

HOW THE TINY ANT HOLDS SUPREMACY

Under Microscope He Shows Traits of Strength Not Visible to Observer's Naked Eye.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

While the two ant-lions lay side by side, buried up to the neck in sand at the bottom of their conical den, and with the six eyes on each side of their heads greedily watching, the older said to his companion: "Now keep your jaws wide stretched, and an ant may come tumbling down at any moment and you must seize him at once before he recovers his wits. Get him by the neck, and bang his head against the sand. Look out for his nippers, for an ant, if he gets a hold, will hang on even after his head is off. I'll give you the first chance, and will help you if you need me."

If you had looked down into that pit with a powerful reading glass you would have shuddered at the sight of those four terrible, curved mandibles, mysteriously rising out of the sand, motionless as the jaws of a steel trap, while the battery of twelve eyes glittered like needle points. Half an hour may have elapsed before anything occurred.

Black Ant Runs Out.

Then a black ant ran out of a nearby thicket of dry, dusty, grass, and zig-zagged swiftly about the sandy plain until he came upon the verge of the excavation. There he abruptly stopped, and his restless antennae nervously investigated the steep slope of sand. In an instant he had set a little avalanche in motion, his footing gave way, and wildly struggling to get grip on the treacherous slope, down he went!

"Now! Now!" said the older lion, "Grab him!"

The pupil made an awkward attempt to seize the ant as it tumbled against him, but, distracted by the

ratling sand, he failed to get a grip, and quick as lightning the ant was half way up the yielding slope, struggling with the fury of desperation, and actually making head against the constantly renewed downpour of loosened sand.

"Stupid!" exclaimed the old lion. "Out of my way, quick!"

Disengaging himself, he instantly shoveled a load of sand on his broad head, and shot it, like a discharge of grape from a gun at the escaping insect. The charge struck above the quarry, and the ant, although half buried by descending sand, got a hold with one leg on a projecting pebble that was solidly embedded in the wall, and for the moment saved itself.

Persistence is What Wins.

In less than a second another charge of sand was hurled upon it, and the ant rolled upon its back, but with outstretched leg, it still maintained its hold. Painfully pulling itself up as the sand slipped away, it succeeded in fastening a second leg upon the anchored pebble. The young ant-lion was thrilled with excitement, and uttered gleeful exclamations in a phrenetic pitch beyond the range of the human ear. "Bring him down! Bring him down!" he cried.

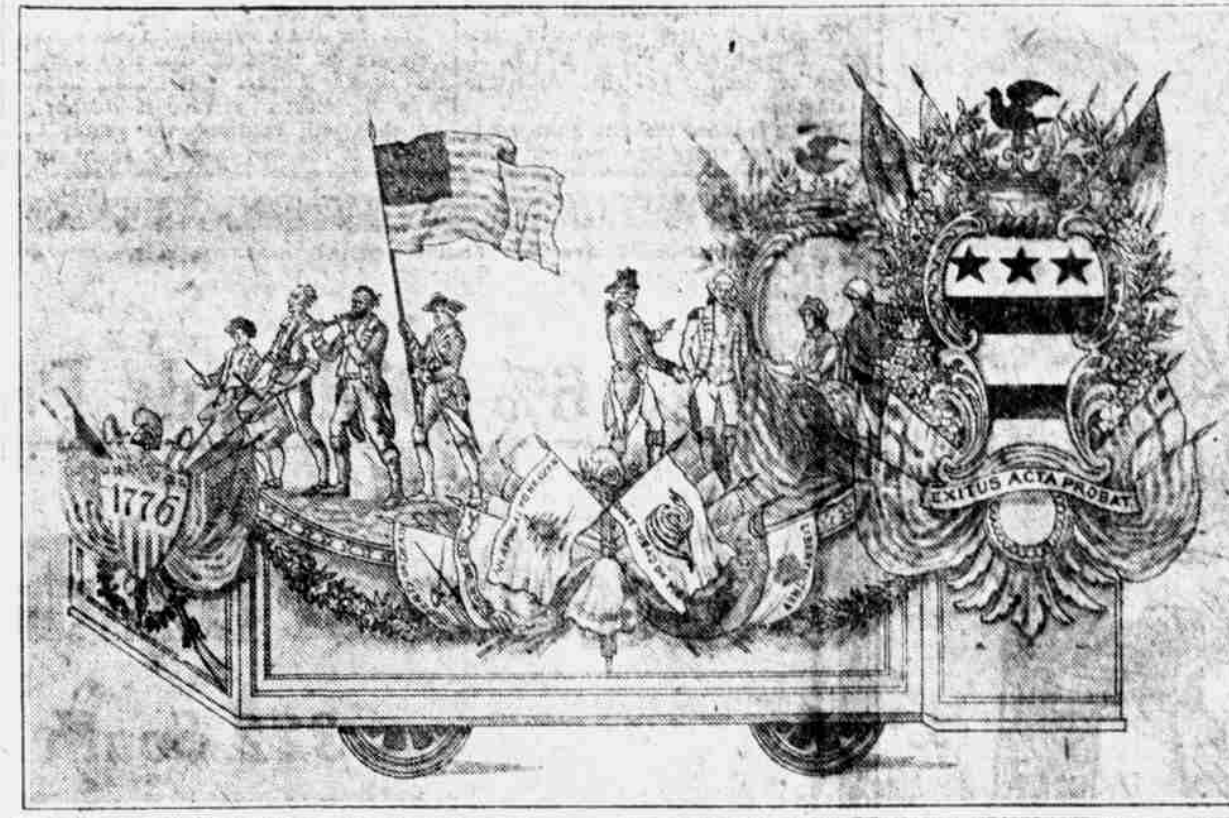
He was as happy as a boy watching the stoning of a squirrel. The old lion worked with the steadiness and remorselessness of the operator of a machine gun. Load after load of sand he jerked from his capacious head, his aim improving with practice, until at last the battered ant released its grasp and rolled quickly down into the merciless jaws awaiting it.

When the two comrades in the pit had finished their feast the elder placed the remains on his head and shot them over the top of the wall. Then, in the same manner, he hurled out the sand that had accumulated at the bottom of the cone, and removed the pebble, half way up the slope, that had so nearly proved the salvation of the unfortunate ant.

Advice of the Wise Ant.

"You must always keep your slopes even and slippery," he said, "and whatever is too big and heavy to be shot out must be buried at the bottom. Keep the pit clean

"The Youth of the Great Republic," in Ak-Sar-Ben Parade



and neat; that is the first requirement of decency as well as of efficiency. I detest a dirty, cluttered pit. No honest-minded ant-lion would stay in such a place. When the walls become too much furrowed by slides you must either enlarge your pit or abandon it and dig another.

"With care, good luck, good weather and good judgment in selecting your location, you may make a pit last as long as you need it, and have plenty of juicy game. Upon the whole I like ants best, although they have got a poisonous bite and are dreadfully quick. When you catch them on a first descent they are too much confounded to make trouble. You were disgracefully awkward with that fellow! When they get away and try to climb up the slope you must act quickly.

"Bombard them as fast as you can, and when they come down remember to get them by the neck instant-

ly. I hate beetles, but flies are excellent, although it is rare indeed that one can be caught. Spiders are good, too, if they are not too big and active; but bees are terrors. They carry an awful weapon, and it's lucky that they very seldom get into a pit."

Combat to the Death.

Just at this moment there was a commotion at the top of the pit and a buzzing, angry bee, one of whose wings had been injured, came sliding down with a rush of sand.

"Hang the beast!" cried the old lion. "Now look out for yourself!"

The struggling bee, with its stinger darting out like a spear, fought madly. The younger ant-lion, seized with terror, laboriously climbed to the top and carefully watched the battle from a safe place. But the old fellow was no coward. Slow though he was on his legs, he was quick enough with his jaws. The bee jabbed him

once or twice, but did not reach his vitals.

The terrible buzzing and the flying sand filled the fascinated watcher with consternation. Round and round over and under in the pit whirled and fought the desperate combatants. At last the lion got his stout antagonist by the body and lifting him clear dashed his head again and again against the packed sand at the bottom until the bee's one uninjured wing ceased to buzz, his useless sting hung motionless like the sword of a broken armed champion, a shiver ran through his stiffening legs and then a new shade entered the ghost world of the insects.

The almost exhausted victor said something like "phew!" and remained motionless for a time, recovering himself, while the fugitive descended the wall to rejoin him. Perhaps the young lion was forgiven for his flight and permitted to share the rare banquet

that chance and the courage and strength of his comrade had provided, and perhaps he was ignominiously driven away, I really do not know how it came out.

Japan Seeking the Match Trade of the World

There was a time when Japan made matches for the entire eastern world and many countries in the west. Lack of standardization and export of goods of inferior quality by some of the makers has greatly injured the match trade in recent years. A conference was recently held in Tokio at which the minister of commerce was present. Practically every section of Japan where matches are made was represented.

Mr. Oka, director of the commercial and industrial bureau, recommended a definite scheme for standardization of matches for export. His plans were adopted, and all Japanese matches made by the Federation of Japanese Match Manufacturers will be examined hereafter at Kobe and Osaka before exportation. A high standard will be restored and the United States may expect to see Japanese matches take the place of the Swedish article, now almost gone from the market.—East and West News.

Arthur Brisbane Gives Lesson in Advertising

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the famous journalist, who has recently bought the Washington Times from Mr. Munsey, is, as is well known, also one of the best essayists on advertising. His ideas on this subject are illustrated in the following story once told by him:

"I recall when the United Cigar stores were first started by Mr. Whelan. He told me he had been advertising, but without any results. I said to him: 'You advertise as my cat walks into the room. If I don't see her by accident I don't know she's there.'

"You advertise as if you went to the cigar counter in a hotel and told the girl you were selling cigars and asked how much the hotel would charge you to whisper the fact. She

told you a whisper would cost you \$5, and then you asked her how much for a yell. When she told you \$50, you handed over \$5 and said you'd take one whisper.

"You whispered, but nobody heard you, and you left the hotel imagining that you had saved \$45, when you had really thrown away \$5."

"No matter what you say with the written or spoken word, you must say it as if it had never been said before. I'd be ashamed to write an advertisement that was not looked at by every reader the paper had. You must write an advertisement so that people will see, will read, will understand and will believe."

Joseph H. Choate's Tribute to Roscoe Conkling

Roscoe Conkling, who was the chief opposing counsel to Joseph H. Choate in the so-called "Huntington cases," never ceased to express his appreciation and gratitude for the tribute and compliment which Mr. Choate paid him on one of the trials. It was Senator Conkling's first appearance at the bar, following his retirement from his somewhat tempestuous career in politics and in the United States senate. Mr. Choate, with that inimitable grace and courtesy of which he was at all times in command, welcomed his eminent friend back to the bar—a man who has come through the fire and smoke of the greatest political battles of our time with absolutely no taint upon his garments. It was in his summing up in the first trial of those cases that Mr. Choate made his startling application to Senator Conkling of the familiar quotation from "Hamlet," beginning: "See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; and ending: "A combination and a form indeed. Where every god did seem to set his seat. To give the world assurance of a man."

The aptness of the quotation and the full force of the compliment can be understood only by those who remember the great impressiveness of the Conkling "front" and the "curls" gracefully falling on the "brow," a manly "combination," in perfect form.—William V. Rowe in Case and Comment.

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