which is noted for its activity and marksmanship, and let go with both guns in that murky atmosphere the flaming bullets from my balloon gun looked like shooting stars as they sped toward the "Kultur" side of the lines.

Another Plane I was merely trying my guns, you know, and they were working beautifully, when I had an intuition that something was coming down on me. Something was, for I was looking up and saw a plane coming straight down my way. Instinctively I got out from under, watching the oncoming plane meanwhile. As he darted through a thin cloud I was much relieved to see the white nose and tail of my leader's machine, and then he started to chase me all over the lot. I didn't know what the big idea was, but orders are to always follow your leader, so I did my best to get behind him, but he seemed in a very polite humor that day and did not want to turn his back to me. I was just as determined that he should, though, so for some ten minutes we were chasing each other's tails. In the end, going it right opposite this battery I spoke of. It's a wonder they didn't help the fun along with several well-placed "arcs." Probably they were tired, after the big battle for none came our way, and my leader finally started home. There is a place to shoot near our camp, the target consisting of trees, and I generally practice shooting here every time I come home. As we came to the target, however, my leader on one side and I on the other, I noticed a big French plane high overhead, so decided not to practice just then.

That the big bird above me might lay some "eggs." And that is just what he did do. His aim was pretty punk, though, for the bomb even missed the outer circle, and as luck would have it came down on the side on which my leader was passing so close that he was somewhat startled as a bomb came whistling past and landed on the ground beneath him with a tremendous splash and roar. The big plane having passed on, I had a little practice myself, and say, I hit that inner circle nearly every time. When I landed I wanted to know what my leader was chasing me around in circles for. He laughingly explained that he was having a mock combat and had killed me four times and then surprised me by complimenting me on my maneuvering. Such a compliment from such a man, for he is an "ace" with twelve Hunns to his credit, carries some weight, and you can believe I properly appreciated the compliment.

Honored With Bouquet It may interest you to know that the day I burned that balloon was not only Sunday, but the 4th of August, anniversary of the beginning of the war, so the Frenchmen told me. They celebrated it with a banquet of rabbit and champagne, and got very angry at me because I refused to drink any. Not that I never do, because drinking is as fixed a custom to a Frenchman as eating bread is to an American, and sometimes on very special occasions I drink just a little. One could not do otherwise, else he would insult the whole escadrille, but since I intended to go after balloons directly after dinner, there was no celebration big enough to force me to help it along, for I knew I would need every faculty I possessed in perfect working order to be successful. Even the Frenchman that was going with me laid off the champagne. Of course one always comes back

from attacking a balloon in a zig-zag course, but I preferred my brain to direct said course instead of a glass of champagne.

I have one balloon now. It is a start, and we will now see if the rule that a "milk and water" man is a failure cannot be busted. In one of my former letters I once remarked that "the greatest danger in approaching a balloon is running into the cable"—and a bullet. I should add, now that I have been near a Boche one.

While we are on the subject of balloons, I better tell you that my commander, Lieut. Madon, when it was officially confirmed that I had burned a balloon, congratulated me heartily, glad to know I had at least begun to fulfill his expectations. But his words of praise were much fewer than his words of caution. Naturally he knew of the different planes I had ventilated with

Boche bullets, and the fact seemed to him to point to recklessness on my part. Anyway, he cautioned me never to attack a balloon if I saw a Boche in the air, and to always look thoroughly and carefully for such Boche before attacking. "If you don't, said he, you may perhaps burn fifteen more and then— he finished the sentence with a gesture of shoulder, eyes and hands so eloquent of my finish, that it left no doubt as to my next habitation.

Good Advice That they were good words of advice I know well, and am quite willing to follow. It did amuse me though to see how high an average (15) he placed on my victories before my guardian angel fell down on the job. "Allez doucement," he ended up, "and you get 20, 25, 30"—and I thought I was ambitious! It's nothing at all to what my commander expects of me. (No that French word "doucement" does not mean "sweetly" in that case. It means slowly.)

The fustist has come back from permission and we are now suffering again.

We are near Vitry-le-Francois now, and since my engine is now undergoing repairs I went down there yesterday. Unfortunately the stores closed before I had half the things bought I wanted and when we came home the auto ran so badly it was

necessary to stop four times and fix it. One of these times, happily, we stopped near an orchard. There were actually some plums on the trees. The reason I say actually, is because of all the orchards I have seen (and I have seen a lot) this was the first one that contained some fruit. Why, I don't know, unless it is that the soldiers take it green. Believe me, I did not pass such a golden opportunity up, for I do not get fruit often, and promptly unburdened a number of trees. As for the Frenchman in charge of that auto, I never saw such a thirsty lot. About every five miles we would stop at a roadside and they would imbibe some more cheer out of a bottle.

What with the four stops for engine trouble we were a long time on the road, and did not get home until late in the afternoon. When I finally did reach camp, a lieutenant was waiting for me, and wanted to know where I had been, for I had been listed to fly that morning in another pilot's plane. He was all primed to ball me out, but didn't go off when he found out I had asked for permission from my commander.

Had a letter from Helen Miller, our Red Cross nurse from Dauphin, and was sure glad to hear from her. WALTER.

### Advice to the Lovelorn

DON'T CONFIDE YOUR INTEREST TOO SOON DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty, and I have taken quite a fancy to a man of twenty-two. I do not know him personally, but I expect to be introduced to him within a few days. Is there anything I could say to him so he would know I cared for him? I have a friend who has spoken to him about me, and he thinks I am a very nice girl. The other night I saw the young man I am going to meet, talking to another girl. From what I hear, this girl is very jealous of him. I wish to know how I can gain his friendship. I have no one to tell me what to do, as I am all alone, so I thought you might be kind enough to help me. ANXIOUS. I wish it were possible for me to talk to you instead of writing, poor little girl, who has no one to ask for advice. The first thing I'd tell you would be that nothing could be more ill-advised than to tell the young man at your first meeting, you cared for him. He would probably take to the "tall timber," and who could blame him. It takes a great deal of skill and much worldly wisdom for a woman to tell a man, successfully, that she cares for him, and then—she does not really tell him—she only shows her preference in many little ways. But to come out and say what you suggest would be the greatest possible mistake. When you first meet the young man talk about every-day things or listen while he talks to you. At the same time, there is no telling how

deeply he may be interested in the "other girl" you mention. Try and interest yourself in other things. Have plenty of young friends, read the news—that will give you something to talk about—save your money and put it in Thrift Stamps. Don't let falling in love with a man you have never met be your only consideration.

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\$4.35 Waists	\$2.49	\$8.98 Waists	\$5.49
\$5.00 Waists	\$2.98	\$9.50 Waists	\$5.98
\$6.00 Waists	\$3.49	\$10.75 Waists	\$6.98
\$6.98 Waists	\$3.98	\$12.85 Waists	\$7.98

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