

Overhead—But “Underground”

MALTHUS WAS RIGHT.

The fight for room and sustenance becomes ever more bitter. It has driven a lot of little fellows to strange shifts.

They are among the world's keenest competitors for food. Four families of them make up the bulk of the animal population on the globe. In one stage of the life cycle they have chosen the interior of leaves where there is protecting and abundant food—and where quarters are almost as crowded as in a Park Avenue apartment.

Here their operations rival those of the men who dig in the earth for coal and other precious stone. They tunnel winding galleries, or excavate broad chambers between the upper and nether “skin” of the leaf. Some of them find room to stow waste away in a corner and spin a screen of white silk to cover it.

They are the leaf-mining insects—really the larvae of moths and beetles and flies. And leaf-miners are everywhere; in every lane and fence-row one may find their signatures. They take the first table at the Green Leaf Banquet—for green leaves are the world's dependence for food supply.

The story of these highly important (economically and ecologically) and interesting little chaps is told most entertainingly in

LEAF MINING INSECTS

By JAMES G. NEEDHAM of Cornell University, STUART W. FROST and BEATRICE H. TOTHILL.

The aim has been to offer an untechnical introduction to the study of leaf-miners for the student and general reader; to give an account of their natural history sufficiently detailed to be useful to the working ecologist, professional or amateur; and to provide lists of leaf-miners, their host-plants and technical papers concerning them, adequate for the specialist.

A brand new book. Indispensable to the school library. Just the thing for nature lovers who like to delve beneath the obvious.

Cloth bound. 6 x 9. viii & 351 pages. 91 illustrations. Classified bibliography. Index. Price, \$6.00 postpaid

SPEAKING OF FOOD:

Human beings also eat, and on what they eat depends health and oft-times wealth and happiness.

The chemist in his laboratory has taught us much about our food supply during the last quarter century—that all is not food that is chewable. We have learned to talk glibly about nutrients and calories and the curious food factors to which the name *vitamin* has been given.

Naturally the new information, coupled frequently with partial knowledge of it, has produced its appropriate share of food faddism and indiscreet claims. We are still far from knowing all about food factors, though we do know a great deal more than we did. In

NUTRITION

By WALTER H. EDDY, there is set forth a conservative statement of the things we know and why we know them, in language for the general reader—a summary of the results of these years of research and investigation, pleasingly presented by one who ranks high among the nutrition experts of the world. Dr. Eddy is Professor of Physiological Chemistry at Teachers College, Columbia, and Associate Director of the Bureau of Foods and Sanitation of “Good Housekeeping” magazine. He is the author of the popular *Vitamin Manual*.

The new book is in two parts, one dealing with general food requirements, the other with vitamin requirements. It tells what must go into a diet to make it complete; how these factors are measured; what calories are; how much protein, and how much fat and starch we should eat and why; why we require certain inorganic nutrients, minerals like iodine and calcium and iron.

In Part II we learn what vitamins are, and something of the history of their discovery; what we know of the different kinds; how food is tested for vitamin content, how cooking affects the vitamins; how vitamins function in the body; how to select them.

Clothbound. 225 pages. Index.

The price is \$2.50

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Domesticity in the Zoo

^{Zoology}
TH. KNOTTNERUS-MEYER, in *Birds and Beasts of the Roman Zoo* (Century):

A true original was Mascalzone (Scamp), an old hamadryas baboon, one of whose eyes had been put out by a brutal sailor; but he was still able to grumble and scold about everything he saw, just as well as any two-eyed baboon; for a true baboon is always cross about everything. Mascalzone had already a history; he had been employed at a bacteriological station in Eritrea, and there, as an old acquaintance of his informed me, he used, when given an injection, to acknowledge it by a military salute. He did not really deserve his name. Although choleric, he was a good fellow, never treacherous, and would offer his hand and rejoice whenever one went to see him.

With the monkeys in the next cage, whom he could see through the intervening bars, Mascalzone lived in a state of continual warfare. One could hear his cries almost all day long. The hay and sand would fly about the cage, and now and again his worldly-wise wife would bear the brunt of his anger. At such times Teresa would bow her head and sham dead until the storm was over. But he never really hurt her. At meal-times he would sometimes seize her by the neck with one hand and with the other would open her mouth and look into it, but he never took anything from her. Teresa, though meekly complaining, would accommodate herself to his humor.

Teresa too had a varied past behind her; she had once been a circus performer. She had first and last many successive husbands; and in course of time developed a regular system of handling strong though not silent men; her last two husbands she completely mastered.

Mascalzone's death was tragic. During a violent thunderstorm a very loud thunderclap frightened the warlike Mascalzone so that he fell dead from the top of the cage. Healthy and lively as he was, he had died of fright.

Science News-Letter, June 16, 1928

The most completely preserved of the medieval crusaders' castles in Syria is to be studied by a scientific mission.

A recent electrical exhibit is a lawn mower which operates from house current and uses about the same amount of electricity as an electric iron.