

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Science

Scorpions That Devour Their Young: A Lesson to Two-Legged Animals

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

One of the strangest legends of antiquity is the old Greek story of Saturn, the father of the gods (also called Kronos, or "Time"), devouring his own children. Some ingenious speculators have endeavored to account for this curious tradition by supposing that some of the ancients had invented the telescope and discovered, thousands of years before Galileo, the rings of the planet Saturn. But their telescope being small, they only saw the rings, as Galileo himself did at first, as appendages, on two sides of the planet, which grew gradually larger and then slowly disappeared, as if the planet had first created and then swallowed them. The telescope being afterward forgotten, without having been brought to perfection, the legend arose that Saturn was a cannibal, eating his own offspring!

However this may be, the story about Saturn could well have had a much less ingenious origin. Men had plenty of instances of cannibalism before their



In the top picture is shown a scorpion devouring one of its kind. Nothing is seen of the victim but its last three divisions and its sting. The bottom picture shows a mother scorpion devouring her young.

eyes on their own planet, and, in fact, their own race had begun with cannibal proclivities in the days of the cave men. The old myth-makers never had any hesitation in ascribing to the gods human qualities and weaknesses, and that tendency has not disappeared yet, as witness the almost universal habit of thinking of the Supreme Power of the universe as a kind of omnipotent man!

But while we civilized beings have no ourselves of the terrible habit of devouring our own kind—at least in a gastronomic way—many of the lower animals still practice that kind of struggle for existence, and no doubt will always continue to do so.

An instance of cannibalism of the most remarkable kind is shown in the accompanying photographs, where we see in one case a scorpion swallowing another adult scorpion, which he has overcome in battle, and in the other a female scorpion devouring with awful zest a whole flock of her own progeny!

Nature is a great teacher, but it as frequently teaches us what to avoid as what to imitate. And there is a deeper

side of her lessons which we do not always perceive.

We shudder when we look at the photograph of the mother animal eagerly devouring her children, holding two of them in her merciless nippers and crushing another in her jaws, while a double score of others, innocent in their trustfulness, crowd before her, ignorant of the fate that maternal greediness holds in store for them. We thank heaven that men and women no longer indulge in such satanic feasts!

But are we justified in our self-gratulation? The poor scorpion has no moral sentiments to teach her the horror of her deed. She has no highly organized brain to enable her to reason on the nature of that murderous act. She simply obeys brute instinct. But we have both moral sentiment and reason, and yet we devour our kind!

We do not eat children, but we live upon their life-blood whenever we send them to wear out their tender bodies and wither their hearts and their brains in roaring factories and stifling tenements, where the modern Moloch, the Money

god, devours his sacrifices.

Commercial and industrial civilization has a cannibalistic strain in its nature which can be worked out if we will that it shall go out, but which is capable of ruling nations and races today as effectively as it did in the time of Tyre and Carthage.

It is well to think a little on the nature of cannibalism. The brute animal knows it in only one of its forms, and does not understand it then; but we know, though we may try to shut our eyes to the fact, that there is a moral cannibalism also, which is more destructive than the other, and yet it is practiced by the only animal on this earth that is capable of comprehending the nature and consequences of its acts and of defying, if it will, the terrible law of the struggle for existence.

For what were our brain and our moral sentiments given to us if we cannot with their aid and guidance keep the most brutal of mere animal instincts from reappearing in another and more dreadful form upon the higher level to which intelligence has raised us?

The Wife Who Spends Her Husband's Money

By DOROTHY DIX

When a young man asks a girl's hand in marriage the first question that her father puts to him is, "Can you support my daughter in comfort?"

No kind and thoughtful parent, however, ever takes the trouble to ask a prospective bride, "Can you spend wisely and judiciously my son's hard-earned money?"

Yet the one thing is just as important as the other, and the happiness and success of any marriage depends just as surely on the wife's ability to get the full purchasing power out of a dollar as it does upon the husband's ability to make that dollar. The never-dowell of a man does not more surely bring a family to want and poverty than the thriftless and wasteful woman does.

There is a homely old proverb that says that a woman can throw more out of the back door with a teaspoon than a man can put in at the front door with a shovel. And it's true. No man, unless he is a financial wizard, can make any headway against the extravagance of a wife. It is his wife's discretion as a spender that settles the average man's fate for him, and determines whether he is to sit on a bookkeeper's stool or stand behind the counter the balance of his life, or whether he is going to be well to do and prosperous when he is middle-aged.

When you see the young wife of a man on a moderate salary always dressed up in the very latest cut in fashion, when you meet her at matinees every week and watch her having tea at a smart hotel afterward, when you encounter her in the butcher shop negligently ordering sweetbreads and squabs, you don't have to go to any fortune teller to forecast the future of her husband and herself.

You can do that for yourself. You can see a stoop-shouldered man growing more and more discouraged as the years go by, and he has nothing to show for his labor except a mountain of receipted bills, and at the end of it all you see a man dead from overwork or thrown out of his job into hopeless poverty into which he sinks.

On the other hand, when you see the wife of a poor young man who does her own housework and makes her own frocks and who buys the cheap cuts of meat at the butcher shop and is particular about having the bones and trimmings sent home, you are equally able to forecast the future for her and her husband. And you see diamonds and motor cars festooning her horizon along about the time she is 30.

There is nothing new in these statements. Everybody has seen hundreds of such cases. Everybody can recite to you dozens of instances in their personal knowledge of men who have been ruined by their wives' extravagance or made by their wives' thrift. Every mother and father pray that their own son will get a wife who has the saving bank habit instead of the bargain counter mania, yet nobody takes a finer care to prevent a catastrophe that threatens every man who gets married and every family that is started.

When a woman is wasteful and extravagant, and throws her husband's good money away we blame her, and say all the hard things about her that we can think of. It's a cruel injustice. It isn't her fault. It's the fault of the idiotic way in which we bring girls up.

We don't teach them the value of money. We don't teach them how to spend it, and to expect them to make a wise use of it is as unreasonable as to expect a land lubber to know how to pilot a ship.

The average girl, until she gets married, has never had the spending of a dollar. Her father has paid her bills, and her mother has decided what she could buy. A little change for street car and soda water is about all the money that has ever jingled in her purse. She has never had any fixed allowance for her clothes and personal expenses, and so has never realized that if she paid too much for a hat she would have to do without a dress, and that you can't spend your money and have it too.

Parents are so afraid that their daughters will waste their money that they let the girl learn how to spend on her husband's earnings, which is pretty hard on the husband.

It isn't the girl's fault that she doesn't know how to spend her husband's money wisely. It's the fault of her parents who have not taught her one of the most important lessons in life. That this is true is abundantly proven by the fact that women who have earned their own living before they were married, and who have learned to spend their money, are almost invariably economical and thrifty managers and help to their husbands.

There is no greater injustice in the world than the way women are treated about money. A woman without money is the most forlorn and piteous creature on earth. She is in a thousand times worse plight, and more danger, than a man is under similar circumstances, yet fathers do not concern themselves to try to protect their daughters against such a fate.

Boys are given money of their own when they are little fellows in order that they may learn to handle it, but the little girl is left to find out the important lessons of knowledge the best way she can. A boy is fitted for some occupation whereby he may support himself in comfort. A girl's living is left to chance. She isn't taught any way by which she can keep herself out of the poorhouse if she doesn't marry, or if her husband should die and leave her penniless.

A rich man leaves his daughter a fortune, but he has not taught her one thing about how to take care of it, and she is left to the mercy of executors and lawyers, and she doesn't even know enough to keep herself from being swindled.

Perhaps some day men will realize that the only way to protect themselves is to teach women how to handle money by giving them a definite sum for their own, instead of making them do the mendicant act for every cent they get. Then we shall hear less about extravagant wives. It's ignorance, not viciousness, that makes women waste money.

Beauty

"My Ideal of Beauty is Health," Says Blanche Ring; and Other Valuable Hints



Beauty is health. Health does not exist in the laggard, leathery-skinned woman. Fat is not pretty. Those who find it threatening them should avoid potatoes, food prepared in oils and sugar products. Magnetism, sweetness of disposition and willingness to work are all aids to beauty.

Miss Blanche Ring.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"You would never dream of setting a diamond in paste, would you?" said every one's favorite, Blanche Ring. And in the deep underlying philosophy of the magnetic comedienne's remark lies the secret of the popularity and charm that places the jewel of her beauty in a worthy setting.

"A theatrical star surrounded by a group of poor players, so that her personality may be exploited and may occupy the center of the stage and of the attention is not giving her public what it wants. If she has real merit it will be enhanced by the presence of clever people about her—well, Miss Beauty Editor, can't you apply that rule to beauty all through life?"

Indeed you can—for beauty that rests the eye and has no further power to charm may exist in the person of a slovenly, ignorant, unlovely creature who has only the picture qualities of a perfect animal, while true beauty must appeal to mind and heart as well as to the vision.

"You would never dream of setting a diamond in paste," I quoted to the author of the remark. Now, Miss Ring, exactly what is your ideal of beauty and your idea of the setting therefore?"

"My ideal of beauty is health," answered Miss Ring, with prompt certainty. "And health does not exist in the laggard, leathery-skinned woman who has doted herself into a state of neurasthenia. The healthy woman is at her normal weight, whether that be pleasing plumpness or sylph-like slimmness—and she has not the nervous, heavy-eyed look of the woman who lives on a cracker and an apple a day so she can persuade a figure that might be a healthy looking thirty-eight to a shadowy poster that measures about thirty inches about its greatest girth."

"Of course, fat is not pretty—and if a woman finds it threatening her she would do well to avoid potatoes, bread, rich gravies and food prepared in oils and sugar products. But after a woman

reaches 30 the red blood corpuscles go on a long holiday and she had better not hasten their demise by furiously banting herself to a consumptive shadow—or any strain through over-exercise. No, let her live out of doors all she can—swimming, tennis and gardening are the most delightful summer exercises, and a simple, sane diet with this little secret to help it along will do wonders to bring on attractive slenderness without painful scrawnniness.

"Here is the secret: One day of every week live on this menu for each of the three meals: For breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner eat a baked potato seasoned with a bit of butter, some skimmed milk and pepper and salt to taste. Then you will have the proper compound of substance and shadow!"

"And for the setting of this properly slender figure?" I queried.

"Well," said the beautiful friend of every one who has ever seen her, "the world does not owe me a living, but I owe the world a great deal in return for all it has done for me. So, I try to give all I can in affection, in interest and in earnest effort to the world. I think it would be a good plan for girls to think less about what they have a right to expect from life, and to make sure that they are giving life all it has a right to expect from them; a happy, amiable expression and a sunny nature to account for it are bound to result from that attitude."

"But I started to tell you what I think forms the most beautiful setting for beauty—which is health. Magnetism, sweetness of disposition and joyous willingness to work. The last two one can cultivate, but the magnetism, charm, the power that breaks down walls of indifference and of possible misunderstanding between human and human—that is the gift women long mean to possess—and it is the hardest thing in all the world to analyze."

"The nearest I can come to explaining my idea of magnetism is to suggest that women give all they can to life in love, in effort and in the desire to make others happy. Perhaps in this way they can add

the final jewel to the setting about their beauty—at least, so it seems to me.

"Seema, madame! Nay, 'tis not 'seema.' For the woman whose power reaches over footlights and luncheon tables alike is the spirit of beauty and magnetism incarnate—so her little suggestions for magnetism may surely point the way to all beauty-seekers."

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The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"What's this I hear about you and Marie having a date?" asked the head waitress of the steady customer in the Cafe L'Enfant.

"Nothing to it," he replied. "Where did you get it?"

"From Mr. Flakes, the manager," said the head waitress. "And he told me he had it straight, too. He said that Marie asked for an hour off so she could get all dolled up to go out with you. Of course, it ain't none of my business, and—"

"Cut it out," interrupted the steady customer. "Mr. Flakes is kidding you, or Marie is kidding him. Not that I wouldn't dearly love to take both you and Marie out any time, but I'm getting too old to go gallivanting around with two such beautiful dames."

"I guess Marie was kidding," said the head waitress. "All them cashiers, you see, they're all kidding. Especially the blondes. You see, every guy that goes up to the desk

lands out something foolish while he's paying his check, and Marie has to take them with the other or they'd be broken-hearted. I don't see much nourishment in it myself, but all those poor boobies act as if one smile from the cashier had taken ten years off their age, and they go out simpering like a lot of love-sick swines."

"Swains, I suppose you mean," corrected the steady customer.

"Have it your own way," said the head waitress, "you literary guys is great sticklers for correct pronouncements, ain't you. Well, I'm glad to hear you ain't fallen for no blonde, because I've taken an interest in you and I'd hate to see you going nutty over a pair of big eyes and a golden dome. Not that Marie ain't a nice girl, and one of the nicest I ever seen, but she shouldn't be wasting her time with any of you newspaper guys."

"What's the matter with us?" asked the steady customer. "I'm surprised to hear you talk that way, Louise."

"Are you?" said she. "Well, long ago in the dim, distant past, I showered my young and innocent affections on one of you literary blokes, and for a time I was in the seventh heaven of happiness. It used to write me poems, too, read love ones. I remember one that went something like this:

"Louise, Louise, you little tease, I'm really mad about you, You say you truly love me, dear, I'd hate to ever doubt you, Some day we'll married be, and then Our lives we'll link together, And travel down the broad highway No matter what the weather."

"Pretty good," said the steady customer. "Oh, yes, I raved about it," said the head waitress, "until I found out that he was travelling down the 'broad highway' with about nine others."

"But that's no reason why you should be down on all literary lights," exclaimed the steady customer.

"A child once stung, never goes back to the bee-hive, as Kipling says," replied Louise, "and believe me Kipling was right."

Charlotte Corday

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The execution of Charlotte Corday by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, 130 years ago, will always challenge the attention of the readers of history.

Charlotte Corday was born at St. Barthelemy in 1778. The best of France ran in her veins, and everything goes to show that, waving the single enthusiasm that ended in the death of Marat, she was a perfectly normal young woman.

After being educated in the local convent, Charlotte went to live with a cultured aunt, in whose house, during her lonely days, she read freely the works of Voltaire and the other philosophers—rather strange mental pabulum for a girl just graduated from a convent.

It seems that Gen was the headquarters of the Girondins of that section of France, and after listening to love with their cause, and when, later on, the Girondins were overthrown and many of their great leaders sent to the guillotine by Marat, she resolved to end his career.

With a calmness and directness almost without precedent in the history of assassination, she went to Paris, sought out the object of her wrath and plunged her dagger into his heart. When brought before the revolutionary tribunal and asked what she had to say, her answer was:

"Nothing, except that I have succeeded." With the cool courage that was next door to sublimity, the young woman passed out from the tribunal to her doom, her mind unclouded, her character unspotted.

Marat, the unsuspecting victim of Charlotte's dagger, was about the only one of the revolutionists who had the full courage of his convictions.



FRECKLES

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This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by The Beaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

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Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ointment; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.