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Food Savers.

Under the present unusual food conditions we have had to look around us for Savers for many of the staple foods that we have used so carelessly and abundantly in the past, and we find that fruits and vegetables come to our rescue as Savers of several important foods. This simple classification is a help to our thought:

Meat Savers—green peas, beans, (kidney, lima and soy.)

Cereal and wheat savers—potatoes, sweet potatoes, bananas.

Sugar Savers—Sweet potatoes, corn, all fruit, melons.

The protein in beans and peas is not the same as in the meat and while we may safely use beans and peas plentifully in place of meat and to save the supply of meat, yet they cannot be called a substitute for meat. When combined with milk the protein of peas and beans becomes more of a substitute dish.

Eight or nine ounces or a large serving of peas and beans supplies as much protein as a serving of average beef.

A small potato supplies as much starch as a slice of bread. Potatoes may be substituted for one-fourth of the wheat flour used in bread or rolls and in many recipes for which wheat flour is used.

The green, succulent vegetables and all fruits are valuable in the diet for their supply of mineral substances which act as a purifier to the blood, and aid in furnishing the building material of the body.

Fruits contain a large percentage of sugar and may be eaten cooked or raw. Fresh fruit and melons for desserts take the place of prepared desserts requiring sugar, time, labor and a hot kitchen.

The simplest way to serve vegetables is always the best, that is, boiled, steamed or baked and served with a little butter, milk or cream and seasoning. However, when we are using them every day in large quantities we begin to look for other ways of serving them.

Cauliflower with Tomato Sauce:—1 head cauliflower, 2 tablespoons barley flour, 1 cup strained tomato juice, 1 slice onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper. Wash the cauliflower in several waters to remove all the sand and foreign substances. Cook ten minutes in boiling salted water, then drain well and place in a buttered baking dish.

For the sauce: melt the fat in a pan, add the flour and remove the pan from the fire while stirring the mixture. When smooth add the strained tomato mixture which has been cooked with the onion, pepper and salt. Stir gradually until the mixture thickens and is smooth then pour over the cauliflower in the baking dish. Sprinkle a few bread crumbs over the top and bake about ten minutes in the oven. Serve on platter without breaking the head of cauliflower.

If more of the tomato sauce is desired, double the amount and reserve half of the sauce and pour around the cauliflower just before serving.

Cheese sauce is also good for this dish.

Spanish Hash:—1 quart cooked tomatoes, 1 cup rice, ½ pound hamburger steak, 3 teaspoons salt, pepper to taste, 2 green peppers, 1 onion chopped fine. Peel the tomatoes and cook them until soft. Wash the rice and cook in a large amount of boiling water until tender, drain and add the hot tomatoes. Brown the meat in a frying pan with the minced onion and seasoning and add to the tomato mixture; add the green peppers. Cook slowly for half an hour until all is well blended and the peppers are done.

Spaghetti or macaroni is good combined in the same manner in place of the rice, (after the war when wheat products will, we hope, not be prohibited.)

Squash Corn:—6 large ears of corn, 6 slices of bacon, salt and pepper to taste. Cook the ears of corn ten to twelve minutes in boiling salted water then drain and cut the corn from the cob. Cook the bacon in a frying pan until nicely browned, drain off most of the fat from the pan and add the corn and seasoning. Stir the corn carefully as it browns and when all is nicely browned add the bacon cut into small pieces and serve hot. When cooking corn on the cob for dinner, enough may be cooked at the same time to make squash corn without especially cooking corn for the purpose.

A cup of tomatoes added to the browned corn makes a pleasing change.

Creamed Carrots, Peas and Potatoes—2 cups cooked diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 cups medium white sauce, 1 cup cooked, cubed carrots, salt and pepper. Prepare the vegetables by peeling and cutting into half-inch dice and cooking in boiling water until tender. Make the white sauce of two tablespoons of melted fat, add four tablespoons of flour and stir until smooth. Then add two cups of milk and stir until it thickens and bubbles up once. Drain the vegetables when done, add to the white sauce, add seasoning to taste and put into a serving dish. Sprinkle finely minced parsley over the top of the dish to add a bit of brightness and garnish to the dish.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes:—Bake. Cut lengthwise, being careful not to break skin, scoop out the pulp, put in a bowl and mash. Add cream, fat, seasoning and beaten egg white. Refill skin with mixture, brush tops with egg white, return to oven to brown. Vary by adding minced ham or grated cheese to the mashed potato filling.

Soups and Seasonings:—At this time of the year, celery tops, parsley, mint leaves and many of the seasonings desired for use in the winter may be easily dried in the sun and put into glass jars for future use. Excellent vegetable preparations for seasoning soups may be prepared by drying a mixture of peas, diced carrots, sliced onion, beans, celery tops, and many other vegetables on hand. When the vegetables are thoroughly dry stir all together well and put into jars. A tablespoonful of the mixture will nicely season a serving of otherwise "plain" food.

The Sugar Shortage.

Talk about sugar being scarce in Canada! French sugar stocks were never so low before. On May 31, 1918, the quantity of sugar in Paris was about half what it was on the same date in 1917. Even in previous years the French people never reached such a low ebb where their sugar supply was concerned.

Yet we grumble here because we have to use a little brown sugar and because we may only have a level teaspoonful of white sugar in our tea and coffee!

Fish Cheap Everywhere.

There is no excuse for any housekeeper, failing to serve fish several times a week. It can now be secured at singularly low prices all over the Dominion and no matter how isolated one may be from the rest of the world it should be possible to have on hand a supply of frozen fish either from the Pacific or Atlantic coasts.

TWIN VEGETABLES

English Writer Notes Some Freaks of Nature in Old Land.

Freaks of nature are not confined solely to the animal kingdom. Nature students and horticulturists frequently make strange discoveries when the harvest is being gathered in. For instance, a Devonshire farmer had an acre of wheat displaying double ears of corn, growing side by side and of equal size. But the strangest wheat find occurred in Lincolnshire, where a double ear displayed on the one side one variety of corn, while the other side was a totally different kind of grain altogether. Yet they had flourished on one stalk.

While twin ears of wheat are common, it is unusual to find double grains in the ears. Grains of rye, however, are often doubled, as are rice.

This slotmelter may have one or two surprises in store for him. It occasionally happens that onions, radishes, beets, carrots, turnips, cabbages and other produce occur in double and even treble form.

Quite the most charming of vegetable freaks are double peaches. They have, of course, two seeds instead of one, and are most distinctly twin, being joined at a point half-way from the stem of the blossom end.

The Double-Walled Secret

By Edwin Baird

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"This is unfair," he objected. "I can't let you go like this." She stood looking down at him, one gray-gloved hand resting on the back of the front seat. Her blue gaze was very serene and very impersonal; her poise was the soul of cool self-assurance.

"Will you let me out, please?" Her tone was unmistakable. He could not misconstrue it. The chauffeur had opened the tonneau door, and Kecey stepped out and offered her his hand. As she fluttered to the pavement, lithe and slender and girlish, he likened her to some rare, exotic flower. Later he was puzzled to recall what brought the smile to mind. He had observed, vaguely, that she was clothed in soft tones of gray and blue, and somehow her clothing seemed to harmonize with her white skin and lovely brown hair.

Her slim hand rested in his for the fractional part of an instant and then, with a low-spoken, "Thank you," she turned to go.

But he detained her. "It is I who should thank you. I haven't forgotten my indebtedness to you." Her eyebrows lifted inquiringly. He noticed that they nearly met at the apex of her nose, and he decided this was one of the things that gave piquancy to her face.

He lowered his voice: "I can't forget that I owe my life to you."

Her level gaze as it met his eyes, was still impersonal and serene.

"Please try to forget it," she said. "Because," she added, dropping her eyes, "it will be best—for both of us." He tried to forget it but could not. She seemed to have grown, all at once, rather flustered. Her admirable self-confidence had suddenly flown to pieces. His eyes followed her as she hurried away, but he never accounted for this—he imagined her in his home. The fancy vanished as quickly as it came, but abruptly it occurred to him that he had once before had the same whimsical thought while watching her.

CHAPTER V.

A Vital Question. Her words, "It will be best for both of us," bothered him a great deal during the next few weeks and increased his desire to see her again.

He tried to forget it but could not. Why did he want to see her? What was there about her that attracted him? He could answer neither question.

His mother and sister saw that something was amiss with him, and they ran over a list of girls he might be "interested in." They settled, as they supposed, upon the one who was responsible for his melancholy, and they were not alarmed. The girl, desirable from every viewpoint. So they said nothing to Kecey, content to allow matters to take their natural course. Of course the girl would accept him. What girl would not? Everybody knew Tom Kecey was one of the best catches in Lake Forest.

Many maids and matrons had tried to land him and a few had nearly succeeded. As his arm knitted, Kecey turned his attention to the sport that had broken it. He bought a seven-thousand-dollar airplane and, after several practice flights with the aviator who designed it, he started out alone across Wisconsin. He strove for a course parallel with his first one, but he lost his way in the air and when he got home that evening his gloom was uncommonly pronounced.

He went to a dance that night and danced with the usual girls, who made the usual flirtatious advances. And his mother and sister observing him furtively, had to reconstruct their prior assumption. His indifference to the girl they had chosen for his wife puzzled them.

But they were no more puzzled than he. Many of these young creatures palpitating around him were lovely. And yet they quickened no fire in him; while the other, whom he had known these girls, or most of them, since childhood. About Bonnie (he had already begun to call her Bonnie in his thoughts) he knew almost nothing. He had met her twice, unconventionally, and that was all.

And then, suddenly, Kecey thought he saw the answer. "Yes," he reflected, as he one-stepped in the brilliant maze of life and color and fragrance and luxury, "it must be because she's a mystery, because she's so unconventional."

This, however, did not deter him from trying to find her. His northward flights became of daily occurrence. It was on the fourth day that he sighted the long-lost-for spot. A throb of joy coursed through him like wine.

He dropped to an altitude of 300 feet and, like a mammoth gray bird, he circled slowly above the double-wall. He tried to look through the top grating, but found that it was now covered with thin coarse white cloth through which he could not see. He saw the black men in their white suits working in the field. Then he saw that they had discovered him and made off toward the house. Presently he saw Stryker come from the house, shield his eyes against the sun-glare and gaze at the whirling biplane.

Kecey was half minded to alight, but the next moment something happened that caused him to banish the impulse. He saw Stryker lift something to his arm pit, saw a spurt of smoke, and in a little while heard the report of a rifle. It was with a feeling of guilt rather than of anger that Kecey pointed his craft skyward and flew away. He felt like a trespasser. After all, he had no right to intrude

upon the old hermit, and Kecey was broad-visioned enough to see that his appearance could be construed only as an intrusion.

But he went back again the next day and at a height of 2,000 feet again encircled the place. From the ground his biplane was nothing more than a white speck in the clear summer sky, and the noise of his engine fell far short of the roar of the wind.

These reasons he knew he was unobserved. The strange place with its queer double-walled spread out below him like a stain on a green cloth, and while he sat looking down, wondering what his next move should be, he saw a tiny black spot detach itself from the dark mass and move along a white thread which stretched in an easterly direction.

He surmised that the black spot was an automobile. He knew the thread was a road.

"And perhaps," ran his jubilant thought, "it is she!"

But he was not to be so easily deceived. Immediately he turned his machine toward the east, and as he followed the moving speck he drew gradually nearer the earth. The possibility that he was incurring another encounter with her father heightened the spice of uncertainty.

It was an automobile, as he had supposed, and when the whirr of his propellers became audible to its occupants he saw it stop. He landed in a meadow beside the road, frightening a herd of cows into a panic, then stepped out and walked toward the car.

It was driven by a man whose dead white skin and bullet-shaped head awoke unpleasant memories; but in the tonneau sat Bonnie, alone. She recognized him as he vaulted the fence, and for one instant her blue eyes were red with ineffable joy.

As he approached, however, her demeanor changed, and when she spoke to him it was in the detached, impersonal tone he remembered too well.

"Mr. Kecey, you are making a grave mistake. I warn you again that you are exposing yourself to danger by visiting this neighborhood."

Kecey, hat in hand, smiling up at her, with one foot resting on the step, glanced doubtfully from the tail of his eye at the ex-convict sitting in front, and she, perceiving the glance and placing the right construction on it, said:

"He's a Russian. He doesn't understand a word of English. But you shouldn't do this, Mr. Kecey. It's very unwise." He saw that her eyebrows were drawn together and that her eyes were laden with trouble and sorrow and worry.

"I had to see you," he said. "Why?"

"That," said young Kecey, looking into the velvet pupils of her eyes, "is a question that has troubled me a good deal of late."

(To be continued.)

The Allies' Hope.

The great hope of the future lies in convincing Germany, which has defied the civilized world, that war does not pay, and that those who take the sword must perish. The enemy cannot attribute defeat to lack of preparation, to bad military leadership, or to the malign influence of the accidents of war, for the Germans have been superbly equipped and well led, and fortune has been in their favor and has, at least once, postponed the seemingly assured victory of their enemies. A recognition of defeat will force the German people to the conclusion that they have made the greatest mistake which a nation can make, and will create a resolve to adopt a new way of life. That lesson cannot be learned if the fact of defeat is obscured, and therein lies one of the great difficulties of any discussion of peace terms. A revolution in Germany would alter the whole situation, but it will probably require a startling defeat to bring about a revolution.

Out and In.

The class in natural history being asked to state the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy promptly gave the answer: "A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

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Patriotism in the Bathub. Little Mary is only a scrap of a girl and as lively as a cricket. It was some time before her mother could persuade her to take up knitting, but when at last she did begin no one was more zealous than she to produce writers for the soldiers. It was as difficult to deflect her from her knitting as formerly to entice her from her play.

One Saturday night her mother suggested that she lay aside her knitting and take her bath.

"But, mother," remonstrated Mary, "I must finish this wristlet to-night."

"There's another day coming, Mary. Run along and take your bath. When you are ready I will come and rub your back."

Knowing that further argument would be useless, little Mary finished her needle and whisked away to take her bath. Usually Mary was most expeditious in taking a bath, but to-night a long, long time elapsed and still no call to mother to give the finishing rub.

Finally, becoming uneasy at the long delay, her mother opened the bathroom door and beheld her little daughter sitting up in her arms in the water, with her hands held high, knitting desperately to finish the wristlet.

"Well," said Mary, in response to her mother's exclamation of astonishment and rebuke, "you wanted me to knit, and I'm knitting."

Dumplings can be made with half corn flour.

Sam, the chore man, returned from the city with a scarf pin that contained a "diamond" of no unusual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all enquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wall," said Sam, "if it ain't, I've lost skun out of a half-dollar."

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HUN SPY CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

BOLD GAME PLAYED BY GERMAN AVIATOR

An Incident of the Battlefields, the Truth About Which Will Probably Never Be Known.

In war time spies are everywhere, says a war correspondent, but they do not last long when they play so bold a game as Lieut. Fauxnom played. Perhaps it is wrong, however, to brand Fauxnom as a spy, for it seems incredible that the true Fauxnom could have stooped so low; many persons believe that in some way the Germans managed to get rid of Fauxnom and impersonate him, but the truth is not known.

Fauxnom was an air pilot engaged in regulating artillery fire. He was capable in mathematics and had an excellent eye for distance and direction. On the day planned for our infantry attack near Souilly, we started to open the way for the advance with our batteries of heavy artillery hidden in the woods several miles to the rear. The German lines were invisible from the artillery headquarters, and we were entirely dependent on Fauxnom to direct our fire.

At eight o'clock the bombardment began with a trial shot from each battery. The aerial observer immediately sent down his wireless report. "Direction good. One hundred yds. too long."

The range was accordingly shortened, and a second volley fired.

Again the aviator ticked in his report. "Direction good. Range still too long. Shorten as much as before."

The artillery commander rechecked his calculations and would have sworn they were correct. To make sure, he had the observer repeat his report, and again shortened the range.

A third time the guns roared. "Perfect direction and range," signalled the observer. "Let her go!"

With one voice our hundreds of cannon came into play. So rapid was the service that one report succeeded the other before the echo of the first had died out.

"Hello! Hello! Artillery headquarters! General headquarters speaking! Lengthen your range immediately by three hundred yards and have your commandant report at once in person to the general. You are firing on your own trenches!"

The entire offensive had been delayed and several thousand of our men, massed in the front-line trench for the attack, had been cut to pieces by our misdirected fire.

At first the general refused to listen to the artilleryman, but finally he allowed him to talk. Fauxnom was called down from the air by wireless to explain his reports, which he did so plausibly that the general was undecided where the blame lay and ordered both officers to resume their duties.

True, Frenchman, or German Spy? Later in the day, however, the general again received Fauxnom in the presence of the artilleryman. He had decided to test the loyalty of the aviator.

"There must be no repetition of this morning's error," he said. "You see this point on the map? It is a concrete rampart that shelters the German commandant. I have information that the Crown Prince will be there this afternoon, and I want it annihilated."