

Downers Grove Reporter.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The window glass trust formed in Indiana last week is not a thing to be made light of.

The neighborhood gossips and the bicycle are much alike. They're always running somebody down.

Chicago's postmaster gave a party on the trolley cars. The songs they sang were of the trolley-la-la variety.

What is called the "bicycle face" is really the result of a gradual approximation of the human countenance to the long, solemn horse-visage.

Woman's temper has always been spectacular, but there are possibilities never dreamed of when the new woman discovers that the hired girl has worn her bloomers out.

Miss Stella Dunlap, member of a wealthy Peoria family, and Prof. Henry Alphon Molobon, of the deaf and dumb institute at Jacksonville, both deaf mutes, were married the other day. It was a case of mutual affection.

Already the woman's board of the Atlanta Exposition has got a row started. This shows that the Atlanta Exposition is a real exposition, and no make believe. The row on the woman's board is a good test of genuineness.

People who drive horses should be taught by law, if in no other way, that bicycle riders have rights even if the drivers of horses do not like the wheel. The Brooklyn papers tell of a case of two men who deliberately turned out of their course, whipped on their horse, and ran down a woman on her bicycle. Such things are perhaps not common, but when found should be punished.

Wyoming is in the front as the paradise of the fin de siècle girl. The daughter of the governor of the state is his private secretary, and when he is away she is to all practical purposes his representative and fulfills the duties of his office. And she is only 19 years old. It takes a rather bright girl to run a state, even one where woman suffrage has been in force for twenty-five years. Now, when she marries—but that opens up too wide a field for speculation, and, besides, it is his lookout.

When the papas and mammas get back home from spending their gold and enjoying(?) the discomforts of European travel some of their boys and girls who have been studying geography should open quiz classes and see whether papa and mamma know half as much about the beautiful and grand scenery in their own country as they do of Europe. The lakes of Killarney do not surpass in beauty the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The Swiss mountains are nowhere grander than those seen in Colorado, California, Idaho, or Washington. There are no wonders in all Europe to compare with the Yellowstone Park. Yet not one in fifty of European tourists from America ever saw the great west.

From the nature of the case the English market for wheat, or corn, as they call it on that side of the Atlantic, is a bear market. At the very most the tight little island raises only a small part of the breadstuffs required to feed the people who swarm about its hives of industry. A few days ago a London dispatch set forth that there was a glut of grain coming from different parts of the world. One would suppose from the representation made that our farmers ought to be thankful if they get half price for their wheat. Since then there has fallen under observation the estimate made by the Russian minister of finance of this year's wheat crop. His figures are these:

| | Est. 1895. | Final 1894. |
|----------------|------------|-------------|
| | Quarters. | Quarters. |
| Austria | 24,000,000 | 24,100,000 |
| Hungary | 28,500,000 | 42,800,000 |
| France | 13,000,000 | 12,500,000 |
| Romania | 7,000,000 | 5,300,000 |
| Russia | 47,000,000 | 55,000,000 |
| America | 55,000,000 | 64,000,000 |
| Argentina | 7,200,000 | 10,000,000 |
| Australasia | 4,100,000 | 5,100,000 |
| India | 29,300,000 | 31,600,000 |
| United Kingdom | 6,000,000 | 7,500,000 |

Totals ... 231,100,000 259,200,000
It will be noted that these figures show a deficit as compared with last year of 28,100,000 quarters. Russia is naturally a bull in the wheat market, and some allowance must be made for that fact. That country wants dear breadstuffs as much as England does cheap. Curiously, John Bull is a bear and the Russian bear is a bull. But making all due allowance for this difference in point of view it is evident that wheat growers the world over have a clear right to expect fair prices for this year's crop.

A paper declares that "Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village, on returning to his home the other day, found in his ground-floor bedroom, the door of which had been left open, a cow, probably strayed." The conjecture expressed in the last two words may be set down as, on the whole, a fair one.

Will J. McConnell, the temperance lecturer, who invariably fell from grace immediately after each lecture, has at last been declared insane by a Cleveland judge. He was his own horrible

HERE IS REALISM.

The Remarkable Performance of a Chinese Ventriloquist.

A man, who witnessed the performance, gives the following description of what a ventriloquist in China did: The ventriloquist was seated behind a screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking, there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog. Then we heard the movements of a woman. She had been waked by the dog, and was shaking her husband. We were just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify the mother she gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly, and then rose to change its clothes. Meanwhile another child had wakened and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By and by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell. The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the bed curtains were on fire. The husband and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting. Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crackers exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents, and hissed in the flames. The representation was so true to life that every one rose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair and his ruler.

All Is Vanity!

The prevailing sentiment of those who have lived long and have achieved the world's highest honors and success seems to be that of the wise man, "All is vanity." Mr. Holman of Indiana, after thirty-five years of political life at Washington, concludes that public life does not pay, and warns the young man ambitious for advancement not to choose it for a career. An illustrious example of discontent in the midst of highest worldly success is the great ex-Chancellor Prince Bismarck.

He declares that in all his long career he has known not more than twenty-four hours of unalloyed happiness, and that these were connected with his domestic life. An old writer illustrates the vanity of human ambitions and triumphs by citing three notable examples: "Antony sought for happiness in love, Brutus in glory, Caesar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second, disgust, the last, ingratitude, and all three, destruction."

Heretics in Russia.

A new heretical sect has been discovered in Russia. It is known as "The Pilgrims" or "Wanderers" and numbers thousands in Tomak and other Siberian governments. Their mode of life is copied from the primitive Christians; they believe that the reign of the anti-Christ is at hand, and give that as their reason for retiring to Siberia, for when the arch-heretic comes the orthodox church and the bureaucracy of the government will be destroyed.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

Chinamen should make good pool players. They all have their own cues. —Philadelphia Record.

Prospective boarder: "Do you have good milk?" Summer landlord: "Do we! Why, this place is only forty minutes from the city." —Life.

Some of the wheat is getting so big that the farmers are using cross-cut saws to get it down. It will be floated to market by the boom company. —Minneapolis Journal.

Ten-year dandy boy: "Mamma mamma, I can't reach the roosting nest on my toes." Mamma Johnson: "Stan on your heels, chile. Ain't you got no interlectrality?" —Boston Standard.

Prohibition missionary: "You are so poor only because you are intoxicated half your time." The bibulous one: "Thash not it, gent. I'm only 'toxicated half m' time 'cause I am so poor!" —Puck.

Landlord: "Did you ever taste anything to match this red wine?" Customer: "Oh, yes. Only the other week I stuck the wrong end of a penholder in my mouth by mistake." —Lustige Blaetter.

"On'y a shratt? He! He-ic! I go four kings. Shee 'm?" "Eh? What's that? You've got two kings? You're seeing double, my friend." "Tha' sho? Al' r'. Fill 'em up agin!" —New York Recorder.

Mrs. Higbee: "I think you had better go for the doctor, George; Johnny complains of pains in his head." Higbee: "I guess its nothing serious. He has had them before." Mrs. Higbee: "Yes, but never on Saturday." —Brooklyn Life.

"Nobody ever hears of him," said one statesman of another. "He is rather obscure." "Obscure is no name for it. Why, that man's so utterly unknown that he hasn't even been mentioned as a presidential possibility." —Washington Star.

St. Peter: "Are they all here?" Gabriel: "All but New York and Philadelphia." St. Peter: "What's the matter with them?" Gabriel: "I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get the harp out of pawn." —Cincinnati Tribune.

"What do you think you are going to do?" asked the bartender. "Take a bath?" "You said 'er," answered Dismal Dawson. "Feller last night at de Salvation Army told me dat a man was so good 'less'n he was inwardly washed." —Indianapolis News.

WOMAN AND HOME.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

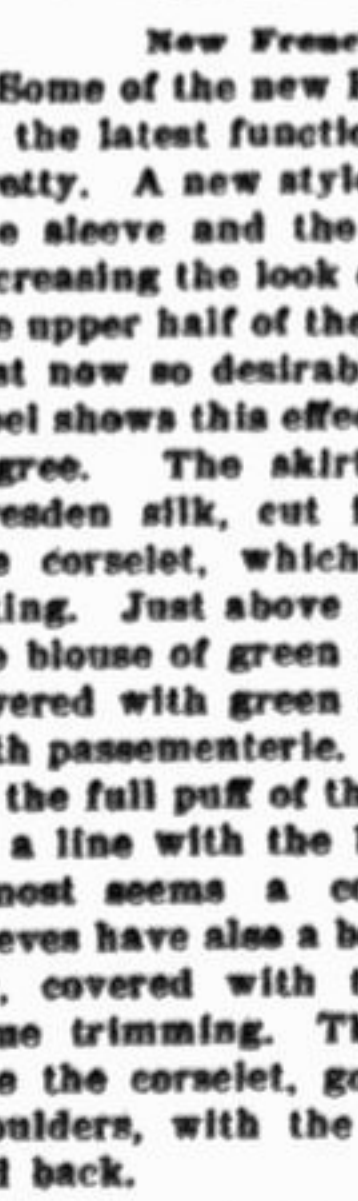
Some Timely Hints on What to Wear—A Daring Venture for Slender Shoulders—An Effectively Trimmed Gown—The Household.



THE PICTURE presents a rather daring essay by a slender one, and an ingenious one, too; daring because slender shoulders are poorly fitted for the style of sleeves that do not begin to swell till the round of the shoulder is exposed in severe outlines, and ingenious because the whole arrangement disguises the slenderness acceptably. This waist has a fitted lining and a square yoke of spangled lace, to which the gathered front and back are shirred. Sides and sleeves are of the dress goods, but the plaited caps and epaulettes should be of darker mousseline. A wide band of spangled lace insertion to correspond with the yoke should give the belt, and the bretelles may be white chiffon, or silk of a bright color, with ribbon bows on the shoulders. As sketched, the materials were mordre crepon for plain skirt, with black mousseline de sole for gathered fronts and back and for sleeve caps. White chiffon furnished the bretelles, and cream guipure spangled in black was the choice of lace. These items may be varied to suit the taste, so the admirable model is available in many stuffs.



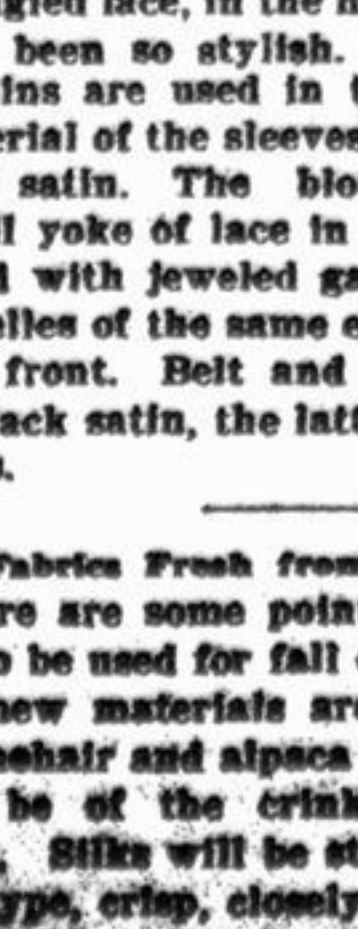
London Society. "The two chief characteristics of London society," says a modern writer, "are its heartlessness and its simplicity." Certainly it takes very little to make what is called the smart set in England. Practical jokes that we would consider childish delight them, and any new excitement, however puerile, is welcomed with eagerness, but what shocks and repels an American more than anything else, unless she has become hardened by hearing more or less of the same kind of talk at home in a certain set which affects the latest Angliamias, is the exceeding coarseness of speech. Subjects that are generally tabooed are referred to with brutal frankness, and vice seems



Some of the new French dresses worn at the latest fashions are particularly pretty. A new style is to drape half of the sleeve and the blouse alike, thus increasing the look of width just across the upper half of the body, which seems just now so desirable. A costume by Noel shows this effect in a very marked degree. The skirt is of a flowered Dresden silk, cut in one piece, with the corselet, which is very tightly fitting. Just above this corselet hangs the blouse of green satin and trimmed with passementerie. The green chiffon on the full puff of the sleeves is draped on a line with the blouse, of which it almost seems a continuation. The sleeves have also a box plait in the center, covered with the satin and the same trimming. The collar is made like the corselet, gored up from the shoulders, with the green satin front and back.



Effectively Trimmed. The picture presents a bodice that is effectively trimmed with applied spangled lace, in the manner that has lately been so stylish. Black lace and sequins are used in this instance, the material of the sleeves being celery colored satin. The blouse waist has a small yoke of lace in front that is finished with jeweled galoon, and double bretelles of the same extend down back and front. Belt and stock collar are of black satin, the latter trimmed with bows.



Fabrics Fresh from the Looms. Here are some points on goods that are to be used for fall dresses. Most of the new materials are either of the mohair and alpaca summer, or else will be of the crinkled and crepon order. Silks will be strictly of the latest type, crisp, closely woven, crinkly,

the soft and shimmering of the sarah, once acknowledged as so artistic, being no longer tolerated, not even at the most tempting bargain prices. Some magnificent brocades as heavy as upholstery goods will be imported for gowns and for the Louis XVI type, and those rich fabrics will also serve for the tiny fichu-covered coats that will come into immediate vogue with the fall and winter styles. Wool in canvas weave, very open, soft and rich, will be used as a relief from crepon and in combination with velvets. If the petticoat and fichu fashion is to prevail we shall say good-by to the fancy waist and any skirt that has made dressing such an easy matter for so long. It will be wise to make no more fancy waists, but take advantage of the first mark downs of the really latest-fashioned ones, for a revolution in style is never affected in less than a year, and one can have plenty of wear from modish gowns and bodices before, being of the wise average, there is need to change.

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scrubbing, and after the tubs and boiler are put away, the stove blacked and floors of porches, kitchen and laundry scrubbed and the baking done, there is a blissful thought of the day of rest that intervenes between the hardest work of the week and ironing day.

Tendency Increasing. The tendency to trim skirts is increasing. Some months ago it was suggested that such a move was afoot and now models begin to come in. One of an odd sort is pictured here, a promenade gown of black tulle garnished with cream guipure insertion applied



to the tulle in a looped garland around the hem, and in butterflies on the remainder. The skirt has a godet foundation of black silk and the tulle is draped blouse fashion over the fitted bodice lining. In the center of the back and front there is a wide boxplait, and the rest of the tulle is rather full at the sides of each. The draped stock collar, the tabs over the shoulders and the belt are white satin, or may be of white wash silk.

The Way Clothes Are Worn. One who watches the belle of the season and her many duplicates at the resorts of fashionable folk, must be impressed with the force of the fact that style is quite as much in the way clothes are worn as in the clothes themselves. One woman carries her clothes, and for every one of her ten or twenty—it sometimes seems really like ten hundred—shabbies along somehow, anyhow. Fashionable women have learned the knack of wearing clothes; therefore, where many fashionable women are congregated together the result is very pleasing to the onlooker. A woman can't be taught to carry her clothes well by any amount of lecturing. She must evolve the secret for

herself. But she can be sure of one thing. Her clothes must fit her, fit her shape and size, and fit her style; she must be unconscious of them having once got them on; she must stand well, and walk well and sit well.

A Master to Principles. "Here is food!" The starving man crawled feebly forward. His hollow eyes burned and glittered at the sight of the savory viands. His parched lips moistened. "Ah!" he gasped. His voice had a hoarse rattle. "Something to eat!" Rescue had come not a minute too soon.

"What is it?" cried the famished creature, stretching out his parchment hands, so thin—oh, so painfully thin and transparent! "You will have to wash up the dishes." "Sir! What do you take me for? My wife is in the country." And he turned away. Death rather than dish-washing.

She Forgot Nothing. Mrs. Anglo-Saxon (to butler)—Matthew, his grace the Duke of Tweedledum dines and sleeps here to-night. I want everything in the most correct manner.

Matthew—Ho yes, hindeed, mum. "Serve tea in the drawing room at five. Dinner at 8:30 o'clock. Have no napkins at breakfast to-morrow, and serve cold game pates from the side-board." "Ho yes, hindeed, mum." "And Matthew, see that the weather is foggy. I want his grace to feel entirely at home." "Ho yes, hindeed, mum."

Insect to Injury. "I could stand all his ill-treatment," moaned the bruised and beaten wife. "I would say nothing about this awful bump he has raised on my head. But—" And here she sobbed as though her heart would break. "He has not got it on straight!" She signed the complaint.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

AUTUMN BREEZES FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

The Girl Who Rules at the Hotel—A Boon on the Other Leg—Ready for All Emergencies—Misunderstood—Humorous Notes.



LOW passes time by summer seas And life seems like a living tomb If, by some chance, you do not please The girl who runs the dining room.

There is no comfort in the place. The air seems filled with naught but gloom. Because, with her, you've not found grace— The girl who runs the dining-room.

Try all you can to work up fun And give the place a pleasure boom. There's one who'll undo all you've done— The girl who runs the dining-room.

If friends to dinner you invite, Be sure before your gaze will loom, With visage grim and full of spite, The girl who runs the dining-room.

And so, if you'd enjoy your stay By mount or shore, brave not your doom! But try to square, without delay, The girl who runs the dining-room.



Boon on the Other Leg. Temperance Orator—Ah, Giles, my friend, if there were no public houses, you would not be in rags and out of work. Giles—No, zar, but you would.

Misunderstood. Young Lady—These two other young ladies and I want to have our pictures taken. Photographer—Very well. How do you wish to pose? Young Lady—Altogether. Photographer (confusedly)—Really, madam—the fact is, I have no dressing room. Young Lady (indignantly)—How dare you, sir! I meant that we want to be taken all in one picture.

Wha's th' (His) Combination? Among the latest inventions which Yankee genius has given the world is a door knob which renders a latchkey superfluous. By rotating the knob in the same manner as a safe lock until the proper combination is secured the door can be opened. The lock is susceptible of 100,000 combinations, and he who knows not or has forgotten the proper one cannot obtain admittance through that door.



Walsingham O'Hara—Hully chee! Kitty; ye tryin ter pose as one of der ten wise virgins—I don't think! Kitty McClure—Wise virgins—nit! I'm a lady wit er past, for I have past everything on der road; I'm jist takin er spin ter Peck's slip ter finish up me century—an if I git run in by de cop it won't be for not havin a lamp

It Was. A very clever little miss Wrote some verses on a kiss, Describing well—the sweet sensation. But—questioned on the authorship, She let this little statement slip— The kiss—a collaboration.

Light and Atry. The state of nature, without doubt, Would be immense this torrid weather. One wishes he could go about, Like Tribby in "the altogether."