

Promises to See This Land of Ours and This Goodly State of Nebraska Prosperous and the

BANKERS RESERVE LIFE

Association Takes Up It's Work with Renewed Vigor and Increased Power for Growth.

THE YEAR 1901 passes into the history of Omaha's only life insurance company with a record of growth never equalled by any western life insurance company.

THE YEAR 1901 closes with the Bankers Reserve Life an unqualified business success and a business of risks in Nebraska alone of \$3,350,000.

THE YEAR 1901 added nearly \$2,000,000 to the aggregate of risks in force at the close of 1900, and fixed for Nebraska's aggressive life company.

A PERMANENT POSITION.

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THE YEAR 1902 opens with the assets of the Bankers Reserve more than doubled; its income proportionately increased and its success assured beyond peradventure.

THE YEAR 1902 opens with the Bankers Reserve Life Association leading every competitor in the state in premium income and amount of insurance written for the preceding year.

THE YEAR 1902 is full of promise for this young and active organization, which B. H. ROBISON, President.

promises policy holders and people generally shall not fail to maintain its present phenomenal forward march in the insurance world.

THE COMING YEAR will see this new home company the strongest fiduciary enterprise in the great west.

THE COMING YEARS, and not very many of them distant, will see the Bankers Reserve a \$10,000,000 company.

THE COMING YEARS, say five or ten, will find the people of Nebraska blessing the day when the

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was organized upon the idea of building at home, a home company, for the safe keeping and investment of home insurance savings, now so largely sent to the money congested centers of the east, never to return. Loyal Nebraskans will aid the Nebraska company and assist in the growth and development of the home insurance idea. Every man in the state ought to lend a hand. Solicitors of life insurance will find the idea a good working one, the policies saleable and territory available. Write to President Robison for particulars at the home office, Omaha.

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Some Monsters of Sea's Abysmal Depths

BEFORE the end of this year the world will begin to learn such things about the chasms of the deepest seas as it never has dreamed of in its wildest dreams. The United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Denmark are all approaching the point where their scientists are ready to begin systematic publication of results attained in the various deep sea exploring expeditions that were sent out in the last few years.

The most remarkable among these reports, says the Washington Post, will be those telling of the work of the German Valdivia expedition, which recently explored the seas off the American, African, Indian and Chinese coasts, the final reports of the Agassiz expedition through the Pacific ocean, the final reports of the German members of the Challenger expedition, which are being published now in Germany in a magnificent edition with colored plates, and the reports of the various expeditions of the prince of Monaco.

Twenty-five years ago the deep sea was an unknown world. Here and there, scattered in museums far apart and gazed at with amazement and ignorant wonder and unavailing speculation, were forty or fifty monstrous shapes. They were deep-sea forms that, driven upward from their eternal night by some fatality, had been picked up dead on the surface or washed ashore. They taught the world nothing. Men did not even know that they were deep-sea forms. It was believed then that there was no life below a depth of 1,000 feet. Those forty or fifty uncanny creatures represented no more to the world, scientific and lay, than did the bodies of the strange red men which, according to tradition, were washed on the shores of the old world before the discovery of the new, hinting at the existence of unexplored realms inhabited by unknown races, but supplying no further information.

But when the first groping wire arm of the first deep-sea dredge vibrated on the bottom in the ooze of the black pits of water, and those depths felt the thrill of human life for the first time since the world was evolved from formlessness into being, at once a new and awful page in the stupendous book of nature was unfolded. It was a chapter of revelation. Strange Forms.

The writer often has heard Dr. Bean tell the feeling of worshipping wonder and awe that overcame the two scientists when the trawl came up to the surface. He said: "We were both standing by the mouth of the net when, as the seaman lifted the end of the bag, two strange forms fell out on the deck. A single glance was enough to tell us that they were new to our fauna and probably unknown to science. They seemed like visitors from another world, and none of the strange forms which have since passed through our laboratory has brought half so much interest and enthusiasm. Now, looking back on the great harvest in the field of oceanic ichthyology which we have had the pleasure of helping to garner in the fifteen years which have passed since that happy and eventful morning, it seems incredible that American naturalists should not then have known that only a few miles from the American coast there was a fauna as unlike that of our shore as anything that could be found in the Indian ocean or in the seas of China."

Today more than 700 different kinds of fish, taken from depths of 1,000 feet and more, are known to science and have been classified. Great as this harvest is, no man knows or can imagine how many hundreds or even thousands of other creatures live down there. Fantastic and awesome as are the shapes that have been fished up, no man can tell what still more awesome shapes, defying the power of human conception, dwell in the lost places of the sea. Imagine that men living beyond the clouds were to drop a few wires with nets attached and trawl them for a few thousand yards along our plains or through our cities. What few and scattered specimens would they collect! How could they form even the slightest idea of the wonders that lie hidden from their eyes? Even so it is with us and our deep sea expeditions. It is equally beyond our trained science to speculate and our untrained imagination to grasp the unknown terrors, the unspeakable enormities, the appalling deformities, the unearthly horrors, that lie in hiding deep in the very grave of time.

A Wonderful Mouth.

The most grotesque imagination of believers in the supernatural of the dark ages never formulated such shapes as exist among the 700 varieties of deep sea fish that already have been brought today. None of their vampires or basilisks was such a creature as is the blind Eurypharynx pelecoides. What is not mouth in him is tail. His mouth is a cavern. The jaws are loose and the creature can spread and stretch them around fish twice as large as he is. His tail is that of a reptile. His skin is black and leathery, exactly similar to the wing membrane of a huge bat. His eyes are mere specks, but specks that gleam with concentrated wickedness. This incredibly misshapen form has been fished up from a depth of more than a mile (5,358 feet), a depth at which the pressure of the incumbent ocean water is so tremendous that it would crush a man's body into nothing. Castiron vessels that have been lowered

into these depths have been crumpled up like tissue paper. Yet this soft, finless, half-blind thing lives there and swims around in the pitch dark.

Before it see things even blinder than it. The last faintest filtering of light from above disappears totally at a depth of less than 2,000 feet. Beyond that there is eternal night. Yet even there, amid the wallowing and winding of countless blind things, there are eyes. Some are tiny, like the baleful holes out of which the Eurypharynx glares. Others are beautiful and prominent and glowing. They belong to the lamp fish, the phosphorescent creatures that light their way as they proceed by shimmering phosphorescence produced by their own nerves.

One of the light bearers is Linoephyne lucifer, a truly demoniac form. On the top of his head he carries an apparatus that is identical in shape with the common light bulb of our ordinary small electric lamps. From it he diffuses a blurred white glow that is like a star in the blackness where he lives. That glow illuminates a horned head and a face that is a gargoyle. None of the uncanny, frightening faces on Notre Dame's famous gargoyles can equal it in terror of expression and wild exaggeration.

Like most of the creatures fished up from the great depths, this fish is voracious enough to swallow animals far larger than itself. The first specimen ever captured fell a victim to this habit. It swallowed another deep-sea fish that was almost as long as it was and so disarranged its internal mechanism that it shot up to the surface, where it was picked up by Captain Andresen, who was fishing for turtles off the island of Madeira. Since then many specimens have been taken by deep-sea trawls. The latter capture was made by the prince of Monaco, while trawling from his steam yacht, Princess Alice.

The Lamp Fish.

Another of the lamp fishes of the sea that has been taken recently is Aethoprora effulgens. This is one of the big-eyed fish of the oceanic night. Its luminous organ is enormous, lying like a great gland over the entire region behind the rear orbit of the eye and overlapping the edge of the jaw. He is a searchlight fish. No human eye has seen the wonderful creature flashing along in its terrible habitat, but scientific examination shows that the luminous patch that covers its head serves exactly the purpose that the headlight of a locomotive does. The locomotive simile is carried even further, for all along its body the fish has rows of phosphorescent spots that must give powerful light when he is alive, for even dead specimens have given off light enough to make it possible to read fine print under their illumination. One can imagine Aethoprora dashing along on its trackless path exactly like a train, the headlight shining with dazzling light in front and the spots gleaming like the lit windows of cars behind. Albatross caught one of these strange and beautiful creatures in the deep hole off Porto Rico in 8,195 feet of water.

Valdivia captured one of the most beautiful of the lamp fish in its recent expeditions. In his first report, which has just been made public, Prof. Carl Chun, who had charge of the expedition, says of this unique animal:

"It is a cephalopod (a deep-sea squid), a representative of the genus Eupoloteuthis. It has twenty-four organs for generating light. Each of its great tentacles has two. Each eye is surrounded with five. The rest are distributed over the body. Nothing at all of the wonderful manifestations of deep-sea forms can be compared even distantly with the appearance of this splendid creature. The body appears as if it was set with a diadem of gorgeous gems. The center light of those around the eyes is a bright flashing ultra-marine blue; the rest are of a dainty mother-of-pearl color. On the body the first row of lights is ruby. The middle row is sky blue. The rest are snow white and mother-of-pearl. It was the most beautiful sight that we ever saw."

There Are Others.

Valdivia gathered scores of other strange fish. It was fitted out with a new form of trawl, which brought the best results ever attained in deep-sea searching. These nets in principle were just like the common purses that close with metal jaws. The net is lowered with the jaws locked. A miniature propeller is so adjusted that as soon as the trawl reaches the desired depth and tension is put on the lines that hold it, its revolution opens the jaws wide. The propeller screw can be adjusted to close the jaws again after making any desired number of revolutions. Thus it was possible to fish any depth and lock the net whenever desired, and the explorers were sure that the trawl would bring to the surface only the creatures dwelling in certain depths.

In the Gulf of Guinea, 12,000 feet below the surface, Valdivia's net brought up a fish whose eyes had become telescopes. They protruded outward and straight upward from his queer, knife-like head. He was Opisthoproctus solentus. Nobody can even conjecture for what odd purpose his eyes were formed in this peculiar way.

What is considered one of the strangest captures of Valdivia was that of a new form of predaceous fish. He is so queer

A no scientist has yet been able to justify him, and hence he is still nameless. He has telescope eyes. Instead of a tail he has immensely long and fine filaments like spun glass. He shines like a piece of polished metal and his mouth is a death trap of spiny teeth.

"It cannot be doubted," said Dr. Bean to the writer, "that somewhere in the sea, at an unknown distance below the surface, there are living certain fish-like animals unknown to science and of great size, which come occasionally to the surface and give a foundation to such stories as those of the sea serpent.

"To understand how little we know of what is going on in midocean, think of such a fish as chlamodon. This fish has been taken only once in history by a deep-sea net. Yet five times have dead specimens been picked up entirely by chance on the surface, showing that the creature must be abundant. Another ocean dweller which no exploring ship ever has caught is regalecus, or the oarfish. It is a serpent-shaped, rapidly swimming form, usually from eighteen to twenty-four feet long. Within the last 150 years specimens have been stranded on the shores of Norway, Denmark, the Faroe Islands, Scotland, Ireland, England, France, Bermuda, the Cape of Good Hope, India and New Zealand. Gunther gives a list of forty-four seen by naturalists, and this, of course, is only an insignificant part of those which actually have been stranded. Its worldwide distribution and the number of waifs prove that it is abundant in midocean, yet the exploring ships in all the years of their combined searching have caught no specimen of it, old or young."

Rum Once More in Favor

Countries which produce sugar cane produce molasses and countries which produce molasses produce rum, at one time a popular drink in New York, but so no longer.

More than 1,500,000 gallons of rum are manufactured in this country every year, says the New York Sun, and 600,000 gallons are exported each year, more than one-half of the amount being shipped to Africa. Four-fifths of the rum manufactured in the United States is made in Massachusetts and is from the neighborhood of Medford.

Prices of New England rum rule steady and the demand in the south and west is increasing. The prospect of increased sales in domestic rums during the winter is reported good, the quality being maintained at a good standard.

The chief merit asserted for rum is that the ingredients which enter into its manufacture being cheap and the cost of manufacture small there is no serious occasion for the use of adulterants such as render unwholesome other spirituous liquors. Moreover, rum is fattening and most popular as a drink in winter time when taken spiced, hot spiced rum being as popular in its way as any fancy drink in the same season and much more easily prepared.

But spiced rum, like highballs, must be taken in moderation for safety.

A Famous Sea Fight

The famous fight between Enterprise and Boxer in 1812, says the K nebec (Me), Journal, took place off Monhegan, fifty miles from Portland, but the event is closely associated with that city, as the enterprise sailed from its harbor in search of the British brig, which it captured after a brief and bloody battle. Moreover, side by side in the Eastern cemetery, in their graves overlooking the tranquil bay where they in battle died, lie both Captain William Burrows of Enterprise, who fell in the hour of victory, and Captain Samuel Blyth of Boxer, who was also killed in the battle. Both were young men, one 28 and the other 29 years old. Beside his commander lies Midshipman Kerwin Waters of Enterprise, aged 18. These graves are much visited. The inscriptions are getting worn and the British vice consul, Keating, is taking steps to have all three stones renewed and put in good condition. Portland citizens are heartily supporting his efforts.

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