

Downers Grove Reporter.

Reporter Job Printing Co., Pubs.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The decision of a Baltimore judge that stealing a cat is not larceny was doubtless influenced by the probability that the cat would come back.

It is said that one-half the world's quinine product is consumed in the United States. That may explain the buzzings in so many of our statesmen's bonnets.

It is painful to learn that the Fair estate, which has been estimated at \$40,000,000, is really only worth \$15,000,000. What is to become of the poor Fair family?

The Rock Island man who killed himself rather than do jury service, can be spared. The country can get along without men unwilling to discharge simple duties of citizenship.

AMELIA BARR, the novelist, claims that the men are to blame for women's extravagance in dress. If this be so, it is one of those cases in which a man has to pay dearly for his fault.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS have exhumed a bath tub at Pompeii with boiler and pipes for supplying hot and cold water. Next time they will light upon a Pompeian Joe Miller, with jokes about the plumber scattered through it.

A BOSTON girl has refused to marry an English sultor because he said he would lead her to the "halter." Shrewd American girls put the halter around the neck of the other contracting party, and he never knows it, either.

The conduct of the Japanese troops at Port Arthur shows that a few years of civilization are not sufficient to prevent a heathen nation from relapsing, with the aid of enterprising New York correspondents, into barbarism.

The bakers of Cincinnati have reduced the price of bread to three cents a loaf. And there is no reason why the cut should not be universal. The present cost of flour means that the bread industry at present figures is a thriving one.

ARTHUR BRISBANE philosophically observes that great men are rarely interesting when they talk to one another. Bret Harte, Froude and a third celebrated writer talked once for two hours. The most intellectual subject of discussion selected by them was the American cocktail.

A POSTMASTER suggests that instead of licking the mucilage side of the stamps the tongue should be applied to the portrait of George Washington, who never was licked in his life. The difficulty of making the stamps stick inspires the public with a desire to lick the mucilage contractor.

The threat to remove the Sacred Codfish from the capitol of Massachusetts is stirring the old commonwealth from center to circumference. All that the Lares and Penates were to the Romans, the Sacred Codfish is to the people of the bay state, with a few additional sacrosanctities of its own.

TURKS come high at Erizinghian, where for the "murder" of one of them twenty-four Armenians were lately sentenced to death, while nineteen more received sentences of imprisonment, from six years up to life. It should be added that among the condemned several proved that they were in Constantinople at the time of the killing.

PITTSBURG reports that during the year 1894 in that county 161 persons were killed by steam cars and thirty-three by cable and electric cars. That is a total of 194 preventable deaths, or an average of nearly four deaths every week the year through. The companies should find means to reduce this needless sacrifice of life, and if they do not, legislation will be invoked to help them to do so.

The customary announcement, somewhat belated, that the due d'Orleans is about to issue a manifesto and head a demonstration in France is accompanied this year with a reference to his possible arrest, for which he has apparently small concern. It would do him no harm if in the event of his disturbing the peace the pretender should be treated with something more than Pickwickian harshness.

THERE are few advertisers who have not been looking forward to this year with hopes of better results from their expenditure than they ever ventured to expect from last year's outlay. A year ago the business depression had yet to reach its lowest point. No one could guess just how far it would go. This year, however, business is on the upward grade, and nobody knows the extent to which it will have improved by the time the year is old.

Now that the source of the Mississippi has been discovered, there comes also the knowledge that the Missouri is really the larger and longer river, and its source is the one that ought to give name to the grand stream that divides our country into East and West. But writes the North and South. The Mississippi above St. Louis is shorter than has been thought, while the Missouri is longer. These two rivers, with the Ohio and Arkansas, drain the south, drain an empire, and their waters are more than any like exist on this planet.

"LOOKING FORWARD."

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD

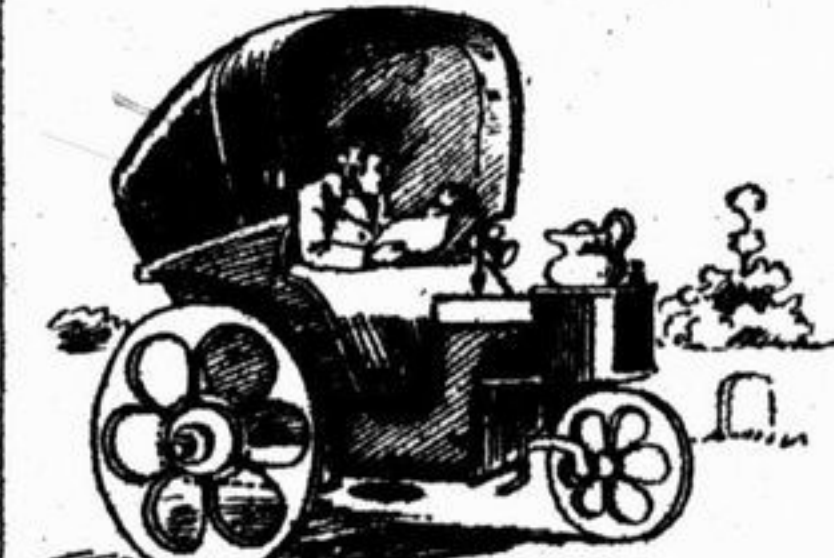
When All Mankind Will Be United and Anarchy and Socialism Will Be no More—Will Transportation Solve the Living Questions?



LOCOMOTION IN the nineteenth century has been a great and wonderful, perhaps in many instances, an amusing thing. To look over the numberless types of locomotives and steam cars invented from 1814 to 1895, is to form some slight conception of the true philosophy of progress and to realize that, after all, it is only relative. Yet the nineteenth century can be considered only as a mere initiator, an experimenter, a feverish seeker, a sower of ideas and of projects which the twentieth century, more positive, more scientific, better balanced and less sentimental and idealistic, must realize.

Three methods of traction dominate the present. Each is comfortable, speedy and economic. They are steam, electricity and cyclism, the latter representing automatic motion in a still undeveloped stage. All indicate the greatest triumph of man over mere brute force, as represented by the horse, and offer advantages so real and so appreciable as to give indubitable evidence that in the immediate future our courses will be reduced from the rank of necessities to that of luxuries. Then, the horse relegated to the same leisure enjoyed by the bovine species, there would no longer be heard along the highways the rhythm of trots and gallops, no joyous neighings, no stertorous breathings of nags oppressed with burdens. In their place would resound the heavy roll of wheels, the

A century from now progress in transit will have almost reached its apogee. Before the new born generation has become octogenarian, the earth will be covered with a network of railways comparable to the interlaced ropes which envelop a balloon. The oceans will be dotted with powerful boats which will dominate wind and tide. We may be almost certain that the problem of aerial navigation will have been partly or entirely solved. In order to abandon the odious repetition of the future tense, let us suppose that the writer of this humble little sketch has suddenly transported himself into the year 1995; that he is a spectator looking back upon accomplished facts.



HOW THE COUNTRY DOCTOR WILL TRAVEL. Whirr of machinery, the scream of warning whistles. Everywhere steam or electric carriages, everywhere coal- or petroleum stations, everywhere water tanks for the boilers, restaurants for travelers, blacksmith shops for repairs in the machinery, villages transformed into miniature towns and "hayseeds" into sophisticated town-folk, the entire landscape invaded by automatic cars and aerial voyagers, flying like birds through the air.

Such vehicles will not be without character, and will lend individuality to the scene. Specially remarkable will be the large "family car," or ex-

curtion carriage, fitted with all conveniences. One feature will be the cooking of meals en route, for the boiler, utilized as a sort of homely kitchen, will facilitate the concoction of succulent stews, of hot pastry and of smoking coffee. The country doctor will adopt a convenient "Petroleum" run, as its name indicates, by petroleum and furnished with small drawers for medicines, where the heat will keep at a wholesome temperature his anodyne doses, his anti-septic potions, his prophylactic vaporizers and injectors.

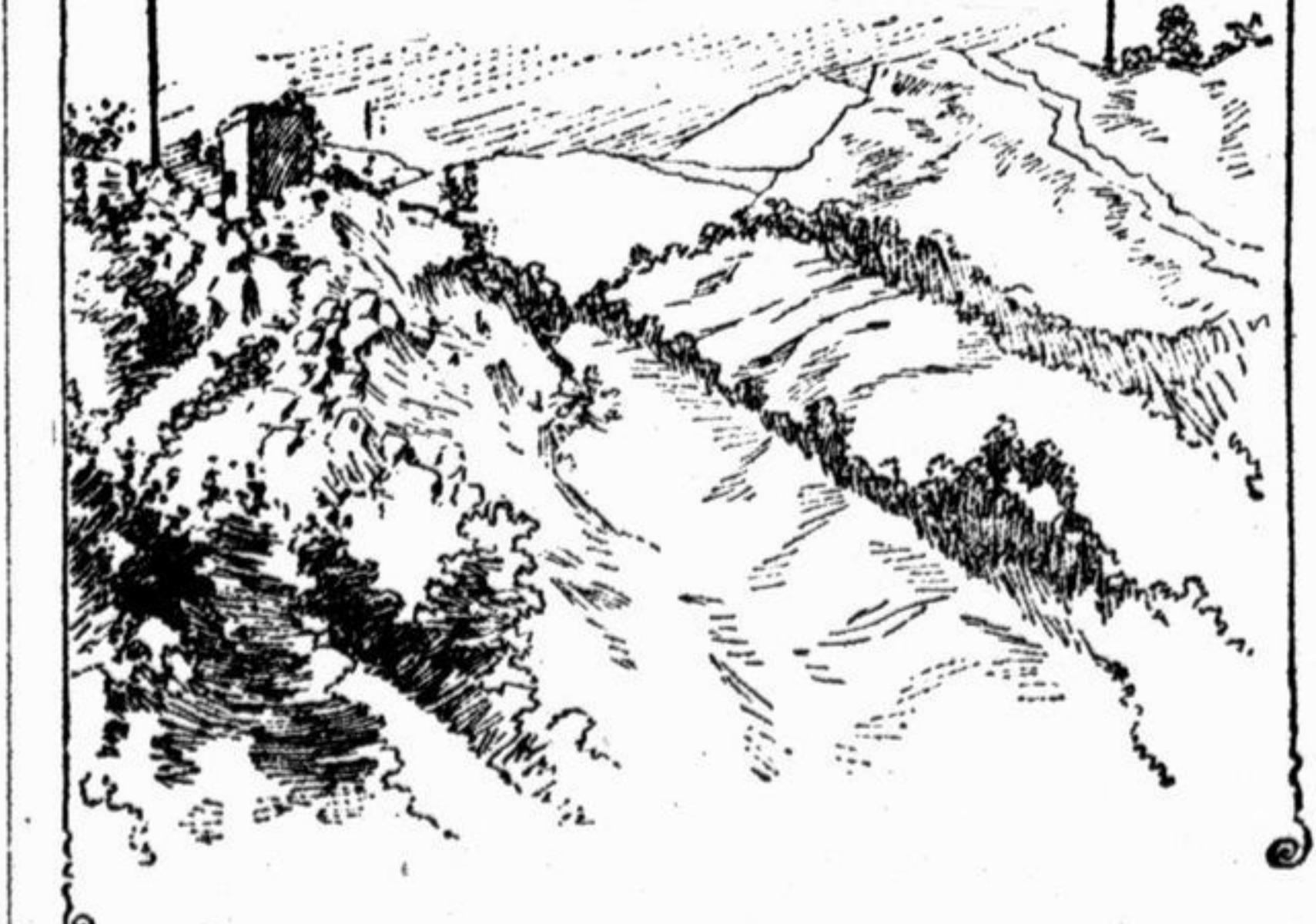
The streets of all the great cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Paris or London—will be far, indeed, from the comparative calm and quiet of the present. Merely human voices of discredited coachmen and car drivers will be drowned in the prodigious and never ceasing tumult of the whistles, the bells, the gongs and other alarms from all sorts of vehicles; the shrieks of escaping steam at each accident or collision, the thunderous roll of wheels, the interminable clicking of machinery. The spectacle will be picturesque, though dangerous to the pedestrian.

No horse will appear, save in certain little riding roads in the suburban parts. Magnificent bicycles, run by the aid of electricity and developing a high rate of speed by the merest touch of the most emaciated foot, will be the fashionable thing in places like the big parks. The horse track will give place to the bicycle track. Jerome park and Monmouth park will no more attract people to see contests of Salvators and Tenneys. Instead, more exciting trials of speed will take place between famous bicyclists. Enormous prizes will be offered by rival builders of the wheels. A curious sight in all the large cities will be the electrical funeral trains, accommodating a number of burial parties and running by schedule every day, each train consisting of half a dozen hearses and perhaps a hundred coaches for the friends of the defunct. These expresses will run at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and will deposit the bodies in the large crematory established somewhere on the shores of the Atlantic.

Yes, indeed, gentlemen," he says proudly and pompously, "a century ago our fathers, absurd alike in their skepticism and in their naivete, would never have dared to predict the realization of so many projects. What meets our eyes as we look back upon New York? A miserable provincial town, badly lighted, with a few fine streets and an innumerable number of dirty, narrow alleys, badly paved, lined with unsightly and unwholesome tenements, where the seeds of vice and disease were propagated and nursed to an evil maturity. Nineteen-tenths of its citizens were either immoral or ignorant, knowing little or nothing of neighbor, cities, ridiculously narrow and jealous in all their judgments. It took six hours to go to Boston, and twenty-four to Chicago, while San Francisco and the now magnificent metropolis of

the San Francisco, Chicago and New York limited aeropagus, which makes a journey across the continent a pleasant day's outing, can not surely be surpassed in swiftness, in security and in comfort. Our electric steamers put London and Paris among our next door neighbors. I say nothing of our aero-cycles, whose use is so widespread among our modern population that the skies of to-day have more men skimming through them than there were birds in the prehistoric times.

"These scientific conquests, gentlemen, have, in addition, increased the moral and physical health of the inhabitants of our planet; the diseases, the wars, the revolutions which for so many centuries afflicted our poor humanity are at last erased from the register of our misfortunes. It may be said that all these calamities and disasters had only one cause, the stagnation of being, the egotism of nations, their provincialism, their ignorance of each other—in a word, the inability under which human beings then suffered to get outside of the four walls of their own being, to judge themselves impartially. We have realized the words of a now forgotten poet of whom these barbarously worded lines have survived.



Helena, Mont., were a long, serious journey. Take a peep into any museum of antiquities and see what hideous, uncomfortable cars were used for those journeys.

Oh, had some power the gifts give us To see ourself as others see us.

It is more than sixty years ago, gentlemen, that the governments of the world, desirous of escaping from the follies of socialism and anarchy, realized this truth. A celebrated philosopher in an equally celebrated congress showed in 1835 that travel was the bulwark of safety of our social institutions. But it is unnecessary for me to recall to your attention the benefits which spread all over the civilized world from the congress at Washington, which gave America, Europe, Asia and Africa their first true independence and assured the tranquility of the future. By common international accord, you will remember, it was determined to develop to the utmost all methods of transit, all possibilities of communication, to multiply railways, electric cables and aerial motors, and give free passage in these rolling hotels to citizens of all countries on the unanswerable plea that as all roads were in common the means of transport should, like the road belong to the individual. An admirable system of internal taxes permitted the realization of this program, and we must admit that it is this system of free locomotion which has made nations and cities lose the petty jealousies, mis-called patriotism, which arrayed one against the other, and the resultant mental stagnation that

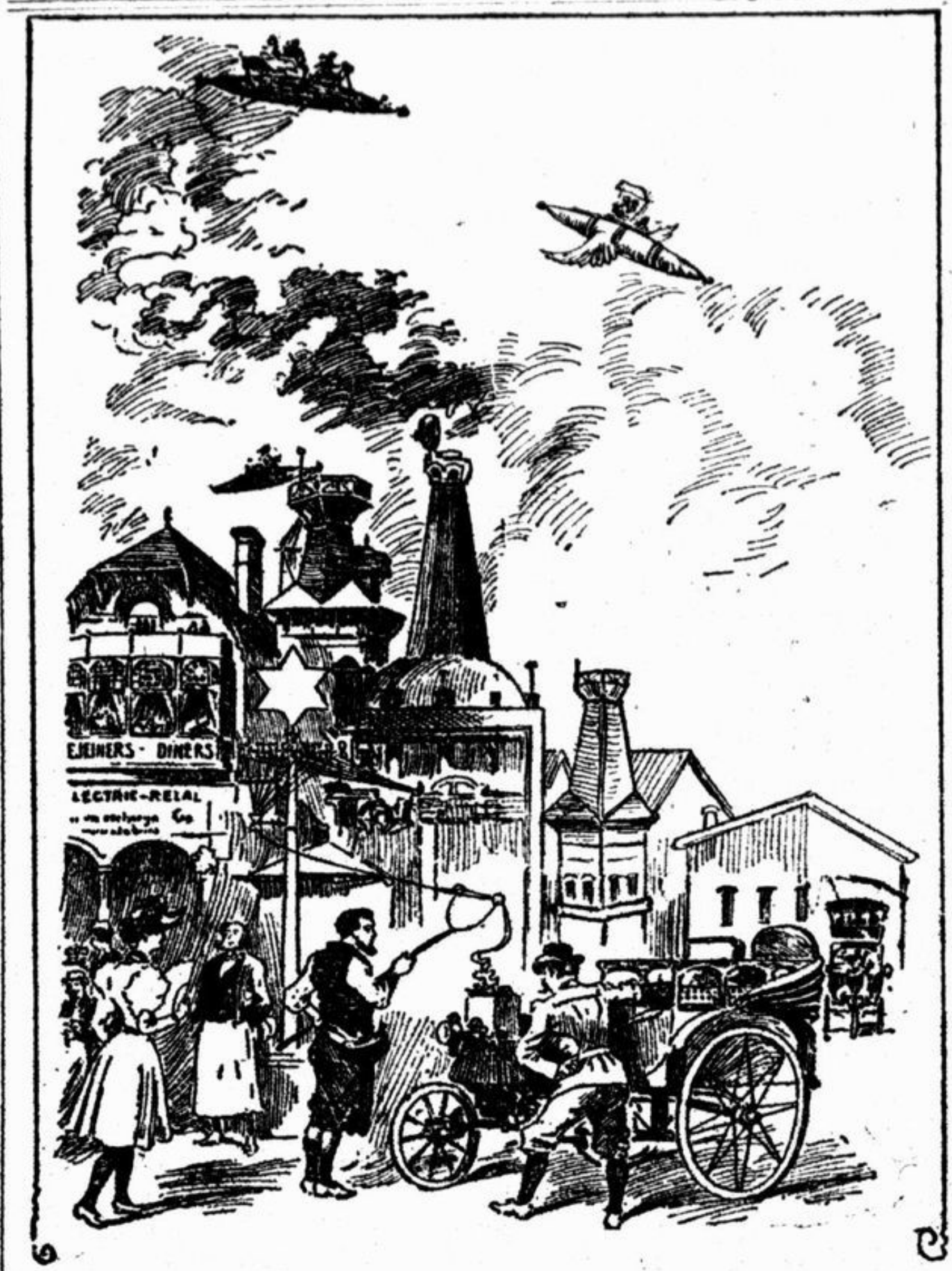
weakened and demoralized the world until about 1942." Fantastic as is the philosopher's speech, may it not have an inherent possibility? The locomotion of the future will be the grand factor in developing the humanity of the future and realizing the poet's dream of The parliament of man, the federation of the world.

the problems left to us by our ancestors remains to be realized? We have tamed and domesticated the electrical forces to perfection. Aerial navigation, which for so long tortured the brains of inventors and had at last almost been abandoned as an absolutely Utopian idea, is with us a matter of the most elementary nature. To employ an old saying of the past, it has entered definitely into our manners. The aerial electro-cable, which in less than two hours puts us in communication with any point from Maine to Florida,

A SMILE FOR A CLUB.

The Would Be Woman Policeman Thinks She Can Make Arrests.

There is nothing that some woman will not attempt. We have women lawyers, women doctors, women editors, women bartenders, women barbers and the Lord only knows what. Here is a woman who wants to be a policeman. She is Mrs. Lily A. Thompson of Washington, D. C., young, beautiful, accomplished and refined. In urging her special fitness for the work, she has explained to the district



ELECTRICAL RELAY STATION.

commissioners that the very fact that she is a woman will enable her to make arrests without the aid of a billy or hoodlum wagon. When she is called upon to arrest a particularly bad man she thinks that all she will have to do is to smile gently upon him, and he will immediately become docile and manageable. Anyway she asks to be given a trial, and the commissioners are half inclined to accord it. There is one thing in her favor—she wouldn't be working the bartenders for free drinks, nor be munching up the

profits of the peanut and banana stands. Mrs. Thompson is a widow, blonde and blue-eyed.



MRS. LILY A. THOMPSON.

Honors for Lord Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India and formerly governor general of Canada, who has been made a knight of the garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been K. G's, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey; of the royal extra knights the Duke of Cambridge, who was made K. G. by King William IV, in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

To Return to the Primitive. In the department of Canal, France, among the mountains of Auvergne, an attempt is to be made to return to the manners of primitive man. M. Gervolle, a painter, has acquired a large tract of land, on which five married couples will live in the caverns and raise a few animals and simple crops for their food and clothing. He claims that one hectare (two acres and a half) should supply all the needs of a single individual.

Discoverer of Anti-Toxins. Doctor Behring of Vienna, who discovered the new remedy for diphtheria, was asked what Prof. Koch's thought of the serum. He replied: "Dr. Koch is one of its warmest advocates. I have learned much from Koch, negatively as well as positively, inasmuch as his experience taught me not to make a premature announcement of my discovery."



CARRYING FREIGHT. weakened and demoralized the world until about 1942." Fantastic as is the philosopher's speech, may it not have an inherent possibility? The locomotion of the future will be the grand factor in developing the humanity of the future and realizing the poet's dream of The parliament of man, the federation of the world.

MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR.

AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

What Charles H. Hackley Has Done for Western Michigan.

[From Grand Rapids (Mich.) Evening Press.]

The most beautiful spot in all this city is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856 and in that time has amassed a fortune which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a reporter for the News Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation. "I have suffered for over 20 years," he said "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgic and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, toward recovery and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I can not say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Lillian's Infant Terrible.

The only child of Lillian Russell—the ample and dazzling and much married—is a slim young person of 9 years, with snapping black eyes and dark hair. She has, it is said, as strong a will and as entertaining a character as her mother. On one occasion, it is said, she made a cat walk up and down the piano while she practiced, because the "wrong notes would bring mamma into the room," and the small nuisance would have company.

\$300 FOR A NAME.

This is the sum we hear the Salzer Seed Co. offer for a suitable name for their wonderful new oats. The United States department of agriculture says Salzer's oats is the best of 300 varieties tested. A great many farmers report a test yield of 200 bushels per acre last year, and are sure this can be grown and even more during 1895. One thing we know and that is that Salzer is the largest Farm Seed grower in the world and sella potatoes at \$2.50 per barrel. Just the kind that do well in Texas and the great South. Thirty-five packages, earliest vegetables, \$1 post paid.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., Latrosse, Wis., you get free his mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 Prize Oats. W.N.U.

Not Married.

Foreign papers say that the report that Miss Helene Vacarescu, whose broken engagement with the crown prince of Roumania attracted worldwide attention, had been married is erroneous. It seems that it was her cousin, the daughter of the court marshal T. Vacarescu, who became the wife of Paul Caragiu.—New York Tribune.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua canal has been debated in the United States senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacob's Oil would be rimed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady is very much like the break bone fever in certain parts of America.

The count of Montefiore has recently died in Turin. He was the illegitimate son of Victor Emmanuel, and his mother was the fair but frail beauty, La Belle Rosina.

A collection of original letters written by Rev. Gilbert White, the naturalist, most of them at Selborne, will soon be offered for sale in London.

Goldmark has written a new opera, using "The Cricket on the Hearth" for his libretto. It will be performed at Dresden before long.

Rubinstein's skull was found to be abnormally thick and his brain more than ordinarily large.

The members of the Lizzie Borden jury had a reunion the other day in Fall River, Mass.

The first gas company in London was incorporated in 1810.

The finest family tree does not grow in aridiferous soil.