

Health Hints -:- Fashions -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

Why Not Eat Insects?

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

There is certainly one excellent reason why we should eat insects—and that is self-defense. It is simply a question of "Do it first," for if we don't eat or otherwise exterminate them, they will do their best to eat us. From the equator to the Arctic circle the battle is on between bugs and bipeds, men and mosquitoes, humans and insects, and there is said to be grave doubt of the final issue in the massive minds of morphologists, which think in terms of continents and eons, whether this present geologic period will in future be known as the Age of Man or the Age of Insects.

However, we are holding our own so far and perhaps a little better, for they don't seem to be any more insects than formerly, and there certainly are more humans—or were until the present war broke out. But what with hookworms within and cutworms without, and grasshoppers and army worms, and boll weevil on the cotton and brown-tails on the shade trees, and worms in the apples and weevils in the wheat, and mosquitoes with their malaria and yellow fever, and the tsetse fly with his sleeping sickness, and the flea with his typhoid, death, and the louse with his typhoid, so say nothing of bees in our harness and the coleoptera that drive us bughouse, "life is simply dodging on a bug after another."

So that if we have to kill them anyway there would be a sense of satisfaction and neatness, not to say economy and consuming our own smoke, in being able to use them for food afterward. But we don't, and why don't we?

Dr. Howard, the distinguished head of the United States bureau of Entomology at Washington, has recently raised the question in practical form. He dug up and collected a pint or so of fat, juicy white "worms," the grubs or larvae of the cicada or seventeen-year locust, sent them with his compliments to the chief cook of the bureau of home economics, who has steady nerves and none of the temperament which marks the born chef and has become accustomed to having experiments sprung on him. This shock-proof expert waved his magic culinary wand over the grubs and transformed them into a rich and appetizing bisque, or puree, which was returned to Dr. Howard, who, summoning up his biologic courage, drank a cupful of the soup, pronounced it excellent, tried it on one of his most docile assistants, and both survived.

There is, of course, no reason whatever why we should not eat insects if they are wholesome, nutritious and available in sufficient amounts at a reasonable price. The only obstacle in the way is our inherited traditions and antipathies.

Dr. Howard has performed a real service in starting to test out the question again upon a purely rational and scientific basis, and it is certainly well worth while giving a fair and impartial trial by economists, dietitians and cooks to every form of insect life which is claimed to be nutritious and can be secured at low price in sufficient amounts.

Boats Past and Present -:- By Garrett P. Serviss.



A Primitive Boat Built of Hollow Reeds and Used by the Natives of Persia

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The invention of boats was the beginning of man's conquest of the world, than which there is no stronger proof than sea-power means world-power. If that invention had not been made we should not today know the true form of the earth, although the ocean is the mother of commerce. Even a lake promotes trade, and rivers are its arteries. So the first savage who launched a boat was one of the world's supreme benefactors. His invention was worth the sum of all that have followed. It is no wonder that antiquity has preserved in so many forms the legend of an ark saving the race of man. The ark is symbolical of human unity.

In studying the history of boats we study the victory of the mind over nature. Think of the thrill that ran through the first boatman, though the boat was only a hollow log! The boy of today experiences it when he embarks on his raft and exultantly sees the sandy bottom of the river or the pond gliding beneath him. He has gone back to the primal human miracle.

It is an ancestral, inherited triumph, ever renewing itself for each individual. Nobody can forget the first boat ride. Nothing tingles the nerves like that. Women are sometimes rendered hysterical by it.

If you take up a volume of the stories of the early navigators of the "south seas" and the Pacific you will find nothing more interesting or characteristic than what they tell of the boats of the islanders. Ingenious, beautiful, even wonderful many of them were. And you will notice this significant fact: The inhabitants of the islands that had the best boats were not only the masters of their neighbors, but the possession of the boats and the mental discipline and manual skill which their invention, construction and management demanded had developed a superiority in their owners.

I am not sure but when the final history of mankind is written it will appear that the noblest of all our achievements, outside the spiritual, has been the boat, the ship. What better emblem could we leave on this planet in commemoration of our practical science? The finest monument of the red man is the birch-bark canoe; that of the white man might be the steamboat.

The steamboat is often said to have destroyed the romance of the sea by driving off the white-winged ships. But the steamboat was inevitable, and if it has banished romance in one

form it has summoned it back in another.

There is one glory of the old two-decker frigate, with its mighty spars and yards, its vast snowy sails, and its teeth-like row of cannon, and another glory of the terrible dreadnought, with its volcanic smoke, its huge turrets of steel, and its long-throated guns, whose meteoric projectiles are swifter than the thunder of battle.

So, too, a new element of romance has come into being with the great, clean, steady, smooth-running passenger liners, which are floating cities, communities, hotels, restaurants, salons, libraries, that speed over the deep outstripping the wind and beating the waves. Writers of fiction have found them not less prolific than their slow-sailing, deep-pitching predecessors.

The engine rooms and furnace rooms of a steamship effect the imagination like Miltonic images. Kipling, Conrad and perhaps a few others have put something of their spirit into literature, but upon the whole they remain as yet unexpressed. Thomas De Quincey could have conceived a tremendous "dream fugue" from them.

The gondola of Venice, the canoe of aboriginal America, the pirogue of the south seas, seem more poetical than the modern motorboat, but essentially they are not. We do not appreciate the poetry of pistons, driving rods, explosion chambers, spark gaps, speed gears, propellers and turbines because we still hold purely mechanical views concerning them. But the romance will come when we cease to think of the machinery.

Do You Know That--

- Dirty hands spread much disease?
- A high-bred dog has a right to have his birth registered—so has a baby?
- The United States public health service guards American ports to exclude foreign disease?
- Health is a credit with the bank of nature?
- A clean garbage can is a good example to the family?
- Filth breeds flies—flies carry fever?
- Slouchy postures menace health?
- Health brings happiness—sickness sorrow?

Household Suggestions

For waterproofing boots and shoes equal quantities of white wax, olive oil and rectified lard, melted down, make an excellent mixture, but a little oil of turpentine should also be added.

Before starting to clean windows carefully brush all dust off the frames. Also add a few drops of kerosene to the water used for cleaning. It gives the glass a much brighter and more crystalline appearance.

To whiten handkerchiefs which have become a bad color, soak them for a night in a solution of pipeclay and warm water. Wash and boil them next day in the usual way, and they will be beautifully white.

Try
Jap
Rose The wonderful "Sunday Morning
Bath"
Soap

Her Child



BY WILLIAM F. KIRK.

THEY spoke of valor and of skill,
Of heroes charging up a hill;
Of one who led these heroes well
Through smoke and lead and flying shell.
They told of how the leader fell,
"I see him now," the mother smiled:
"He was my child!"
They spoke of patience, and they told
How, when the night was growing old,
He passed along the silent line
Of warriors waiting for the sign;
They called him brave. The mother smiled!
"He was my child!"
They told of how the charge was won
O'er silent forms, past roaring gun,
And how a tall boy led them well
And led them, smiling, when he fell.
They heard her say with holy joy:
"He was my child!"

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE



Cheese Souffle

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

This cheese souffle is delicious and the recipe is easily prepared. Take half a cup of fine flour, half a cup of butter, three raw yolks of eggs, a pinch of pepper, a saltspoonful of salt, and mix these with one pint of cold milk, stir over the fire till it boils, then add two more table-spoonfuls of cold milk, six ounces of grated parmesan cheese and five whites of eggs, whipped stiff, with a pinch of salt. Butter a souffle dish and fix around

a band of buttered paper so as to stand two or three inches above the edge of the dish; pour in the above souffle mixture, sprinkle the top with a few browned bread crumbs, put a few little pieces of butter here and there on the top to keep it moist, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, remove the paper and serve at once; a little grated cheese may be sprinkled on the top, if liked. This is a good dish for luncheon, or for a second course or savoury at dinner; it can also be cooked in little fancy cases. Tomorrow—Stuffed Tomatoes.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me if I did right in refusing an invitation to my girl friend's house when the rest of the family was away, I knowing that we would be alone.
When she asked me I thought the best way to avoid talk, which is so often unkind, was to decline. D. U. C.
Explain your attitude carefully to this young girl. She probably is a nice minded girl who does not realize the tendency of the world to gossip and the amount of weight a man who really cares for a girl has sometimes to give to it in order to protect her name. As a matter of fact I think there was no real necessity for you to act as you did, since it is too bad to put one's self in the ranks of the evil minded. After all, if the girl was going to be alone she may have wanted companionship because she was lonely or timid, and she may have turned to you as her best and most trusted friend.

"I Do Not Believe in Love."
Dear Miss Fairfax: Would you advise me to marry a young man who is intelligent and wealthy, but short and homely? Love is not being considered in this question. I do not believe in love.
If you will answer this question for me I will greatly appreciate it. ROSE LITTLE.
So you do not "believe in love"? Well, my dear girl, the matter cannot be settled offhand, like that. Love and emotion always have been and always will be factors in life. The fact that a man is short and not good looking need not make a girl feel that he is undesirable as a husband, provided she loves him. But I advise strongly against her going into this thing so cold-bloodedly.



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To Prepare the Berries Wash 1 qt. berries, stem and slice in this solution, aerate with 1 pt. of water; let stand for 1 hour.

Strawberry Sponge Cake
Whites of 4 eggs
Yolks of 8 eggs
1/2 teaspoonful extract of lemon
1/2 cup Swans Down Cake Flour
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup whipping cream
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup whipping cream

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