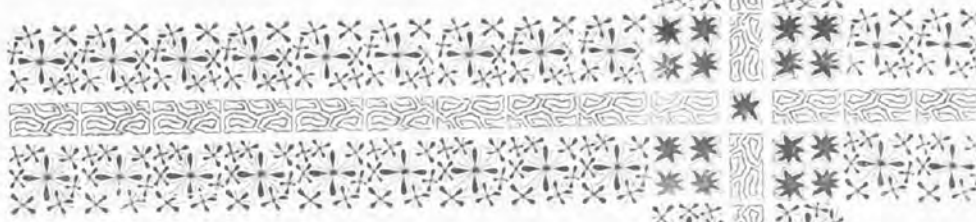


Three cents per copy. Yearly subscriptions
25 cents. Publishers, J. S. & B. Bros.



The Grand
A Very Literary Monthly

2 HE
1 NERPOZIGAN
MAGAZINE.



MAY

No. 5

VOL. I.

Crawford 2509(2)



TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION. THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

EXCHANGE WITH US

THE INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1898.

No. 5.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

An illustrated sketch of the massive building in which the government will have their grand exhibit.

The United States Government building, erected as the name implies by the U.S. Government, is situated at the west end of the lagoon. It faces the main group of buildings and thus holds the seat of honor at the Exposition.

It is a massive building, and being of the Ionic order, it is an imposing structure. It was designed under the direction of Mr. Charles E. Kemper, supervising Architect of the Treasury Department at Washington D. C.

The building is arranged in three sections, which at the centre have a frontage on the lake, of 208 feet, and a height, at the balustrade above the cornice, of 58 feet.

The main entrance, along with the central section of the building, will be richly treated in coloring. The entrance, on either side, is flanked by pavilions capped by richly decorated domes. It will be reached by a broad flight of steps through the colonade.

The colossal dome which will surmount the main building will tower far above the other buildings. On this dome is an heroic statue representing "Liberty Enlightening the World." At night, the torch, which this figure holds, will be lighted by electricity. This torch will be 178 feet above the grounds.

The side sections, which are separated from the central portion of the building by colonades connecting with the Agricultural building on the one side and the Auditorium on the other, each have a frontage of 148 and are 100 feet deep, and are 44 feet high up to the top of the balustrade. This makes the entire length of the building 504 feet and the height at the pinnacle, 178 feet. The floor area devoted to exhibits, will approximate 50,000 square feet. From these dimensions, it can easily be seen that there is no exaggeration when it is put down as a massive building.

A Tale of The Iroquois.

Long ago in the shadows of the past, among the towering crags and fertile valleys of the Catskills, there lived a certain Iroquois by the name of Ge-non-wah. He was a bold and distinguished warrior, very fond of sports, being the most skilled huntsman in his nation, but alas, too fond of matters not his own. Tall, graceful, muscular, he was in all a handsome fellow, but then again to look upon his countenance, the assertion would be doubtful. He might have been, for that was long ago, and we can only judge from the stories as related by his Indian ancestors.

The mountains were held in a superstitious fear by the Iroquois, for they were beleived to be haunted by innumerable spirits, who governed and influenced the weather, spreading sunshine over all or covering the sky with clouds and the earth with darkness, bringing the snows, and the cold and bitter winters, and the rains, with the ever looked for spring, in short producing in all, the good and bad hunting seasons.

An old squaw, whom the Indians beleived was their mother, supervised the workings of these spirits. She commanded the doors of day, opening them at dawn, and closing them at twilight. She was the originator of all the constellations, the new moons she hung up in the heavens, removing the old ones, which she cut into

pieces, casting them into space to form the stars.*

As the tradition runs, in the most wild and desert part of the Catskills, a Manitou had his abode, roaming over barren rocks, hiding in deep recesses, and strolling through dark and tangled forests, where he would play countless diabolical tricks on the Indians. He ruled the evil elements and took much pleasure in wreaking dreadful vengeance on all of those unfortunates who spoke of his name lightly, and many evils and vexatories, of all descriptions on the unoffending red men.

Many are the wierd stories told of his many grievances, for he would often take the form of a stag, and lure the exited hunter through forests, over mountain streams and densely woven underbrush and ragged rocks, then jumping suddenly away would vanish, leaving the astonished hunter at the brink of a yawning chasm.

The Manitou's favorite haunt is still shown, a grand and facinating picture, far up on one of the highest parts of the mountain, mansion in itself and covered with a solid mass of creeping verdure, which blossoms in the summer, a solid wall of snow-white flowers, giving it the appearance of some crumbled work of the ancient Spartans.

A certain dread hangs around this rock, the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts, for fear of some awful

calamity befalling them. Indeed it is an awsome place.

It was a bright sunny day in May, a few fleecy clouds floated in the clear blue sky; far and wide spread earth's green mantle, decked here and there with bright colored flowers and an occasional bush, and in the distance rose the purple outlines of the Catskills.

Across this landscape Genonwah chased an escaping antelope, and heeding neither the time nor place, pursued his game into the depths of a great forest. Farther, and farther, in his excitement, did he penetrate into the darkening shadows of the wood, until, the antelope being lost to sight, he halted to ascertain his position.

This he was unable to do, for his surroundings he had never before seen. In vain he hunted for some familiar sign, and just as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, he emerged before the Gargen Rock.

He was horrified; paralyzed, and

for some time, stood staring fixedly at the scene before him with fear, but by degrees, his dread and apprehension subsided, and he ventured to look about him. For a time curiosity seemed to conquer his alarm, and he concluded to explore this strange vicinity.

He had made a minute examination, when he discovered a number of gourds placed in the notches of trees. He snatched one of these and turned to run, but in the hurry of his retreat, it slipped from his fingers and fell among the rocks. Immediately a great stream gushed forth, washing this unlucky Indian in its course, over rocks and fallen trees, and down steep precipices, when he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, where it continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill.

Blotter, Esq.



Luck.

Luck never made a martyr strong
 To suffer for the true and right;
 Luck never wrote a deathless song,
 Or armed a cheiftain for the fight.

—Thomas F. Porter.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

Conducted by Mr. A. Groh.

One of the latest attempts to make a bicycle tire which shall have the elasticity of the pneumatic and yet be non-puncturable, is to fill the inside of the tire with sections of soft cork with an aluminum wire running through the middle to keep them in position.

Here is a scientific document which is not compiled with the exactness of most papers of its kind. The welfare of the patient would probably depend on the liberality of the druggist. It was written by an old Wisconsin horse doctor as follows:

For sick boss
take 5 cents with rubarb
2 cents with calomel
4 cents with sulphur
give the boss once a day, when the boss
gets well hold on to the medicine.

It is reported that a missionary in China, has invented a Chinese typewriter. As the Celestial alphabet is made up of over 4,000 characters this is no easy task. The machine consists of some 20 wheels each about a foot in diameter. On the rims of these wheels are the letters. There are two levers, one of which puts the proper letter in position, while the other stamps it on the paper.

Houses in Boise City, Idaho.

are to be heated by water drawn from a lake 400 feet below the surface of the ground. The temperature of the water is 170 deg. F.

The largest printing press is owned by the New York World. It measures 30x15x8 ft. weighs 70 tons and consists of over 40,000 separate pieces. Papers can be printed on this monstrous machine, at a rate of from 12,000 to 40,000 per hour, the rate varying according to the size of the paper.

Paper is manufactured from wood, and not from rags, as many people think. Spruce and poplar are best adapted for this purpose. The wood is chopped fine and acted upon by acids to extract all cellular material, leaving only the fibre. This is then mashed into pulp and finally pressed into sheets of paper. On very poor paper the fibre may sometimes be seen with the naked eye.

Many scientists now hold that the eating of a light luncheon immediately before retiring is not injurious to health, but that on the contrary, it is beneficial. Of course a heavy meal must not be eaten, but only something light, as a glass of bread and milk, an apple, or even a piece of good, tender meat.

Dick Rensford.

Or Derrington's Championship Match.

.....By Jennings.

Ethel caught the words, and gave a little scream and Mr. Dentrof paled somewhat; then he said, "where is your evidence?" "I have evidence enough," said Joe, "look here," and he handed Uncle Jack a letter. But even this did not convince him, and he said, "send for Dick, and see how he takes it." Ethel would not believe it at first but on examining the letter, she wavered an instant and then thought to herself, "there can be no doubt but that he is guilty. But how could Dick have done it?"

As Dick came running up, he heard Mr. Dentrof say, "well so you're going to sell the game, are you?". "What?" shouted Dick, turning red and white by turns. "Yes, I mean what I say," said Mr. Dentrof, "I have a letter here which is sufficient proof, and your actions now convince me of your guilt."

"How dare you accuse me of such a thing?" said Dick. "It makes no difference who is your accuser or anything else, but just get out of here as quick as possible," replied Mr. Dentrof.

Poor Dick was in anguish. Mr. Dentrof's language made him feel

uncomfortable, but what hurt him most was the look Ethel gave him, a look in which anger and pity were mingled, he turned as a last resort to her and said, "Ethel do you believe me capable of such a thing?" Her answer, "oh Dick how could you?" dazed him and with bowed head, silent and alone he walked from the field.

The report that Dick Rensford had intended to sell the game spread rapidly and much excitement resulted, but this was calmed by the appearance of Joe Black in the box as pitcher for Derrington. The game was played with not the anticipated results, 12 to 6 in Stratford's favor tells the story of the game.

Uncle Jack had promised a reception that evening if Derrington won but there was no merry-making that night, all the town-folk were too much occupied with the sad events of the day, all except Joe Black, and though Dick Rensford was out of his way now, even he was not happy, for things had not gone as he had pictured them. Ethel had not come to him and thanked him as the nine's deliverer

etc., etc., but instead she had regarded him with scorn and consequently Joe was not in the best of spirits.

* * *

Two years had passed since that memorable match between Stratford and Derrington, and in the course of those years, some startling circumstances had been brought to light, one of which was that Dick Rensford had never intended to sell that game. Upon receiving this intelligence, Uncle Jack tried hard to find the perpetrator, but as yet had not succeeded, he also tried hard to find the whereabouts of Dick Rensford but in this he also had failed.

It was, as before stated, two years since the last match had been played, and on the eve of another game with the same team:

At two o'clock next day, the game was to be played, and at the appointed time, everything was in readiness for the game except the pitcher for Derrington: Joe Black had not yet arrived. They waited in vain, for no Joe appeared on the scene.

After fifteen minutes of waiting, a young man was seen to run out in the field: he wore no uniform. After speaking a few words to the players, - who all seemed to recognize him -, he took the ball, and stepped up to the pitcher's box. The first man up to bat for Stratford struck out, the second man also hit the air three times. The Derrington people now be-

came very much interested, and on close examination, someone in the crowd shouted, "why it's Dick Rensford!" The people around took up the name and it was soon being shouted by every Derrington person. Cheer after cheer went up for the young man who had been so unjustly accused two years ago. The game went on as it had begun: no Stratford man being able to hit the ball effectively, and at the end of the ninth inning the score stood 6 — 0 in Derrington's favor. The people of Derrington were wild with delight and joy, and they gave full vent to their feelings by shouting until they were hoarse. Dick was elevated to the shoulders of his fellow-players and marched around the field.

Uncle Jack had promised them a big party, if they won, which was to be held on the evening immediately following the victory, and now at last they had won a game, and by that game, a championship.

But where is Dick? We find him with Uncle Jack in his carriage, on his way to the home, which he knew of old, and to which he was now going again to experience the same joys, which it seemed he had experienced years ago, "and now," he thought to himself, "I will appreciate them much more than I did before."

On the way, Uncle Jack explained to Dick that the reason for

Ethel's absence from the game was that she did not care to go to baseball games any more because the last one she had attended had spoiled her happiness and peace of mind in such a way that she had not yet recovered. To this explanation Dick listened with rapt attention and replied that he would endeavor to revive her interest in the game.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Western League season opened Apr. 21, and the Omaha team was represented by the following players:— Griffin, center field, Burnett, left field, Lawler, right field, Roat, short stop, Lyons, 1 base, McKinney, 2 base, Eustace, 3 base, McCauley, catcher, Fisher, pitcher.

President Schuman of the Omaha club has arrived, and O'Brien has left for parts unknown.

Pitcher Fisher has been chosen manager and captain of the Omahas.

Hemming will play in Springfield Mass.

Kid Fear is in Omaha but will not play here.

Schral the new outfielder comes from Cincinnati.

Claud Rodman of Omaha will play in Grand Rapids.

Mobile beat Montgomery in the opening game.

Bobby Mathews the famous pitcher died last week.

Anson will not gain possession of the Chicago team, having failed to raise the \$150,000 required.

Dahlen will captain the Chicago team this year.

Dohoney pitched the first game for New York.

Since Omaha is again a factor in base ball, it would not be out of place to take a look at her past record.

In 1887 she finished 6th in the western league with the following players:— Bandle, Janton, catchers Healy, Birtson, O'Leary pitchers Dwyer 1st base, Swift 2nd base, Walsh s.s., Bader, Genise and Messiet, fielders.

In 1888 the team finished 4th in the new Western Association with the following players,

Cooney, Nagle c., Lovett, Clark, Burdick, pitchers, O'Connell 1st b., Crooks 2nd b., Miller s.s., Tebeau 3rd b. Fielders Burns, Annis, and McGarr.

In 1889 the team won the pennant with players as follows:—

Nagle, Cooney, c., Nichols, Clark, Knell, p., Andrews, 1b., Crooks, 2b., Walsh s.s., Cleveland, 3b., Connovan, Willis and Strauss, fielders.

The Fairmounts have organized for the season.

A continuation of Omaha's past record up to the present time will be found in the June issue of the Interpolitan. H. Nelson.

STAMPS.

STAMPS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Great Britain and her colonies have issued more stamps than any other nation. It is said that there has been enough British stamps issued to furnish each person in the whole world with two stamps which bear the face of Queen Victoria.

This not only shows the large number of stamps issued, but also the similarity of the stamps.

Queen Victoria's picture is placed upon every regular issue of England and also upon the regular issues of her colonies.

England was the first country to issue stamps. They issued their first stamp in 1840. It was an etching designed by Mr. Mulready. It was an allegorical design representing Britannia sending letters to all parts of the earth. Of this issue, there was the one penny black, the two penny blue, and the same in the form of letter sheets. This issue lasted for one year.

We will now turn to Canada—England's large colony since 1763—here we find some very nice and interesting stamps, the majority of which bear the picture of their queen. This is especially noticeable in the revenue stamps; all of the same issue are similar to each other. Canada has very little use for new issues, having used their present issue since 1869.

The treasury department intends to hurry the completion of the Trans-Mississippi Stamps. There will be the following amount issued: One cent, 100,000,000; two cent 200,000,000; four cent, 5,000,000; five cent, 10,000,000; ten cent, 5,000,000; fifty cent, 500,000; one dollar, 100,000; two dollar, 50,000. Total 315,650,000.

The stamps of Great Britain are to be depended upon more than any other foreign country.

Our war with Spain will probably cause a new issue of revenue stamps to be used on posters, photographs, etc.

—P. Jamieson.

REVIEW

Bits and Chips is an interesting and well written sheet.

We are pleased to see the *Dilettante*.

The *Planet* is a very excellent journal containing the best of literary contents.

The *Junior World* is an attractive paper.

Our *Boys* is a good story paper.

The *Philatelic West* is an ideal stamp paper.

Storyettes is the best story paper we have received this month.

Young Kentuckian is very well gotten up.

The *Young American* has improved.

(cont'd on page 71.)

THE
INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published in the Interest of Amateur
Journalism by

JESSEN BROS. PUBLISHING CO.

2807 Franklin St. Omaha, Nebr.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OF

THE OMAHA LITERARY PRESS CLUB.

H. JESSEN Editor.

A. JESSEN Business Manager.

Subscription rates: 25 cents a year.

Ad. rates: \$.50 per inch, \$5.00 per page.

Address all business communications
to A. Jessen.

Entered as second class mail matter at
Post-Office of Omaha, Nebr.

OMAHA, NEBR., MAY, 1898.

Editorial.

The Omaha amateurs are developing into some genuine hustlers. Their list of publications,—three in number,—is second only to that of Milwaukee, which has four; and some recent enlargements have placed them among the best. The enlargement of the *Amateur World* is a credit to its publisher. It is printed in the latest and most approved style, and its contents are both interesting and instructive.

It is with sincere regret that we herald the death of the *Amateur Printer-Journalist*. This paper although short-lived did much for amateur journalism. We hope it

will reappear soon, and continue the good word which it began.

The convention which the western amateurs are planning to hold in Omaha during the Exposition, will, by the way amateurs are hustling, be a decided success.

Up to this time, the Omaha amateurs have not been given much credit for their share in the work, and I here take opportunity to say that they are pushing with the rest.

An up-to-date amateur journal, to be popular with the public, should be issued regularly; and in this particular, there is room for improvement in most of the amateur publications in the country today.

Next to the appearance and the quality of the contents of a publication, its success lies in the regularity of its issue. Therefore all amateurs wishing success as publishers should bear this in mind, and see to that their journals are issued regularly.

Review.

The *Amateur World* comes to us in an enlarged form, presenting a very neat appearance.

The first issue of the *Quaker City Amateur* appears in an attractive form, and with excellent literary productions. Such journals are always welcome. Success to Mr. Reed, jr.

The National Amateur is an excellent journal.

Blots is very interesting.

The New Recorder has no peer among amateur publications either in typography or contents. The cover enclosing the April number was alright.

The Monitor is a little late, but its neat appearance excuses this.

The Sun is an interesting and attractive journal.

The Amateur is a neat little publication.

The High School Register has an artistic cover design on the Easter number—a sketch by Mr. Preston Davison. Its literary contents are excellent throughout, also several good sketches appear on the inside pages, notably those by Miss Marion Reed, Messrs. Powell and Davison.

Morsels in its enlarged form is quite improved.

The Kid is as usual interesting and neat throughout.

The American Monthly is an excellent paper typographically.

The Omaha Excelsior comes each week artistically illustrated with excellent half tones.

The Little Star as usual, is bright and newsy.

The Amateur Record is an exceptionally interesting and well printed journal.

The Young America is an attractive little monthly.

We wish to call attention to the Amateur World publishing company's ad. on our back cover.

The Omaha Literary Press Club.

During the month of April, the Omaha Literary Press Club held a literary meeting. The all-absorbing Cuban-Spanish and U. S. question was presented for discussion. Each member of the club expressed his views on the subject in well chosen language, and much good was derived from the short talks with which different members addressed the club.

Mr. Baliman, our president, gave a short description of a battle between modern battle ships, depicting the horrors of modern warfare and giving a good idea of the terrible scenes which follow the declaration of war between Spain and the U. S. with all the wonderful engines of destruction which now exist in every nation's war department.

Mr. Jamieson gave a description of the relative naval strength of U.S. and Spain, in this way, giving the members of the club an opportunity to form an opinion as to the outcome of a naval engagement between these two nations.

Other members spoke, but lack of space forbids my going into detail. Among the latter were: Mr. Miller, Schrieber, Fenton, and A. and H. Jessen.

In all it was an interesting, instructive meeting and those which will follow are looked for with the keenest anticipation of pleasure.

—H. Jessen.

ARABIAN PERFUMO



Perfumo is highly recommended for sick chambers etc., as it fills the room with a most delicate odor of fragrant flowers quiets the nerves, and satisfies the most fastidious sense of smell; can be carried as a disinfectant and protection against disease, fevers, etc., by keeping in a handkerchief or glove box, drawer, desk, trunk, work basket etc., all therein becomes impregnate with sweet and lasting Arabian Perfumo.

10 Cents Per
Package.

Address orders to Raymond Counsman.....

2216 N. Sherman Ave.....

.....Omaha Nebr.

One of AMATEURIA'S

Best.

Storyettes is one of the VERY BEST magazines in the United States. It contains absorbing stories and articles from the best authors in the amateur field. Profusely illustrated with original zinc etchings made EXPRESSLY for STORYETTE 35 cents per year. We offer you in connection, the excellent story paper Our Boys with Storyettes, both for 40 cents per year. Address—

Don C. Wilson 2025 M. St.
Lincoln Nebr.

Send stamps for both papers.

WANTED

PRINTING PRESS.

Must be in good order.
Smaller than 6x9 not wanted.

PERCY JAMIESON,
2734 Blondo St., Omaha, Neb.



Foreign exchange and
Passage business.

Louis Neese.—
First National Bank, Omaha, Nebr.

Miss S. Sorensen.



MODISTE.



ROOM 434 RANGE BUILDING

OMAHA, NEBR.

\$7.00



IN PRIZES

In subscriptions to this paper.

IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR AUTHORS.

1st prize, 20 subscriptions, worth \$4.00
2nd prize, 10 " " " 2.00
3d prize, 5 " " " 1.00

CONDITIONS: 1 The story must contain not more than 3,000 words and not less than 500.

2 The manuscript must be written on but one side of the sheet.

3 All stories sent must be marked "For Competition" and addressed to "The Amateur World" Pub. Co, 2311 N. 28th Ave.

4 All manuscript submitted becomes the property of the publisher.

5 The contest closes on the 31st of May, 1898.

NOTE—Prizes can be taken out in advertising space to the stated amount if the prize winner so wishes.

Amateur World publishing Co, 2311 N. 28th Ave.

Omaha, Nebr.

STAMP JOURNALS

Do you collect them?

If so send seven cents

and receive ten fine old

covered stamp papers.

Postage prepaid.

I also exchange stamp papers with collectors. Send me ten or twenty papers and receive same number of mine.

Address Percy Jamieson,

2734 Blondo St.,

Omaha, Nebr.

In a new and enlarged form,

The Monitor

has appeared.

Valuable articles appear each month. Science, art, drama, sports and probably carefully defined constitute the chief departments.

Send me a copy, and you

will become a subscriber.

E. Balmann, Publisher,

2904 N. 28th St., Omaha, Nebr.

VOL. II,

NO. 8.

AUGUST, 1898.

THE  
INTERPOLITAN
MAGAZINE. 

A Variety Literary Monthly. Jessen
Bros., Publishers. - 2807 Franklin St.
Omaha, Nebr.



3 Cents Per Copy,

25 Cents Per Year.

THE INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

Richard James.



THE.....

.....SHIRT
.....MAKER.

All kinds of.....
White and.....
Fancy Dress Shirts.
to Order.....

321 North 16th St.

OMAHA.

Telephone 1364.



The Interpolitan Magazine.



H. Jessen, Editor.

A. Jessen, Bus. M'g'r.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1898.

Frontispiece, The arch of the States.	14
Description of the arch of the States.	15
Science. Conducted by Mr. A. Groh.	16
Description of the entrance to Agriculture building, (Illus.)	17
Editorial Notes and Review. By the Editor.	19
Adrift; Chapters I and II, by A. E. Blomgren.	23
Naval Statistics.	23
In The World of Sports. Conducted by H. Nelson.	24

Entered at Omaha Post-Office as second-class mail matter.

SINGLE COPIES THREE CENTS.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Ad. Rates: 50 Cents Per Inch; \$5.00 Per Page.

The Interpolitan Magazine. . . . 2807 Franklin St., Omaha, Nebr.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.



THE ARCH OF THE STATES.

THE INTERPOLIGAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II,

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 2.

THE ARCH OF THE STATES.

THE ARCH OF THE STATES forms the grand entrance to the Exposition. It is located on the south-central side of the Grand Plaza, and opens directly upon the bridge which crosses the lagoon. It is flanked upon either side by exedras which advance in semicircles, partially embracing the Plaza before the Arch. In these exedras are the main ticket offices. The Arch itself is fifty feet wide, twenty-five feet deep, and sixty-eight feet to the top of its parapet. It is in the form of a triumphal arch, the opening being twenty feet wide and thirty-five feet high to the keystone.

Strong, simple abutments are upon either side, assisting the Arch to carry an extremely rich and broad frieze, consisting of a double arcade of twenty-four arches containing shields decorated in color with the coats of arms of

the Trans-Mississippi States. This is an especially pretty feature of the Arch. This frieze is repeated upon the other side of the Arch, while upon the ends the coats of arms of the remaining states of the Union will be displayed. Above the broad frieze will be a band containing a panel with the inscription, "Arch of the States," and a richly decorated cornice with dentils and acroteria.

The whole is surmounted by a high parapet, at the centre of which upon either side will be a large shield of the arms of the United States surmounted by a golden eagle and with youths as supporters, each holding a mast for the national colors. The Arch will be of stone, to commemorate the Exposition, and to form the future entrance to Kountze Park. It was designed by Walker & Kimball, Sup. Architects.

SCIENCE.

Conducted by Mr. A. Groh.

PECULIAR FACTS CONCERNING ANTS.

THE ant has from remotest antiquity been an object of great admiration and interest among the wisest philosophers, and this is no wonder, when we have learned a little about the life and habits of this wonderful insect.

There are many different species; among the most interesting, are the mound building ants. On Brush mountain, in Pennsylvania, there is a town of this kind of ants that covers fifty acres; there are about 1700 mounds: these are about three feet in height, and range from ten to twenty-five feet in circumference at the base.

Within them are numberless cylinder shaped galleries and arches constructed with as great if not greater skill, than human hands could have done it. Here the hundreds of thousands of ants live and hatch their young and perform all the duties of a busy ant household. This ant city has existed many years, and withstood the rains, snows and frost perfectly.

Another very interesting species is the slave holding ant. These are red in color, and a remarkable fact is that the ants which they

enslave are of a jet black color. The red ants go to the nests of the black or Fuscous ant in the hatching season and carry away the larvæ or eggs which they then care for till they hatch, after which the offspring are condemned to life long servitude. Henry C. McCook thus describes a raid of these red ants:

"It occurred near a path through a pine wood not far from the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, Bellwood, Pa. I chanced to observe a column of Sanguinees (red ants) moving along the edge of a path in that excited manner which marks their behavior when on a raid. I at once turned my attention to the insects and traced the moving column across the woods into the next field. Here was a little circular mound thrown up around a column of field grasses and weeds. The mound was a nest of Fuscous ants, and the red invaders were seen plunging into the gates in great numbers and in a few moments came out carrying larvæ in their jaws, with which they set out toward their home. Some even carried living ants in their mouths."

To be continued.

Trans-Mississippi Exposition



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE
AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

On this magnificent piece of architecture, is placed statuary representing various agricultural pursuits. Other statuary, of a similar nature, may be found in the niches on either side of this entrance.

Editorial Notes.

August, 1898.

THIS month, we again come out on time. The last two months we have been a little late; this is due to the fact that we put so much time on our Trans-Mississippi Exposition Number; it put us back a slight bit, but we have now caught up, and are on time again, and unless something unexpected happens, we will stay on time.

AS the war goes on and the American army continues victorious, grave questions arise to the government. This war was commenced in the cause of humanity, and not for conquest, but as it has turned out, the United States will, in all probability, be compelled to hold some of the islands, which they are now capturing and conquering.

There are difficulties to be contended with in effectually holding these islands. Certain opposition from some of the European powers, who are strictly averse to the territorial expansion of the United States, particularly in Asiatic waters, is sure to be met with. Russia, Germany and France are sure to oppose us, however, of late, Germany and Russia have separated somewhat. A St. Petersburg journal, an official organ, which has the sanction of that

government, intimates Russian disposition toward us. It urges European intervention, and says that "America must voluntarily submit her pretensions to a tribunal of the powers." It also declares that America cannot long hold out against the combined power of two or three European powers, owing to our long and exposed coast line.

The Americans regard these statements merely as a game of bluff. Russia, Germany and France realize the fact that the moment the Philippine Islands fall into the hands of the Americans, the control of eastern Asia will pass into the hands of United States, Great Britain and Japan. They think that by threats, they can frighten us into making a hasty settlement with Spain, before we can get a chance to occupy the Philippines, and instead, place these islands under their own control. This is the game they are up to.

GERMANY is decidedly hostile towards America. It is not the ignorant classes, but it is the opinion of the educated public. A professor in a Berlin college, pronounced America, a thieving, clamoring nation. There have been other incidents of a like

nature, and the Germans make it decidedly unpleasant for the visiting Americans.

Germany will regret its hostility to the United States, for this is a nation which is continually gaining in power, and it will not be well for any nation to be unfriendly toward it.

If the Germans get too open in their demonstrations, if need be, we can make her realize that the people of this nation are united, and that there are none braver. Germany should remember that a

large standing army alone, does not make a really great and powerful nation.

The Convention of the members of the western branch of the Uapa although not largely attended, was a success.

Our new serial, "Adrift; or the wreck of the La Bourgogne," by A. E. Blomgren, is fine; it is up-to date, and very well written; begin it, at once. We are sure you will then follow the remaining chapters closely.

REVIEW.

The Amateur Record occupies first place on our desk for July. It is extremely interesting from cover to cover; the cover is one of the best we have seen.

Fly Paper for July is, as usual, neat and interesting; the opening chapters of the "Sandhill Boys" is the feature.

The Public School Bulletin is neat, and well gotten up.

The Post-Office is one of the best philatelic magazines we receive.

Starlight for July is made up quite artistically.

The Amateur Press for last month is very good; the feature of this excellent number is a well written short story, "The pardon that came too late."

Little Star is very fine for July.

The Amateur, as usual, is neat and interesting. This paper al-

ways contains welcome little notes and articles.

The Journalist contains many notes and articles of interest. "A sort of Reverie," by H. M. Konwiser, in my opinion should not have the honor of occupying the first page.

Young America has an excellent cover design.

The Westerner is an excellent little sheet.

Young Kentuckian continues to improve.

Little Wave is good.

Dilettante, Badger, International Philatelist, Junior World, Bay State Philatelist, Stamp Reporter, School Companion, Quillings, Alta, Citizen, Stamp Man, Our Boys' Monthly and Harlem Item, were also received.

ADRIFT;

OR THE WRECK OF THE LA BOURGOGNE.

BY

EDWIN ALFRED BLOMGREN,

Author of "Tom Shelley," "The River of Death,"
"Defense of Honor," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

HAPPY DAYS ON THE LOIRE.

AT TOURS, Indre Et Loire, France, Jean Illiers, the hero of this story, was born, in a cottage, beside the placid, tranquil waters of the River Loire, sixteen years before the opening of this story.

Jean's father was a river-boatman, and Jean often assisted him in his labors of ferrying goods and merchandise up and down the beautiful Loire.

Among the boys who lived on the Loire's banks,—whose fathers were merchants and manufacturers in a small way,—Jean had many friends, and together, they had the most pleasant times swimming in the sparkling depths, and rowing and sailing over the calm surface of the Loire.

The banks of the river at Tours were bordered with walls and buildings of stone for two or three miles, but, as an early morning breeze sent the boat containing Jean and his friends skimming over the waters many miles up the stream, the sloping, grassy banks

had no houses or buildings upon them, nor people, to disturb the quiet beauty of the superb natural scenery.

As the red sun arose over the green hills far away to the east, lighting up the dawn, revealing to the eye a beautiful landscape, the crystal waters of the river, reflecting the sunbeams and beautiful foliage which fringed the border, the scene was sublimely beautiful.

These subtle beauties of nature were not lost upon Jean and his friends, who were quickened to a sense of gladness by the scene spread out before them: the supple melody of songbirds, mingled with the exquisite fragrance of sweet flowers, adding to the beauty and joy of the glad, glorious morning.

Jean and his friends were inspired, and all began, simultaneously, to chant one of France's sweetest anthems, "La Palais."

These happy days, with other joyful times, combined to make Jean's life one of exceeding happiness.

Jean was on general good terms

with all the merchants who traded at the piers and landings nearby his father's house, except one person, Henri De Suippes. De Suippes was a trader whose reputation was blemished, being wicked and cruel, and Jean's father would not receive or handle his goods, on that account, preferring to take and deliver the goods of his personal friends.

Illiers plied his small craft between Tours and Varennes, the next town, and, as his landing was located beside the building in which De Suippes shop was located, to get Illiers to handle his trade was very desirable for De Suippes, because by having Illiers handle his goods, he could avoid the expense of drayage for carting his goods to some other wharf for shipping aboard a river boat.

About a year since, when calling on Illiers to ask him to handle his trade, and Illiers having refused to receive his patronage, De Suippes, in a great rage, struck Illiers, inflicting a serious wound, and Jean had to conduct his father's business until he recovered from the effects of his injury.

De Suippes, on complaint of Illiers, was convicted for assault, and sent to prison for a term of six months.

On account of his conviction and imprisonment, his trade suffered greatly, and upon his release from prison and resumption of business, he found that he had

lost many of his old customers' trade.

A peculiar custom prevailed in Tours, that all boatmen had their own wharfs and landings beside the buildings of the merchants and traders whose goods and wares they delivered, — the boatmen generally, living near their landings—and it so happened that De Suippes, not being able to obtain Illiers as his carrier of wares, looked about for another boatman, but none would accept his offers, (being well supplied with trade,) and the consequence was, that De Suippes was compelled to hire a boatman half a mile away, being obliged to expend large sums of money for cartage. At last, the expenditure involved, became so great in proportion to his earnings, that, on account of this and lack of trade, De Suippes became bankrupt, and, taking what cash remained in his till, he fled, not daring to face his creditors.

At length, the conditions of trade and commerce in Tours became so depressed, that Illiers was unable to maintain his family and pay the necessary installments on the mortgage on his homestead, and after much discussion and serious consideration of the advisability of the project, Mr. Illiers and his wife decided to emigrate to America with their children, Jean and Susanne, and goods and chattels.

After this decision was reached,

Mr. Illiers sold such property as he could not transport conveniently, and after taking a last look at their old home, and saying farewell to their old friends, the family boarded their train for the western coast.

CHAPTER II.

WRECKED!

THE French liner, "La Bourgogne" was ploughing its way through the rabid, seething billows of the turbulent Atlantic, on the 17th of June.

On board the steamship were Jean, his father, mother and sister.

His father having been a boatman, there was something charming to Jean in climbing the rigging of the steamer, and in all the things that the sailors had to do.

It was his fond desire to become a skipper, and as the captain shouted his orders, he sprang forward as if siezed with a wild, uncontrolable impulse and began assisting the sailors with their duties.

The captain, noticing how Jean liked the labors of a seaman, and seeing how eagerly he sprang forward, went up to Mr. Illiers, and enquired of him whether it would be agreeable to him to have Jean work on the vessel. He was short of men and in need of new hands, and desired to have Jean join his crew. Mr. Illiers said, that if it were agreeable to Jean, he could ship aboard the liner.

The captain beckoning and calling to Jean—who came at his call—addressed him, and said:

"Would you like to ship aboard this vessel?"

Jean looked at the captain, and then at his father, in wonder, seeming to doubt the meaning of the words.

"Yes," he stammered.

"Then you may consider yourself a member of the crew of this boat. Come into my cabin and we will arrange particulars."

Mr. Illiers and Jean followed the captain into his room, and signed a contract in which Jean agreed to join the crew of the "La Bourgogne" for a term of one year, at a salary of twenty-five dollars per month.

"You may commence the discharge of your duties at once," said the captain, and Jean made haste to obey the order.

In a few days the vessel steered into New York harbor, leaving off Jean's father, mother and sister, to whom Jean bid sad parting farewells, for he knew not whether he would ever see them again.

The "La Bourgogne" made numerous trips across the raging sea, with Jean on board, working busily.

It was the morning of July 2nd, 1898. The La Bourgogne lay in the harbor of New York, moored to piers of the French Trans-Atlantic Company.

The passengers were boarding the ship, which was bound for

Havre, and a few minutes before the time of weighing anchor. Jean was surprised to see Henri De Suippes in sailors' garb.

Presently the captain shouted through his trumpet, "all aboard." The machinery of the vessel was set in motion, and soon the ship was breasting the waves of the open sea.

The La Bourgogne was two days out, and a dense fog kept the ship in darkest gloom.

The liner was cruising at a low rate of speed. Jean was leaning over the railing of the main deck, attempting to penetrate the thick heavy fog, and peering keenly through the gloom, when he felt himself seized.

He turned about, and saw the evil, swarthy bloated face of Henri De Suippes. It was evident to Jean that he had been drinking

deeply, for his face looked dissipated, as if from long debauch.

De Suippes grasped Jean tighter, and lifting him over the railing, just as Jean let forth a shrill cry, he let go his hold, and Jean dropped into the dark blue depths of the surging sea. An officer, hearing the cry, rushed up to the spot from whence it seemed to come, and seeing De Suippes, he questioned him as to the noise.

De Suippes was in the midst of an explanation, when an awful crash occurred: a terrific shock rending the timbers of the ship asunder; the din and roar of creaking and bursting machinery, boilers and engines; the crashing of timbers; the ship swirling about in the seething, surging sea, being mingled with cries and groans of anguish, like the dismal moans of spirits, wailing in despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAVAL STATISTICS.

A return brought down in the Imperial Commons a few weeks ago gives the naval strength of Great Britain, and the other leading powers up to May 17th of the present year. The total number of war vessels for each nation including those building and about to built, and covers even the four new battleships to be laid down this summer by Russia. The returns are as follows:—

Great Britain: 64 first class battle ships, and 410 armored cruisers, torpedo boats, and destroyers.

France: 27 first class battleships

9 armored cruisers, 10 building, 360 other war craft.

Russia: 2 battleships, 10 building and ordered, 266 armored cruisers, torpedo boats, etc.

Germany: 17 battleships, 183 armored cruisers, torpedo boats, and destroyers.

Italy's strength and number is precisely the same as Germany's.

United States: 5 first class battleships and 8 building, cruisers: armored and protected, etc., 111.

Japan: 3 battleships, 3 building, with armored cruisers, torpedo boats, etc. make a total of 106.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Conducted by Mr. H. Nelson.

OMAHA has lost her ball team and it will probably be a long time before she is accorded another trial in a big league. The attendance was small, and not sufficient to support a good ball team; but this is to a great extent the fault of the men at the helm, who mismanaged it from the beginning. The opinion of the writer is that Omaha, with a well managed team and a ball park near the city, instead of off in the country, would make a success.

Although Omaha is without professional ball, she still has the amateur and semi-professional: the same kind which she depended upon long years ago.

It was in 1879 that Omaha first had a team worthy of its name. Three games were played with the strong Davenport team with the following results:

Omaha.	R. H.	E.	Davenport.	R. H.	E.
Cautil'n m.	2	1	1	McCaff'y 2b	0 0 2
Whitney J p	1	2	1	Kemmler c	1 1 4
Bandle ss	0	0	1	Moyna'n ss	0 1 0
Traffley 2b	1	2	0	Hayes lf	8 0 0
Turlong lf	2	0	0	McPhee 3b	0 1 0
Dolan c	0	0	0	Mason 1b	0 1 0
Burns 3b	0	2	0	Kelly rf	0 0 0
Bailey rf	0	1	1	Beneh p	0 1 3
Whit'y C 1b	0	1	0	McAll'ter m	0 0 0

6 8 4 - 1 5 8

Omaha: 104010000 - 6

Davenport 000001000 - 1

Struck out, by Bohem 17, by Whiney 21.

The second game, 8-1 in favor of Omaha.

Third game, 4-2 in favor of Omaha.

The leaders in the different leagues are as follows:

National,	Cincinnati,
Western,	Indianapolis,
Eastern,	Montreal,
Pacific-Northwestern,	Tacoma,
Interstate,	Toledo,
New York State,	Canandaigua,
Atlantic,	Richmond.

WATCH

For the September number of the Interpolitan. A good short story entitled "The Hidden Chest Of Manuta," and the 2nd installment of the serial, "Adrift; Or The Wreck of The La Bourgogne."

OUR OFFER

Of the International Philatelist and the Interpolitan Magazine together for one year for 25 cents, expires Sept. 1st, 1898. Avail yourself of this grand opportunity, before it is too late. Address:

Jessen Bros. 2807 Franklin St.

Omaha, Nebr.

Complexion Cream Soap.

Complexion Cream Soap contains cream, olive oil, lemon juice and glycerine. Recommended to cure chapped hands, and remove tan, freckles and dandruff.

Onyx soap is also a very good article. It perfumes the skin and makes it soft and clean. Price, 10 cents per package. Address orders to—

Raymond Counsman. 2216 N. Sherman Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

All Are Universal—

In declaring "The Journalist" one of the best Amateurs published. Contains 12 pages and cover—not small ones either—brim full of choice stories, poems, editorial, and departments. Subscription, 25 cts. per yr. Sample free.

Address;

John Miller.

Fort Atkinson, Wis

WANTED



A PRINTING PRESS.

Must be in good order.

Smaller than 6x9 not wanted.

PERCY JAMIESON,

2734 Blondo St., Omaha, Neb.

Did you know

That **The Amateur Record** is the only amateur literary magazine in the South, and that you could get a sample copy of the current number free of charge by addressing John M. Acce, Editor and Publisher, P. O. Box, 22, Atlanta, Ga.? If you want to see the paper that you have heard so much about, you should take advantage of the above information at once. If you see it once, you will want it always!

TO OBTAIN.

1,000 new subscribers, we are giving five 10-cent books—novels or about any kind you want—and our paper 1 yr. for 25 cts.; 3 10-cent books and paper 6 mos. for 15 cts.; 1 10-cent book and paper 3 mos. for 10 cts. Our 8 page descriptive premium list and sample free. Mention this paper and address

Quillings, Elroy, Wis.

The Amateur World.

A Literary Monthly.

Twenty

cents per

— annum.

2311 N. 28th Ave. Omaha, Neb.

MISS S. SORENSEN

MODISTE.

434 Range Building

OMAHA

Edmund F.
THE INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

Louis Neese.—
First National Bank, Omaha, Nebr.



Foreign exchange and
Passage business.

“Why is a House When it Spins.”

This is a hard question to settle, but it is not at all hard to determine which stamp paper is best after you have seen ours. It is thoroughly up to date, finely printed and cheap at 25 cents per year, but we only charge

10 Cents Per Year For It!!!!

Sample copy free if you wish it.
International Philatelist
Box K, R. 216 St. Joseph, Mo.

ADVERTISERS: The best medium to reach the thousands of collectors.

STAMP JOURNALS

Do you collect them?
If so, send seven cents
and receive ten fine old
covered stamp papers.

Postage prepaid.

I also exchange stamp papers with collectors. Send me 10 or 20 papers and receive same number of mine.

Percy Jamieson,

2734 Blondo St. Omaha, Nebr.

LEE PARSONS.

Shaving Parlors.

SHAVE 10 CENTS.

HAIR CUT 25 CENTS.

1705 North 24th Street.

OMAHA.


NEBRASKA.

VOL. II,

NO. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

THE  
INTERPOSIAN
MAGAZINE. 

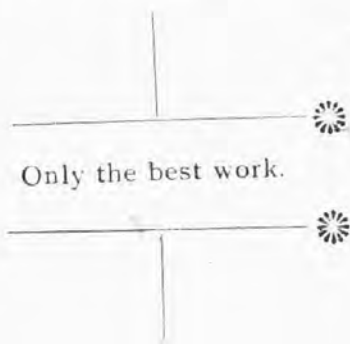

A Variety Literary Monthly - Jessen
Bros., Publishers. - 2807 Franklin St.,
Omaha, Nebr.



3 Cents Per Copy.

25 Cents Per Year.

Richard James.



Only the best work.

THE.....

..... SHIRT
..... MAKER.

All kinds of.....
White and.....
Fancy Dress Shirts.
to Order: ~~.....~~

321 North 16th St.

OMAHA.

Telephone 1364.



The Interpolitan Magazine.



H. Jessen, Editor.

A. Jessen, Bus. M'g'r.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1898.

The Hidden Chest of Manuta. By O. Alvinson.	26
In The World of Sports. Conducted by H. Nelson.	27
Science. Conducted by Mr. A. Groh.	29
My Sweetheart. (Poem) By Robert J. Shores.	29
Editorial Notes and Review. By the Editor.	31
Adrift; Chapters III and IV. By E. A. Blomgren.	36
The U.A.P.A. Election.	36
How To Obtain The Omaha Stamps.	36

Entered at Omaha Post-Office as second-class mail matter.

SINGLE COPIES THREE CENTS.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER YEAR.

Ad. Rates: 50 Cents Per Inch; \$5.00 Per Page.

The Interpolitan Magazine 2807 Franklin St., Omaha, Nebr.

THE INGERPOLIGAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II,

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

THE HIDDEN CHEST OF MANUTA.

By Orlando M. Alvinson.

"Pedro, my son, what are we to do? But three measures of flour remain and three of your last catch of fishes. When they are gone, what then?"

"Ah mother truly our fortune is hard but cheer up. I will take the old rifle and see if I cannot shoot a rabbit or partridge on the mountain."

"You are a good boy, Pedro, but Oh be careful, for if an accident befalls you, I am alone with my three little ones."

Sagatha Manuta had two years before the opening of our story gathered together his few possessions in sunny Italy and set out for America in hope of bettering his poor fortune. He was not, however on an idle venture. The cause of his departure was this: Diego Manuta, his brother, had been a rich merchant and owned a large ship in which he carried on a large and very profitable business between America and Australia. Nearly six months before, Sagatha had received a letter post-marked "America" and in his brother's handwriting. It read thus:

My dear Sagatha:

"Ere this reaches you, death will have taken me. I am very sick with a fever, but before I die, I would tell you where my wealth lies hidden which I would that you should have.

Enclosed was a chart showing the exact spot where the treasure lay. Immediately Sagatha determined to go. A lapse of seven

months found the little family slowly working its way towards the goal of its hopes. This was before the days of railroads and it was fully six weeks later when they arrived at their future home. Then commenced a search in which feverish anxiety and hope spurred them on to work beyond their strength. Sagatha unused to the climate, fell sick, and after languishing a few weeks died. The family was left without support, having failed to find the treasure either on account of some defect in the charts or because of their unfamiliarity with the country. And so it happened that now, two years after Sagatha's death, they were living in a tumble-down shanty, and eking out a bare sustenance from the produce of two acres of poor land.

On the morning on which our story begins Pedro shouldered his rifle in no very pleasant frame of mind. His thoughts constantly reverted to the treasure upon which all their hopes had rested. At last he became so excited that he unconsciously began talking to himself.

"That money must be somewhere on this mountain — that's sure — but we've searched all over — each cave, each grotto, not a crack is left unsearched. Oh if we could only find it! Then we would go back to Italy. I could get —"

His reverie was suddenly cut short by a rabbit jumping from behind a stump, and

dashing away. He was soon in full pursuit leaping over rocks, dodging around trees and dashing through dense underbrush. Suddenly he lost all traces of the rabbit. It seemed to have vanished into the air. A moment before he had seen it leap over a rock, but now it was gone. He sat down, leaning against a tree, thoroughly exhausted from his long run. As he looked about he found that he was in a place where he had never been before.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet with the exclamation, "Why, it's the very place. That tree is about sixteen meters from this rock and that other one about eight and a half, just as the chart said. Then the money may be under this rock. But, alas! I cannot roll away the stone. But I will, I must!"

He advanced to the rock, and by dint of much straining, and pushing, it was soon toppling, and at length rolled down the steep hill. Beneath it was—nothing, only a few dried leaves. The boy began dejectedly kicking them away, when his foot struck something hard. He stooped down and found it was an iron ring on which was inscribed "D. M.," and in Italian, "pull." Pedro pulled and was surprised to see a long rope come up, attached to which was a chain. Having taken hold of the chain, he gave a quick jerk when, crash—he was looking into a large cave, the chain having released a trap door, thus allowing the overlying earth to fall in. By means of the chain he descended. He found himself in a broad room. In the middle stood

a rude table. About the sides were ranged benches. On the table were the initials D. M., evidently standing for Diego Manunta. In one corner Pedro found a knife, but there was no sign of anything valuable anywhere in the cavern. He began to despair. Just then his eye fell on a pile of earth in one corner of the cave. Beneath this lay his sole hope. He began to scrape it away and in a short time his hand touched something which proved to be a ring inscribed as the first. He pulled with a will.

Dissapointment again met him. There was nothing but darkness. He struck a match and by its light discerned another ring with the same inscription as its two predecessors. With trembling heart he pulled. There was a low, rumbling noise, and suddenly an iron bound chest mounted on wheels rolled towards him. Here then, was the long expected treasure. On closer examination, he found that it had stood on a track gently sloping from a distant part of the cavern. When he pulled at the last ring, he removed a piece of wood from in front of the wheels, thus allowing the car to run down the track. The chest was iron bound, and on it was inscribed, "Diego Manunta, Vienna." Pedro could not long keep the good news to himself, but having carefully covered the entrance to the cave, he hastened home. "God led my son," was all his mother could say when she heard the good news. The treasure amounted to many thousands of dollars, and maintained them for the rest of their lives in one of the most beautiful villas in Italy.

THE TREASURE.

Each step forward,
Helps us to find,
The rich and golden treasure,
The learning of the mind.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Conducted by Mr. H. Nelson.

Omaha's record for 1879 con.

Council Bluffs was defeated by Omaha by a score of 7 to 5.

Batteries: Omaha, Whitney and Dolan, Council Bluffs, Trawley and Hayes. Hits, Omaha, 11, Council Bluffs, 4.

At Salt Lake City.

Omaha, 7, Salt Lake City, 4. Batteries: Omaha, J. Whitney and Dolan, Salt Lake City, Wheeler and McKelvey. Hits, Omaha 5, Salt Lake City, 4.

In 1880 the famous Union Pacifics loomed up with a strong team and in those days, Council Bluffs was a rival worthy of them, the outcome of one of their battles was something like this:

Union Pacific, 11, Council Bluffs, 8, batteries, Union Pacific, Traf-fley and Hibben, Council Bluffs, Strock and Hart.

Union Pacific, 39, Universities, 1, batteries, Union Pacific, Hibben and Chapman, Hut, Universities, Creighton and McCreary.

It is hard to believe, but it is a fact that the Universities made fifty seven errors in this game.

Union Pacific, 7. Burlington & Missouri, 6.

It is rumored that Indianapolis will take Cleveland's place in the National, and Cleveland is to be taken into the Western League, while the Columbus and St. Joseph franchise will be transferred to Denver and Chicago respectively.

The Originals are the undisputed champions of Nebraska.

The Pacific League has quit for the season.

New York defeated Cincinnati in three straight games.

Three pitchers in the National League have shut out the opposing teams without a hit, Donahu, Hughes and Brietenstein doing the trick.

As long as Freeman is in Europe, the Giants will play good ball.

The leaders in the different leagues are as follows:

National,	Boston,
Western,	Kansas City,
Eastern,	Montreal,
Atlantic,	Reading,
Interstate,	Toledo,
New York State,	Canandagna.

SCIENCE,

Conducted by Mr. A. Groh.

PECULIAR FACTS CONCERNING ANTS.

(Cont. from Aug. No.)

"In the meantime those who had been off on foraging expeditions were returning to the nest. Their reception was very discouraging: one was seized by three of the kidnappers and pulled to death, others, more cautious, hung upon the outskirts, or upon neighboring spears of grass, helpless witnesses of the plundering of their home." These slaves are compelled to do all the work, even carrying their masters about on their backs.

I must speak a little more however of the habits of ants in general. Of all insects the ant is the most industrious; there is no word "can't" in his vocabulary. All his great mounds and wells, which are sometimes dug twenty feet deep, bear witness to this fact.

M. Andre, a diligent student of ants, tells the following story, all of which he witnessed. An earthworm which had stuck its head out of the ground was seized upon by a number of ants but with all their efforts they could not pull him out, so while several held him the others set about to dig away the earth around his body. After

seven hours of toil however, they had not secured him when Andre pulled the worm out. Then the ants started him toward their nest, As they could not drag the heavy worm, they rolled him while three or four went ahead to remove the sticks and pebbles and sticks from the path, and so, at last, the luscious prize was brought home.

Most ants have a burial ground where all of their own species are taken and laid in straight rows on the ground. The bodies of enemies however, are disposed of in the most convenient way, but under no circumstances will they allow the dead bodies to lie around their homes.

Another firmly established and well known fact is that ants keep "cows." Their cows are insects called "aphides" which excrete a sweet substance called "honey-dew." The ants are very kind to them, neither do they, as some writers say, "throw milk stools at them" to make them "let down," but stroke them tenderly with their antennæ.

In some countries ants appear in such large number that they destroy everything. About 115 years ago, the island of Grenada

was overrun by them. They came down like torrents; all kinds of small animals and reptiles became an easy prey to them; all vegetation was destroyed. Rivers checked them only a little while, for they rushed in such numbers into the water that a bridge of dead ants was formed, over which the rest passed. Fire was also tried in vain, for they smothered the flames with their bodies. A reward of £20,000 was offered for a method of getting rid of them. Finally a hurricane swept over the island and destroyed the pest.

Ants also go to war with each other; not in a confused crowd, but with straight and orderly ranks. The battles are of the fiercest, and the dead are often found locked in each other's arms.

It has also been found that ants have the power of calculation. A scientist once placed eight ant eggs near a nest; soon one ant found them and began moving them inside the nest. After he had removed four or five, the experimenter placed a dozen more on the heap, and was surprised to see the ant return with a helper. He then placed several hundred eggs on the ground and the number of ants was increased accordingly.

Such have been the interesting discoveries concerning ants which have resulted from years of patient labor by our greatest scientists. Darwin himself made them his study, and made several discoveries, although, as he said, he tried to "approach the subject with a skeptical mind."

MY SWEETHEART.

R. J. SHORR.

I catch a glimpse of Paradise,
When e'er I gaze into her eyes,
Her lips are red, and full, and sweet,
She has the cutest little feet.

Her smile an inspiration brings,
Like that of which the poet sings,
Her ears are pink, her shoulder firm,
Her angle turneth like the worm.

Her skin is soft and smooth and fine,
Her eyes are dark, her form divine,
Her hands are warm, her teeth are pearls,
She is the sweetest of all girls.

Alas my passion I must hide,
For she can never be my bride,
She'll never bless my wedded home,
For she's an ad. for Rubifoam.

Editorial Notes.

September, 1898.

THIS month we greet our readers with an especially interesting issue. In it is contained the second installment of of the very interesting serial, "Adrift; or the wreck of the La Bourgogne," by Edwin A. Blomgren. Mr. Blomgren is one of amateuria's finest writers, and his latest production now being published in the INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE, is one of his best. It is developing into a thrilling, fascinating tale and its finish will undoubtedly see Mr. Blomgren classed as the greatest author of this kind of stories in amateuria.

We have a short story, "The hidden chest of Manuta," by Orlando Alvinson. The plot of this story is rather worn, but it is well written. Besides these we have our regular departments.

MUCH has been written of the literary superiority of the Napa over the Uapa, and the question has been asked over and over again by our Uapa editors, "how can the literary standard of the Uapa be brought up to that of the Napa?" From the manner in which the majority of our Uapa editors write, one would judge that they seem to think that the sole subject of their editorials

should be club politics, or discussions concerning the officers of the association, etc., to the exclusion of a fair's of national interest and importance. If they continue in this opinion, it is an assured fact that the Uapa can never equal the high literary standard of the Napa. If our Uapa editors would put as much thought into articles with a good theme, as they do into some of their sarcastic mud-slinging articles, they would be going a long way toward making the Uapa a literary association. Some of our editors might ask what they should write on if they did not discuss club matters. To these we might suggest such subjects as Gladstone's life, a very good subject to write on, or our present war with Spain, with which many incidents of interest are connected.

Subjects are not lacking. They can be found without trouble. To Uapa editors: let us all work to make the Uapa as fine a literary organization as the Napa.

THE amateur publishers seem to be prospering. The magazines put out now contain more pages than ever before. The typography is fine; in many cases it equals and even surpasses that of

some professional journals. The literary contents are also very good; in fact, everything points to prosperity. This is a very good indication, considering the warm weather, for usually during the warm season the amateur papers fall off slightly. Coming with the cool weather are the prospects that '99 and the remainder of '98 will see a great boom in amateur journalism.

SECRETARY Sherman in an address at Columbus, Ohio, added his voice to that of other eminent Americans in opposition to territorial expansion. "Ambition for territorial acquisition has been the ruin of nations in ancient and modern times," said the veteran statesman.

Mr. Sherman's advice comes at a time when most needed. The American people, flushed with pride over their numerous victories, forget the examples of ruin

recorded in the history of nations. Mr. Sherman points out to the American people, in a vivid manner, the dangers of territorial expansion, and they should receive his earnest, impartial words of wisdom and advice, with much respect and consideration.

AFTER October 1, 1898, we will give, to all persons subscribing before January 1, 1899, the INTERPOLITAN MAGAZINE until January, 1900. This means fifteen numbers for twenty-five cents, or three numbers free! It will include two special editions—the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers. It is in your interest to take advantage of this grand opportunity immediately. The longer you delay; the fewer extra issues you will receive. Mark your subscription "special," if you send it in before October, so as to avoid any possible confusion.

REVIEW.

Fly Paper for August is a genuine literary treat. The editor of this excellent issue has good ideas and his magazine shows that he uses them. We wish to thank the editor for his generous words of praise, concerning our June number.

The Amateur Record as usual is neatly printed and full of interesting, well-written sketches and poems. The South can well be

proud of such an amateur journal.

Abstract, Distant, Westerner, Amateur World, Young America's Conrade, Critic, Review, Starlight, Virginia Philatelist, Philatelic West, Philatelic Advocate, International Philatelist, Stamp Reporter, Montreal Philatelist, Post-Office, Postal-Card Reporter, Herald Exchange, Lake State Stamp, Quill, Barlow Item, Young America, Junior Echo, Alta, Bomb, Amateur, Journalist, School Companion, Blots, Youth's Realm, Our Boys, Public, White-lings, Dixie Amateur, Southerner, Cadet, Boy's Monthly, Evergreen Monthly, Kentucky Colonel, Miami Valley Times, and Pride of the West.

Adrift,*

OR THE WRECK OF THE LA BOURGOGNE.

BY

EDWIN ALFRED BLOMGREN.

Author of "Tom Shelley," "The River of Death,"
"Defense of Honor," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED PREVIOUSLY.

Jean's father, a river boatman, while in France, contracted a quarrel with one, Henri De Suippes, a trader, over certain business affairs. In time, poverty compelled both—the former with his family—to emigrate to America. On the passage, Jean's ardor and love for a sailor's life being noticed by the captain, he obtained a position in the crew of the *La Bourgogne*. July 20d, 1898, the steamer started from America. On board Jean had seen De Suippes in sailors' garb. They were two days out in a dense fog. As Jean was leaning over the side-railing of the vessel, he was approached by De Suippes and thrown overboard, just as the *La Bourgogne* collided with another vessel.

CHAPTER III.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

WHEN Jean came to the surface he was horror-stricken at the scene before him. Men were fighting like maniacs for positions in life boats; women were forced back from the boats to the main deck of the *La Bourgogne*, and trampled upon; the engines of the vessel were groaning and shrieking; fearful cries and screams rent the air; that the *La Bourgogne* was sinking was evident from the whirlig, whirling, raging billows around it; hundreds of persons were struggling in the water, some of whom reached boats already launched, but were either pushed off or stabbed with knives by men of the crew.

Jean saw these terrible scenes with horror. Being a good swimmer he swam quickly to the *La Bourgogne*, and climbing a rope that hung from a davit, from which a boat had been taken, and reaching the deck, he began to launch boats with the second mate, the only one of the crew that did anything to aid the passengers, who numbered over seven hundred. Many of the boats were launched, but the proportion was small compared to the number of boats on the vessel, and the number of people.

Jean and the second officer had launched nine boats, when, with a hiss and a roar, terrible in its awful significance, the *La Bourgogne* sank and buried itself in the

* This story was begun in Vol. II, No. 8. Copies, 2 cents each.

seething billows, and Jean found himself in the water. Around and about him, struggling desperately, madly endeavoring to keep above the waves, were many men and women.

Jean attempted to save one of the latter, and swam toward her. But before he got to the place where she was struggling in the water, a man, seeing what a fine swimmer Jean was, threw himself upon Jean, thinking that by grasping him he might be saved, in mad folly pinioning Jean's arms and Jean being now unable to swim, both sank beneath the moaning waves.

Jean struggled with all his strength to free himself from the deadly grasp of the wretch, but his efforts were all in vain, and he soon touched the dark bottom of the sea.

Jean was almost suffocated, but notwithstanding, with desperate energy he fought to release himself from the grip of death. The grasp in which he was held, was like the steely grip of a vice. He would have to free himself from this demon's powerful arms, or death would be inevitable.

He jerked, and twisted, and squirmed, but his efforts seemed like the efforts of a pigmy attempting to overpower a giant. They were all futile and of no avail. Then Jean sank down prepared to die. He was mentally saying farewell forever to his loved ones, when suddenly—

The demon who had held Jean pinioned so tightly, let go his hold. Then Jean saw, through the dim light shining down through the greenish waters, a shark coming straight at them.

Jean, released from the awful grasp in which he was held, sprang upward in a mad endeavor to escape from the jaws of death. With all his strength, he swam outward and upward, away from the man and the shark.

Presently he rose above the waves. Not far from him, he saw a boat moving slowly on the surface of the water. The misty curtain of fog which had pervaded the atmosphere when the collision had occurred, and during the while the scenes were being enacted after it had taken place, on board the *La Bourgogne*, had risen.

Jean swam with all his strength toward the boat though now he was almost completely enervated, and his strength not great. The boat was bearing down on Jean, who shouted as lustily as possible in his weakened condition. The boat neared Jean, who noticed the words, "*La Bourgogne*," painted on the bow. There was but one person in the boat, whom Jean recognized as an American boy, a passenger of the *La Bourgogne*. The boy stopped rowing, and Jean pulled himself up into it.

He was greatly puzzled, as he thought of the shark and his recent close proximity to its frightful jaws, and wondered how he had

ever escaped being devoured, and if it were possible that the maniac who had siezed him had also been delivered from the jaws of death. But no, that was an impossibility. Both could not have escaped. The man must certainly have been swallowed by the monster fish. Jean was just thanking Heaven that it was not he who had to pass through those awful jaws, when his companion in the boat spoke up and said: "What is your name?"

Jean was unable to comprehend the meaning of the words, as he understood only the French language and they were spoken in English.

Then, in French that was broken with English words, his comrade repeated his question.

"Jean Illiers" was the answer, followed with an inquiry to the same effect as the first interrogation.

A quick reply followed his question. "Frank Chandler," said his companion, in the same apologetic attempts to speak French.

Frank seemed to be a person on humor bent, for, after many jokes and witticisms, he broke out with a peculiar drawl.

"What'll you have for dinner; Old Scotch and terrapin?"

CHAPTER IV.

ADRIFT.

OLD Scotch, and terrapin, indeed! They would have been glad to have had each a glass of

milk, or even fresh water and a few slices of bread.

There was no food whatever, aboard the life boat. The only thing with which they could satiate their thirst, was by drinking the brandy contained in the small round casks at each end of the boat.

But how long could that keep them alive? Their knawing appetites could in no way be appeased. The situation the boys were in was gruesome and terrible in the extreme. Perhaps hundreds of miles from land, not knowing which way to head their boat, being without chart or compass, with nothing whatever to eat, their condition was not pleasant to contemplate.

But Frank kept up his jovial talking, in spite of fact that death stared them in the face,—death, either from starvation, thirst or drowning—as a squall or gale might capsize their boat, throw them into the water, and, after they had become exhausted from swimming, they would sink into the sea and drown, or be devoured by sharks.

Jean, however, was very much depressed and dejected by reason of this state of affairs, and though he understood Frank's joking—which was spoken in very bad French—he paid little attention to it.

"Cheer up," said Frank, "we're not dead yet, and there is nothing in the way of our being rescued;

'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

"There's evil enough now," replied Jean, who was not inclined to cheer up.

Frank, during all this time, was steadily rowing, but several hours had dwindled away, and, after his great exertion, he was beginning to show signs of fatigue, when Jean, seeing this, took the oars and began to row.

After many hours of hard, steady rowing, he also began to feel fatigued, and sank down in his seat, exhausted. Frank removed one of the casks from its fastenings at one end of the boat, and taking the stopper from the bung-hole, he took a pocket drinking cup from his vest, and poured some out and gave it to Jean who quickly swallowed it.

"Glad I brought that along with me," said Frank, referring to the cup.

"Yes," responded Jean weakly.

He took off his coat, and using it as a pillow, lay at the bottom of the boat, to try to sleep.

"That's the idea," remarked Frank, taking up the oars and rowing again.

Jean was soon snoring. Meanwhile, Frank was rowing with all his muscle, and the shades of evening were falling on the face of the deep. Soon all was dark, and the only sound to be heard was the lapping of the waves beating against the sides of the boat.

Frank still kept on rowing. Af-

ter a time he began to feel exhausted.

"Guess I'll follow Jean's example, and repair to the land of nod." Suiting the action to the word, he took off his coat, and placing it in the bottom of the boat, he was soon sleeping as deeply as Jean himself.

Day dawned, and light came over the surface of the waters. Frank awoke with a start that rocked the boat from side to side. Yawning protractedly, he rolled over on the bottom of the boat, and was again wrapped in slumber.

The sun was shining high in the heavens, when he again awoke. He got up on a seat, and taking up the oars, he began to row again, rowing till the sun sat so high in the heavens that he concluded it must be about noon.

Jean had not yet stirred from his protracted slumber, and Frank concluded that he must be ill.

Frank pulled the oars into the boat and began to awaken Jean. He commenced to shake him energetically, but no result came because of his vigorous exertion.

Frank kept it up. After a time Jean opened his eyes, gave a look of pain, uttered a moan, and rolled over. Frank concluded to allow him to remain slumbering. He once more seized the oars, and once more proceeded to row toward where he thought land might lay, when suddenly he

keeled over, and fell into the bottom of the boat. The glaring heat of the sun, coupled with the great exertion and starvation he had undergone, had got in its effect, and Frank lay in the boat, as likewise did Jean, completely overpowered by extreme exhaustion.

Meanwhile the South East Gulf

Stream, connecting with the swift Guinea Current, rushing through the waters of the turbulent Atlantic, was, by an unseen power, silently, speedily drawing the boat, containing the ship-wrecked lads, countless miles through the blue waters of the trackless sea.

(To be continued.)

The U.A.P.A. Election.

At the Uapa Convention held in Milwaukee, Aug. 18, 19 and 20, the following officers were elected for 1899:

Pres. Jas. C. Bresnahan, Jersey City, N. J.
1st Vice Pres. Miss Frees, Chicago, Ill.
2nd " " Jno. Miller, Lancaster, Ky.
Sec'y. Thos. McKee, Butler, Pa.
Treas. H. B. Cole, Black River Falls, Wis.
Trustee. Guy N. Phillips, Sioux City, Ia.
Eastern Chief of Reviews.

Chas. W. Hiens, New York City.
Western Chief of Reviews.

Don C. Wilson, Lincoln, Nebr.

Ch'm'n C. Com. Miss Ericson, Elroy, Wis.
Off. Ed. B. C. Rawley, Richford, N. Y.
" Organ. "The Amateur Press."
Convention Seat, 1899. New York City.

How to get the Omaha Stamps.

These stamps can be obtained by other postmasters, only direct from Washington, and a form known as 3101 must be used in applying for them. This form is obtainable from Washington, and no other form will be recognized.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Patriot has grown in four months, from a small insignificant sheet to one of the best amateurs out.

R. J. Shores,
Great Falls, Montana.

A Wonderful

Revolving nickel plated stamp with endless rubber bands. Prints all the days, months and years from 1898 to 1904. Figures from 0 to 99, Ans'd, Rec'd, Paid, Acp'd, Ent'd etc. Sent post paid 25 cts.

John J. Lyons, 170 Grand St.
Jersey City, N. J.

After Oct. 1, we will give, to all who subscribe before Jan. 1, 1899, the Interpolitan Magazine 1899. This means 15 numbers for 25 cents, or:

Three Numbers Absolutely Free!

It will include two special editions—the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers.

It is in your interest to subscribe early. The longer you wait, the fewer extra issues you will get.

Mark your sub. 'special' if you send it in before Oct. 1, so as to avoid any confusion.

Address

Jessen Bros. 2807 Franklin St.
Omaha, Nebr.

Complexion Cream Soap.

Complexion Cream Soap contains cream, olive oil, lemon juice and glycerine. Recommended to cure chapped hands, and remove tan, freckles and dandruff.

Onyx soap is also a very good article. It perfumes the skin and makes it soft and clean. Price, 10 cents per package. Address orders to—

Raymond Counsman, 2216 N. Sherman Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

All Are Universal—

In declaring "The Journalist" one of the best Amateurs published. Contains 12 pages and cover—not small ones either—brim full of choice stories, poems, editorial, and departments. Subscription, 25 cts. per yr. Sample free.

Address:

John Miller.

Fort Atkinson, Wis

The Ram's Horn.

A weekly Paper.

Five cents per copy.

Address:

Raymond Counsman.

2216 North Sherman Ave.

Omaha, Nebraska.

The Amateur World.

An amateur journal of fact and fiction published the last of each month, by A. G. Schreiber, at 2311 North 28th Ave., Omaha, Nebr. Send stamp for sample. Publishers respectfully request to send exchange copies.

Good manuscript solicited.

Send in your subscription. You will be satisfied.

MISS S. SORENSEN

MODISTE.

434 Range Building

OMAHA

Louis Neese.—

First National Bank, Omaha, Nebr.



Foreign exchange and
Passage business.

“Why is a Mouse When it Spins.”

This is a hard question to settle, but it is not at all hard to determine which stamp paper is best after you have seen ours. It is thoroughly up to date, finely printed and clear at 25 cents per year, but we only charge

10 Cents Per Year For It!!!!

Sample copy free if you wish it.

International Philatelist

Box K, R. 216 St. Joseph, Mo

ADVERTISERS: The best medium to reach the thousands of collectors

STAMP JOURNALS

Do you collect them?

If so, send seven cents
and receive 10 fine old
covered stamp papers.

Postage prepaid.

I also exchange stamp papers with collectors. Send me 10 or 20 papers and receive same number of mine.

Percy Jamieson.

2734 Blondo St. Omaha, Nebr.

STOP. DON'T GO AWAY

Without seeing the MONITOR MAGAZINE.



It has been absent from Amateuria for quite a time, but it has returned brighter than ever. Beginning with the August number it will appear regularly each month.

Send a stamp for a sample.

Manuscript solicited.

Poems and stories preferred.

Address:

THE MONITOR MAGAZINE,

204 north 28th Street,

Omaha, Nebr.

GENERAL INDEX
MISCELLANEOUS

INDEX OF THE COLLECTIONS OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

PREPARED BY
J. A. ALLEN

NEW YORK
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
1910

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK

MISCELLANEOUS
INDEX